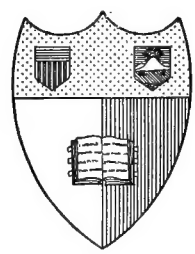
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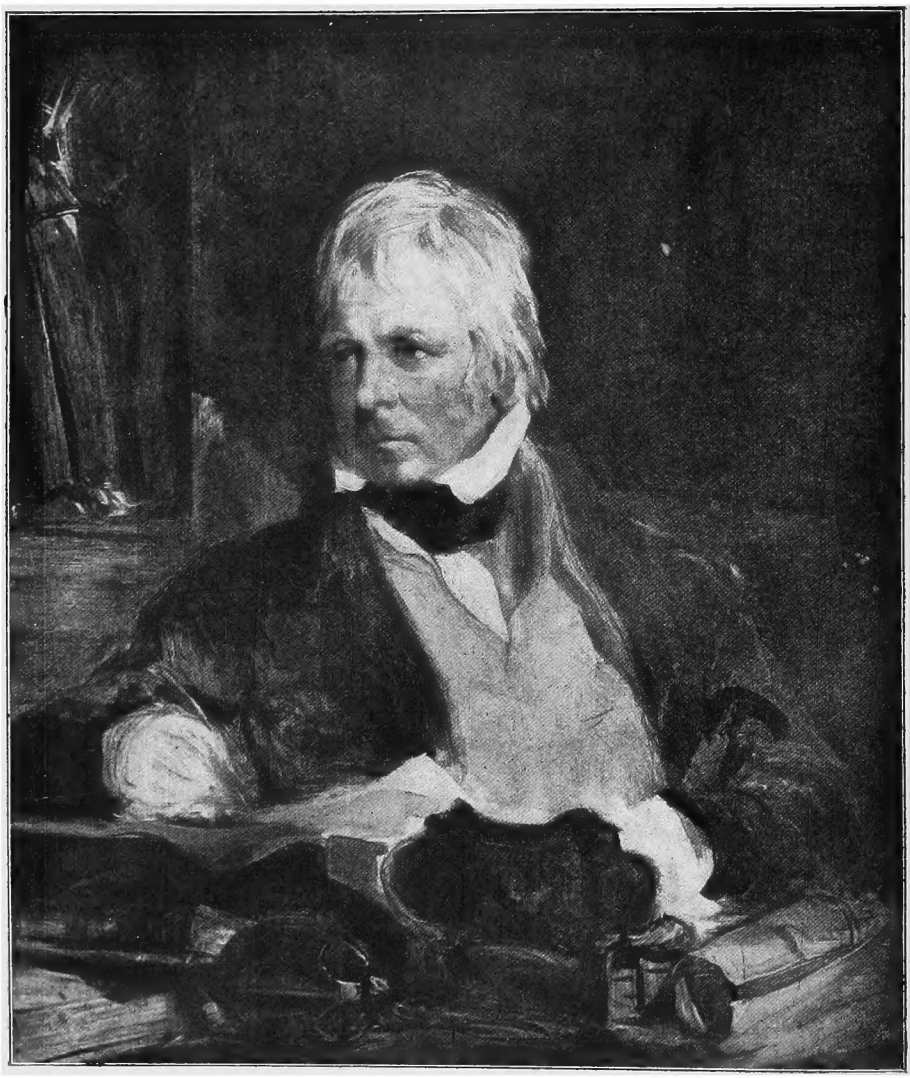


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Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature



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CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

NEW EDITION BY DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

A HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

VOLUME III.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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ENVOY.

The New Edition of the CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE is completed by the issue of a third volume little over two years after the appearance of the first. The first volume carried the history down to near the close of the seventeenth century; the second was mainly devoted to the men and women of the eighteenth. The third volume commences with the group of great writers who had begun their work in the eighteenth century, but were destined to be the glory of early nineteenth century letters; and, refusing to attempt a hard and fast line between nineteenth and twentieth, essays to bring down the story to the present time and include—under obvious limitations and conditions—the writers of the day.

In a work of this kind—which is essentially a history—it would be out of place, even if it were possible, to attempt to deal with contemporaries as has been done with the men of the past; and the limits of the volume debar it from allotting to the incalculably more numerous writers of the present day—whose best work, it may be, is not yet given to the world—the same amount of illustrative quotation as has been conceded to the older writers. By favour of a few of the most eminent living authors, we are permitted to illustrate the brief articles on them with quotations from their choicest work. But in the case of the great majority of quite recent and living authors, it has been inevitable that the Cyclopædia should limit its scope to giving the essential biographical and bibliographical facts demanded in a work of reference, and for the rest to refer to their books, which are even now passing from hand to hand, and are to be found in every library. And of even the ablest of the younger writers of the day, by far the larger number are, along with some older authors not fully in the main currents of national literature, commemorated only by a brief paragraph in a complementary list of British authors—an earnest surely that erelong an additional or supplementary volume may be required to give more adequate treatment than is here possible to those with whom lies the nearer future of British letters. In such a volume some account of the several Celtic literatures of the British Isles, and their chief ornaments, might well find a place.

The limitations of space and detail in regard to recent writers must obviously press more closely on the younger branches—on the literature of the United States and of the British dominions beyond the seas. And it may be anticipated that in any future supplement to this work the contributions of Greater Britain in the wider sense will occupy a space proportionately much larger than in the century which saw the daughter literatures arise—for the story of American national literature may fairly be said to begin with the century so recently closed. And therefore it has been found advantageous to give here, and not in an earlier volume, a brief history of the origins of American literature; yet of the authors separately treated there are only three who did not at least live into the nineteenth century. As in the corresponding British one, the complementary list of American authors is selective, suggesting rather than 'expressing multitude,' and does not pretend to be in any sense complete or exhaustive.

The Editor and Publishers have again to thank the distinguished men—whose names will be found appended to their articles—who have contributed the large body of critical work to which this volume owes its main interest and value.

They have further to thank Lord Tennyson for revising the article on his father, and for choosing the selections to be here presented in illustration of it; Mr Barrett Browning for his co-operation with the writer of the article on his father and mother; Mr Watts-Dunton for invaluable advice

in regard to other articles than the three important ones he has himself contributed; Mr John Morley for revising the article on John Stuart Mill; President Schurman of Cornell University and Mr W. P. Garrison of the New York *Nation* for advice in regard to some of the important American articles. Mr Robert Aitken has written not a few of the unsigned articles, and has assisted the Editor by reading the proofs of them all.

Their thanks are due to Mr Swinburne and Mr Watts-Dunton, to Mr Austin Dobson and Mr Gosse, to Mr Andrew Lang, to Mr Herbert Spencer and the late Mr Lecky, to Mr George Meredith, Mr Thomas Hardy and the late Mr Blackmore, to Dr J. K. Ingram and Mr T. D. Sullivan, to Professor Masson and Mr John Morley, for permission to quote here the poems or passages taken from their works.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry.*

HAD the great change in the poetry of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth been a revolution of artistic methods merely, it would still have been the most important change in the history of English literature. But it affected the very soul of poetry. It had two sides: one side concerned that of poetic methods, and one that of poetic energy. It was partly realistic as seen in Wordsworth's portion of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and partly imaginative as seen in Coleridge's portion of that incongruous but epoch-making book. As the movement substituted for the didactic materialism of the eighteenth century a new temper—or, rather, the revival of an old temper which to all appearance was dead—it has been called the Romantic Revival. The French Revolution is generally credited, by French writers at least, with having been the prime factor in this change. Now, beyond doubt, the French Revolution, the mightiest social convulsion recorded in the history of the world, was accompanied in France by such romantic poetry as that of André Chénier, and was followed, many years afterwards, by the work of writers like Dumas, Victor Hugo, and others, until at last the bastard classicism of the age of Louis XIV. was entirely overthrown. In Germany, too, the French Revolution stimulated the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, and the prose of Novalis, Tieck, and F. Schlegel. And in England it stimulated, though it did not originate, the romanticism of Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. But in this as in so many matters, while other countries have had the credit of taking the lead in the great human march, the English race has really been in the van. Just as Cromwell and Washington preceded and were perhaps the main cause of Mirabeau and Danton, so Chatterton, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron preceded and were the cause of the romantic furore in France which, later on, was decided by the great battle of *Hernani*. As the storm-wind is the cause and not the effect of the mighty billows at sea, so the movement in question was the cause and not the effect of the French Revolution. It was nothing less than a great revived movement of the soul of man, after a long period of prosaic acceptance in all things, including literature and art. To this revival the present writer, in the introduction to an imaginative work dealing with this movement, has already

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for convenience' sake, and in default of a better one, given the name of the Renascence of Wonder. As was said on that occasion, 'The phrase, the Renascence of Wonder, merely indicates that there are two great impulses governing man, and probably not man only but the entire world of conscious life: the impulse of acceptance—the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are—and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder.' In order, however, to explain the phrase fully it is necessary to postpone the discussion of the *Lyrical Ballads* until we have made a rapid sweep over antecedent methods and antecedent thought. It would seem that something works as inevitably and as logically as a physical law in the yearning which societies in a certain stage of development show to get away—as far away as possible—from the condition of the natural man; to get away from that despised condition not only in material affairs, such as dress, domestic arrangements and economies, but also in the fine arts and in intellectual methods, till, having passed that inevitable stage, each society is liable to suffer (even if it does not in some cases actually suffer) a reaction, when nature and art are likely again to take the place of convention and artifice. Anthropologists have often asked, what was that lever-power lying enfolded in the dark womb of some remote semi-human brain which, by first stirring, lifting, and vitalising other potential and latent faculties, gave birth to man? Would it be rash to assume that this lever-power was a vigorous movement of the faculty of wonder? But certainly it is not rash, as regards the races of man, to affirm that the more intelligent the race the less it is governed by the instinct of acceptance, and the more it is governed by the instinct of wonder—that instinct which leads to the movement of challenge. The alternate action of the two great warring instincts is specially seen just now in the Japanese. Here the instinct of challenge which results in progress became active up to a certain point and then suddenly became arrested, leaving the instinct of acceptance to have full play, and then everything became crystallised. Ages upon ages of an immense activity of the instinct of challenge were required before the Mongolian savage was developed into the Japanese of the period before the nature-worship of 'Shinto' had been assaulted by dogmatic Buddhism. But by that time the instinct of challenge had resulted in such a high state of civilisation that acceptance set in, and there was an end, for the time being, of progress. There is no room here to say even a few words upon other great revivals in past times, such, for instance, as the Jewish-Arabian renascence of the ninth and tenth centuries, when the interest in philosophical speculation, which had previously been arrested, was revived; when the old sciences were revived; and when some modern sciences were born. There are, of course, different kinds of wonder. Primitive poetry is full of wonder—the naïve and eager wonder of the healthy child. It is this kind of wonder which makes the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* so delightful. The wonder of primitive poetry passes as the primitive conditions of civilisation pass. And then for the most part it can only be succeeded by a very different kind of wonder—the wonder aroused by a recognition of the mystery of man's life and the mystery of nature's theatre on which the human drama is played—the wonder, in short, of Æschylus and Sophocles. And among the Romans, Virgil, though living under the same kind of Augustan acceptance in which Horace, the typical poet of acceptance, lived, is full of this latter kind of wonder. Among the English poets who preceded the great Elizabethan epoch there is no room, and indeed there is no need, to allude to any poet besides Chaucer; and even he can only be slightly touched upon. He stands at the head of those who are organised to see more clearly than we can ourselves see the wonder of the 'world at hand.' Of the poets whose wonder is of the simply terrene kind, those whose eyes are occupied by the beauty of the earth and the romance of human life, he is the English king. But it is not the wonder of Chaucer that is to be specially discussed in the following sentences. It is the spiritual wonder which in our literature came afterwards. It is that kind of wonder which filled the souls of Spenser, of Marlowe, of Shakespeare, of Webster, of Ford, of Cyril Tourneur, and of the old ballads: it is that poetical attitude which the human mind assumes when confronting those unseen powers of the universe who, if they did not weave the web in which man finds himself entangled, dominate it. That this high temper should have passed and given place to a temper of prosaic acceptance is quite inexplicable, save by the theory of the action and reaction of the two great warring impulses advanced in the foregoing extract from the Introduction to *Alywin*. Perhaps the difference between the temper of the Elizabethan period and the temper of the Chaucerian on the one hand, and Augustanism on the other, will be better understood by a brief reference to the humour of the respective periods.

There are, of course, in all literatures two kinds of humour—absolute humour and relative humour. The difference between these is as fundamental as that which—as the present writer has pointed out in his article on 'Poetry' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—exists in poetry between absolute vision and relative vision. That a recognition and an enjoyment of incongruity is the basis of both absolute and relative humour is no doubt true enough; but while in the case of relative humour that which amuses the humourist

is the incongruity of some departure from the laws of convention, in the case of absolute humour it is the incongruity of some departure from the normal as fixed by Nature herself. In other words, while relative humour laughs at the breach of the conventional laws of man and the symmetry of the social pyramid of the country and the time—which laws and which symmetry it accepts as final—absolute humour sees the incongruity of these conventional laws and this pyramid with the absolute sanction of Nature's own harmony. It follows that in trying to estimate the value of any age's humour, the first thing to consider is how it stands in regard to absolute humour and how it stands in regard to relative humour. Was there more absolute humour in the age of wonder than in the age of acceptance?

On the whole, the answer must be, we think, in the affirmative. Chaucer's humour was more closely related to absolute humour than any kind of humour in English poetry which followed it until we get to the greatest absolute humourist in English poetry, Burns.

The period of wonder in English poetry may perhaps be said to have ended with Milton. For Milton, although born only twenty-three years before the first of the great poets of acceptance, Dryden, belongs properly to the period of romantic poetry. He has no relation whatever to the poetry of Augustanism which followed Dryden, and which Dryden received partly from France and partly from certain contemporaries of the great romantic dramatists themselves, headed by Ben Jonson. From the moment when Augustanism really began—in the latter decades of the seventeenth century—the periwig poetry of Dryden and Pope crushed out all the natural singing of the true poets. All the periwig poets became too 'polite' to be natural. As acceptance is, of course, the parent of Augustanism or gentility, the most genteel character in the world is a Chinese mandarin, to whom everything is vulgar that contradicts the symmetry of the pyramid of Cathay. It was, notwithstanding certain parts of Virgil's work, the temper of Rome in the time of Horace as much as it was the temper of England in the time of Pope, Congreve, and Addison, and of France at that period when the blight of gentility did as much as it could to poison the splendid genius of Corneille and of Molière. In Greek literature the genteel finds no place, and it is quite proper that its birth should have been among a people so comparatively vulgar as the Romans of the Empire. A Greek Horace would have been as much an impossibility as a Greek Racine or a Greek Pope. When English writers in the eighteenth century tried to touch that old chord of wonder whose vibrations, as we have above suggested, were the first movement in the development of man, it was not in poetry but in prose.

Yet there was no more interesting period of English history than that in which Milton and Dryden lived—the period when the social pyramid of England was assaulted but not overturned, nor even seriously damaged, by the great Rebellion. This Augustan pyramid of ours had all the symmetry which Blackstone so much admired in the English constitution and its laws; and when, afterwards, the American colonies came to revolt and set up a pyramid of their own, it was on the Blackstonian model. At the base—patient as the tortoise beneath the elephant in the Indian cosmogony—was the people, born to be the base and born for nothing else. Resting on this foundation were the middle classes in their various strata, each stratum sharply marked off from the others. Then above these was the strictly genteel class, the patriciate, picturesque and elegant in dress if in nothing else, whose privileges were theirs as a matter of right. Above the patriciate was the earthly source of gentility, the monarch, who would, no doubt, have been the very apex of the sacred structure save that a little—a very little—above him sat God, the suzerain to whom the prayers even of the monarch himself were addressed. The leaders of the Rebellion had certainly done a daring thing, and an original thing, by striking off the apex of this pyramid, and it might reasonably have been expected that the building itself would collapse and crumble away. But it did nothing of the kind. It was simply a pyramid with the apex cut off—a structure to serve afterwards as a model of the American and French pyramids, both of which, though aspiring to be original structures, are really built on exactly the same scheme of hereditary honour and dishonour as that upon which the pyramids of Nineveh and Babylon were no doubt built. Then came the Restoration: the apex was restored: the structure was again complete; it was, indeed, more solid than ever—stronger than ever. Subject to the exception of certain great and glorious prose writers of that period, the incongruity which struck the humourist as laughable was incongruity not with the order of nature and the elemental laws of man's mind, but with the order of the Augustan pyramid. It required the genius of a Swift in England, as it required in France the genius of a Molière, to produce absolute humour. In Fielding, to be sure (notably in *Joseph Andrews*), and sometimes in Addison, as in the famous scene of Sir Roger at church, and in the less known but equally fine description of the Tory squire in *The Freeholder*, we do sometimes get it; but in poetry very rarely.

As to the old romantic temper which had inspired Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Marlowe's *Faustus*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, that was dead and gone—seemed dead and gone for ever. In order to realise how the instinct of wonder had been wiped out of English poetry we have only to turn to Dryden's modernisation of Chaucer; his translations from Virgil, Boccaccio, and others;

and to Pope's translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Let us take first the later and smaller of these two Augustan poets. Instead of the unconscious and unliterary method of rendering the high temper of man in the heroic youth of the world—man confronting and daring the 'arrows of Fate and Chance'—what do we get? The artificial, high-sounding lines of a writer of worldly verse whom nature, no doubt, intended to be a poet, but whom Augustanism impelled to cultivate himself like a Dutch garden in order to become 'polite' all round. That Dryden should fail as Pope failed in catching the note of primitive wonder which characterises Homer was to be expected. But it might at least have been supposed that he would succeed better with Virgil; for Virgil was born only five years before the typical Augustan poet of Rome, Horace. But then it chanced that Virgil was something much more than an Augustan poet. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in connection with the chameleon-like character of Virgil's genius than the fact that in the laureate of Cæsarism and the flatterer of Augustus we should get not only the dawn of modern love—love as a pure sentiment—but also that other romantic note of wonder—get, in a word, those beginnings of mysticism and that speculative temper which made him the dominant figure of the Middle Ages. Of all these qualities—of all that made Bacon call him the 'chastest poet and royalist that to the memory of man is known'—the coarse, vigorous, materialistic mind of Dryden was as insensitive as was the society in which he moved. And does he prosper any better with his own countryman, Chaucer, whose splendid poem, *The Knight's Tale*, he essayed to modernise with others? Upon the *Knight's Tale*, based upon Boccaccio's *Teseide*, Shakespeare and another built one of the great dramas of the modern world, and so far from depriving it of the charm of wonder, added to it a deeper wonder still—the wonder of their own epoch. This superb poem Dryden undertook to make Augustan. Again, see how his coarse fingers degraded Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* when he took upon himself to make that strange work 'polite.' No doubt the littleness of greatness is the humorous *motif* of the play. No doubt Shakespeare felt that there is no reason why the heroic should not be treated for once from the valet point of view. But how has Dryden handled the theme? By adding to the coarseness of Thersites and Pandarus in the play—coarse enough already—and by simply excising all the poetry. But if his treatment of *Troilus and Cressida* is grotesque, what shall be said of his treatment of the most romantic of all plays, *The Tempest*, where, in order to improve the romantic interest of the play, he and D'Avenant give us a male Miranda who had never seen a woman, and a female Caliban to match the male monster of Shakespeare? The same fate befell him when he undertook to modernize Boccaccio. The one quality which saves the cruel story of *Theodore and Honoria* from disgusting the truly imaginative reader is the air of wild romance in which it is enveloped. Remove that and it becomes a story of mutilation, blood, and shambles. Dryden does take away that atmosphere from the story and ruins it. Again, take Boccaccio's beautiful story of *Sigismonda and Guiscardo*. It seems impossible to coarsen and brutalise this until we read Dryden's modernisation.

Nothing shows more forcibly the distinctive effect of the new temper of acceptance than the ill-fortune that befell those priceless romantic ballads which in their oral form had been so full of the poetry of wonder in the days of the poetical past. From various European countries—from Germany, from Italy, from France, from Spain, from Roumania—a stream of legendary lore in ballad form had flowed into Great Britain and spread all over the island, not in Scotland and the Border country merely, but in mid and southern England also, where it had only an oral life. But when there came from the Continent the prosaic wave of materialism which killed poetry properly so called, inasmuch as it stifled for a time the great instinct of wonder, it killed, as far as mid and south England are concerned, the romantic ballad also. For during this arid period the ballad in the southern counties passed into type. The 'stall copy,' as has been pointed out by Mr Lang, destroyed the South English ballad. For the transcriber of ballads for the stall was under the influence of the anti-poetic literature of his time, and the very beauties of the ballads as they came from the reciter's mouth seemed to him barbarisms, and he substituted for them his notions of 'polite' poetic diction.

With regard to what we have called the realistic side of the romantic movement as distinguished from its purely poetical and supernatural side, Nature was for the Augustan temper much too ungenteel to be described realistically. Yet we must not suppose that in the eighteenth century Nature turned out men without imaginations, without the natural gift of emotional speech, and without the faculty of gazing honestly in her face. She does not work in that way. In the time of the mammoth and the cave-bear she will give birth to a great artist whose materials may be a flint and a tusk. In the period before Greece was Greece, among a handful of Achaians she will give birth to the greatest poet, or, perhaps we should say, the greatest group of poets, the world has ever yet seen. In the time of Elizabeth she will give birth, among the illiterate yeoman of a diminutive country town, to a dramatist with such inconceivable insight and intellectual breadth that his generalisations cover not only the intellectual limbs of his own time, but the intellectual limbs

of so complex an epoch as those of the twentieth century.

Poetic art had come to consist in clever manipulations of the stock conventional language common to all writers alike—the language of poetry had become so utterly artificial, so entirely removed from the language in which the soul of man would naturally express its emotions, that poetry must die out altogether unless some kind of reaction should set in. Roughly speaking, from the appearance of the last of Milton's poetry to the publication of Parnell's *Night-piece*, the business of the poet was not to represent Nature, but to decorate her and then work himself up into as much rapture as gentility would allow over the decorations. Not that Parnell got free from the Augustan vices, but partially free he did get at last. Among much that is tawdry and false in his earlier poems, the lines describing the osier-banded graves, given in the notice of Parnell in Volume II. of this work, might have been written at the same time as Wordsworth's *Excursion* so far as truthful representation of Nature is concerned. Then came Thomson's *Seasons* and showed that the worst was over. If we consider that his *Winter* appeared as early as 1726, and *Summer* and *Spring* in 1727 and 1728, and if we consider the intimate and first-hand knowledge Thomson shows of Nature in so many of her moods in the British Islands, it is not difficult to find his place in English poetry. No doubt his love of Nature was restricted to Nature in her gentle and even her homely moods. He could describe as 'horrid' that same Penmaenmawr which to the lover of Wales is so fascinating. Still, from this time a new life was breathed into English poetry. But the new growth was slow. Take the case of Gray, for instance. Not even the Chinese mandarin above described was more genteel than Gray. In him we get the very quintessence of the Augustan temper. Yet no one who reads his letters can doubt that Nature had endowed him with a true eye for local colour. And although Gray was not strong enough to throw off the conventional diction of his time, he was yet strong enough to speak to us sometimes through the muffler of that diction with a voice that thrills the ears of those who have listened to the song of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley. As the present writer has said on the occasion above mentioned, his chief poem, the famous elegy, furnishes a striking proof of the poet's slavery to Augustanism. While reading about 'the solemn yew-tree's shade,' 'the ivy-mantled tower,' and the rest of the conventional accessories of such a situation, the reader yearns for such concrete pictures as we get in plenty not only in Wordsworth and those who succeeded him, but even in Parnell and Thomson. Noble as this poem is, it has a fundamental fault—a fault which is great—it lacks individual humanity. Who is the 'me' of the poem — this 'me' to whom, in company with 'Darkness,' the homeward-plodding ploughman 'leaves the world'? The thoughts are fine; but is the thinker a moralising ghost among the tombstones, or is he a flesh-trammelled philosopher sitting upon the churchyard wall? The poem rolls on sonorously, and the reader's imagination yearns for a stanza full of picture and pathetic suggestion of individual life—full of those bewitching qualities, in short, which are the characteristics of all English poetry save that of the era of acceptance, the era of gentility—the Augustan era. At last, however, the poet does strike out a stanza of this kind, and immediately it sheds a warmth and glow upon all that has gone before—vitalises the whole, in short. Describing the tomb of the hitherto shadowy moraliser, Gray says:

> There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Now at last we see that the moraliser is not a spectre whose bones are marrowless and whose blood is cold, but a man, the homely creature that Homer and Shakespeare loved to paint; a man with friends to scatter violets over his grave and little children to come and mourn by it; a man so tender, genial, and good that the very redbreasts loved him. And having written this beautiful stanza, full of the true romantic temper, having printed it in two editions, Gray cancelled it, and no doubt the age of acceptance and gentility approved the omission. For what are children and violets and robins warbling round a grave compared with 'the muse's flame' and 'the ecstasy' of the 'living lyre' and such elegant things?

And again, who had a finer imagination than Collins? Who possessed more fully than he the imaginative power of seeing a man asleep on a loose hanging rock, and of actualising in a dramatic way the peril of the situation? But there is something very ungenteel about a mere man, as Augustanism had discovered. A man is a very homely and common creature, and the worker in 'polite letters' must avoid the homely and the common; whereas a personification of Danger is literary, Augustan, and 'polite.' Hence Collins, having first imagined with excessive vividness a man hanging on a loose rock asleep, set to work immediately to turn the man into an abstraction:

> Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
> What mortal eye can fixed behold?
> Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
> Howling amidst the midnight storm,
> Or throws him on the ridgy steep
> Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

But if Gray and Collins were giants imprisoned in the jar of eighteenth-century convention, they were followed by a 'marvellous boy' who refused to

be so imprisoned. It may be said of Chatterton that he was the Renascence of Wonder incarnate. To him St Mary Redcliffe Church was as much alive as were the men about whom Pope wrote with such astonishing prosaic brillance. This is one of the reasons why he bulks so largely among the poets of the Renascence of Wonder. For this renascence was shown not merely in the way in which Man's mysterious destiny was conceived, but also in the way in which the theatre of the human drama was confronted. This theatre became as fresh, as replete with wonder, as the actors themselves. A new seeing was lent to man's eyes. And of this young poet it may almost be said that he saw what science is now affirming—the kinship between man and the lower animal ; nay, even the sentience of the vegetable world : further still, he felt that what is called dead matter is—as the very latest science is telling us—in a certain sense alive, shedding its influence around it.

Then came Cowper, whose later poetry, when it is contrasted with the jargon of Hayley, seems to belong to another world. But it is possible, perhaps, to credit Cowper with too much in this matter.

He was followed by a poet who did more for the romantic movement than even the 'marvellous boy' himself could do. Although Burns, like so many other fine poets, has left behind him some poor stuff, it would be as difficult to exaggerate his intellectual strength as to overestimate his genius. For not one of his predecessors—not even Chatterton—had been able to get away from the growth of poetic diction which had at last become so rank that originality of production was in the old forms no longer possible. The dialect of the Scottish peasantry had already been admirably worked in by certain of his predecessors ; but it was left to Burns to bring it into high poetry. In mere style he is, when writing in Scots, to be ranked with the great masters. No one realised more fully than he the power of verbal parsimony in poetry. As a quarter of an ounce of bullet in its power of striking home is to an ounce of duck-shot, so is a line of Burns to a line of any other poet save two, both of whom are extremely unlike him in other respects and extremely unlike each other. To conciseness he made everything yield as completely as did Villon in the 'Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis' and in 'Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmière,' and as completely as did Dante in the most concise of his lines. As surely as Dante's condensation is born of an intensity of imaginative vision, so surely is Burns's condensation born of an intensity of passion. Since Drayton wrote his sonnet beginning—

> Since ther's no helpe, come let us kiss and part !

there had been nothing in the shape of passionate poetry in rhyme that could come near Burns's lines—

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

But, splendid as is his passionate poetry, it is specially as an absolute humourist that he towers above all the poets of the eighteenth century. Undoubtedly, to get away on all occasions from the shadow of the great social pyramid was not to be expected of a poet at the time and in the conditions in which Burns was born. Yet it is astonishing how this Scottish yeoman did get away from it at times, as in 'A Man 's a Man for a' that.' It is astonishing to realise how he was able to show a feeling for absolute humour such as in the eighteenth century had only been shown by prose writers—prose writers of the first rank—like Swift and Sterne. Indeed, if we did not remember that he followed the creator of Uncle Toby, he would take, if that were possible, a still higher place than he now does as an absolute humourist. Not even Uncle Toby's apostrophe to the fly is finer than Burns's lines to a mouse on turning her up with a plough. But his lines to a mountain daisy which he had turned down with the plough are full of a deeper humour still—a humorous sympathy with the vegetable no less than with the animal kingdom. There is nothing in all poetry which touches it. Much admiration has been given, and rightly given, to Dorothy Wordsworth's beautiful prose words in her diary about the daffodil, as showing how a nature-lover without the 'accomplishment of verse' can make us conscious of the consciousness of a wild-flower. But they were written after Burns, and though they have some of Burns's playfulness, they cannot be said to show his humour. It is in poems of another class, however—in such poems as the 'Address to the De'il'—that we get his greatest triumph as an absolute humourist, for there we get what the present writer has called 'cosmic humour'—the very crown and flower of absolute humour. And take 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' where, biting as is the satire, the poet's humorous enjoyment of it carries it into the rarest poetry. In 'Tam o' Shanter' we get the finest mixture of humour and wisdom, the finest instance of Teutonic grotesque, to be found in all English poetry. In 'The Jolly Beggars' Burns now and again shows that he could pass into the mood of true Pantagruelism—a mood which is of all moods the rarest and the finest—a mood which requires in the humourist such a blessed mixture of the juices as nature cannot often in a climate like ours achieve.

A true child of the Renascence of Wonder who followed Burns, William Blake, though he was entirely without humour, and showed not much power of giving realistic pictures of nature, had a finer sense of the supernatural than any of his predecessors.

And now, after this wide circuit, we are able to turn, better equipped for understanding them, to

those writers of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth who are the accredited fathers of the Renascence of Wonder. It is not the purpose of the present essay to discuss the poetry of any one of the poets of this great epoch except in regard to this Renascence. Their work will be found fully presented and analysed by eminent specialists in this volume. In 1765 Percy had published his famous collection of old ballads, and this directed general attention to our ballad literature. The first poet among the great group who fell under the influence of the old ballads was probably Scott, who in 1802 brought out the first two volumes of his priceless *Border Minstrelsy*. The old ballads were, of course, very unequal in quality; but among them were 'Clerk Saunders,' 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' 'The Young Tamlane,' the ballad which Scott afterwards named 'The Demon Lover,' and certain others which compel us to set the 'Border Ballads,' as they are called, at the very top of the pure poetry of the modern world. Coleridge, as we are going to see, could give us the weird and the beautiful combined, but he could not blend with these qualities such dramatic humanity and intense pathos as are expressed in such a stanza as this from 'Clerk Saunders,' where Saunders's mistress, after he has been assassinated by her brothers, throws herself upon his grave and exclaims:

> Is there ony roome at your head, Saunders?
> Is there ony roome at your feet?
> Or ony roome at your side, Saunders?
> Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?

Scott, we say, is entitled to be placed at the head of those who are generally accredited with originating the Renascence of Wonder in the nineteenth century. But great as was the influence of Scott in this matter, it is hard to see how the effect of his romantic work would have been so potent as it now is without the influence of Coleridge. For, as has been pointed out in the notice of Byron in this volume, Scott's friend Stoddart, having heard Coleridge recite the first part of *Christabel* while still in manuscript, and having a memory that retained everything, repeated the poem to Scott, and Scott at once sat down and produced *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. There is no need to say with Leigh Hunt that Scott's vigorous poem is a coarse travesty of *Christabel* in order to admit that, full as it is of splendid poetical qualities, it is defective in technic and often cheap in diction. Some of Scott's romantic lyrics, however, scattered through his novels show that it was a languid artistic conscience alone that prevented him from taking a much higher place as a poet than he now takes. If he never learnt, as Coleridge did, the truth so admirably expressed in Joubert's saying that 'it is better to be exquisite then to be ample,' it really seems to have been because he did not care to learn it. For the distinctive quality of Scott is that he seems to be greater than his work—as much greater, indeed, as a towering oak seems greater than the leaves it sheds. Coleridge's *Christabel*, *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Kubla Khan* are, as regards the romantic spirit, above—and far above—any work of any other English poet. Instances innumerable might be adduced showing how his very nature was steeped in the fountain from which the old balladists themselves drew, but in this brief and rapid survey there is room to give only one. In the 'Conclusion' of the first part of *Christabel* he recapitulates and summarises, in lines that are at once matchless as poetry and matchless in succinctness of statement, the entire story of the bewitched maiden and her terrible foe which had gone before:

> A star hath set, a star hath risen,
> O Geraldine! since arms of thine
> Have been the lovely lady's prison.
> O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
> Thou 'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
> The night-birds all that hour were still.
> But now they are jubilant anew,
> From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
> Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell!

Here we get that feeling of the inextricable web in which the human drama and external nature are woven which is the very soul of poetic wonder. So great is the maleficent power of the beautiful witch that a spell is thrown over all Nature. For an hour the very woods and fells remain in a shuddering state of sympathetic consciousness of her—

> The night-birds all that hour were still.

When the spell is passed Nature awakes as from a hideous nightmare, and 'the night-birds' are jubilant anew. This is the very highest reach of poetic wonder—finer, if that be possible, than the night-storm during the murder of Duncan. And note the artistic method by which Coleridge gives us this amazing and overwhelming picture of the oneness of all Nature. However the rhymes may follow each other, it is always easy for the critic, by studying the intellectual and emotional movement of the sequence, to see which rhyme-word first came to the poet's mind and suggested the rhyme-words to follow or precede it. It is the witch's maleficent will-power which here dominates the poet's mind as he writes. Therefore we know that he first wrote—

> Thou 'st had thy will.

In finding a rhyme-word for 'will' and 'rill,' the word 'still' would of course present itself, among others, to any poet's mind; but it required a poet steeped in the true poetic wonder of pre-Augustanism—it required Coleridge, whose genius was that very

> Lady of the Lake,
> Sole-sitting by the shores of Old Romance—

to feel the most tremendous and awe-inspiring

picture, perhaps, in all poetry called up to his imagination—

The night-birds all that hour were still.

The nearer in temper any other line approaches this, the nearer does it approach the ideal of poetic wonder. It is, however, owing to the very rarity of Coleridge's genius that not he but Scott popularised the romantic movement. In such purely poetical work as the first part of *Christabel*, which was entirely unlocalised, realistic mediæval pictures were not requisite as they were in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. After such work as Coleridge's all that the romantic revival needed was a poet who would supply it with feet in addition to wings. Scott supplied those feet. However, in the second part of *Christabel*, written later—in which the poem is localised after Scott's manner—Coleridge showed so much of Scott's influence that it may not be too fanciful to call these two immortal poets 'the binary star of romanticism revolving around one common poetic centre. Scott's poetry became so immensely popular that it soon set every poet and every versifier, from Byron downwards, writing romantic stories in octosyllabic couplets, with the old anapæstic lilt of romantic poetry.

As regards Wordsworth's share in this movement, though it was, no doubt, confined largely to poetic methods, the following superb lines from 'Yew Trees' can be set beside even Coleridge's masterpieces as regards the romantic side of the Renascence of Wonder :

Beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide ; Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight ; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow ;—there to celebrate
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship ; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

Whether the reaction would have died out (as did the revival of natural language by Theocritus after such comparatively feeble followers as Bion and Moschus) had not Wordsworth's indomitable will and masterful simplicity of character stood up and saved it, or whether, on the contrary, the movement was injured and delayed by this obstinacy and simplicity of character—which led him into exaggerated theories, exposing it to ridicule—is perhaps a debatable question. However, it ended by the 'poetic diction' of the eighteenth century being swept away. But as to real knowledge of the mere physiognomy of mediævalism, Coleridge and Scott were perhaps on a par. Indeed, imperfect knowledge of this physiognomy was a weak point in the entire group of poets who set to work to revive it. Coleridge showed a certain knowledge of it, which, like Scott's, was no doubt above that of Horace Walpole and Mrs Radcliffe. But since the great accumulation of learning upon this subject which came afterwards for the use of English poets it seems slight enough. Abbotsford alone is enough to show that Scott did not fully escape the bastard mediævalism of the eighteenth century. If he in *Ivanhoe* vanquished every difficulty and wrote an immortal mediæval romance with not many touches of true mediævalism, that is only another proof of his vitalising imagination and genius. Fortunately, however, Scott was something more than a man like his successor Meinhold, who had every mediæval detail at his command. Had the author of *Ivanhoe* been as truly mediæval as the author of *Sidonia*, he would have appealed to a leisured few by whom the past is more beloved than the present ; but he would not have given the English-speaking race those superb works of his which are

A largess universal like the sun.

Though the Ettrick Shepherd, in *The Queen's Wake*, shows plenty of the true feeling for the supernatural side of the movement, he had not sufficient governance over his vivid imagination to express himself with that concentrated energy which is one of the first requisites.

As to Wordsworth as a nature-poet, there are, of course, three attitudes of the poet towards Nature. There is Wordsworth's attitude—that which recognises her as *Natura Benigna ;* there is the attitude which recognises her as *Natura Maligna*, that of the poet who by temperament exclaims with the Syrian Gnostics, 'Matter is darkness—matter is evil, and of matter is this body, and to become incarnate is to inherit sorrow and grievous pain ;' and there is the attitude which recognises her as being neither benign nor malignant, but the cold, passionless, unloving mother to whom the sorrows, fears, and aspirations of man are indifferent because unknown—the attitude, in a word, of Matthew Arnold and other recent poets who have written after the general acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis.

Wordsworth's influence in regard to the painting of Nature was no doubt great upon all the poets of his time, and upon none was it greater than upon Byron, who scoffed at him. In order to see Wordsworth's influence upon Byron we have only to compare the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold* with the first and second. But besides this, Byron was evidently in the later decade of his life a student of Wordsworth's theories as to the use of natural language instead of poetic diction. In Julia's letter in *Don Juan*, notwithstanding occasional echoes like that of Barton Booth's couplet given on page 290, Vol. II. of this work—

So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul,

is an admirable illustration of Wordsworth's aphorism, 'What comes from the heart goes to

the heart.' The same may be said concerning the pathetic naturalness of the Haidée episode. Would this ever have been written as we now have it had it not been for Wordsworth's Preface? What makes Byron an important figure in the romantic revival is that, while his own draughts of romanticism were drawn from the well-springs of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, it was from his own reservoir that the French *romantiques* drank. Indeed, it may almost be said that to his influence was largely due that revival which, according to Banville, 'made French poetry leap from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth.' As regards, however, the French *romantiques* of the thirties to whom Banville alludes — those whose revolt against French classicism culminated, perhaps, in that great battle of *Hernani* before mentioned—their revolt was even more imperfectly equipped with knowledge of the physiognomy of mediævalism than that of Scott.

With regard to Victor Hugo, however, it may be said that, modern as he was in temper, he was able by aid of his splendid imagination in *La Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean*, and indeed in many other poems, to feel and express the true renascence of wonder. But in poetry the mere physiognomy of life is only suggested: in prose it has to be secured. Hugo never secured it.

Shelley's place in the Renascence of Wonder is peculiar. His vigorous imagination was partially strangled by his humanitarianism and ethical impulse, inherited largely from Rousseau. Of all the poets of this group he was by far the most influenced by the social upheaval of the French Revolution; and, of course, apart from his splendid work in so many kinds of poetry, he is a very important figure in the revival of romanticism broadly considered. But those poems of his dealing with subjects akin to those represented by the purely romantic works of the old ballads and *Christabel* show that in the Renascence of Wonder his place is not among the first. *Queen Mab* is not the least in touch with the spiritual world. And there is more of the pure romantic glamour in Keats's two lines—

> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

than in the whole of *The Witch of Atlas*.

Southey's voluminous and industrious work upon romantic lines is receiving at this moment less attention than it deserves. There is really a fine atmosphere of romance thrown over *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*. But the atmosphere is cold.

With regard to Keats in relation to it, the present writer has elsewhere dwelt upon the fact that, brief as was his life, he who had already passed through so many halls of the poetic palace was at one time passing into yet another—the magic hall of Coleridge and the old ballads. As expressions of the highest romantic temper there are not many things in our literature to be set above *The Eve of St Mark* and *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.

Our object being merely to trace to its sources that stream of Romanticism upon which the poetry of the nineteenth century has been nourished, this essay should properly close with Keats. And if a word or two is here said upon the poets who immediately followed the great group, it must not be supposed that any general criticism of these latter poets is attempted.

Tennyson, in virtue of the large mass of perfect work actually done, would perhaps be the greatest poet of the nineteenth century if Coleridge had not left us among his own large mass of inferior work half-a-dozen poems which will be the wonder and the despair of English poets in all time to come. In the blending of music and colour so that each seems born of each, it is hard to think that even the poet of *The Eve of St Agnes* and *The Ode to a Nightingale* was the superior of him who gave us *The Lady of Shalott* and *The Lotos-Eaters*. But when it comes to the true romantic glamour it cannot be said that he was instinctively in touch with the old spirit. The magnificent *Idylls of the King*, in temper as well as in style one of the most modern poems of its time, does occasionally, as in the picture of the finding of Arthur, give us the old glamour very finely. But the stately rhetorical movement of his blank verse is generally out of harmony with it. That romantic suggestion which Shakespeare's blank verse catches in such writing as we get in the fifth act of the *Merchant of Venice*, and in hundreds of other passages, shows, however, that blank verse, though not so 'right' in romantic poetry as rhyme, can yet be made sufficiently flexible. It is only in the poetic methods of his rhymed poems that Tennyson successfully worked on romantic lines, though of course the *naïveté*, the fairy-like, unconscious grace of Coleridge at his best, were never caught by any of his successors. And yet above all nineteenth-century poets Tennyson is steeped in the absolute humour of romanticism. In Shakespeare himself there is no finer example of absolute humour than he gives us in those lines where the 'Northern Farmer' expresses his views on the immorality of Bessy Marris:

> Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
> Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
> 'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond;
> I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

As to Browning, in order to discuss adequately his place as regards the Renascence of Wonder a long treatise would be required. On the realistic side of the Romantic movement he is, of course, very strong. His sympathies, however, are as modern as Matthew Arnold's own, except, of course, on the theological side, where he is a century behind his great poetic contemporaries. His

desire is to express not wonder but knowingness, the opposite of wonder. In a study of his works made by the present writer many years ago, the humour of Browning was named Teutonic grotesque. The name is convenient, and nearly, though not quite, satisfactory. But subsequent writers on Browning seem to have caught it up. Perhaps Teutonic grotesque, which, in architecture at least, lies in the expression of deep ideas through fantastic forms, is the only absolute grotesque. In Italian and French grotesque the incongruity throughout all art lies in a simple departure from the recognised line of beauty, spiritual or physical; but in the Teutonic mind the instinctive quest is really not—save in music—beauty at all, but the wonderful, the profound, the mysterious; and the incongruity of Teutonic grotesque lies in expressing the emotions aroused by these qualities in forms that are unexpected and bizarre. It is easy, however, to give too much heed to Browning's grotesquery in considering his relation to Romanticism. Ruskin has affirmed that such poems as *The Bishop Orders his Tomb* is the best rendering to be found in literature of the old temper, and on this point Ruskin speaks with authority.

With regard to Matthew Arnold, in *The Scholar Gypsy* he undoubtedly shows, reflected from Wordsworth, a good deal of the realistic side of Romanticism. But there is no surer sign that his temper was really Augustan than the fact that in his selections from Gray in Ward's *English Poets*, he actually omits the one stanza in Gray's *Elegy* which shows him to have been a true poet—the stanza about the robin, above quoted in the remarks upon Gray. *The Forsaken Merman*, whose very name suggests the Renascence of Wonder, beautiful as it is, is quite without the glamour and magic of such second-rate poets as the author of the *Queen's Wake*, and has no kinship with Coleridge or the old ballads. As to his attitude towards Nature, it is in such poems as *Morality* and *In Harmony with Nature* that Arnold shows that he comes under the third category of nature-poets above mentioned. With regard to his humour, Arnold was essentially a man of the world—of the very modern world—and his humour, though peculiarly delicate and delightful, must perhaps be called relative and not absolute.

As regards the Romantic temper, two English imaginative writers only have combined a true sympathy with a true knowledge of it, and these were of more recent date—Rossetti and William Morris. They had, of course, immense advantages owing to such predecessors in literature as Meinhold, and also to the attention that had been given to the subject in Pugin's *Gothic Architecture* and in the works of other architects, English and foreign.

The poet of *Christabel* himself was scarcely more steeped in the true magic of the romantic temper than was the writer of *The Blessed Damozel* and *Sister Helen*, while in knowledge of romance he was far behind the later poet. With regard to humour, he and Morris hold in their poetry no place either with the absolute or relative humourists, but those who knew them intimately can affirm that personally they were both humourists of a very fine order. The truth is that Rossetti consciously, and Morris unconsciously, worked upon the entirely mistaken theory that in romantic poetry humour has properly no place.

It is want of space alone that prevents our bringing prose fiction into this essay; otherwise Mr Meredith would receive more attention in these remarks than almost any other writer; but to discuss so vast a subject as that of the Renascence of Wonder as seen in prose fiction would require the space of a large book, or rather of a library.

It is hard to think that even the singer of the *Ode to the West Wind* is in lyric power greater than he who wrote the choruses of *Atalanta* and the still more superb measures of *Songs before Sunrise* and *Erechtheus*. Indeed, we have only to recall the fact that before Shelley wrote it was an axiom among poets and critics that few, if any, more metres could ever be invented in order to give his proper place to a poet who has invented more metres than all the poets combined from the author of *Piers Plowman* down to the present day. Mr Swinburne too seems, consciously or unconsciously, to act upon the theory that humour is out of place in romantic poetry. For in his prose writings he shows a great deal of wit and humour. With regard to form and artistic qualities generally, a new kind of poetic diction now grew up—a diction composed mainly of that of Shelley and of Keats, of Tennyson, of Rossetti, of Mr Swinburne, yet mixed with Elizabethan and more archaic forms—a diction, to be sure, far more poetic in its elements than that which Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth did so much to demolish, but none the less artificial when manipulated by a purely artistic impulse for the production of purely artistic verse. It is, we say, true enough that the gorgeous and beautiful word-spinning of writers like Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Philip Bourke Marston, and those called the Pre-Raphaelite poets is far more like genuine poetry than was the worn-out, tawdry texture of eighteenth-century platitudes in which Hayley and Samuel Jackson Pratt bedecked their puny limbs. Rossetti, the great master of this kind of poetic diction, saw this, and during the last few years of his life endeavored to get away from it when writing his superb poems, *A King's Tragedy* and *The White Ship*. His relative, Mr Ford Madox Hueffer, in his monograph on Rossetti tells us that it should be pointed out that the *White Ship* was one of Rossetti's last works, and that in it he was aiming at simplicity of narrative under the advice of the present writer.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

William Wordsworth.*

The story of Wordsworth's earlier life is told in *The Prelude*, 'the long poem on my own education,' finished in 1805, but not published till after the author's death in 1850. This poem was addressed to Coleridge, who described it in the verses written in acknowledgment :

> An Orphic song indeed,
> A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
> To their own music chanted.

It had to be kept back, because the great work to which it was an introduction—*The Recluse*, of which *The Excursion* is only a fragment—was never completed. If Wordsworth had published the *Prelude* immediately, it might have saved his literary reputation from some tedious controversies ; it would certainly have given pleasure to Shelley and Keats, both of whom were fascinated by Wordsworth and anxious to discover his meaning. It is an authentic story ; the course of his life and the growth of his faculties are described sincerely. It is one of the happiest of lives ; blest from the outset with natural gifts of the most fortunate kind, a pilgrim's progress, in which the ordeals are indeed severe, but saved from the worst afflictions, and especially from low spirits. By keeping back the *Prelude* Wordsworth made the *Excursion* his most authoritative work regarding his own temper and ideas. His contemporaries generally judged him from the *Excursion ;* and the *Excursion*, taken by itself, gives a false impression of Wordsworth. It makes him too much of a philosopher, too sedate, too tame. The *Prelude* is a story of life and will, not mainly of meditations or theories ; these have their place in it, but the purport of the whole book is to show that his reflections spring from what is alive. Wordsworth's life, which to many of his readers has appeared a monotonous affair, comes out in the *Prelude* as a life of pure energy from the beginning, wakeful, alert, self-willed. Also by accident (or 'divine chance') he was carried into the middle of great things. He stood nearer to the reality of the French Revolution than any of his contemporaries in England, and he discovered the secret of the Alps. The slow mooning person which Wordsworth seemed to be in later life is hardly to be found in the *Prelude*. The story of his childhood and boyhood is an enthusiastic description of all kinds of adventure. The pride of life kindled and lit up his world for him ; Nature for him was full throughout of 'danger and desire.'

He was born at Cockermouth, on 7th April 1770, the son of John Wordsworth, law-agent to Sir James Lowther. His mother, who died when he was eight years old, was anxious about him, owing to the faults of his disposition, more than about any of her other children. He says himself that he was 'of a stiff, moody, and violent temper ; but his wilfulness had nothing unsound in it. His account of his school-life (at Hawkshead) would be interesting simply as a story of a boy's adventures. The early revelations of sublime things came to him not in moments of a wise passiveness, but in the crisis of heroic action :

> When I have hung
> Above the raven's nest by knots of grass
> And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
> But ill-sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
> Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
> Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
> While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
> With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
> Blow through my ear ! The sky seemed not a sky
> Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds !

The first book of the *Prelude* is a commentary on the lines in *Tintern Abbey :*

> The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
> And their glad animal movements all gone by.

It explains how different Wordsworth's love of Nature was from mere critical observation of the 'beauties' of Nature or what is called 'scenery.' It is through life that Nature is revealed to him, in rowing, riding, and skating ; and the old panic terror found him, about his tenth year, in night raids on the fells :

> I heard among the solitary hills
> Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
> Of undistinguishable motion, steps
> Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

In October 1787 Wordsworth went up to St John's College, Cambridge. The change of scene was a trial for him, but he was not depressed. He found that his mistress, Nature, was lady of the fens also ; and in the flat country he surrendered himself to the elemental beauty of light and air, and the broad general aspect of the earth :

> As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,
> I looked for universal things, perused
> The common countenance of earth and sky.

There was at the same time a certain lowering of temperature in his life, as was perhaps natural and right. The touch of worldliness in his conversation at Cambridge gave him tolerance, and saved his enthusiasm from wasting itself. In his third long vacation (1790) Wordsworth went for a walking tour in France and Switzerland with his friend Jones, of the same college, and found himself in the middle of the Revolution :

> —Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours,
> And human nature seeming born again.

There is no one who has borne better witness than Wordsworth to the unselfish happiness, the overpowering hope, that seemed to attend the first movement of the Revolution.

The two Cambridge men, however, saw one

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thing to suggest what unexplored caprices might be latent in the power that had restored the golden age: 'arms flashing, and a military glare,' intruding into the quiet of the Grande Chartreuse. The contrast between the hopes and the disappointments of the Revolution was expressed in 1802 in a sonnet to his travelling companion:

Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802.

Jones! when from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky:
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, mirth,
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!
And now, sole register that these things were,
Two solitary greetings have I heard,
'*Good-morrow, Citizen!*' a hollow word,
As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

In 1790 Wordsworth confesses that he was as yet hardly able to appreciate the issues:

A stripling, scarcely of the household then
Of social life, I looked upon these things
As from a distance, heard and saw and felt,
Was touched, but with no intimate concern.

The year after he was to grow out of the stripling, and to give to a political cause all that energy of mind which had been bestowed before by him on the study of Nature. He took his degree in 1791, and spent some time in London, where he saw and heard a good deal, including the other great imaginative reasoner—Burke:

With high disdain
Exploding upstart theory.

In November he went to France, meaning to spend the winter and learn the language. He stayed first at Orleans, then at Blois.

Of all the Englishmen who were affected by the French Revolution, none entered like Wordsworth into its vicissitudes of hope and fear. He had been welcomed by the people of France in their first revolutionary holiday. He listened, not long after, to the chaos of the Palais Orleans:

I stared and listened with a stranger's ears
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild,
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes
In knots or pairs or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
But seemed there present, and I scanned them all.

At Orleans in the society of royalist officers he recognised their magnamity, but was not affected by their political views; there, too, he met and conversed intimately with Beaupuy, one of the most honourable and high-minded of the reformers. There can hardly have been anywhere in Europe a nobler devotion to high causes than in these two chance acquaintances; they have the inextinguishable grace of lofty ideas, which were not refuted, though frustrated, by the events that followed. Wordsworth's political enthusiasm had the same root as his poetry—in his early life. He was not carried away by rhetoric merely; the new revolutionary world appeared to him as something familiar, and he interpreted equality and fraternity as what he had always known among his own people in the dales. There was a pith of commonsense in his revolutionary beliefs; they were not all vapourings, though both Wordsworth and Beaupuy failed. Beaupuy became a general, and was killed in 1796. Wordsworth thought at one time of throwing in his lot with the Girondists, in October 1792, when he had returned to Paris, a month after the September massacres; but his supplies came to an end, and that prosaic cause brought him back to England.

Wordsworth has uttered the hopes of his youth in a passage of verse which is to the political revival what *Tintern Abbey* is with regard to the poetical worship of Nature. It is one of the fragments of the *Prelude* published in Coleridge's *Friend:*

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! O times
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
. . . . . .
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—
Were called upon to exercise their skill
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

The return from France was more than a change of climate to Wordsworth. The outbreak of the great war caused the most serious, perhaps the only dangerous, intellectual crisis in the whole of his life. When Shelley afterwards reproached him as a lost leader, whose early love of liberty had grown ossified, he did not know the full story, the tragic conflict through which Wordsworth had passed. Wordsworth was not frightened, and there was no inconsistency. He found himself divided between his patriotism, which was always strong, and his love for the ideas and the country of Beaupuy. He saw the worst parties in France gaining by the war:

Tyrants strong before
In wicked pleas were strong as demons now,
And thus on every side beset with foes
The goaded land waxed mad.

Wordsworth, in division against himself, fell into despondency and scepticism. He tried to find some new principles; but his critical inquiry was fruitless, or worse. Analysis could not provide him even with a theory; and it was not a theory

he required, but motives. He verified the saying of Burke, that the world would be ruined 'if the practice of all moral duties and the foundations of society rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual.' His progress led him through the valley of Abstract Thought, where he was not happy:

> Viewing all objects unremittingly
> In disconnexion dead and spiritless,

as it is expressed in the *Excursion;* or as in the *Prelude:*

> Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds
> Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind
> Suspiciously to establish in plain day
> Her titles and her honours.

His deliverance from futile analysis was in great part due, he says, to his sister Dorothy:

> She in the midst of all preserved me still
> A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office upon earth.

In 1795 they settled at Racedown, a house near Crewkerne in Dorset. There in June 1797 they were visited by Coleridge, who had read Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches* (published in 1793); the next month the Wordsworths moved to Alfoxden, a house in the Quantocks not far from Coleridge's home at Nether Stowey. Coleridge and Wordsworth, walking about the hills, found occasion for all sorts of imaginative projects; *Lyrical Ballads*, their common venture, came out in 1798, beginning with the 'Ancient Mariner' and ending with 'Tintern Abbey.' Coleridge explained their partnership later: 'It was agreed that my efforts should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith. Mr Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.'

Wordsworth and his sister did not stay long in Somerset. In the autumn of 1798 they went to Germany, travelling with Coleridge in the earlier part of their journey. German literature did not affect Wordsworth strongly; he imitated Bürger's verse in two of his worst poems, and disapproved of it in one of his critical essays. But his German winter was productive; the poems of that year are among the finest in the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, published in 1800. He came back to England in 1799, and settled at Grasmere. The *Prelude* was already begun, part of the great ambition of Wordsworth's life—'a philosophical poem containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled *The Recluse;* as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.' The *Prelude* was finished in 1805, but it was not the only work of these years. In 1807 appeared two volumes, about the same size as the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800, containing poems in some respects considerably different from anything of Wordsworth's hitherto published: the 'Sonnets on Liberty;' the 'Happy Warrior;' the 'Ode to Duty;' and at the end, with a motto of its own, *paullo majora canamus*, the 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality.' There were also the poems of the tour in Scotland in 1803 recorded in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal—*Yarrow Unvisited*, *Stepping Westward*, *The Solitary Reaper*. The most obvious difference between 1800 and 1807 in Wordsworth's poetry was the result of his studies among the older English poets—Chaucer, Drayton, Daniel, Sidney—of whom he had known little or nothing before. Milton and Spenser he had long known and praised: now their influence returned to him along with the others, and gave a new character to his poetical language.

In 1813 he went to Rydal Mount, his home for the rest of his life. About the same time he obtained the office of Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland. In 1814 he made his second tour in Scotland (*Yarrow Visited*), and published the *Excursion*, 'being a portion of *The Recluse*, a Poem.' A collected edition of his Poems was published in the following year; and also in 1815, separately, *The White Doe of Rylstone*. *Peter Bell*, a tale in verse, begun long before among the Quantocks, but not included in *Lyrical Ballads*, was published in 1819, preceded by the mischievous work of the same name, 'the ante-natal Peter,' a parody of Wordsworth by Keats's friend Reynolds, and followed by Shelley's *Peter Bell the Third*. Other publications are *The Waggoner* (1819), *The River Duddon* (1820), *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1820), *Ecclesiastical Sketches* (1822). There were few adventures in Wordsworth's later life. He travelled in Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Wales, Ireland; in 1831, with his daughter, he went to see Scott at Abbotsford, just before his departure for Naples; Scott refusing Wordsworth's commendation of the Italian landscape, and quoting 'although 'tis fair, 'twill be another Yarrow.' *Yarrow Revisited* and other poems appeared in 1835; and at the end of the year, in the *Athenæum*, the 'Extempore Effusion on the Death of James Hogg'—Wordsworth's lament for the poets. Coleridge and Lamb had died the year before:

> Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand,
> How fast has brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land.

Wordsworth became Poet Laureate in succession to Southey in 1843. He wrote nothing after 1846; one of his latest poems in 1845 is constant to his early modes of thought and style:

> So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
> Would that the little flowers were born to live
> Conscious of half the pleasure which they give.
>
> That to this mountain-daisy's self were known
> The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown
> On the smooth surface of this naked stone.

He died on St George's Day 1850; the *Prelude* was published a few months later. One book of the *Recluse*—that is, the first book of what was to have been the first part—was left in manuscript; it was printed in 1888.

Wordsworth claims for himself a mission to interpret Nature. He found himself 'a dedicated spirit' (early one morning on his way home from a dancing party; *Prelude*, Book IV.); he was more definitely and intensely conscious of his mission than any poet has ever been, more even than Milton. For Milton's ambition had always something of the school, something formal or abstract, in it; he was to compete with the old masters of heroic verse, to win the prize of Epic or Tragedy. Wordsworth took his start from reality; he had something to say which had been specially revealed to him in the accidents of his life. His poetical task was to find expression for this acquired and always increasing knowledge of his. Milton, with equal confidence in his vocation, was less certain about his themes. But this is saying little; for Wordsworth's security in the value of his own experience goes beyond all possibility of comparison and calculation.

It is not easy to determine or explain what Wordsworth meant by Nature; or rather it is easy to explain prosaically in such a way as to leave the result unprofitable. It may be turned from poetry into metaphysics; it is so translated, sometimes, by Wordsworth himself. But the essence of Wordsworth's theory is poetical, not distinctly philosophical, though it touches on philosophy. Where it is most philosophical, it is a belief in imagination, sometimes called the Imaginative Will, as a power of interpreting the world—not altering reality, nor remoulding the scheme of things, but reading it truly. It is this faculty that gets beyond ordinary trivial, partial, disconnected perceptions, and finds the solemn life of the universe astir in every moment of experience. Through imagination Wordsworth attains something like a mystical vision of the whole world as a living thing, every fragment of the world alive with the life of the whole. But this is hardly what is distinctive of his poetry, for such visions have come to many, without the accomplishment of verse, sometimes in opposition to all poetry. Also a formal theory of this sort is not protected against base uses; it may become, as Blake says of general ideas, the refuge of the scoundrel and the hypocrite; it may be imitated without conviction or insight. Poetry cannot be reduced to ideas; and Wordsworth is not to be judged by the theories that may be abstracted from his poems.

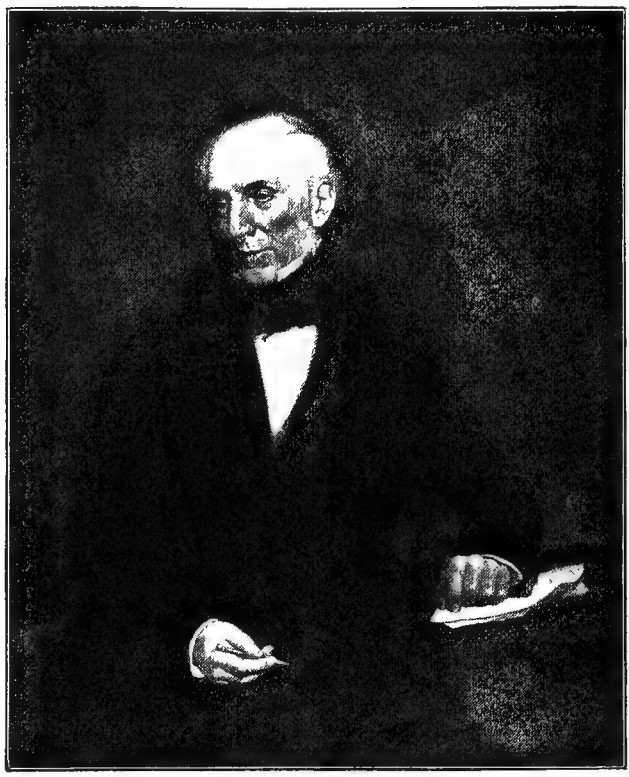
Wordsworth separates himself, explicitly, from the eighteenth-century pursuit of the beauties of Nature:

> Even in pleasure pleased
> Unworthily, disliking here and there
> Liking, by rules of mimic art transferred
> To things above all art—

though the Picturesque, as studied, for example, by Gilpin, was some part of his education. He liked to notice and recollect aspects of scenery, facts of Nature, hitherto unused in art. But this kind of observation, never without interest for Wordsworth, and proved, as has been seen already, in his latest poem, was always a subordinate part of his work. Closeness to reality, 'with his eye on the subject,' was consistently his aim; but his study of Nature involved more than observation, Nature was more than the object of perception; Nature 'full of danger and desire' could be rendered poetically only by enthusiastic imagination. The Picturesque might be taken coolly and examined technically, but Wordsworth's point of view is generally different. His didactic exposition no doubt often seemed to be much the same thing as had been customary for a generation or two before him with students of Nature, but his imagination was original and his own, and he knew that it derived its strength 'from worlds not quickened by the sun:' the poetic vision was idle, was nothing at all, without the poetic impulse. Even in the more didactic of his writings, and even apart from his poetical work altogether, as in the tract on the *Convention of Cintra*, he declares himself for passionate imagination as the guide of life; he speaks of 'the dignity and intensity of human desires;' imagination is not theoretic, it is 'imaginative will.' Though he has come to be with many readers the poet of meditation above all things, this was not what his youth desired. His poetry is 'a creature of a fiery heart,' and is not fit reading for the dispassionate understanding.

Wordsworth's policy has some resemblance to what is commonly called Realism, in its inclusion of subjects beneath the conventional dignity of art. But Realism, as that is generally understood, works in a cool temper, making intelligent notes, without affection. This was not Wordsworth's way. He does not fix upon common or mean things with a calm determination to make them interesting, to force them into the mould of his poetry. This is what he often appeared to be doing, and this irritated his fastidious readers. They thought that they were being held down by the uncourtly poet and compelled to look at disgusting objects—duffel cloaks, wash-tubs, polygamic potters, and so forth, according to the familiar catalogue which was repeated in various

tones of resentment or ridicule by the adverse and protesting critics. But the motive of Wordsworth (apart from some extravagances) was not the prosaic revolutionary prejudice for common things as such, against the noble and magnificent. On the contrary, the loftiness of his poetic thought and the fire of his poetic zeal make him the most exacting of all poets with regard to his themes. Instead of sweeping everything into his net, his policy is to discriminate values exactly. He does not take things as they come; he takes them each for its separate value—that is, for its value as part of his own life, before the poetic meaning is developed out of the casual impression, the chance of encounter. And the perceptions and experiences from which his poetry was drawn were never purely theoretical or contemplative, but 'quick and eager visitings.'



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
From the Portrait by Pickersgill in the National Portrait Gallery.

His theory of poetical diction, like his study of Nature, has some superficial likeness to things already current in literature. Churchill and Cowper had dissented from the traditional rhetoric; Johnson himself had contrasted Truth and Nature with the 'sleepy bards' and their 'mechanic echoes;' Goldsmith had attacked 'the pompous epithet, laboured diction, and every other deviation from common-sense, which procures for the poet the applause of the month.' Wordsworth, however, had a meaning of his own in the doctrine of poetical language which he expounded in his Preface of 1800. His argument included at least two distinct positions: first, a commonplace and generally plausible objection to 'poetical diction,' in so far as that was merely a conventional vocabulary, to be learned like grammar by practitioners of verse, and applied as a sort of ornamental plaster to any subject. So far, the spirit of the time was with him. The periphrastic method, so splendid in Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, was at the end of its course, though Wordsworth himself might keep some of its old devices; 'deadly tube, for example, in the *Recluse*, means 'gun,' and the game of Noughts and Crosses, in the *Prelude*, is 'strife too humble to be named in verse.' But besides the correction of false rhetoric, about which there was no real difference of opinion among his contemporaries, Wordsworth had a theory of his own, which went somewhat further, and emphatically recommended the use of colloquial language, 'a selection of the language really spoken by men.' In his endeavour to comply with this theory there may have been something of bravado, as Coleridge thought; in some of the *Lyrical Ballads* he had to force himself to write down to his formula. The fallacies were examined and detected by Coleridge in *Biographia Literaria;* Wordsworth's own practice was easily shown to be inconsistent. But there still remained something unrefuted in the theory, when the worst had been said. It looked at first like a revolutionary levelling of diction, a polemic assertion of the equality of words, a denunciation of the vanity of class distinctions in the vocabulary—ending, like other democratic equalities, in a preference for the lower and a proscription of the nobler orders. But Wordsworth had other motives than a preconceived and wilful sansculottism in his regard for plain language. He wished to get rid of all interference between the poetical object and the mind; the theme as conceived by the poet must tell itself in its own way. The true poetic conception must find its own language, and that language must be such as to convey, not particular fragmentary beauties, but the whole poetic idea, the emotional and imaginative creature of the mind, with no distraction or encumbrance. There is nothing new in this; it is the classical law of expression and right proportion. But few poets have lived in this artistic faith with such constancy as Wordsworth, with such fervent sincerity. After

1800 he became more magnificent; he went back to the Elizabethans and used more elaborate forms of verse and a richer language, 'armoury of the invincible knights of old.' But this implicit withdrawal of his thesis did not affect his main position except to strengthen it: the conviction, namely, that the poetical idea or view, or whatever it may be called—the poetical comprehension of the theme—must determine the expression of it to the minutest point of detail. When the eye is single, the body of poetry is full of light. Further, the poetic vision is not mere vision: poetical insight (which he called imagination) is one with its passionate motive; the demonstration of this is the whole scope and upshot of the *Prelude*.

He meant to write a great philosophical poem, and he failed to complete his design. Nothing would have contented him in it unless it had included all the poetical meaning of all his works; when finished, it was to be 'a Gothic church' in regard to which his shorter poems were to be chapels and oratories. With all his sense of the value of his work, he underrated these shorter poems, not to speak of the *Prelude*, which was, as he says, his 'portico.' He did not know that in some of these poems and in some passages of the *Prelude*, he had gone to the very verge of what is permissible in the use of poetry dealing with the mystery of the world. The tension of mind in the *Tintern* poem, in part of the *Ode on Immortality*, in the verses on the Simplon, is near the limits of speech; a little more, and speech and thought would vanish; above these heights of speculation there is no footing for mere humanity. Beyond them poetry can hardly go without turning into something else than poetry. And it is not certain what it may become; it is certain there is danger. If a loftier mode of vision is denied, then what remains is apt to be mere talk about the Universe, no more inspiring than the talk about education noted by Mr Arnold in his essay on Wordsworth.

Not even the philosophical poem which he imagined, and hoped for, could take the place of Wordsworth's actual accomplished work in the smaller chapels and oratories. The variety of his style is not shown in the *Recluse* as it is, for example, in the poems of 1807; and luckily there is no need to restrict one's self to these two glorious volumes. He had command of many different instruments, and was more sensitive to poetical influences, more humble as a student of old masters, than is commonly supposed. The *Yarrow* poems are on the beautiful old model:

> Sing Erceldoune and Cowdenknowes
> Where Homes had once commanding.

Resolution and Independence is in Milton's stanza—a Spenserian variety—used in the proem of the *Nativity* ode. The verse of *The Green Linnet* is borrowed from Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the form of the *Ode to Duty* from Gray. His poetry is full of reminiscences, sometimes acknowledged. *Michael* and *The Brothers*, poems that work out his principle of plain language, also justify it by the commanding dignity and pathos of their thought transforming the simple words into sublimity. But the author of *Michael* could also use, in spite of all his prefaces, the language of the courtly schools—'invested with purpureal gleams.' And no one since Dryden has used the heroic couplet like Wordsworth—with an onward rush, sometimes louder, as in the *Expected Invasion;* sometimes more varied and musical, as in the *Happy Warrior*. His poetry of the 'trump and timbrel' is irresistible; no fighting poet, not even Byron, ever struck harder at the enemy than Wordsworth: no political satire ever went home more cleanly and effectively than Wordsworth's conclusion against a certain possible type of Ministry:

> A servile band
> Who have to judge of danger which they fear
> And honour which they do not understand.

This, it is true, is borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney, but the edge is given to it by Wordsworth. The moral of *Yarrow Revisited*, its pure and reverend grace, gives a new meaning to the old poetic praise of righteousness, 'more beautiful than the morning or the evening star;' the friendship of Wordsworth and Scott is recorded in words that seem to have the whole soul of human goodness and nobility in them:

> For busy thoughts the stream flowed on
> In foamy agitation,
> And slept in many a crystal pool
> For quiet contemplation;
> No public and no private care
> The freeborn mind enthralling,
> We made a day of happy hours
> Our happy days recalling.

Into a single phrase—'breaking the silence of the seas'—he can put the spirit of all the myths about the powers of Winter and Spring: the voice of the Spring triumphing in the very heart of the vast desolation. He has a new mythology of his own, not displayed in large works like *Hyperion* or *Prometheus Unbound*, but expressing itself in apparently casual ways. The *Ode to Duty* is his largest mythological poem, and there the personifying imagination really does its work in one sentence. With his poetical magic he scatters phrases that fill the mind as if they were complete works, like

> flaunting Summer when he throws
> His soul into the briar rose.

The simplicity of Wordsworth's style is more varied than most poets' opulence; just as the tranquillity of his life, the contemplative quiet of much of his writings, is consistent with a rebellious energy: law and impulse in him were reconciled, but impulse was not degraded or diluted in this harmony of opposite powers. The things that give him most delight are lawless: his heart leaps

up at the humour of the two Thieves. His zest for happiness is unfailing, and he finds it out and blesses it with the same sincerity as wisdom or heroism. In two different ways he has praised the River—once in the morning at Westminster Bridge, and again because he saw a miller and two women dancing at sunset on one of the floating mills. 'Charles Lamb was with me at the time; and I thought it remarkable that I should have to point out to *him*, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting as the happy group dancing on the platform.' Nature has more meanings for him even than those of *Tintern Abbey*, and his poetical mind has regard to many things that are neither solemn nor contemplative. It has not been found necessary here to consider the less interesting parts of his work; it may be observed, however, that the later poems, which are seldom read, include many things like those of 1800 and 1807: one of them, that may be called his last word, written in his seventy-fifth year, has already been quoted.

Wordsworth's prose is not all of one kind, but it is all good. It has given some phrases to literature that have the currency of Milton's, like 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;' and there are others less known, especially in the blazing tract on the *Convention of Cintra* (1809), as vehement as Burke. He had not lost his power in 1844 when he wrote against the proposed Kendal and Windermere Railway. The Guide to the Lakes is in a different style.

Expostulation and Reply.

'Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

Where are your books?—that light bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!'

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply.

'The eye—it cannot choose but see:
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking!

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away.'

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798.)

The Tables Turned.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you 'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

1798.

Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long

A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

(1798.)

I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode; but it was written with a hope that in the transitions, and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition. (*Note*, 1800.)

The Simplon Pass.

——Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

(From *The Prelude.*)

Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage-roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. ii., 1800.)

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. ii., 1800.)

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. ii., 1800.)

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. ii., 1800.)

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Resolution and Independence.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so:
And fears and fancies thick upon me came; [name.
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call:
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book :
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :
And him with further words I thus bespake,
'What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side ;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me :
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main ; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure ;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

The Green Linnet.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May ;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment :
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care
Too blest with any one to pair ;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

The Solitary Reaper.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Yarrow Unvisited.

(See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning,

'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!'—)

From Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my '*winsome Marrow*,'
'Whate'er betide, we 'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'

'Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow:
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

'Oh! green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We 'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!

We will not see them; will not go,
To-day nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There 's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we 're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Yarrow Visited—September 1814.

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure :
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

Yarrow Revisited.

(The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples. The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation, for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.)

The gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow,'
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow ;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border !

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bow, or falling ;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden ;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation ;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation :
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy ;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing ;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment !
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment ;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded ;
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott ! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O ! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength her venturous brother !
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite Thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams 'reasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
For fanciful dejections:
Oh, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our changeful Life
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were centred;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark enter'd;
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last!)
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future Bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

(1831; published 1835.)

Gipsies.

Yet are they here the same unbroken knot
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!
Men, women, children, yea the frame
Of the whole spectacle the same!
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
Now deep and red, the colouring of night,
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!
The weary Sun betook himself to rest;—
Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
Outshining like a visible God
The glorious path in which he trod.
And now, ascending, after one dark hour
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty Moon! this way
She looks as if at them—but they
Regard not her:—oh better wrong and strife
(By nature transient) than this torpid life;
Life which the very stars reprove
As on their silent tasks they move!
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
In scorn I speak not;—they are what their birth
And breeding suffer them to be;
Wild outcasts of society!

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Ode to Duty.

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.'

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Character of the Happy Warrior.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Ode.—Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or by day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all,
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there 's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

(1833; published 1835.)

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

September 1802.

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,

That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

Burns.

In illustration of this sentiment, permit me to remind you that it is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under certain restrictions of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found—in the walks of nature, and in the business of men.—The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured while he describes the fairer aspects of war: nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love though immoderate—from convivial pleasure though intemperate—nor from the presence of war though savage, and recognised as the hand-maid of desolation. Frequently and admirably has Burns given way to these impulses of nature; both with reference to himself and in describing the condition of others. Who, but some impenetrable dunce or narrow-minded puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, Tam o' Shanter? The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion;—the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and, while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within.—I pity him who cannot perceive that, in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect.

'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the *ills* of life victorious.'

(From 'A letter to a friend of Robert Burns,' 1816.)

A Delusion Confuted.

But it is a belief propagated in books, and which passes currently among talking men as part of their familiar wisdom, that the hearts of the many *are* constitutionally weak; that they *do* languish, and are slow to answer to the requisitions of things. I entreat those who are in this delusion to look behind them and about them for the evidence of experience. Now this, rightly understood, not only gives no support to any such belief but proves that the truth is in direct opposition to it. The history of all ages; tumults after tumults; wars, foreign or civil, with short or with no breathing-spaces, from generation to generation; wars—why and wherefore? yet with courage, with perseverance, with self-sacrifice, with enthusiasm—with cruelty driving forward the cruel man from its own terrible nakedness, and attracting the more benign by the accompaniment of some shadow which seems to sanctify it; the senseless weaving and interweaving of factions—vanishing and reviving and piercing each other like the Northern Lights; public commotions, and those in the bosom of the individual; the long calenture to which the Lover is subject; the blast, like the blast of the desert, which sweeps perennially through a frightful solitude of its own making in the mind of the Gamester; the slowly quickening but ever quickening descent of appetite down which the Miser is propelled; the agony and cleaving oppression of grief; the ghost-like hauntings of shame; the incubus of revenge; the life-distemper of ambition; —these inward existences, and the visible and familiar occurrences of daily life in every town and village; the patient curiosity and contagious acclamations of the multitude in the streets of the city and within the walls of the theatre; a procession, or a rural dance; a hunting, or a horse-race; a flood, or a fire; rejoicing and ringing of bells for an unexpected gift of good fortune, or the coming of a foolish heir to his estate;——these demonstrate incontestably that the passions of men (I mean, the soul of sensibility in the heart of man)—in all quarrels, in all contests, in all quests, in all delights, in all employments which are either sought by men or thrust upon them—do immeasurably transcend their objects. The true sorrow of humanity consists in this;—not that the mind of man fails, but that the course and demands of action and of life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires: and hence that which is slow to languish is too easily turned aside and abused. But—with the remembrance of what has been done, and in the face of the interminable evils which are threatened —a Spaniard can never have cause to complain of this

while a follower of the tyrant remains in arms upon the Peninsula.

(From *The Convention of Cintra*, 1809.)

Ossian.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the smug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the *Reliques* had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! How selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the 'Epic Poem Temora,' in eight Books, presents itself. 'The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds.' Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion.—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In Nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his '*ands*' and his '*buts*'! and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now, as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! (1815.)

The chief editions of Wordsworth's poetry are the author's editions published by Moxon (1836–37, 1845, and 1849–50), the library edition by Professor Knight (1882–86), that by Mr John Morley (1888), the Aldine edition by Professor Dowden (1893), and the complete edition, with prose works, life, and Dorothy's journals and letters, by Professor Knight (16 vols. 1896–97). The text of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) has been reprinted with notes by Professor E. Dowden (1890) and Mr T. Hutchinson (1898); and the *Poems* of 1807 have been also edited by Mr Hutchinson (2 vols. 1897). There are selections by Palgrave (1865), Matthew Arnold (1879), and Knight (1888). The prose works were collected by Grosart (3 vols. 1876). There are Lives by his nephew, [Bishop] Christopher Wordsworth (1851); F. W. H. Myers (1880); J. M. Sutherland (1887); Elizabeth Wordsworth (1891); and Professor Knight (1889). The most important criticisms are those of Coleridge, M. Arnold, Pater, Swinburne, and W. Raleigh (*Wordsworth*, 1903). See also De Quincey's *Recollections of the Lake Poets*; J. S. Cottle's *Early Recollections of Coleridge* (1837); *Memorials of Coleorton* (1887); H. Crabb Robinson's *Diary* (1869); Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, edited by Principal Shairp (1874); the Wordsworth Society's Proceedings (1880–89); and *La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*, by Emile Legouis (1896; trans. 1897).

W. P. KER.

Dorothy Wordsworth (1771–1855), only sister of the poet, set up housekeeping with her brother in 1795 at Racedown Lodge in Dorsetshire. In 1832 she had an attack of brain-fever from which she never entirely recovered. Her *Journals* kept at Alfoxden and Grasmere, and the records of her journeys in Scotland, the Isle of Man, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, reveal a mind as subtly sensitive to nature as the poet's own, and an exquisiteness of expression which he hardly surpassed. 'She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,' said her brother; and, as Professor Shairp pointed out, his poems 'are sometimes little more than poetic versions of her descriptions of the objects which she had seen, and which he treated as if seen by himself.' Compare these sentences from her journal with Wordsworth's poem quoted above (page 20):

Daffodils.

When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close by the water-side. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there were a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.

Dorothy Wordsworth's *Tour in Scotland* was edited by Principal Shairp in 1874; her *Journals* were edited by Professor Knight in 1897.

Sir Walter Scott.*

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August 1771. His father, a Writer to the Signet, was of the family of Scott of Harden; his mother, Anne Rutherford, was also of good Border descent on both sides. The Border was truly Scott's own country, and he spent much of his childhood there; he had to be sent away from Edinburgh after the fever which lamed him. In his third year, at Sandyknowe, he used to be left to lie on the grass all day long, with his friend Sandy Ormistoun, the cow-bailie, to take care of him.

'The local information, which I conceive had some share in forming my future taste and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merry men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John.' Scott in his later life, when the younger generation was writing new romances, looked on comfortably at their historical studies and their industry after 'local colour.' He himself had taken in his knowledge in a different way, beginning at Sandyknowe. As he told Miss Seward, he had a regiment of horse exercising through his head ever since he was five years old. Whatever may be due to his ancestry for this bent of mind, at any rate it was helped in the most natural and old-fashioned way by his upbringing. He learned the history of his country as history was learned by Homer, not out of books, to begin with. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, for example, is a story that came to Scott's knowledge by oral tradition, like the stories of the heroic ages.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From a sketch taken in the Court of Session by John Sheriff about 1825.

His lameness as he grew older ceased to interfere with his activity and enjoyment. At the High School of Edinburgh, to which he went in 1778, he was not prevented from taking part in the common amusements; he climbed 'the kittle nine steps' of the Castle Rock, like Darsie Latimer, and shared in the battles of the Crosscauseway and the Potterrow. The episode of Greenbreeks gave him an example of what is meant by chivalry; the story, as he tells it, is as good as Richard and Saladin. From the High School he went to the College of Edinburgh. By this time books had come to be more important; he took sides with the Moderns against the Ancients in that old controversy, and learned Italian for himself, but no Greek from his professor. Then he began inventing stories. He and his friend John Irving used to go every Saturday to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, climb up into some difficult corner of the rocks, and read. Then they thought of inventing romances for themselves. 'The stories we told were interminable, for we were unwilling to have any of our favourite knights killed. . . . He began early to collect old ballads,' says John Irving.

In 1786 Scott was apprenticed to his father; in the next year he saw Burns at Professor Ferguson's, and was thanked by him for giving the author of a quotation which no one else in the company knew (see Vol. II. p. 521). In 1792 he was called to the Bar; this was the year of his first raid into Liddesdale to look for ballads, along with Mr Shortrede, the Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburgh, who accompanied him in all these expeditions for seven years. 'He was makin' himsell a' the time,' said Mr Shortrede, 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed; at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.' In 1793 he saw the

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem "The Minstrel," page 35.

scenery of *The Lady of the Lake*, and heard from old men such stories of the Highlands as formed the groundwork of many of his novels. He took up German, which at that time meant Romance and Poetry, and in 1795 made his translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, the ballad of terror and wonder. Later, he translated Goethe's adventurous drama of *Goetz of the Iron Hand* (1799). Foreign romance and historical fiction doubtless helped him to find his way among his own subjects, the mingled likeness and difference of the German work quickening (if that were possible) his interest in kindred themes at home, such as True Thomas or Kinmont Willie, and encouraging him to think of modern renderings on his own account. For a time he was strongly affected by the German manner, not to his advantage, and indulged in horrors 'written at the request of Mr Lewis,' and too like Mr Lewis's own productions. A disappointment in love, referred to long afterwards in Scott's *Journal*, was at the time kept to himself; it was not his habit to complain. After his marriage to Miss Charpentier in 1797 he had many years of prosperity before him, making himself known as 'the hardest worker and the heartiest player,' and steadily going on with his poetry, then with his novels; at the same time carrying on all sorts of historical and antiquarian researches, besides miscellaneous literary work by the way, not to speak of his duties as Sheriff of Selkirk and (after 1806) as Clerk of Session. He had also a commission in the Edinburgh Light Horse (a yeomanry regiment), and did not neglect his military calling.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel was published in 1805. It followed close upon the *Border Minstrelsy* (1802–3) and the edition of the old rhyming romance *Sir Tristrem* (1804), from the famous Auchinleck manuscript, to which Scott was attracted (among other reasons) because it begins with *Erceldoune*. Scott added some stanzas of his own in the old language, the original of *Sir Tristrem* having lost its proper ending. After this antiquarian work came the *Lay*, *Marmion*, and their successors, down to the year 1814, when *The Lord of the Isles* closed the series and another order of romance was founded in *Waverley*. Neither the poems nor the novels kept him fully occupied even in the time that he gave to literature, which was no means the whole of his life. His edition of Dryden, which appeared in the same year as *Marmion* (1808), might have served any ordinary man of letters for a long task; that book, with its admirable biography and its rich historical notes, was followed by an edition of Swift, and by innumerable miscellaneous articles and reviews, without hindering the poems or the novels. Very few people could make out how he worked; his visitors never knew that he was working at all.

Scott moved from Ashestiel in 1812 to a place lower down the Tweed near Melrose, where he built the house he called Abbotsford. His reputation, wealth, and power of mind went on increasing together. His health was not always good: the *Bride of Lammermoor* was composed in pain so great, and with such an effort, that the author's mind refused to remember the story afterwards; the opera of *Ivanhoe* in Paris amused him by recalling the distressing conditions (cramp in the stomach) in which the novel had been put together. But his strength seemed inexhaustible; he had sons and daughters and many friends, and the affection of all who knew him. Beyond American tourists and literary ladies there were few grievances. In 1822, at the king's visit to Edinburgh, Scott, who had been made a baronet in 1820, found himself the representative of his country, as well as his town, by a kind of general consent: every one knew that he was the greatest man there.

In 1826 the reverse came; in his fifty-fifth year, when he was beginning to feel himself no longer young, he was involved in Constable's failure to the amount of £117,000. Shortly before that he had begun to keep a journal, and he continued it—his own story, told without any illusions, sad enough, but never dispirited nor merely pathetic. On the contrary, the humour of Scott is shown nowhere more truly than in the 'Gurnal.'

Between 1826 and 1828 he earned for his creditors nearly £40,000. But he was an old man, before his time; he himself did not reckon on living much over sixty. He had to leave Abbotsford for Naples in September 1831, the day after the expedition to Yarrow along with Wordsworth, who wrote the best memorial of Scott in his poem on that day, and in the verses on Scott's departure:

> A trouble not of clouds nor weeping rain,
> Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
> Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height.
> Spirits of Power assembled there complain
> For kindred power departing from their sight;
> While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
> Saddens his voice again and yet again.
> Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners, for the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
> Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
> Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows
> Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

Scott went first to Malta; at Naples he showed himself still unbeaten, though, as he had told Wordsworth beforehand, he got little good from the beauty of Italy. He was interested in the manuscript of *Sir Bevis of Hamtoun* at Naples; at Lake Avernus the verse that ran in his head was about 'Charlie and his men.'

He spent a short time in Rome in the spring of 1832; then he came home. On the 21st of September he died at Abbotsford. Goethe had died earlier in the same year, a much older man.

Scott's poetry, at any rate the common form of his tales in verse, was well described, some years

before he acknowledged himself the author of *Waverley*, in the comparison of the poems and novels by J. L. Adolphus, of which there is a fair account in Lockhart. The passage is worth quoting, for many reasons. It is one of the soundest pieces of criticism ever written by a contemporary. It uses the favourite method of Mr Arnold, and with equal judgment, in the choice of illustrative lines to express the different types of poetry. The book appears to be almost unknown to Scott's countrymen (apart from Lockhart's quotations), and is not to be found in the most learned libraries of Edinburgh.

'If required to distinguish the poetry of the author of *Marmion* from that of other writers by a single epithet, I should apply to it the term Popular. The same easy openness which was remarked in his prose style is also a prevailing quality in his poetical composition, where, however, it appears not so much in verbal arrangement as in the mode of developing and combining thoughts. Few authors are less subject to the fault of over-describing, or better know the point at which a reader's imagination should be left to its own activity; but the images which he does supply are placed directly in our view, under a full noonday light. It is a frequent practice of other poets, instead of exhibiting their ideas in a detailed and expanded form, to involve them in a brilliant complication of phrase, high-wrought and pregnant with imagery, but supplying materials only, which the reader may shape out in his own mind according to his reach of fancy or subtlety of apprehension, and not presenting in itself any regular, fixed, or definite representation of objects. This style of composition is well exemplified in the *ποντίων κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* of Æschylus; the lines of Shakespeare:

> Now . .
> . . . creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
> Fills the wide vessel of the universe;
> (Chorus to *Henry V.*, Act iv.)

these of Milton:

> The sands and seas, with all their finny drove,
> Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
> (*Comus.*)

and when, describing the battle of the angels, he says, that the "war"

> Soaring on main wing,
> Tormented all the air.
> (*Paradise Lost*, Book vi.)

In no instance that I recollect does the author of *Marmion* adopt this kind of poetical phraseology, which conveys in a few words the germ and essence of a beautiful or sublime description, but is not itself that description. I do not insist upon the circumstance as a subject of either praise or censure; I only point to it as distinguishing the method of an individual writer from those of his brethren and predecessors.

'Again, it is very common with poets of strong feeling and exuberant fancy to describe (if that word may be applied to such a process) by accumulating round the principal object a number of images not physically connected with it, or with each other, but which, through the unfailing association of ideas, give, unitedly, the same impulse to the imagination and passions as would have been produced by a finished detail of strictly coherent circumstances. Such is the effect of that well-known passage in *Macbeth*, where murder is thus personified:

> Now .
> . . . wither'd murder,
> Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
> Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
> Moves like a ghost.
> (*Macbeth*, Act. ii. sc. 1.)

This method, also, appears unsuitable to the simplicity with which the author of *Marmion* is accustomed to unfold his poetical conceptions. In his mode of describing, the circumstances, however fanciful in themselves, still follow each other by natural consequence, and in an orderly series; and hang together, not by the intervention of unseen links, but by immediate and palpable conjunction. His epithets and phrases, replete as they often are with poetic force and meaning, have always a direct bearing on the principal subject. He pursues his theme, in short, from point to point, with the steadiness and plainness of one who descants on a common matter of fact. The difference between his style of description and the two kinds from which I have distinguished it, is very perceptible in the following lines:

> They . .
> . . . bade the passing knell to toll
> For welfare of a parting soul.
> Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
> Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
> To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
> His beads the wakeful hermit told;
> The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
> But slept ere half a prayer he said;
> So far was heard the mighty knell,
> The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
> Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
> Listed before, aside, behind,
> Then couched him down beside the hind,
> And quaked among the mountain fern,
> To hear that sound so dull and stern.
> (*Marmion*, Canto ii. st. 33.)

'These remarks, which in part explain my application of the term "popular," will not, I think, appear irrelevant, when it is considered that a poet accustomed to express himself in this expanded, simple, and consecutive style can readily transfer the riches of his genius to prose composition, while the attempt would be almost hopeless to one who delighted in abrupt transition and fanciful combination, and whose thoughts habitually condensed themselves into the most compendious phraseology.'

It is impossible to find a better description of

Scott's narrative style, or of the difference between his plain, straightforward method and that of the great tragic poets. What is wanting in the passage quoted is something that did not suit the writer's purpose at the time. For a comparison of the poems with the Waverley Novels it was expedient to take what might be called ordinary passages from both; not the exceptional things in either. But it is in the large number of exceptions to his ordinary style that Scott shows his quality as a poet, especially in the songs and lyrical poems, of which there is a great variety. Scott gave way to Byron in poetry. 'I gave over writing romances because Byron beat me. He hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow. He has access to a stream of sentiment unknown to me.' The public generally accepted this view, and preferred the *Giaour* and its successors to *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. Neither Scott nor Byron nor their readers seem to have known the value of Scott's lyrical poetry. His songs are as distinct in quality as Shakespeare's, and Byron had no access to the sources of their music. Some of them, like the songs of Burns, are founded on the Scottish tradition of popular songs, and take up old phrases and rhythms:

> He turned his charger as he spake
> Upon the river shore.

'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair' was probably suggested by the verse of 'Bothwell banks,' which the traveller in Palestine, long before, heard sung by a woman to her child—the beautiful story is told by Scott in the *Minstrelsy*. Scott, like Burns, had his own way of dealing with these suggestions, and the best of his lyrics are in the poet's own style, as clearly as those of Keats or Shelley. They also have in them the magic that is found so seldom in the course of Scott's narrative verse. *Proud Maisie* and *County Guy* are as different from the narrative verse as from the prose of the novels. They belong, as the Ettrick Shepherd put it (in speaking of his own poetry compared with Scott's), to 'a far higher order.' 'Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belang to your school o' chivalry! Ye are king o' that school, but I'm the king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours.' Hogg, whatever his manners may have been, had a sense of the difference between picturesque romance like *Marmion* and the kind that will not bear strong lights or definite language, that is all vague—a thing of dreams.' He was right also in feeling the want of this 'fine fabling' in Scott's tales. But the songs are different, and claim their place in that kingdom of fantasy which the author of *Kilmeny* asserted for himself, in which the true queen is *La Belle Dame sans Mercy*.

Besides these, which are the essential part of Scott's poetry, there are other songs of a different and less exacting kind, like *Jock o' Hazeldean* and *Donald Caird*, and the noble lyrics in the old-fashioned reflective style of the eighteenth century, recitative rather than lyrical—the poems of the Ettrick sunset, 'The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,' and Rebecca's hymn, 'When Israel of the Lord beloved.' Scott professed no greater care for the niceties of verse, and took small interest in the run of syllables and the other technical details that Dryden was so fond of. But, careless as he might be, he had the gift of verse, and struck out harmonies such as many weaker poets have laboured hard for:

> There rose the choral hymn of praise,
> And trump and timbrel answered keen.

This is a different kind of lyric poetry from *County Guy*, but it has a rank of its own, and an honourable one; much of Johnson's verse belongs to the same kind, serious and dignified, and there is one other poem of Scott's there also, the quatrain in which his work is summed up, the utterance of almost his whole heart:

> Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name.

Many of the shorter poems were written after the tales in verse had been given up. Scott's poetical genius did not fail when he took to prose for story-telling.

The tales themselves were hardly treated by their author, and in yielding to Byron he gave his own work less than its due. There was more of passion in Byron, but he could not tell a story like Scott. William of Deloraine and Roderick Dhu are stronger in adventures than *The Corsair*. The Corsair may be better at getting sympathy from his readers; but one cannot be always giving sympathy, whereas a large number of people can always be found to listen to stories of adventure even when the hero is wanting in the passionate attractions of Conrad.

The battle passages, especially Flodden in *Marmion* and the battle of Beal' an Duine in the *Lady of the Lake*, have a sound and swell in them beyond the ordinary tone of the stories. This is heard not less plainly in some of the shorter poems:

> Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
> Murder's foul minion, led the van,
> And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
> The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.

How much of Scott's war-songs may have gone to fortify the old ballads in the *Minstrelsy* is hard to say. There is something of him in *Kinmont Willie;* and though his confessed additions to the *Minstrelsy* are inferior to that heroic poem, he wrote, later, the ballad of the Harlaw:

> What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
> That rides beside my reyne,
> Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day
> And I were Roland Cheyne?

This is nearer the old style than the *Eve of St John* or *Glenfinlas*, and it is better poetry. It is also different from the style of the *Lay* and *Marmion*. The ballad is essentially unlike the long romance, however much in common the two kinds may have in their matter and their morals.

The great want in the verse romances, *Marmion* and the rest, compared with the novels, is in their drama. Good stories as they are, they bring out only a small part of Scott's strength. It was not till he began his prose stories that he made his people talk. The dialogue in the poems is mostly conventional and rhetorical. Roderick wants the idiom of Rob Roy; he is a romantic personage, but he is not a character as Rob Roy is. Scott put much of his knowledge and his local sympathies into the *Lay;* it takes in most of the Border country, but it could not give the accent like Dandie Dinmont.

The Waverley Novels made their fortune as historical romances. What was first of all attractive in them was what had given most pleasure in the poems earlier: the scenery, dresses, adventures, everything 'picturesque' in them, as that term was generally understood. Gilpin, an authority on the Picturesque, had pointed out that there was a common confusion between 'picturesque' and 'romantic;' but the confusion was not abolished by his explanation of the terms, and the inaccurate word is useful in describing the literary taste of the age. Scott, in fact, was admired at first for the sort of decoration which his imitators learned to supply equally well, and for the battles, duels, escapes, disguises, which were more difficult to imitate rightly. There is no doubt about his success; the most grudging of Scott's critics have borne witness most freely, like Hazlitt and Stendhal. The latter of these, while depreciating the machinery of the historical novel in comparison with the novel of character and sentiment, makes no attempt to lessen Scott's popular fame. He, not Byron, is the 'chief of the romantics.' He has all the 'translators by the yard' scrambling for his books at Madrid, Stuttgart, Paris, and Vienna—a proof that he has 'divined the moral tendencies of his epoch.' What no foreign reader saw, and many English readers missed, was the absolute difference between different parts of the novels. Not every one distinguished what Scott himself called 'the big bow-wow strain' from the speeches in character, the idiomatic conversations. Scott's plan of work was generally casual; he did not think much about his stories, and he had many resources in his memory, besides his fluent style, to help him through his morning's task. But his imagination was roused when it was most wanted, and he found in prose an opening for dramatic work, especially for comedy, such as *Marmion* and *Rokeby* had never afforded him. Dandie Dinmont, Mr Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree, Andrew Fairservice, the Bailie, Caleb Balderstone, Cuddie Headrigg and his mother, are only a few of the chief characters, and it is their talk that makes the greatness of Scott as a novelist. Stendhal was right about the historical trappings. The pageantry of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* was learned and repeated, like a lesson, by professional novelists, East and West, till the wearied reader would almost have turned, like Niebuhr, to Josephus for recreation. It was not so easy to imitate the other things, except by a share of Scott's genius. Scenes like the beginning of the *Antiquary*, the drama of the slow coach and the start for Queensferry, are to be copied, like *Hamlet*, by 'those who have the mind.' But the imitators, as happened with Chaucer also, generally repeated the least characteristic things in their master, the conventional framework and decorations, and made a living that way. But the real excellence of Scott is in the dramatic dialogue.

Sometimes there are curious discrepancies in Scott; inequalities and incongruities, of which the most obvious is in *Rob Roy*, in the conversation of the Bailie with Helen MacGregor. The two characters are not in the same world: the Bailie is alive; the wife of Rob Roy has no language but that of rhetoric. There is the same sort of thing in Shakespeare: only in Shakespeare the mere rhetoric is usually kept in its place—he does not produce one of his humorous characters talking, at the front of the stage, with one of the rhetorical personages; or if he does, the rhetoric is for the time modified.

Scott's style has been severely treated by many critics, and it has become permissible to speak of his carelessness, his slipshod grammar, and so forth. But there is no way of summing up the qualities of Scott's style in prose or verse, because in both he has many varieties. There is a common, plain manner, fluent and clear, in his prose as in his verse; there are also passages in his prose as distinct from this as his lyrics from his narrative poetry, and fortunately in much greater profusion. Wandering Willie's tale in *Redgauntlet* is the most famous of these, a story in which the strong and careless writer proves himself inferior to none of the careful artists in composition and elegance of phrasing. The readers of Scott have grown so familiar with his easy methods that they do injustice to his powers of compression, and forget the literary reserve, the concentration of the tragic motive, in the *Highland Widow*, the *Two Drovers*, and the story of Elspeth Mucklebackit. Yet it is manifest enough on the face of his writings how his style is quickened to meet the crisis of action; how the leisurely, expository manner that came natural to Scott as a historian is exchanged for another sort of language in such places, for example, as Inveraray Castle in the *Legend of Montrose*, when Sir Dugald Dalgetty is setting his wits against Argyle.

Scott was treated by Carlyle in the same way as Fielding by Johnson, and almost in the same terms. 'There is as great a difference between

Richardson and Fielding as between a man who knows how a watch is made and a man who can tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate.' Scott imitates the surface of life, says Carlyle; he does not imagine his characters from within. There is the less need to discuss this since Mr Ruskin's praise of Scott in *Fors Clavigera*, a piece of criticism not easily refuted with regard to dramatic imagination in the Waverley Novels. No analytic novelist ever showed a finer psychological sense than the author who kept two such characters as the Bailie and Andrew Fairservice on the stage at the same time. They belong to the same country, they breathe the same Westland air, they have the same sort of humour in many ways, the same power of evasion and escape when they are asked to commit themselves, the same comfortable sense of their own importance. But they are never allowed to interfere with one another; there is no discord or confusion. The character, the man himself, shines through the humour of Mr Jarvie; there is a grip in his talkative discourse, something of substance and courage. The likeness in garrulous humour does not in the least obscure the difference in character between the honourable man and the churl.

Scott as a leader in the romantic movement, followed by the authors of *The Three Musketeers* and *Notre-Dame de Paris*, and many more beyond counting, was never in full sympathy with the ideals of the romantic school, except in the short poems already mentioned. The unrest, the mystery of romance, felt by many poets of that time, was not attractive to Scott. Notably, there was little of the mediæval spirit in his study of mediæval literature. He speaks of what Milton might have done for King Arthur, and finds in the books of *Lancelot* and *Tristram* 'a thousand striking Gothic incidents, worthy subjects of the pen of Milton.' 'What would he not have made of the adventure of the Ruinous Chapel, the Perilous Manor, the Forbidden Seat, the Dolorous Wound, and many others susceptible of being described in the most sublime poetry!' Scott himself does not make anything of these 'Gothic incidents,' and never comes nearer than this to the sources most revered by some other scholars in romance. He loves Froissart; he is not greatly touched by the Quest of the Grail. His mediævalism is generally positive and reasonable; there is great variety in it, great historical interest. But it was not by his antiquities that Scott established his lasting fame. The dialogue in his novels is little in debt to the romantic accessories, except where the problems of an older time give an opportunity for modern character to show itself. Cuddie Headrigg, for example, belongs to the seventeenth century in precisely the same sense as Falstaff to the time of Henry IV. Before either of these humourists the ordinary critical formulas of 'realist' and 'romantic' disappear; they are irrelevant. The injustice from which Scott's reputation has suffered most is that which assumes his mastery of romantic fiction, and undervalues his triumphs in the more difficult art of comedy.

The Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

(From The Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

My Native Land.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;

Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

(From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*)

Norham Castle.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

(From *Marmion.*)

Flodden.

'But see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air. . . .
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly. . .
But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

(From *Marmion.*)

The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

(From *The Lady of the Lake.*)

County Guy.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh,
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

(From *Quentin Durward.*)

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

(From *Ivanhoe.*)

The Battle of Beal' an Duine.

The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!

To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levell'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
'We 'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We 'll drive them back as tame.'—

(From *The Lady of the Lake.*)

O, Brignall Banks.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily—

Chorus—'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I 'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.'—

'If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.'—

Chorus—Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I 'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

'I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood.'—
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'—

Chorus—Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.'—
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

Chorus—'And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I 'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I 'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

Chorus—'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.'

(From *Rokeby.*)

A Weary Lot is Thine.

'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.'
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore.'

(From *Rokeby*.)

Proud Maisie.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?'—
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?'—
'The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady."'

(From *The Heart of Midlothian*.)

St Mary's.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There 's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

(From Introduction to Canto ii. of *Marmion*.)

Harlaw.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative—

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.'

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—'Oh ay, hinnies, whisht! whisht! and I 'll begin a bonnier ane than that—

'Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

'The cronach 's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.——

I dinna mind the neist verse weel—my memory 's failed, and there 's unco thoughts come ower me—God keep us frae temptation!'

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

'It 's a historical ballad,' said Oldbuck, eagerly, 'a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! Percy would admire its simplicity—Ritson could not impugn its authenticity.'

'Ay, but it 's a sad thing,' said Ochiltree, 'to see human nature sae far owertaen as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like hers.'

'Hush! hush!' said the Antiquary—'she has gotten the thread of the story again.'—And as he spoke, she sung—

'They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.'——

'Chafron!' exclaimed the Antiquary,—'equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron*;—the word 's worth a dollar,'—and down it went in his red book.

'They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

'Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
Their pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

'The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see:
Now here a knight that 's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

'"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

'"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-neuk, was my forebear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en, for he blamed himsell for the counsel he gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus.'

Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor—

'"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

'"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

'"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."'

'Do you hear that, nephew?' said Oldbuck;—'you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors.'

'I hear,' said Hector, 'a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad; I don't believe you could match it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel.'—And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for, ceasing her song, she called out, 'Come in, sirs, come in—good-will never halted at the door-stane.'

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting 'ghastly on the hearth,' like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl, 'wrinkled, tattered, vile, dim-eyed, discoloured, torpid.'

'They 're a' out,' she said, as they entered; 'but an ye will sit a blink, somebody will be in. If ye hae business wi' my gude-daughter, or my son, they 'll be in belyve,—I never speak on business mysell. Bairns, gie them seats—the bairns are a' gane out, I trow,'—looking around her;—'I was crooning to keep them quiet a wee while since; but they hae cruppen out some gate. Sit down, sirs, they 'll be in belyve;' and she dismissed her spindle from her hand to twirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, as unconscious of the presence of the strangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

'I wish,' said Oldbuck, 'she would resume that canticle, or legendary fragment. I always suspected there was a skirmish of cavalry before the main battle of the Harlaw.'

'If your honour pleases,' said Edie, 'had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' here? I'se engage to get ye the sang ony time.'

(From *The Antiquary*.)

Neist, next; *unco*, strange; *belyve*, presently; *cruppen*, crept.

Dandie Dinmont and Counsellor Pleydell.

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into the room, began with a scrape of his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. 'I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlies-hope—the Liddesdale lad—ye 'll mind me? It was for me you won yon grand plea.'

'What plea, you loggerhead?' said the lawyer; 'd' ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?'

'Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae-head,' said the farmer.

'Well, curse thee, never mind;—give me the memorial, and come to me on Monday at ten,' replied the learned counsel.

'But, sir, I haena got ony distinct memorial.'

'No memorial, man?' said Pleydell.

'Na, sir, nae memorial,' answered Dandie; 'for your honour said before, Mr Pleydell, ye 'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth.'

'Beshrew my tongue that said so!' answered the counsellor; 'it will cost my ears a dinning.—Well, say in two words what you 've got to say—you see the gentleman waits.'

'Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain spring first; it 's a' ane to Dandie.'

'Now, you looby,' said the lawyer, 'cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to Colonel Mannering, but that he may not choose to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?'

'Aweel, sir, just as you and he like, so ye see to my business,' said Dandie, not a whit disconcerted by the roughness of this reception. 'We 're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane, that they ca' Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that

gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar-ward —and that makes an unco difference.'

'And what difference does it make, friend?' said Pleydell. 'How many sheep will it feed?'

'Ou, no mony,' said Dandie, scratching his head; 'it 's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year.'

'And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a-year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?'

'Na, sir, it 's no for the value of the grass,' replied Dinmont; 'it 's for justice.'

'My good friend,' said Pleydell, 'justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter.'

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—'It 's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him;—he threeps he 'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I 'm sure there 's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right.'

'Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour,' said the lawyer, 'why don't your landlords take it up?'

'I dinna ken, sir' (scratching his head again); 'there 's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me cannot get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say; but if ye thought we might keep up the rent'——

'No! no! that will never do,' said Pleydell;—'confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?'

'Od, sir,' answered the farmer, 'we tried that three times already—that 's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair. But I dinna ken—we 're baith gey good at single-stick, and it couldna weel be judged.'

'Then take broadswords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you,' said the counsel learned in the law.

'Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it 's a' ane to Dandie.'

'Hold! hold!' exclaimed Pleydell, 'we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake—Pr'ythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in.'

'Ay, sir?' said Dandie, in a disappointed tone. 'So ye winna take on wi' me, I 'm doubting?'

'Me! not I—Go home, go home, take a pint and agree.' Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. 'Anything more, my friend?'

'Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that 's dead—auld Miss Margaret Bertram o' Singleside.'

'Ay, what about her?' said the counsellor, rather surprised.

'Ou, we have nae connection at a' wi' the Bertrams,' said Dandie—'they were grand folk by the like o' us.—But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane —the last o' them 's dead at a ripe age, I trow—Jean Liltup came out o' Liddel water, and she was as near our connection as second cousin to my mother's half sister. She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk—and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?'

'Not the shadow of a claim.'

'Aweel, we 're nae puirer,' said Dandie—'but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.—Weel, sir, I 've said my say—I'se e'en wish you good-night, and'—— putting his hand in his pocket.

'No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday night, or without a memorial—away with you, Dandie.' And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

(From *Guy Mannering*.)

Hog, a young sheep; *aiblins*, perhaps; *bragged wi'*, crowed over by; *threep*, insist; *yoke thegither*, engage in a contest; *draw up wi'*, keep company with.

Monkbarns and Saunders Mucklebackit.

The Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty-first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr Blattergowl, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the ablest speech he had ever known in the teind court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gatherem. Resisting this temptation, our senior preferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and going up to him was surprised to find it was Mucklebackit himself. 'I am glad,' he said in a tone of sympathy—'I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this exertion.'

'And what would ye have me to do,' answered the fisher gruffly, 'unless I wanted to see four children starve, because ane is drowned? It 's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

Without taking more notice of Oldbuck, he proceeded in his labour; and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune, hummed or whistled,—and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long; then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, 'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae mony years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d—d to her!' and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added, 'Yet what needs ane be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense?—though I am no that muckle better mysell. She 's but a rickle o' auld rotten deals nailed

thegither, and warped wi' the wind and the sea—and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am maist as senseless as hersell. She maun be mended though again the morning tide—that 's a thing o' necessity.'

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments, and attempt to resume his labour,—but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm. 'Come, come,' he said, 'Saunders, there is no work for you this day. I 'll send down Shavings the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out to-morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monkbarns.'

'I thank ye, Monkbarns,' answered the poor fisher; 'I am a plain-spoken man, and hae little to say for mysell; I might hae learned fairer fashions frae my mither lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says o' your being near and close; and I hae often said, in thae times when they were ganging to raise up the puir folk against the gentles —I hae often said ne'er a man should steer a hair touching to Monkbarns while Steenie and I could wag a finger—and so said Steenie too. And, Monkbarns, when ye laid his head in the grave (and mony thanks for the respect), ye saw the mouls laid on an honest lad that likit you weel, though he made little phrase about it.'

(From *The Antiquary.*)

Dour carle, stiff, rough fellow; *the mouls*, the mould, earth.

Cuddie Headrigg and Mause.

Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay *perdu* during all this conference, snugly ensconced within his boarded bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence, and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest.

'The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae,' he cried out to his mother, 'for a lang-tongued clavering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye! Couldna ye let the leddy alane wi' your whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon, instead o' gaun to the wappenschaw like other folk.—Od, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bole when your auld back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a baff at the popinjay, and I shot within twa on 't. I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my joe. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I 'm clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got frae Mr Gudyill when he garr'd me refuse to eat the plum-porridge on Yule-eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a pleughman had suppit on minched pies or sour sowens.'

'Oh, whisht, my bairn! whisht!' replied Mause; 'thou kensna about thae things—It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians.'

'And now,' continued her son, 'ye hae brought the leddy hersell on our hands! An I could but hae gotten some decent claes in, I wad hae spanged out o' bed, and tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, an she wad but leave us the free house, and the yaird that grew the best early kale in the haill country, and the cow's grass.'

'O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie,' continued the old dame, 'murmur not at the dispensation; never grudge suffering in the gude cause.'

'But what ken I if the cause is gude or no, mither,' rejoined Cuddie, 'for a' ye bleeze out sae muckle doctrine about it? It 's clean beyond my comprehension a'thegither.—I see nae sae muckle difference atween the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It 's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; and if they be right words, what for no?—a gude tale 's no the waur o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody 's no sae gleg at the uptake as ye are yoursell, mither.'

'O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a',' said the anxious mother. 'O, how aften have I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine, and ane that 's corrupt wi' human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my grey hairs'——

'Weel, mither,' said Cuddie, interrupting her, 'what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae aye dune whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whare'er ye likit on the Sundays, and fended weel for ye in the ilka days besides. And that 's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to fend for ye now in thae brickle times. I am no clear if I can pleugh ony place but the Mains and Mucklewhame; at least I never tried ony other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors will daur to take us, after being turned aff thae bounds for non-enormity.'

'Non-conformity, hinnie,' sighed Mause, 'is the name that thae warldly men gie us.'

'Aweel, aweel—we 'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twall or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs.' (Here Mause's exclamations became extreme.) 'Weel, weel, I but spoke o't; besides, ye 're ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage-waggon, wi' Eppie Dumblane, the corporal's wife. Sae what 's to come o' us I canna weel see—I doubt I 'll hae to take the hills wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike-side, or to be sent to Heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippet about my hause.'

'O, my bonny Cuddie,' said the zealous Mause, 'forbear sic carnal, self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread,—sae says the text; and your father was a douce honest man, though somewhat warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things, e'en like yoursell, my jo!'

'Aweel,' said Cuddie, after a little consideration, 'I see but ae gate for 't, and that 's a cauld coal to blaw at, mither. Howsomever, mither, ye hae some guess o' a wee bit kindness that 's atween Miss Edith and young Mr Henry Morton, that suld be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit book, or maybe a bit letter, quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I ken'd brawly. There 's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and

I have aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood-burn; but naebody ever ken'd a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I 'm gey thick in the head, but I 'm as honest as our auld fore-hand ox, puir fallow, that I 'll ne'er work ony mair—I hope they 'll be as kind to him that come ahint me as I hae been.—But, as I was saying, we 'll awa' down to Milnwood and tell Mr Harry our distress. They want a pleughman, and the grund 's no unlike our ain—I am sure Mr Harry will stand my part, for he 's a kind-hearted gentleman.—I 'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle, auld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the deil himsell. But we 'll aye win a bit bread, and a drap kale, and a fire-side, and theeking ower our heads; and that 's a' we 'll want for a season.—Sae get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away; for since sae it is that gang we maun, I wad like ill to wait till Mr Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn.' (From *Old Mortality*.)

Gomeral, simpleton; *hurcheon*, hedgehog; *dirdum*, hubbub; *sowens*, a kind of thin porridge; *kale*, greens; *gleg*, keen, quick; *uptake*, comprehension; *heritors*, landlords; *mawkin*, hare; *a Saint Johnstone's tippet*, halter; *hause*, throat; *brawly*, bravely, perfectly; *theeking*, thatch; *lug*, ear.

Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice.

'Keep back, sir, as best sets ye,' said the Bailie, as Andrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell;—'ye wad fain ride the fore-horse, an ye wist how.—That chield 's aye for being out o' the cheese-fat he was moulded in.—Now, as for your questions, Mr Osbaldistone, now that chield 's out of ear-shot, I 'll just tell you it 's free to you to speer, and it 's free to me to answer, or no—Gude I canna say muckle o' Rob, puir chield; ill I winna say o' him, for, forby that he 's my cousin, we 're coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o' his gillies ahint every whin-bush, for what I ken—And if ye 'll be guided by my advice, the less ye speak about him, or where we are gaun, or what we are gaun to do, we 'll be the mair likely to speed us in our errand. For it 's like we may fa' in wi' some o' his unfreends—there are e'en ower mony o' them about—and his bonnet sits even on his brow yet for a' that; but I doubt they 'll be upsides wi' Rob at the last—air day or late day, the fox's hide finds aye the flaying knife.'

'I will certainly,' I replied, 'be entirely guided by your experience.'

'Right, Mr Osbaldistone—right. But I maun speak to this gabbling skyte too, for bairns and fules speak at the Cross what they hear at the ingle-side.—D' ye hear, you, Andrew—what 's your name?—Fairservice!'

Andrew, who at the last rebuff had fallen a good way behind, did not choose to acknowledge the summons.

'Andrew, ye scoundrel!' repeated Mr Jarvie; 'here, sir! here!'

'Here is for the dog,' said Andrew, coming up sulkily.

'I 'll gie you dog's wages, ye rascal, if ye dinna attend to what I say t' ye—We are gaun into the Hielands a bit'——

'I judged as muckle,' said Andrew.

'Haud your peace, ye knave, and hear what I have to say till ye—We are gaun a bit into the Hielands'——

'Ye tauld me sae already,' replied the incorrigible Andrew.

'I 'll break your head,' said the Bailie, rising in wrath, 'if ye dinna haud your tongue.'

'A hadden tongue,' replied Andrew, 'makes a slabbered mouth.'

It was now necessary I should interfere, which I did by commanding Andrew, with an authoritative tone, to be silent at his peril.

'I am silent,' said Andrew. 'I'se do a' your lawfu' bidding without a nay-say. My puir mother used aye to tell me,

> '"Be it better, be it worse,
> Be ruled by him that has the purse."

Sae ye may e'en speak as lang as ye like, baith the tane and the tither o' you, for Andrew.'

Mr Jarvie took the advantage of his stopping after quoting the above proverb, to give him the requisite instructions.

'Now, sir, it 's as muckle as your life 's worth—that wad be dear o' little siller, to be sure—but it is as muckle as a' our lives are worth, if ye dinna mind what I say to ye. In this public whar we are gaun to, and whar it is like we may hae to stay a' night, men o' a' clans and kindred—Hieland and Lawland—tak up their quarters—And whiles there are mair drawn dirks than open Bibles amang them, when the usquebaugh gets uppermost. See ye neither meddle nor mak, nor gie nae offence wi' that clavering tongue o' yours, but keep a calm sough, and let ilka cock fight his ain battle.'

'Muckle needs to tell me that,' said Andrew, contemptuously, 'as if I had never seen a Hielandman before, and ken'd nae how to manage them. Nae man alive can cuitle up Donald better than mysell—I hae bought wi' them, sauld wi' them, eaten wi' them, drucken wi' them'——

'Did ye ever fight wi' them?' said Mr Jarvie.

'Na, na,' answered Andrew, 'I took care o' that: it wad ill hae set me, that am an artist and half a scholar to my trade, to be fighting amang a wheen kilted loons that dinna ken the name o' a single herb or flower in braid Scots, let abee in the Latin tongue.'

'Then,' said Mr Jarvie, 'as ye wad keep either your tongue in your mouth, or your lugs in your head (and ye might miss them, for as saucy members as they are), I charge ye to say nae word, gude or bad, that ye can weel get by, to onybody that may be in the Clachan. And ye 'll specially understand that ye 're no to be bleezing and blasting about your master's name and mine, or saying that this is Mr Bailie Nicol Jarvie o' the Saut Market, son o' the worthy Deacon Nicol Jarvie, that a' body has heard about; and this is Mr Frank Osbaldistone, son of the managing partner of the great house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, in the City.'

'Eneuch said,' answered Andrew—'eneuch said. What need ye think I wad be speaking about your names for?—I hae mony things o' mair importance to speak about, I trow.'

'It 's thae very things of importance that I am feared for, ye blethering goose; ye maunna speak ony thing, gude or bad, that ye can by any possibility help.'

'If ye dinna think me fit,' replied Andrew, in a huff, 'to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages and my board-wages, and I'se gae back to Glasgow—There 's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart.' (From *Rob Roy*.)

Cheese-fat, cheese-vat; *speer*, ask; *unfreends*, enemies; *a calm sough*, quiet; *cuitle*, tickle; *drucken*, drunk; *mear*, mare.

David Deans and Bartoline Saddletree.

These are kittle times—kittle times, Mr Deans, when the people take the power of life and death out of the hands of the rightful magistrate into their ain rough grip. I am of opinion, and so I believe will Mr Crossmyloof and the Privy Council, that this rising in effeir of war, to take away the life of a reprieved man, will prove little better than perduellion.'

'If I hadna that on my mind whilk is ill to bear, Mr Saddletree,' said Deans, 'I wad make bold to dispute that point wi' you.'

'How could you dispute what 's plain law, man?' said Saddletree, somewhat contemptuously; 'there 's no a callant that e'er carried a pock wi' a process in 't, but will tell you that perduellion is the warst and maist virulent kind of treason, being an open convocating of the king's lieges against his authority (mair especially in arms, and by touk of drum, to baith whilk accessories my een and lugs bore witness), and muckle warse than lese-majesty, or the concealment of a treasonable purpose—It winna bear a dispute, neighbour.'

'But it will, though,' retorted Douce Davie Deans; 'I tell ye it will bear a dispute—I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbour Saddletree. I haud unco little by the Parliament House, since the awfu' downfall of the hopes of honest folk that followed the Revolution.'

'But what wad ye hae had, Mr Deans?' said Saddletree, impatiently; 'didna ye get baith liberty and conscience made fast, and settled by tailzie on you and your heirs for ever?'

'Mr Saddletree,' retorted Deans, 'I ken ye are one of those that are wise after the manner of this world, and that ye haud your part, and cast in your portion, wi' the lang heads and lang gowns, and keep with the smart witty-pated lawyers of this our land—Weary on the dark and dolefu' cast that they hae gien this unhappy kingdom, when their black hands of defection were clasped in the red hands of our sworn murtherers: when those who had numbered the towers of our Zion, and marked the bulwarks of Reformation, saw their hope turn into a snare and their rejoicing into weeping.'

'I canna understand this, neighbour,' answered Saddletree. 'I am an honest Presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland, and stand by her and the General Assembly, and the due administration of justice by the fifteen Lords o' Session and the five Lords o' Justiciary.'

'Out upon ye, Mr Saddletree!' exclaimed David, who, in an opportunity of giving his testimony on the offences and backslidings of the land, forgot for a moment his own domestic calamity—'out upon your General Assembly, and the back o' my hand to your Court o' Session!—What is the tane but a waefu' bunch o' cauld-rife professors and ministers, that sate bien and warm when the persecuted remnant were warstling wi' hunger, and cauld, and fear of death, and danger of fire and sword, upon wet brae-sides, peat-haggs and flow-mosses, and that now creep out of their holes, like bluebottle flees in a blink of sunshine, to take the pu'pits and places of better folk—of them that witnessed, and testified, and fought, and endured pit, prison-house, and transportation beyond seas?—A bonny bike there 's o' them!—And for your Court o' Session'——

'Ye may say what ye will o' the General Assembly,' said Saddletree, interrupting him, 'and let them clear them that kens them; but as for the Lords o' Session, forby that they are my next-door neighbours, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to raise scandal anent them, whilk is termed to *murmur* again them, is a crime *sui generis*,—*sui generis*, Mr Deans—ken ye what that amounts to?'

'I ken little o' the language of Antichrist,' said Deans; 'and I care less than little what carnal courts may call the speeches of honest men. And as to murmur again them, it 's what a' the folk that loses their pleas, and nine-tenths o' them that win them, will be gey sure to be guilty in. Sae I wad hae ye ken that I haud a' your gleg-tongued advocates, that sell their knowledge for pieces of silver—and your worldly-wise judges, that will gie three days of hearing in presence to a debate about the peeling of an ingan, and no ae half-hour to the gospel testimony—as legalists and formalists, countenancing by sentences, and quirks, and cunning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and Yerastian prelatic oaths. As for the soul and body-killing Court o' Justiciary'——

The habit of considering his life as dedicated to bear testimony in behalf of what he deemed the suffering and deserted cause of true religion, had swept honest David along with it thus far; but with the mention of the criminal court, the recollection of the disastrous condition of his daughter rushed at once on his mind; he stopped short in the midst of his triumphant declamation, pressed his hands against his forehead, and remained silent.

(From *The Heart of Midlothian.*)

Kittle, ticklish; *pock*, bag; *touk*, tap; *tailzie*, entail; *cauldrife*, cold; *bien*, snug; *bike*, hive; *forby*, besides; *gleg*, quick; *ingan*, onion.

Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline.

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours.'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of the most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky *protégée* has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.'

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully, inter-

posed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country.'

'Some thinks it 's the Kirk-session—that is—it 's the —it 's the cutty-stool, if your leddyship pleases,' said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

'That 's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.' Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.' Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she had travelled up from Scotland.

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply.

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock.'

'And a what?' said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

'And about five miles more,' replied the duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the queen, 'but this shames me sadly.'

'May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,' said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke; it 's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

'With all these accommodations,' answered the queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the queen; 'but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the duke, 'but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.'

'Well, my lord,' said her majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

'But I suppose,' continued the queen, 'if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanie.

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her majesty.

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gaen to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my leddy, then it isna

what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her majesty to the Duke of Argyle.—'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, '*I* cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife-case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke,' said the queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good-morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

(From *The Heart of Midlothian.*)

Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance; *bittock*, small bit; *easements*, helps.

Meg Dods on her Neighbours.

As if he had observed for the first time these new objects, he said to Mistress Dods in an indifferent tone, 'You have got some gay new neighbours yonder, mistress.'

'Neighbours,' said Meg, her wrath beginning to arise, as it always did upon any allusion to this sore subject—'Ye may ca' them neighbours, if ye like—but the deil flee awa wi' the neighbourhood for Meg Dods!'

'I suppose,' said Tyrrel, as if he did not observe her displeasure, 'that yonder is the Fox Hotel they told me of?'

'The Fox!' said Meg; 'I am sure it is the fox that has carried off a' my geese.—I might shut up house, Maister Francie, if it was the thing I lived by—me that has seen a' our gentlefolks' bairns, and gien them snaps and sugar-biscuit maist of them wi' my ain hand! They wad hae seen my father's roof-tree fa' down and smoor me before they wad hae gien a boddle a-piece to have propped it up—but they could a' link out their fifty pounds ower head to bigg a hottle at the Well yonder. And muckle they hae made o't—the bankrupt body, Sandie Lawson, hasna paid them a bawbee of four terms' rent.'

'Surely, mistress, I think if the Well became so famous for its cures, the least the gentlemen could have done was to make you the priestess.'

'Me priestess! I am nae Quaker, I wot, Maister Francie; and I never heard of alewife that turned preacher, except Luckie Buchan in the west. And if I were to preach, I think I have mair the spirit of a Scottishwoman than to preach in the very room they hae been dancing in ilka night in the week, Saturday itsell not excepted, and that till twal o'clock at night. Na, na, Maister Francie; I leave the like o' that to Mr Simon Chatterly, as they ca' the bit prelatical sprig of divinity from the town yonder, that plays at cards and dances six days in the week, and on the seventh reads the Common Prayer-book in the ball-room, with Tam Simson, the drunken barber, for his clerk.'

'I think I have heard of Mr Chatterly,' said Tyrrel.

'Ye 'll be thinking o' the sermon he has printed,' said the angry dame, 'where he compares their nasty puddle of a well yonder to the pool of Bethesda, like a foul-mouthed, fleeching, feather-headed fule as he is! He should hae kend that the place got a' its fame in the times of Black Popery; and though they pat it in St Ronan's name, I 'll never believe for one that the honest man had ony hand in it; for I hae been tell'd by ane that suld ken, that he was nae Roman, but only a Cuddie, or Culdee, or such like.—But will ye not take anither dish of tea, Maister Francie? and a wee bit of the diet-loaf, raised wi' my ain fresh butter, Maister Francie? and no wi' greasy kitchen-fee, like the seedcake down at the confectioner's yonder, that has as mony dead flees as carvey in it. Set him up for confectioner! Wi' a penniworth of rye-meal, and anither of tryacle, and twa or three carvey-seeds, I will make better confections than ever cam out of his oven.'

'I have no doubt of that, Mrs Dods,' said the guest; 'and I only wish to know how these new-comers were able to establish themselves against a house of such good reputation and old standing as yours?—It was the virtues of the mineral, I dare say; but how came the waters to recover a character all at once, mistress?'

'I dinna ken, sir—they used to be thought good for naething, but here and there for a puir body's bairn, that had gotten the cruells, and could not afford a penniworth of salts. But my Leddy Penelope Penfeather had fa'en ill, it 's like, as nae other body had ever fell ill, and sae she was to be cured some gate naebody was ever cured, which was naething mair than was reasonable—and my leddy, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windywa's yonder, which it is her leddyship's will and pleasure to call Air-castle—and they have a' their different turns, and some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay—and some rin up hill and down dale, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like sae mony road-makers run daft—they say it is to see how the warld was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments—and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like craws on every craig in the country, e'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie; forby men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken, and maybe twa or three draggle-tailed misses, that wear my Leddy Penelope's follies when she has dune wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second-hand claithes. So, after her leddyship's happy recovery, as they ca'd it, down cam the hail tribe of wild geese, and settled by the Well, to dine thereout on the bare grund, like a

wheen tinklers; and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt in praise of the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Leddy Penelope Penfeather; and, lastly, they behoved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I am tauld, made unco havoc amang them or they wan hame; and this they ca'd Picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin' syne; for down cam masons and murgeon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and Papists and pie-bakers, and doctors and drugsters; by the shop-folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices—and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell the honest auld town of St Ronan's, where blythe decent folk had been heartsome eneugh for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kittled in their cracked brains.'

(From *St Ronan's Well.*)

Smoor, smother; *boddle*, a small coin; Luckie Buchan, a tradesman's wife who founded an apocalyptical sect in Ayrshire in 1784; *fleeching*, whining; *pat*, put; *kitchen-fee*, dripping; *the cruells*, scrofula; *knapping*, knocking; *chucky stanes*, pebbles; *a wheen*, a lot of; *forby*, besides; *hail*, whole; *murgeon-makers*, makers of wry faces or grimaces; *kittled*, brought to birth (as by a cat).

Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, one of the great biographies in the language (1837–38; 2nd ed., 10 vols. 1839), has been supplemented by the publication of Scott's *Journal* (1890) and his *Letters* (2 vols. 1893). There are also condensed editions of the Life by Lockhart; part of the original Life, telling the story of Scott's last days and death, will be found below at page 252. Reference may also be made to the shorter Lives by George Gilfillan (1872), R. H. Hutton (1879), C. D. Yonge (1888), Professor Saintsbury (1897), and W. H. Hudson (1900); to Sir Francis Doyle's essay on Scott (1877); to Robert Chambers's *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley* (1822); and to Hogg's *Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1834). There is a German Life by Elze (1864), and more than one German translation of the novels; of several French translations most are not good. Editions of Scott's works are innumerable. It should be added that Scott's debt was finally cleared off after his death out of the value of the copyrights in the publisher's hands.

The following is a list of the dates of the principal works: *The Border Minstrelsy*, recognised more and more as having contained the germs of much of his best work in prose and verse (first two volumes, 1802); *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805); *Marmion* (1808); *The Lady of the Lake* (1810); *Rokeby* (1812); *The Bridal of Triermain* (1813); *The Life of Swift*, with an edition of his works (1814); *Waverley* (begun at Ashestiel, laid aside, discovered by accident, finished and published in 1814); Introduction to *Border Antiquities* (1814–17); *Lord of the Isles*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary* (1815); *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality* (1816); *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818); *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose* (1819); *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot* (1820); *Kenilworth* (1821); *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and *Peveril of the Peak* (1822); *Quentin Durward* (1823); *St Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet* (1824); *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (1825); *Woodstock* (1826); *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* (9 vols. 1827); *The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827); *Tales of a Grandfather* (1828–30); *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828); *Anne of Geierstein* (1829); *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, *The Doom of Devorgoil*, and *Auchindrane* (1830); *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* (1832).

The extent of Scott's influence on literature, English and foreign, can hardly be calculated. Much of it was transient, and his imitators were often mechanical, especially in England and Germany. But in France the example of Scott was followed with more freedom, much as Scott himself had followed Goethe; the *Three Musketeers* and *Notre-Dame de Paris*, being works of genius, are nearer to Scott than the romances which copied him more closely.

The reader is referred to the sections in this volume or in Vol. II. on Lockhart, Taylor (of Norwich), 'Monk' Lewis, M'Crie, Jeffrey, Hogg, Leyden, Maria Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, Wordsworth, and others of Scott's friends and contemporaries.

W. P. KER.

Robert Southey

was born at Bristol on 12th August 1774, the son of Robert Southey, an unlucky linen-draper; his mother, who likewise came of good old yeoman ancestry, was a bright, sweet-tempered woman, who 'could whistle like a blackbird.' Much of his lonely childhood was passed with his mother's half-sister, a rich, genteel old maid who hated noise and matrimony, and had a passion for cleanliness and the drama. With her he saw many plays; read Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Hoole's *Tasso* and *Ariosto*, the *Faerie Queene*, Pope's *Homer*, and Sidney's *Arcadia;* and he himself scribbled thousands of verses. He had meanwhile had four schoolmasters, and in 1788 was placed by an uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, at Westminster. There Picart's *Religious Ceremonies* led him 'to conceive a design of rendering every mythology the basis of a narrative poem;' there he formed lifelong friendships; and thence in 1792 he was expelled for writing an article against flogging in a school magazine. Next year he entered Balliol College with a view to taking orders. He went up to Oxford a Republican, his head full of Rousseau and 'Werther,' his religious principles shaken by Gibbon; and he left it in 1794 a Unitarian, having learnt a little swimming and a little boating, and ingrained his very heart with Epictetus. At Oxford in June 1794 he had a visit from Coleridge, who infected him with his dream of a 'Pantisocracy' on the banks of the Susquehanna. The Pantisocrats required wives; and wives were forthcoming in three Miss Frickers of Bristol. The eldest, Sara, fell to Coleridge; the second, Edith, to Southey; and Mary, the third, to Robert Lovell, who with Southey in 1794 published a booklet of poems, and died two years afterwards penniless. The Pantisocrats furthermore required money, and money was not forthcoming; so, having tried medicine, and been sickened by the dissecting-room, having been turned out of doors by his indignant aunt, having lectured with some success, and having on the 14th November 1795 secretly married his Edith, Southey started the same day on a six months' visit to Lisbon, where his uncle was chaplain to the British factory, and there laid the foundation of his profound knowledge of the literatures and history of the Peninsula. He returned to England to take up law, but reading Coke was to him 'threshing straw;' so after sundry migrations —Westbury near Bristol, Burton near Christchurch, Lisbon again for a twelvemonth (1800–1), and Ireland (a brief secretaryship to its Chancellor of the Exchequer), with intervals of London—in September 1803 he settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the Lake Country. The Coleridges were there already, and thither came Mrs Lovell: three households were to rest on Southey's shoulders.

His school friend Wynn allowed him £160 a year from 1796 till 1807, when a Government

pension of £200 was granted him (he was turning meanwhile a Tory), and on this he devoted himself to a life of strenuous, incessant authorship. *Joan of Arc* had already appeared in 1795, and *Thalaba* in 1801; there followed *Madoc* (1805), *The Curse of Kehama* (1810), *Roderick* (1814), *History of Brazil* (1810–19), Lives of Nelson (1813), Wesley (1820), and Bunyan (1830), *A Vision of Judgment* (1821), *Book of the Church* (1824), *History of the Peninsular War* (1823–32), *Colloquies on Society* (1829), *Naval History* (1833–40), and *The Doctor* (1834–47). In all, his works number nearly fifty, and fill more than a hundred volumes; and to them must be added his contributions to the



ROBERT SOUTHEY.
From the Drawing (1804) by Henry Edridge, A.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

periodicals—to the *Quarterly* alone ninety-three articles (1808–38). These paid him handsomely, so that he died worth £12,000; but the *History of Brazil* brought him in eight years only the price of one article, and *Madoc* in a twelvemonth only £3, 17s. 1d. His life was a busy and happy one: at forty-six he could say, 'I have lived in the sunshine, and am still looking forward with hope.' It flowed quietly on, the chief events in it his visit to Scott and Scotland (1805), his first meeting with Landor (1808), the visits from Shelley and Ticknor (1811, 1819), his appointment to the laureateship (1813), the death of his first boy Herbert (1806–16), the surreptitious publication of his revolutionary drama *Wat Tyler* (1817; written 1794), little tours in Belgium (1815), Switzerland (1817), Holland (1825, 1826), and France (1838), an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford (1820), his return as M.P. for Downton (unsolicited and declined, 1826), and Peel's offer of a baronetcy, with the welcome addition of £300 a year to his pension (1835). It came at a time of sorrow, for his wife, who had 'for forty years been the life of his life,' had six months before been placed in an asylum, and she was brought back to Keswick only to die (1837). Southey never held up after that, though in 1839 he married the poetess Caroline Anne Bowles (1787–1854), for twenty years his friend and correspondent, and returned with her to Greta Hall, intending resolutely to set about two great works which he had long had in contemplation—a History of Portugal and a History of the Monastic Orders. It was not to be; for Wordsworth in 1840 found him vacuous, listless in the noble library of 14,000 books he had collected, 'patting them with both hands affectionately like a child.' The end came on 21st March 1843; he lies buried in Crosthwaite churchyard. There have been better poets than he was; but no poet was ever a better man. As Sir Leslie Stephen has said, Southey was no prig or saint or Quaker, but a man of war from his youth up. In youth a Wat Tyler revolutionist, he became a violent but sincere patriot, jingo, and Tory, but a Tory who hated Pitt as a 'coxcombly, insolent, empty-headed, long-winded braggadocio,' and protested as much against neglect of duties as against encroachment on the constitution. In his denunciation of the manufacturing system and of capitalism he was something of a socialist; and he sympathised with such a revolutionary as Owen in his efforts to check the cancer of pauperism. He stuck vehemently and uncompromisingly to the odd collection of prejudices he took for principles, and was as far as possible from being 'servile' in any sense. His sublime self-confidence, his taking himself so seriously, proves he had no very strong sense of humour—'hardly more than Milton or Wordsworth or Shelley or Miss Brontë.' But he was a perfectly straightforward and sincere enemy, and as 'a gentleman to the core, was incapable of the wayward egotism which Hazlitt cherished and even turned to account in his works.'

'In my youth,' says Southey, 'when my stock of knowledge consisted of such an acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as is acquired in the course of a scholastic education—when my heart was full of poetry and romance, and Lucan and Akenside were at my tongue's end—I fell into the political opinions which the French revolution was then scattering throughout Europe; and following those opinions with ardour wherever they led, I soon perceived that inequalities of rank were a light evil compared to the inequalities of property, and those more fearful distinctions which the want of moral and intellectual culture occasions between man and man. At that time, and with those opinions, or rather feelings (for their root was in the heart, and not in the understanding), I wrote *Wat Tyler*, as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are done under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated as might be expected by a youth of twenty in such

times, who regarded only one side of the question.' The poem is indeed a miserable performance, harmless from its very inanity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey composed his epic, *Joan of Arc*, displaying some boldness of imagination, but diffuse in style and in parts incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter down to the victor of Agincourt. In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the Maid's vision with everything miraculous was omitted.

While in Portugal, Southey finished his second epic, *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, a pseudo-Arabian fiction not without beauty and magnificence. The verse is irregular and unrhymed, but not lacking in power and rhythmical harmony, though in so long a poem the peculiar charm vanishes and the metre, like the redundant descriptions, becomes wearisome. The metre accords well with the subject, and is, as Southey said, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey's greatest poem, *The Curse of Kehama*, has much in common with *Thalaba*, but is in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, he prefixed to *Kehama* a declaration that he would not change a syllable or measure for anybody. Kehama is a Hindu rajah, who like Faust obtains and trifles with supernatural power; and his sufficiently startling adventures give scope for Southey's too generous amplitude of description. 'The story is founded,' as Sir Walter Scott put it, 'upon the Hindu mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise—under the sea—in the heaven of heavens—and in hell itself. The principal actors are a man who approaches almost to omnipotence; another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature; a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindustan deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of horrors are described with unquestionable power; Scott said that the account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, the Indian Hades, quoted below, was equal in grandeur to any passage he had ever read. *Kehama* is almost oppressively Hindu, as Hinduism was understood by a laborious student who sought to omit nothing he had read that was characteristic in land or people. But the Orientalism of Southey, Moore, and most of their contemporaries was essentially artificial and factitious. *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, is a dignified and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundancy.

Southey's laureate-poems, *Carmen Triumphale* (1814) and *The Vision of Judgment* (1821), provoked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion if Byron had not published another *Vision of Judgment*—a profane but powerful satire that gave the laureate a merciless and witty castigation. According to Sir Leslie Stephen, Byron's *Vision of Judgment* is more reverent as well as more witty than Southey's, in which we have 'the quaintest of all illustrations of the transition of intense respectability into something very like blasphemy.' Some of his youthful ballads were extremely popular. His *Lord William*, *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, *The Well of St Keyne*, and *The Old Woman of Berkeley* were the delight of young readers a century ago, and are yet eminently readable. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie; and one satirical piece of this kind, *The Devil's Thoughts*, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, was long believed to be the work of Porson or of other more or less likely authors. The original notion of the piece (not without parallels in Dunbar, Ben Jonson, and others) was Southey's, but the greater part of the most piquant verses were Coleridge's; at least one of them has passed into a proverb:

> He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
> A cottage of gentility;
> And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
> Is pride that apes humility.

Scott read *Madoc*, and thrice re-read it with increasing admiration; Charles James Fox read it aloud with joy to an admiring circle; Dean Stanley was an ardent admirer of Southey's; and Cardinal Manning contrasts *Samson Agonistes* with *Thalaba*, all to the advantage of the later poet. But there was nobody who believed more confidently in Southey's immortality than Southey himself, who quite agreed with a critic in holding that *Madoc* was the best English poem since *Paradise Lost*. On the other hand, Macaulay in 1830 expressed a doubt whether 'fifty years hence Mr Southey's poems will be read,' and the doubt has been amply justified; probably no poet so well known by name is so little known by his poetry. There are, of course, some short exceptions—the 'Holly Tree,' 'Battle of Blenheim,' 'Stanzas written in my Library,' the 'Old Woman' named above, and perhaps a dozen more, including 'those in which Southey appears as poet-laureate to the devil.' His ballads are better, in Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion, than the *Ingoldsby Legends*, because they are less vulgar and less elaborately funny, and they are read still. But the 'Simorg,' the 'Glendoveers,' 'Mohareb'—how many can localise these creations of Southey's Muse? His epics repel, not so much by prolixity or by their irregular, sometimes rhymeless metres, as by the unreality of their fact and fancy. They remind us of scene-paintings; and a scene-painting even by Roberts will fetch next to nothing in the auction-room. With Southey's prose it is otherwise. He wrote out of the fullness of knowledge, for something more than the mere sake of writing;

and his was that rarest gift of good pure English. Yet even here he wrote far too much, and was often unhappy in his choice of subjects. One book alone by him, the *Life of Nelson*, belongs to universal literature. It rose into instant and universal favour, and is still considered as one of our standard popular biographies. Unhappily its value is rather literary than historical. Professor Laughton thus comments on it: 'The celebrated life by Southey, interesting as it always will be as a work of art, has no original value, but is a condensation of Clarke and McArthur's ponderous work, dressed to catch the popular taste, and flavoured, with a very careless hand, from the worthless pages of Harrison, from Miss Williams's *Manners and Opinions in the French Republic towards the Close of the Eighteenth Century*, i. 123–223, and from Captain Foote's *Vindication*. There is no doubt that Southey's artistic skill gave weight and currency to the falsehoods of Miss Williams, as it did to the trash of Harrison and the wild fancies of Lady Hamilton.' But, spite of its jingoism and its unfair abuse of the French, it remains a classic, because no biographer was ever more in sympathy with his hero or wrote more simply and directly.

Thackeray summed up: 'Southey's politics are obsolete and his poetry dead; but his private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathise with goodness and purity and upright life.' Sir Leslie Stephen enjoys the letters, but not for that reason, and in spite of the fact that in them Southey 'goes to the point at once like a good man of business, and cannot give the effect of leisurely and amused reflection.' Sir Leslie finds Southey and his letters interesting because he is the most complete type of the man fitted by nature for the peculiar function of living by his pen, 'which one must sorrowfully admit not to be the highest,' for 'the man who lives by his pen cannot expect to be on a pedestal beside the great philanthropists and prophets and statesmen.' But again, Southey was of another opinion; he never doubted that he 'could combine the professional author with the inspired prophet,' and so could divide his time and his literary production 'with the absolute punctuality of a city clerk.'

The *Life of John Wesley*, while leaving ample room for later biographers, was justly described as the first book to bring home to Englishmen in general a real sense of Wesley's importance in English religious and social history. Southey also contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Landor's tribute to Southey is quoted at page 142. The *Doctor* contains, as Southey said, something of *Tristram Shandy*, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet its predominant characteristics are still his own. It is a delightful book, a bedside book, though but a commonplace book in disguise, a collection of curiosities of literature 'with charming interludes when Southey is not tempted into too deliberate facetiousness.' The gem of the *Doctor* is the story of 'The Three Bears;' and that immortal nursery-story is more likely to secure for Southey literary immortality than *Madoc* or *Roderick*.

The Hall of Glory.

A huge and massy pile—
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
They entered there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned—accursed liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He, the delight of humankind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.
As gazing round,
The Virgin marked the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth:
'Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes;
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
Henry of England!'

(From the Vision of the Maid of Orleans in *Joan of Arc.*)

Night in the Desert.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.

The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers:
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming: 'Praised be the Lord!
He gave, he takes away!
The Lord our God is good!'

(From *Thalaba.*)

Nearing Padalon.

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe: on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

(From *The Curse of Kehama.*)

Apostrophe to Love.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

(From *The Curse of Kehama.*)

The King's Return.

The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustomed face of humankind
Confused him now—and through the streets he went
With haggard mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groan suppressed: the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after, called him back—
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, 'Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
Staring a while; then bursting into tears,
Wept like a child.

(From *Roderick, the Last of the Goths.*)

Moonlight Scene in Spain.

How calmly, gliding through the dark-blue sky,
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh! how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the hour; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
Scare visible, as in the utmost depth

Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

(From *Roderick, the Last of the Goths.*)

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries:
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince, Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win.'
'And what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

The Holly Tree.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it, well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise:
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I 'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

Lines written in his Library, Keswick, 1818.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

The Death of Nelson.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not,' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied; 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; he is surely dead!' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he; 'I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'Oh no,' he replied; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: 'You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,' putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said: 'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.' Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'do you anchor.' His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard;' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson;

and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney-corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

(From the *Life of Nelson.*)

Wesley's Old Age and Death.

'Leisure and I,' said Wesley, 'have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.' This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate reduced by age to be 'a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and understanding.' He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds, he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind than ten thousand hairs were to his head. But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none; no anxieties, no sorrows, no griefs which touched him to the quick. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion; and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life. . . .

Upon his eighty-sixth birthday, he says, 'I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!' His strength now diminished so much that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning sermons, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but at the beginning of the year 1790 he writes: 'I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours: I can preach and write still.' In the middle of the same year he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: 'For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I

will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have.' . . .

On the 1st of February 1791 he wrote his last letter to America. It shows how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue.' He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose; for *Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind:*' words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2nd of March he died in peace; being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said: 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

(From the *Life of John Wesley.*)

The second Mrs Southey (Caroline Anne Bowles; 1786–1854), who was the daughter of a retired officer, submitted to Southey a pathetic story in verse, *Ellen Fitzarthur*, and the laureate encouraged her to publish it. It was followed by *The Widow's Tale*, with other poems (1822); *Solitary Hours*, in prose and verse (1826); and by her most popular work, *Chapters on Churchyards* (1829), prose tales and sketches republished from *Blackwood's Magazine*. So early as 1823 Southey had asked Caroline Bowles to co-operate in writing a poem on Robin Hood, never completed, and her contributions to the scheme were published after Southey's death, with other fragments. In 1823 also she produced *Tales of the Factories* in verse, on the hardships of factory hands; her longest poem was *The Birthday* (1836). The marriage in 1839 amazed the friends of both. Southey was already sinking into mental and physical decay, and in 1843 his death left her a widow for the last nine years of her life. The following is her poem on

The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Southey's *Life and Correspondence* (6 vols. 1849–50), by his younger son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey (1819–89), contains a delightful fragment of autobiography. A *Selection* from the letters was edited by his son-in-law, Mr Warter (4 vols. 1856), who also issued Southey's *Commonplace Book* (4 vols. 1849–51); his *Correspondence with Caroline Bowles* was edited by Professor Dowden (1881). See too the latter's *Southey* ('Men of Letters,' 1880); Dennis's *Southey* (Boston, 1887); Southey's *Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands*, with introduction by Dr Robertson Nicoll (1902); and Sir Leslie Stephen's delightful essay on 'Southey's Letters' in *Studies of a Biographer* (vol. iv. 1902).

Samuel Taylor Coleridge,*

poet, critic, and philosopher, was born at Ottery St Mary, Devon, 21st October 1772. He was the youngest son of the Rev. John Coleridge (born 1718), vicar of the parish, chaplain-priest of the Collegiate Church, and master of the grammar-school, and of his second wife Ann, the daughter of an Exmoor farmer named Bowdon. John Coleridge, of whose family and origin little or nothing is known, was a self-made man. He began life as a village schoolmaster, married, and in his thirtieth year matriculated as a sizar of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge (1748). He had kept some five or six terms when the offer of the mastership of an endowed school at South Molton, and a prospect of taking orders, induced him to leave the university without a degree (1749). He moved to Ottery in 1760, and died 4th October 1781. He was a learned man, and published, *inter alia*, an excursus (*Dissertations*) on two chapters of the Book of Judges (1768) and a *Critical Latin Grammar* (1772). The anecdotes recorded by De Quincey and Gillman of his eccentricity and simple-mindedness are apocryphal. When he died three of his sons were officers in the army; three were, or had been, at the university; and his widow, though but poorly left, was not penniless. In the autobiographical letters addressed to Thomas Poole in 1797–98 (*Letters*, &c., 1895, vol. i. pp. 3–21) Coleridge describes himself as a 'poetic child,' a devourer of fairy-tales, a weaver of day-dreams, at odds with his playmates, but delighting in 'long conversations' with his father. Before he was nine years old his father died, and in the following spring (24th April) he was nominated to Christ's Hospital, and entered the 'great school' on 12th September 1782.

At first he was forlorn and unhappy, ill-fed and homesick, but as time went on there were mitigations. His schoolfellow, Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, noticed and protected him from the first, and after he had taken rank as 'a Grecian' he made friends with and held his own among seniors and contemporaries. Chief among those who looked up to him as elder and superior was Charles Lamb. He believed—or, perhaps, chose to think—that he owed his faculty as a writer and poet to the severities of his fierce though painstaking master, James Boyer, who forced him to use his brains and control his fancies, and who once, he said, flogged him justly when he had been reading Voltaire and 'sported infidel.' It was doubtless to the austere discipline of the Blue-coat School that Coleridge owed the command over his extraordinary talents, which neither genius nor temperament could 'utterly abolish or destroy.' When he was seventeen, on one of the monthly 'leave-days' he swam the New River in his clothes, and was punished for his folly by a sharp attack of rheumatic fever. He never completely regained his health, and it is probable that the rheumatic gout, or what not, which attacked him at Keswick, encouraging and confirming, if it did not awaken, the indulgence in opium, may be traced to this fateful escapade. He was in the sick ward—'seas of pain waving through each limb' (see sonnet to *Pain*)—for several months, and after his recovery his next step was to fall, or rush, into a first love with a schoolfellow's sister named Mary Evans. She was a blue-eyed maiden, quick-tempered and quick-witted, 'nobly planned' to love and be loved; but, alas! she was not for Coleridge, and, to his loss and sorrow, married and passed out of his life. But whilst he was at school, and for long afterwards, she was a 'phantom of delight,' an influence and an inspiration.

Coleridge was entered as a sizar on the books of Jesus College, Cambridge, 5th February 1791, but did not go into residence till the following October. He received from the Hospital a donation of £40, an annual exhibition of £40, a 'Rustat' scholarship for the sons of clergymen of about £25 per annum, and an irregular allowance from his brothers. With prudence this was a bare sufficiency, but from ignorance or indifference he at once plunged into debt. At first, thanks to the presence and example of Middleton, he worked hard, and in July 1792 was Browne medallist (see *The Poetical Works*, 1893, pp. 476–477). In the winter of 1792 he was 'among the select' for the Craven scholarship, but missed success. The long vacation of 1793 was spent at Ottery, and towards the close of the Michaelmas term he went up to London, spent his last guinea, and enlisted (2nd December 1793) in the 15th or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. Debts to his college tutor and to Cambridge tradesmen prompted this counsel of despair. He had wasted his time, his talents, and his brothers' money, and he shrank from the disclosure which was at hand. The 'gests and exploits' of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke (his *nom de guerre*), which Cottle and Gillman retail, are more or less mythical. A less agreeable but a more probable version of the story is to be found in Charles Lloyd's novel *Edmund Oliver*, which was published in 1798. Coleridge was an indifferent dragoon, and soon betrayed his own secret. His brother, Captain James Coleridge, discovered that 'Sam' was quartered at Reading, wrote to him a letter of forgiveness, and after some time and trouble bought him out. His discharge is dated 10th April 1794, and on the following day he went up to Cambridge. The authorities were lenient, and he escaped with a nominal punishment.

At the end of the summer term he started for a walking tour in North Wales, taking Oxford on his way. Then it was that he first met Robert Southey, of Balliol College, and, inspired by his sympathy and companionship, talked out a scheme for turning socialist and emigrating with a chosen band to America. Coleridge, who was great at

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to an extract entitled "From 'The Ancient Mariner,'" page 63.

coining words, thought communism or socialism might be rechristened *Pantisocracy*. Early in August, when the tour was over, he rejoined Southey at Bristol, where he met and engaged himself to his future wife, Sarah Fricker. She was the eldest of five sisters, of whom the second, Mary, was already married to a young Quaker poet named Robert Lovell, and the third, Edith, was betrothed to Southey. Byron maintained that Sarah and Edith were 'milliners of Bath,' and, when brought to book, gave his authority for the statement (*Letters and Journals*, 1901, vol. vi. p. 113). They certainly went out to work in the houses of friends, and it is possible that they had been taught their trade. They were, however, of decent stock and parentage, and had been born and brought up to better things. In September Coleridge returned, somewhat reluctantly, to Cambridge, and kept one more term; but he passed the time in writing letters to Southey and in preaching pantisocracy. In December he quitted the university without taking a degree. His first work, *The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama*, of which Southey wrote the second and third acts, was published at Cambridge in September 1794. The first act contains the well-known lines, 'Tell me on what holy ground May domestic peace be found.'



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
From a Drawing (aged 24) by Robert Hancock in the National Portrait Gallery.

For a few weeks he lingered in London, writing sonnets for the *Morning Chronicle*, and 'sitting late, drinking late' with Charles Lamb at the 'Cat and Salutation' in Newgate Street; but early in February, at Southey's instance or insistence, removed to Bristol. For some months the friends lodged together and endeavoured to make a living by lecturing on politics, history, and theology (for specimens of Coleridge's political lectures, see *Conciones ad Populum*, printed in pamphlet form at Bristol, November 1795, and republished in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, vol. i. pp. 1–55); but in the autumn they quarrelled and dissolved partnership. Southey had been the first to realise that pantisocracy was impracticable, and, to his friend's dismay and indignation, determined to pass the winter with his uncle at Lisbon. The result was that Coleridge, relying on the offer of a new friend and patron, Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, married (4th October 1793) and settled with his wife in a 'myrtle-bound' cottage at Clevedon. Here, for a brief while, 'domestic peace' was found, but want of books, friends, and, perhaps, the necessaries of life in less than three months led to a 'domestication' with his mother-in-law at Bristol. The spring of 1796 was taken up with the publication of the *Watchman*, a periodical which professed to be the organ of the Whig Club and other patriotic societies. The first number appeared on 1st March, and the tenth and last on 13th May 1796 (for Coleridge's articles, see the *Essays*, &c., 1850, vol. i. pp. 99–178). Meanwhile a volume of *Poems on Various Subjects* (first edition) was issued by Cottle, 16th April, 1796. The summer was consumed in devising abortive plans for making a living at Derby and elsewhere. He was away from home 'prospecting' when his eldest son —named, but not christened, David Hartley— was born, 19th September; and two days later he returned, bringing with him as inmate and pupil Charles Lloyd, a bank clerk who preferred poetry to keeping his father's ledgers. On 31st December 1796 the *Ode to the Departing Year* appeared in the *Cambridge Intelligencer;* and on 1st January 1797 Coleridge, with his wife and baby, took up their quarters in a cottage at Nether Stowey, a market-village at the foot of the Quantock Hills.

He moved for two reasons: in the first place, he wished to be within reach of his friend Thomas Poole, a tanner of good means and of good education, whose 'mansion' and tan-yard were in the village; and secondly, because he proposed to

himself to earn his living as market-gardener. Here he stayed for twenty months, making his home in the now celebrated 'Coleridge Cottage,' and here he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, and almost all his greater poems. Here, too, grew and flourished his friendship with William and Dorothy Wordsworth, which led to their settling (July 1797) at the neighbouring manor-house of Alfoxden. For the next twelve months the friends were constantly together, and the interchange of sentiments and ideas, or, rather, the influence of a mutual inspiration, formed the 'atmosphere' in which the *Lyrical Ballads* (September 1798) were conceived and composed. But Coleridge had other interests besides poetry. At Cambridge he had come under the influence of William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus College who had turned Unitarian, and in 1795 at Bristol, and afterwards at Taunton and Bridgwater, he volunteered his services as preacher in Unitarian chapels. 'Hire' or remuneration was against his principles; but, failing literature and horticulture, he was ready to accept 'a call' from the Unitarian congregation of Shrewsbury, who had invited him (December 1797) to preach on approval. At Shrewsbury, and after he had obtained the appointment, he received and accepted from the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood the offer of an annuity for life of £150; and to meet their views, if not to satisfy their requirements, he resigned the ministry and returned to Stowey. In the long-run the Wedgwood annuity proved a *donum exitiale*, an injurious benevolence; but for a while competence came with healing on its wings. On 15th May a second son—named, but not christened, Berkeley (died 10th February 1799)—was born to him; and on 16th September, in company with the Wordsworths, he left England for Germany. After a few days spent at Hamburg, where he visited the 'German Milton,' Klopstock, he parted from his friend and took lodgings (1st October) at Ratzeburg in the house of the pastor. Having learnt to read the language with ease and to murder the accent, he left Ratzeburg on 6th February, and matriculated at Göttingen on 12th February 1799. Among the professors whose lectures he attended, and who paid him 'the most flattering attentions,' were the naturalist Blumenbach, and J. G. Eichhorn, a pioneer of the 'higher criticism.' For four months of eager studentship he worked with a will at German literature, laying the foundation, the 'low beginnings,' of his after-work as critic, theologian, and metaphysician. A journal which he wrote up as letters to his friends at home was published as 'Satyrane's Letters' in *The Friend* (November–December 1809) and in the *Biographia Literaria* (1817, vol. ii. pp. 183–253). 'A Tour through the Hartz Mountains,' &c., which he took in company with young Blumenbach and some English friends, was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1835 (No. xlv., pp. 211–226). The descriptions of scenery and manners in these and other letters are laboured, but precise and vivid. He looked upon the world with a poet's eye, and proceeded to put down what he saw with the particularity of an auctioneer or a house-agent. In verse he had no need, and in prose no inclination, to learn the art 'to blot.' He returned to Stowey in July. In September he accompanied Southey, once more his friend, on a walking tour over Dartmoor; and in November, under the guidance of Wordsworth, walked through the whole of the Lake District. During this memorable excursion Wordsworth revived old memories and Coleridge enjoyed a new experience. Henceforth the English lakes and mountains were married to immortal verse. At the close of the year Coleridge gave up the cottage at Stowey and moved to London. He had already contributed poems to the *Morning Post*, at that time the property of Daniel Stuart, whose brother-in-law, [Sir] James Mackintosh, was the friend and afterwards a connection of the Wedgewoods; but for two or three months (December 1799–March 1800) he was regularly employed as a writer of leaders, and, occasionally, as a parliamentary reporter. These and other newspaper articles (of 1802, 1809, 1811, 1814, and 1817), which not only served the purpose of the moment but have taken rank as literature, were reprinted as *Essays*, &c. (1850, vols. i.–iii.; see, for an appreciation, H. D. Traill's *Coleridge*, 1884, pp. 79–86). After two months of successful journalism he bent himself to another task, the translation of the second and third parts of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. He seems to have turned a German poem into a great, some say a greater, English poem in about seven weeks (1st March–21st April 1800).

It was now a question where he should live, and for a while he halted, or seemed to halt, between south and north, the vicinity of Poole or the vicinity of Wordsworth; but the north prevailed. On 24th July 1800 he brought his wife and Hartley to Greta Hall, a newly-built and partly-furnished house which stands on 'a small eminence a furlong from Keswick,' and for fifteen months he remained at home. At first, before and after the birth (14th September 1800) of his third son, Derwent, he passed his time wandering, note-book in hand, over the hills and exploring the remoter valleys, and in some genial moment wrote the second part of *Christabel*; but, with the approach of winter, fell into a diseased condition of nerve and limb. He contrived to edit some articles of Poole's for the *Morning Post*, and he assisted the Wordsworths in the transcription of poems for a second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, but attempted nothing original. It was in the winter of 1800–1 that, in Charles Lamb's expressive phrase, the 'dark column turned,' and his promising and joyous youth passed into an unrejoicing and unfruitful manhood. Two causes are assigned for this disastrous change—opium and an unhappy marriage; but a third must be added—persistent ill-health which provoked, though it did not justify,

both stimulants and narcotics. As to the opium, Coleridge knew something of its effects at Cambridge, perhaps had been dosed with it at Christ's Hospital; but it was not till the Lake District climate brought on a complication of gouty and rheumatic ailments that he drugged himself habitually and to excess. Except for a long spell of total abstinence in 1832, he took laudanum to the last; but from April 1816 and onwards the habit was regulated, and, by his own efforts, to a great extent overcome. Of his marriage a few words must be said. His wife was a good woman, honest, veracious, and dutiful, but passionate, nervous, and querulous. Intellectually she was quick-witted and clear-headed, and above the average in knowledge and acquirements, but out of sympathy with her husband's imaginative temperament and impatient of his theological subtleties; she could neither share his dreams, nor laugh away his fears, nor 'make the cheerless cottage warm.' 'Home was no home for him,' and Wordsworth's cottage was both paradise and home. They 'stood apart,' and there was no love to lose between them or to find again 'with tears.' It cannot be said that there were faults on both sides—'the faults' were Coleridge's—but none the less it was an unlucky as well as an unhappy marriage. Greta Hall witnessed many quarrels and many short-lived reconciliations; but from the end of 1803, though still with occasional meetings and much correspondence, there was a virtual separation.

In November 1801 Coleridge went up to London, resumed his connection with Stuart, and visited Poole at Stowey. On, perhaps because of, his return to Keswick he wrote *Dejection, an Ode* (4th April 1802), which has been called the swan-song of his Muse. In November–December he visited South Wales as the travelling companion of his 'munificent co-patron' Tom Wedgwood; and once again in his absence a child, his only daughter, Sara, was born to him (23rd December 1802). In the summer Longman published a third edition of his *Poems*, from which the poems by Lamb and Lloyd were omitted. On Sunday, 14th August 1803, he started with Wordsworth and Dorothy in a 'jaunting-car' on a tour through the Highlands. He found the car ill travelling, and, longing to get by himself, he left his friends at Arrochar, near Luss, 29th August, and proceeded on foot *viâ* Glencoe to Inverness, and back by Tummel Bridge and Perth to Edinburgh. He walked two hundred and sixty-three miles in eight days, hoping to cure himself of the gout, to lull the heartache, and to still the nerves. But the remedy increased the disease, and it was at Edinburgh when the walk was over that he wrote *The Pains of Sleep*. A letter from Southey announcing the death of his first-born, and offering a visit, recalled him to Keswick. As it fell out, Southey remained at Greta Hall, first as guest, then as co-tenant, and finally as the sole occupier till his death in 1843; while Coleridge, from 1804 to 1810, was but an infrequent visitor, and after 1812 slept not again under that or other roof-tree of his own. *Habent sua fata—poetæ!* By the end of the year Coleridge had resolved to try the effect of a warmer climate, and with means provided by the painter-baronet Sir George Beaumont and Wordsworth, he sailed for Malta on 25th April 1804. On landing at Valetta on 18th May he was received as guest or boarder by Dr (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart and his sister Sarah (afterwards Mrs Hazlitt), but before long (6th July) was offered rooms in the palace of the Civil Commissioner, Sir Alexander Ball. Ball, who had been one of Nelson's captains, took a fancy to Coleridge, and perceiving that though he talked much he talked wisely, employed him as private secretary from the first, and, on the death of the 'Public Secretary of Malta and its Dependencies,' appointed him secretary *ad interim* (18th January–6th September 1805). At first the climate worked wonders, but in spite of a second change to Sicily (August–November 1804), the effect wore off, and sickness, dejection, and their fateful alleviators remained to stay. He proved a thorough man of affairs, and made his mark as secretary; but out of reach of his friends and cut off from his philosophical pursuits he was a lost man, and felt that he had 'no business there.' To make money, to gain credit, to win applause, were as dust in the balance compared with the sympathy of the Wordsworths or a possible revelation of the mysteries of being.

He left Malta on 21st September, revisited Syracuse as the guest of his friend G. F. Leckie, H. M. Consul, and made a tour through Sicily, visiting Taormina (4th October) and other places of interest. He had reached Naples before 20th November, and thence, after a prolonged stay, arrived at Rome on 11th January 1806, where he passed the spring in the society of Ludwig, Tieck, Humboldt, Bunsen, and the American painter Washington Allston. He told Gillman and others that Napoleon had given orders for the arrest of the Englishman who had attacked him in the columns of the *Morning Post*, and that he owed his escape to a warning conveyed to him by an emissary of the Pope. From whatever cause, he left Rome on 18th May, and, after visiting Florence and Pisa, sailed from Leghorn on or about 24th June. He wrote but little whilst he was abroad; but later works betray an intimate acquaintance with Mediterranean politics, a knowledge of Italian literature, and a speaking acquaintance with the 'Fine Arts.' (For Sir Alexander Ball, see *The Friend*, 22nd, 26th, and 27th November 1810; in the 1850 ed., vol. iii. pp. 215–286). He reached London on 17th August, but did not rejoin his family at Greta Hall till the middle of October. The winter and early spring (1806–7) were passed at a farmhouse at Coleorton with the Wordsworths, where he listened to the *Prelude*, which had been completed in his absence, and wrote those pathetic lines with the prosaic title (*To a Gentleman*), in

which he bewails his 'sense of past youth and manhood come in vain.' The summer was passed at Stowey with his wife and children, and, after their return to Keswick, the late autumn at Bristol, where he formed the close attachment to his friends the Morgans, which in later years served him in such good stead when 'old friends burned dim' and the shadows deepened. In 1808 (January–June) he delivered his first course of 'Lectures on Shakespeare,' &c., at the Royal Institution. A few notes, which were taken down at the time (5th February) by H. C. Robinson (*Diary*, 1869, vol. i. pp. 267–268), and a résumé of two later lectures (*Notes and Lectures*, &c., 1849, vol. i. pp. 323–334), constitute the sole record of his course. More than once he disappointed his patrons by missing a lecture, and on one noted occasion he incurred the censure of the Council by a personal attack on the educationist Joseph Lancaster, who was a *persona grata* to the royal family and the public at large (see *The Jerningham Letters*, 1896, vol. i. p. 316); but he attracted notice, and, on the whole, increased his reputation. His next venture revealed another side of his character. He had given proof of capacity as a journalist, a diplomatist, a public lecturer, and, instead of following up either of these callings, nothing would serve him but to compile and publish at his own cost an abstruse periodical from which 'Personal and Party Politics and the Events of the Day' were deliberately excluded. It was 'a vain endeavour!' *The Friend*, which was written and despatched by post from Grasmere, was printed first by W. Pennington of Kendal, and afterwards by J. Brown of Penrith. The first number appeared on 1st June 1809, and the twenty-seventh and last on 15th March 1810. The public, even the literary Unitarian and Quaker public, would not buy 'Principles' at a shilling a week. The original issue of *The Friend* was republished in 1812, and in 1818 Coleridge expanded his weekly essays into three volumes. *The Friend* wants reading as it has always wanted readers, but it rewards the adventurous! For a year and six months (18th September 1808 to April 1810) Coleridge lived with Wordsworth at Grasmere, but on the demise of *The Friend* he seems to have returned to what was still his residence, Greta Hall. Of this period there is no record, and when the curtain lifts once more he is posting to London with Wordsworth's old friend Basil Montagu, who had offered him rooms in his house. It seems that Wordsworth, acting for the best, had warned Montagu that Coleridge was a troublesome inmate, and that Montagu indiscreetly, if not ill-naturedly, repeated a confidential hint in the form of a message or ultimatum to Coleridge. There had been differences in the past, and the return to Greta Hall points to an altered relationship; but then for the first time Coleridge heard his sentence passed, and it broke his heart. The greater the truth, the greater the libel—most of all when it is spoken by one's 'own familiar friend.' The quarrel or alienation was brought to an end in May 1812 through the intervention of H. C. Robinson, but in the following December fresh offence was given and taken, and it was long before there was a lasting reconciliation. As Wordsworth had foreseen, Montagu soon tired of his charge, and Coleridge took refuge with the Morgans, who, with brief intervals, shared their home with him for almost five years—at first at Hammersmith, then in London, and finally at Calne in Wiltshire. During the summer months (April–November) of 1811 he was on the staff of the *Courier* writing leading articles (*Essays*, &c., 1850, vol. iii. pp. 733–938), and discharging the duties of sub-editor; and when this arrangement broke down or came to an end, he delivered his second course of lectures (November 1811–January 1812) on Shakespeare and Milton at the Scots' Corporation Hall in Fleet Street (for a reprint of Collier's shorthand notes, see *Lectures*, &c., edited by T. Ashe, 1883). The lectures were well attended. Byron, who 'came to scoff,' admits rather reluctantly that the lecturer 'is a sort of rage at present.' In February–March 1812 Coleridge paid a brief and final visit to Greta Hall, and on his return rejoined the Morgans, who had moved to No. 71 Berners Street. He delivered a third course of lectures on 'The Drama' at Willis's Rooms in May–June, and a fourth course on 'Belles Lettres' at the Surrey Institute in October. In December he was engaged in attending rehearsals of *Remorse* (a rewritten version of the once rejected *Osorio*), which, at Byron's instance, had been accepted by the committee of Drury Lane Theatre. For once his star seemed to be in the ascendant; but before the year (1812) closed Josiah Wedgwood, without assigning any reason whatever, withdrew his moiety of the annuity of £150 which had been offered and conferred 'for life.' Wedgwood was an honourable man, but the violation of a solemn pledge was, on the evidence before us, unjustifiable. Thenceforward Mrs Coleridge's regular income was less than £70 a year, a sum which, in 1814 and possibly afterwards, was expended on the education of her sons. At a later period she contributed a small annual payment towards the expenses of Southey's household.

Remorse was produced for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre on 23rd January 1813, and ran for twenty nights. On the whole the play was a success, and Coleridge received at least £400 for his rights as author. The play was published in pamphlet form and went into a third edition. Like the fair breeze which drove the *Ancient Mariner* into a silent sea, this gust of fortune blew no good to Coleridge. He lingered in London through the spring and summer, and it was not till October that he started for Bristol, partly to make money by lecturing and partly to transact business for the Morgans. A course of six lectures on Shakespeare and Milton was delivered in October, a second course on the same subject in November, and, yet

again, a third course, of four lectures, on Milton in April 1814, when he scandalised his old friend and brother-minister, Dr Estlin, by describing the Satan of *Paradise Lost* as a 'sceptical Socinian.' But then and always, whether the room was full or half-empty, he 'gave satisfaction' to the audience. It was not the matter (which was sometimes hard to follow) but the manner which revealed the native and inextinguishable genius of the orator. To speak of Shakespeare and Milton was to unlock his soul and to pour out a flood of eloquence as the 'spirit gave him utterance.' Eleven months (October 1813–September 1814) were spent at Bristol. For the greater part of this 'weary time' he was the guest of his old friend and correspondent, Josiah Wade, who placed him under the care of a Bristol physician, Dr Daniel, and provided him with an attendant. But under whatever conditions of restraint or freedom, his life was grievous. Then, if ever, he was 'wrecked in a mist of opium.' Early in the autumn he was back with the Morgans at Ashley, near Box, and in November followed them to Calne. Thenceforward there was a betterment, the result of a strenuous though unsuccessful attempt to break through the opium-habit. Six letters on the Irish question, 'To Mr Justice Fletcher,' were published in the *Courier*, September–December 1814 (*Essays*, &c., 1830, vol. iii. pp. 677–733); and in 1815, though he published no books, delivered no lectures, and was silent in the *Courier*, he wrote and passed for the press the *Biographia Literaria* (1817), revised and rewrote his poems—*Sibylline Leaves* (1817)—and completed three acts of *Zapolya* (1817). Over and above these measurable entities he laid the foundation of, or at least wrote fragmentary notes for, a *magnum opus*, to be entitled *Logosophia—in Six Treatises*. Despite these achievements Coleridge was sorely in need of funds, and, as it will, poverty stood between him and his printers and publishers. He must have been in dire straits when, in response to some complaint or revelation of his circumstances, Lord Byron sent him a hundred pounds. It was a fine and generous action, for the donor had no spare cash at his disposal, and was able and willing to help in other ways without putting his hand in his pocket. On the strength of this loan or gift, and armed with the MS. of *Christabel*, which Byron had already shown to Murray, and with the MS. of *Zapolya* for the managing committee of Drury Lane, he went up to town at the end of March 1816. When or where he forgathered with Byron, who was on the eve of his lifelong exile, is uncertain; but an arrangement was come to with Murray for the publication of *Christabel*, and, more important still, Coleridge gained a haven and foothold for himself. On the recommendation of Dr Joseph Adams, the relative of an old Bristol friend, Mr Matthew Coates, he was received on 25th April as patient and boarder by Mr James Gillman, a Highgate surgeon, who was willing to undertake his case and could offer him 'retirement and a garden.' Here, 'or not far off,' he remained for the rest of his life. In April 1816 Coleridge was but halfway through his forty-fourth year, but with the first genial reception of Gillman his wanderings and his story come to an end. Highgate was 'a termination' and a last retreat. To what extent Gillman helped Coleridge to 'give up laudanum' is disputed and is insusceptible of proof, but he undoubtedly inspired and encouraged him 'to scotch the snake.' Byron (who had stood his friend in 1816), under the impression that his kindness had been abused, reviled him in *Don Juan* (1819), but his odious personalities were no longer even 'part a truth,' and the calumny fell to the ground. Coleridge's frailties and shortcomings were ever before him, and at the last his plea was 'to be forgiven for fame.' During the eighteen years of life which remained to him he was not only loved but honoured, not only admired but esteemed and revered. The 'dark column' turned once more, and 'at evening there was light.' *Christabel* (with *Kubla Khan, a Vision*, and *The Pains of Sleep*) was published in June, and the *Statesman's Manual* (first lay sermon) in November 1816. *The Edinburgh Review* attacked and vilipended both poetry and prose. If the writer of these reviews was not, as Coleridge supposed, William Hazlitt, he was an accomplished plagiarist of the style and quality of Hazlitt's acknowledged compositions. Early in 1817 a second *Lay Sermon*, and, later in the year, the long-delayed *Biographia Literaria* and *Sibylline Leaves*, made their appearance. In December *Zapolya*, which to Coleridge's chagrin had been rejected by the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, was published as a 'Christmas Tale.'

In January 1818 an *Essay on Method*, which had been prepared some months before, was printed as an Introduction to the first volume of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and late in the spring the reconstituted *Friend* was published in three volumes. Neither poetry nor prose filled Coleridge's pockets, and both at the beginning and the end of 1818 he was under the 'necessity of appearing as a lecturer.' The first course of fourteen lectures on 'Shakespeare' and 'Poetical Literature' was delivered at Flower-de-Luce Court in Fetter Lane, 27th January–26th March 1818; and two other courses, the first on the 'History of Philosophy,' the other on 'Shakespeare,' were delivered concurrently at the Crown and Archer Tavern in the Strand, 14th December 1818–29th March 1819. With this double course lecturing came to an end, and for many years, so far as the public was concerned, both voice and pen were silent. Two misfortunes, differing in kind and in degree, befell him in successive years. In 1819 he suffered a considerable loss of money through the bankruptcy of his publisher, Rest Fenner; and, in 1820, his son Hartley was deprived of his Oriel fellowship on the score of intemperance. 'Work without hope' was not

beyond Coleridge's power of will, but the business of authorship, always distasteful, became more and more intolerable. He shrank into himself, devoting his energies to the accumulation of materials for his *magnum opus*, and his leisure to the 'grounding, strengthening, and *integration*' of a class of young men, pupils or disciples, who attended his discourses and formed a kind of miniature 'school' of philosophy. His sole publications during this period were a few contributions to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*—for example, 'Letters to Literary Correspondents,' in October 1821, and 'The Historie and Gests of Maxilian' (see *Miscellanies*, &c., 1885, pp. 261–285) in January 1822. In 1824 he was elected a Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction which conveyed an annual pension of one hundred guineas, and by way of doing service for this honorarium he read (18th May 1825) at a meeting of the society a paper on 'The Prometheus of Æschylus' (*ibid.*, pp. 55–83). In 1825 he published his *Aids to Reflection*, a commentary in the form of aphorisms and selected passages from the writings of Archbishop Leighton. The *Aids*, which may be regarded as an eirenicon between faith and reason, and at one time served as a kind of manual of liberal orthodoxy, brought their compiler applause and recognition, and since his death have been frequently republished. In 1828 he prepared for the press a collected edition of his poems, which was published in three volumes by William Pickering. A second edition, with emendations, was issued in 1829. In June–July 1828 Coleridge accompanied Wordsworth and his daughter Dora on a tour through Belgium and on the Rhine. His 'merry' rhymes on Köln and its 'two and seventy stenches' are a proof that the boisterous high spirits of his youth were not gone for ever. His last work was a pamphlet on *The Constitution of Church and State*, which deals with the question of Catholic Emancipation, and seems to be rather than is a plea for inaction or reaction. For the last three years of his life Coleridge was with 'few and brief intervals confined to a sick-room;' but he was often to be seen, and he could almost always talk 'to the satisfaction' if sometimes to the bewilderment of his hearers. Once and again he went into company. Early in August 1832 he was present at the christening of his grandchild Edith, and drove to the church with his wife, who was living with her daughter and son-in-law at Hampstead. In June 1833 he attended a meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and though he rose from his bed at Trinity College 'not a man but a bruise,' he seems to have taken all literature 'for his province' in a series of monologues to his friends (see *Conversations at Cambridge* [by C. V. Le Grice], 1836, pp. 1–36). He suffered much towards the close of his life, but retained almost to the last his intellectual subtlety and his discursive eloquence. He died at The Grove, Highgate, 25th July 1834.

Many of Coleridge's best-known works were posthumous. The *Table Talk*, which was taken down almost verbatim from his lips by his son-in-law and nephew, H. N. Coleridge, was published (2 vols.) in 1835; *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, by T. Allsop (2 vols.), in 1836; *Literary Remains* (4 vols. 1836–39); *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* (1840); *The Idea of Life* (1848); *Notes, Theological and Political* (1853); *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (2 vols. 1895); *Anima Poetæ—from his Unpublished Note-books* (1895). The greater part of his Marginalia; a work on Logic (2 vols. MS.); the preliminary chapters of his *magnum opus;* Notes on the Gospels &c.; Diaries of Tours; and a multitude of letters, fragmentary papers, notes and memoranda remain unpublished.

It is commonly held that Coleridge wrote a few poems, half-a-dozen more or less, of supreme excellence, and that he did no more. It is true that Coleridge at his best is immeasurably greater than at his second best; but, if we except his *juvenilia*, he wrote little or nothing which may be passed over or rejected as worthless. His peculiar quality as a poet lay in his power of visualising scenes of which neither he nor another had any actual experience. These 'fancies from afar' did not flash upon him as memories of the past nor as strange and disordered dreams, but they assumed the realities and possibilities of a harmonious though supernatural world. The open vision was rare, and it was seldom that the intuition was clear or adequate. Again, he was a laborious and accomplished metrist, and it was only by repeated experiments and intense mental effort that he could clothe these shapings of his imagination in a becoming and appropriate garb. Hence it was that after he had passed his thirtieth year and his mind became preoccupied with mataphysical speculations and theological ideas, as Charles Lamb put it, 'he wrote no more *Christabels* and *Ancient Mariners*.' But whenever he was minded to express his thoughts in verse, he was a poet at last as well as at first. It is enough to mention such poems as *Youth and Age; The Garden of Boccaccio; Love, Hope, and Patience in Education*, which were written towards the close of his life. If in some half-dozen pieces Coleridge exceeds himself, in at least thirty or more of lesser excellence he displays imaginative and artistic qualities of the highest order. The *Christmas Carol* (1799), *Pains of Sleep* (1803), and the undated ballad *Alice du Clos* may be instanced as great poems not reckoned in the first flight. It is, however, only as a lyrical poet that Coleridge belongs to the immortals. He could and did force his extraordinary talent into producing dramatic pieces which have been performed with success and still invite study, but his plots drag and his characters

are neither attractive nor rememberable. *Remorse, a Tragedy* (1812), and *Zapolya, a Christmas Tale*, which was written in 1815, contain beauties, 'purple patches' suitable for quotation, but as dramas they are lifeless and uninteresting. On the other hand, his one translation, Schiller's *Wallenstein*, rivals if it does not surpass the original. As a humourist he attempted little, but that little was first-rate. The wit of *The Devil's Thoughts* was Southey's wit, but the humour is Coleridge's; and as 'good, simple, savage verse,' as Byron labelled his Dedication to *Don Juan*, *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter* and *The Two Round Spaces* neither require nor admit of an apology. Originally mere *jeux d'esprit*, doggerel verses in a newspaper, they have won their place in literature.

Coleridge maintained that he owed his first inspiration as a poet to Bowles's sonnets and the 'Lewesdon Hill of Mr Crowe.' His first turn for versification was, perhaps, more immediately due to an intimate knowledge of the odes of Gray and Collins, and his first inclination towards sentiment and the poetry of the affections to Bowles and Cowper, and to Macpherson's *Ossian*. The Romantic School was already a power in Germany, and was touching the younger generation in England through translations or the works of such imitators as Horace Walpole, Mrs Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis, and William Taylor previous to the inception or publication of the *Lyrical Ballads;* and it is certain that before he went to Germany, in September 1798, Coleridge had read Voss's *Luise* in the original and was familiar with translations of Schiller's *Robbers* and the *Ghostseer*. But however responsive he may have been to 'voices in the air,' he owed the awakening and the consummation of his genius to the example and companionship of Wordsworth and of Wordsworth's sister Dorothy. We have only to compare his *Ode to the Departing Year* (December 1796) with the great Stowey poems, beginning with *This Lime-tree Bower my Prison* (May 1797), to understand in what degree and in what sense Wordsworth was 'the master-light of all his seeing'! There is, indeed, little or no resemblance between Coleridge's great poems and Wordsworth's great poems. The magic and the melody of Coleridge's verse are all his own, and the spirit and direction of his poetry are other and different from the spirit and direction of Wordsworth's. As a poet Coleridge 'taught us little,' and as a poet Wordsworth was essentially a teacher, but it was Wordsworth who helped Coleridge to find himself, and, as Dykes Campbell has finely expressed it, 'put a new song in his mouth.'

But art for art's sake did not satisfy Coleridge. The desire of his soul was to teach and to preach, and in order to deliver his message he expended—some would say scattered—his intellectual activities in various directions. He was a journalist, a critic, a lecturer, a philosopher, and a divine. He regarded it as his mission to found a new school, or at any rate to elaborate a new system, of philosophy, and at the same time to propound an eirenicon between faith and reason. It is held by those most competent to judge that as a philosopher he interpreted and carried on the speculations of others—of Kant and Maass, of Fichte and Schelling—but failed to formulate or work out a system of his own. Of the vast preparations which he made for a work to comprehend all knowledge and all philosophy, a portion sufficient to form an introductory volume was dictated to his disciple and amanuensis, Joseph Henry Green, and remains unpublished. His influence on the religious thought and opinion of his own age and of the last sixty years is of a less questionable nature. The *Aids to Reflection* (1825) and the posthumous *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* (1840) have been largely instrumental in deepening and widening religious thought within and without the pale of the Churches. Their direct and immediate influence belongs to the past, but the leaven is still at work. Finally, in his critical notes on Shakespeare's plays, originally delivered as lectures, and in his masterly dissertation on the 'Tenets peculiar to Mr Wordsworth' which concludes the *Biographia Literaria*, he speaks not as the inspirer of others, but as a potent if not a final authority. A word which he borrowed from the Greek and applied to Shakespeare describes him best. He was 'myriad-minded.'

From 'The Ancient Mariner.'

'The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres!

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow! . . .

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

(1797–98.)

From 'Christabel.'

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock !
Tu—whit !——Tu—whoo !
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud :
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate ?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that 's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe :
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel !
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were ;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly ! . . .

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle-array had marched out
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were. . . .

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !

The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

(Part I., 1798.)

The Nightingale.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy. . . .

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!
And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch. . . .

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.

('A Conversation Poem,' April 1798.)

Frost at Midnight.

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

(To Hartley Coleridge, 1798.)

From 'Dejection: an Ode.'

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

(1802.)

Youth and Age.

Verse, a Breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woeful when!
Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing House not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,
That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,
That fear no spite of Wind or Tide!
Nought cared this Body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a Masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe*, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are House-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of Morning,
But the tears of mournful Eve!
Where no hope is, Life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

(1822–32.)

Epitaph. (November 1833.)

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he,—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!

On the Present War.

It is recorded in the shuddering hearts of Christians that . . . every Bishop but one voted for the continuance of the war [with France]. They deemed the fate of their Religion to be involved in the contest!—Not the Religion of Peace, my Brethren; not the Religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, which forbids to his Disciples all alliance with the powers of this World—but the Religion of Mitres and Mysteries, the Religion of Pluralities and Persecution, the Eighteen-Thousand-Pound-a-Year Religion of Episcopacy. . . . Alas! what room would there be for Bishops or for Priests in a Religion where Deity is the only object of Reverence, and our Immortality the only article of Faith—Immortality made probable to us by the Light of Nature, and proved to us by the Resurrection of Jesus. Him the High Priests crucified, but he has left us a Religion, which shall prove fatal to every *High Priest*—a Religion, of which every true Christian is the Priest, his own Heart the Altar, the Universe its Temple, and Errors and Vices its only Sacrifices. Ride on, mighty Jesus! because of thy words of Truth, of Love, and *Equality!* The age of Priesthood will soon be no more—that of Philosophers and Christians will succeed, and the torch of Superstition be extinguished for ever.

(From 'Conciones ad Populum,' of 1795, in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850.)

The Union with Ireland.

On the general policy of this measure [the Act of Union of Great Britain with Ireland] we have never ventured an opinion: though the means which have been adopted to carry it into effect have received from us all the abhorrence which we could express! (For no safe expression could convey all which we felt and still feel.) The vindictive turbulence of a wild and barbarous race, brutalised by the oppression of centuries, was to be coerced; and no better expedient suggested itself than to permit, or at best to connive at, a system of *retaliation!* To give an example of horrors, under the pretext that they were only following one; by the vices of a government, to occasion the vices of popular rage, and by retaliations, to inflame that rage into madness; to *iron* and *strait-waistcoat* the whole country by military law, and then gravely entreat the inhabitants to exercise their free will and unbiassed judgments; these were the measures intended to smooth and prepare the way to a great national union, founded in assent and cemented by affection! However wise and benignant the plan might have been in itself, it certainly becomes questionable whether it may not be unsafe and impolitic at present, in consequence of the agitation produced by the mad and sanguinary precurrences. This consideration has doubtless influenced many in their opposition to it; while others have found their national pride attacked and stabbed in the vitals by the idea that their country was to lose its individual being and character, and without heart or lungs of its own, to be fed, like a wen, by the circuitous circulation of a nobler body. Yet still, when we contemplate the materials of which the Orange Confederacy is composed, we experience some degree of surprise at the strength and obstinacy of their opposition. A virtuous *opposition* it cannot be! We know that faction too well. With them public depravity is not softened down even by the hopeful vice of hypocrisy:—general sympathy in corruption supersedes the necessity of a vizard. Jobbers, place-hunters, unconditional hirelings, whatever their immediate conduct may be, they will gain no credit from honest men for their motives. Desperate state-harpies, they are now opening against ministers the ravenous mouths, that had been even now devouring ministerial bounties; and presume to fight for their country with talons impeded by their country's spoils, polluted by their country's blood! *Timeo Danaos vel dona ferentes.* These men recall to our mind the fable of the magician, who, having ordered his ministering imps to destroy the infernal abodes, was himself torn in pieces by them, and carried off in a whirlwind.

(Contributed 15th January 1800 to the *Morning Post*; reprinted in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850.)

Magna est Veritas et Prævalebit.

There are truths so self-evident, or so immediately and palpably deduced from those that are, or are acknowledged for such, that they are at once intelligible to all men who possess the common advantages of the social state; although by sophistry, by evil habits, by the neglect, false persuasions, and impostures of an anti-Christian priesthood joined in one conspiracy with the violence of tyrannical governors, the understandings of men may become so darkened and their consciences so lethargic that a necessity will arise for the republication of these truths, and this too with a voice of loud alarm and impassioned warning. Such were the doctrines proclaimed by the first Christians to the Pagan world; such were the lightnings flashed by Wickliff, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Latimer, and others across the Papal darkness; and such in our own times the agitating truths with which Thomas Clarkson and his excellent confederates, the Quakers, fought and conquered the legalised *banditti* of men-stealers, the numerous and powerful perpetrators and advocates of rapine, murder, and (of blacker guilt than either) slavery. Truths of this kind being indispensable to man, considered as a moral being, are above all expedience, all accidental consequences; for as sure as God is holy, and man immortal, there can be no evil so great as the ignorance or disregard of them. It is the very madness of mock prudence to oppose the removal of a poisoned dish on account of the pleasant sauces or nutritious viands which would be lost with it! . . . The sole condition, therefore, imposed on us by the law of conscience in these cases is, that we employ no unworthy and heterogeneous means to realise the necessary end,—that we entrust the event wholly to the full and adequate promulgation of the truth, and to those generous affections which the constitution of our moral nature has linked to the full perception of it. Yet evil may, nay it will, be occasioned. Weak men may take offence, and wicked men avail themselves of it; though we must not attribute to the promulgation, or to the truth promulgated, all the evil of which wicked men —predetermined, like the wolf in the fable, to create some occasion—may choose to make it the pretext. But that there ever was, or ever can be, a preponderance of evil, I defy either the historian to instance or the philosopher to prove. 'Let it fly away, all that chaff of light faith that can fly off at any breath of temptation; the cleaner will the true grain be stored up in the granary of the Lord,' we are entitled to say with Tertullian; and to exclaim with heroic Luther, 'Scandal and offence! Talk not to me of scandal and offence. Need breaks through stone walls, and recks not of scandal. It is my duty to spare weak consciences as far as it may be done without hazard of my soul. Where not, I must take counsel for my soul, though half or the whole world should be scandalised thereby.'

Luther felt and preached and wrote and acted as beseemed a Luther to feel and utter and act. The truths which had been outraged he re-proclaimed in the spirit of outraged truth, at the behest of his conscience and in the service of the God of truth. He did his duty, come good, come evil! and made no question on which side the preponderance would be. In the one scale there was gold, and impressed thereon the image and superscription of the universal Sovereign. In all the wide and ever-widening commerce of mind with mind throughout the world, it is treason to refuse it. Can this have a counter weight? The other scale indeed might have seemed full up to the very balance-yard; but of what worth and substance were its contents? . . .

The gain reaches all good men, belongs to all that love light and desire an increase of light: to all and of all times, who thank Heaven for the gracious dawn, and expect the noonday; who welcome the first gleams

of spring, and sow their fields in confident faith of the ripening summer and the rewarding harvest-tide! But the loss is confined to the unenlightened and the prejudiced—say rather, to the weak and prejudiced of a single generation. The prejudices of one age are condemned even by the prejudiced of the succeeding ages; for endless are the modes of folly, and the fool joins with the wise in passing sentence on all modes but his own. Who cried out with greater horror against the murderers of the Prophets than those who likewise cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him!—Prophet and Saviour, and Lord of life, Crucify him! Crucify him!—The truth-haters of every future generation will call the truth-haters of the preceding age by their true names: for even these the stream of time carries onward. In fine, truth considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow-drift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.

(From *The Friend*, No. 4, Sept. 7, 1803—slightly altered in 1818; in 'Essay' viii. of *The Friend* as published in 1850.)

Ariel and Caliban.

If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shakespeare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has sometimes been idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel. The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an angel, above man; not a gnome, or a fiend, below man; but while the poet gives him the faculties and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively. In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts; and all his colours and properties seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies. There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be conceived to exist either at sunrise or at sunset: hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances. His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond; or where he expatiates, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights, or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends. . . .

Is there anything in nature from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child-like simplicity, yet with such preternatural powers? He is neither born of heaven, nor of earth; but, as it were, between both, like a May-blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion, touching earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgment Shakespeare has availed himself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty.

Another instance of admirable judgment and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel—Caliban; who is described in such a manner by Prospero as to lead us to expect the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once: his voice is heard; this is the preparation: he was too offensive to be seen first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter, until Ariel has entered like a water-nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision.

The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived: he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways: —by having mere understanding without moral reason; and by not possessing the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being: the poet has raised him far above contempt: he is a man in the sense of the imagination: all the images he uses are drawn from nature, and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed, beyond animal passion and repugnance to command.

(From *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare.*)

Hamlet.

The seeming inconsistencies in the conduct and character of Hamlet have long exercised the conjectural ingenuity of critics; and, as we are always loth to suppose that the cause of defective apprehension is in ourselves, the mystery has been too commonly explained by the very easy process of setting it down as in fact inexplicable, and by resolving the phenomenon into a misgrowth or *lusus* of the capricious and irregular genius of Shakespeare. The shallow and stupid arrogance of these vulgar and indolent decisions I would fain do my best to expose. I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connection with the common fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense: but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect;—for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances.

In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses and our meditation on the workings of our minds—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts, and the images of his fancy, are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of *Macbeth;* the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

(From *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare.*)

The Defects of Wordsworth's Poetry.

The first characteristic, though only occasional defect, which I appear to myself to find in these poems is the *inconstancy* of the style. Under this name I refer to the sudden and unprepared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity—(at all events striking and original)—to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished. He sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the three species: first, that which is peculiar to poetry; second, that which is only proper in prose; and third, the neutral or common to both. . . .

The second defect I can generalise with tolerable accuracy, if the reader will pardon an uncouth and new-coined word. There is, I should say, not seldom a *matter-of-factness* in certain poems. This may be divided into, first, a laborious minuteness and fidelity in the representation of objects, and their positions, as they appeared to the poet himself; secondly, the insertion of accidental circumstances, in order to the full explanation of his living characters, their dispositions and actions; which circumstances might be necessary to establish the probability of a statement in real life, where nothing is taken for granted by the hearer; but appear superfluous in poetry, where the reader is willing to believe for his own sake. . . .

Third, an undue predilection for the *dramatic* form in certain poems, from which one or other of two evils results. Either the thoughts and diction are different from that of the poet, and then there arises an incongruity of style; or they are the same and indistinguishable, and then it presents a species of ventriloquism, where two are represented as talking, while in truth one man only speaks.

The fourth class of defects is closely connected with the former; but yet are such as arise likewise from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to such knowledge and value of the objects described, as can be fairly anticipated of men in general, even of the most cultivated classes; and with which therefore few only, and those few particularly circumstanced, can be supposed to sympathise. In this class I comprise occasional prolixity, repetition, and an eddying, instead of progression of thought.

Fifth and last, thoughts and images too great for the subject. This is an approximation to what might be called mental bombast, as distinguished from verbal; for, as in the latter there is a disproportion of the expressions to the thoughts, so in this there is a disproportion of thought to the circumstance and occasion. This, by the bye, is a fault of which none but a man of genius is capable. It is the awkwardness and strength of Hercules with the distaff of Omphale.

(From the *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. ix.)

The Excellences of Wordsworth's Poetry.

First, an austere purity of language both grammatically and logically; in short a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. . . .

The second characteristic excellence of Mr Wordsworth's works is a correspondent weight and sanity of the Thoughts and Sentiments, won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. His muse, at least when in her strength of wing, and when she hovers aloft in her proper element,

> 'Makes audible a linked lay of truth,
> Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
> Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!'

Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. . . .

Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs: a frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction, of which I need not here give specimens. . . . This beauty, and as eminently characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, his rudest assailants have felt themselves compelled to acknowledge and admire.

Fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre. Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false-colours its objects, but on the contrary brings out many a vein and many a tint which escape the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had been often kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty high-road of custom. . . .

Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate (*Spectator*, *haud particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature, no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to *him* under the dark lines, with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross-barred it. Here the man and the poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substantiated. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer. Such as he *is:* so he *writes.*

(From the *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. ix.)

The Inspiration of the Scriptures.

'Tell me first, why it [plenary inspiration] should not be received! Why should I *not* believe the Scriptures throughout dictated, in word and thought, by an infallible Intelligence?'

I admit the fairness of the retort; and eagerly and earnestly do I answer: For every reason that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures;—prize them, love them, revere them, beyond all other books! *Why* should I not? Because the Doctrine in question petrifies at once the whole body of Holy Writ with all its harmonies and symmetrical gradations,—the flexile and the rigid,—the supporting hard and the clothing soft,—the blood *which is the life*,—the intelligencing nerves, and the rudely woven, but soft and springy, cellular substance, in which all are embedded and lightly bound together. This breathing organism, this glorious *panharmonicon*, which I had seen stand on its feet as a man, and with a man's voice given to it, the Doctrine in question turns at once into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice, a voice that mocks the voices of many men, and speaks in their names, and yet is but one voice, and the same;—and no man uttered it, and never in a human heart was it conceived. *Why* should I not? Because the Doctrine evacuates of all sense and efficacy the sure and constant tradition, that all the several books bound up together in our precious family Bibles were composed in different and widely distant ages, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, and degrees of light and information, and yet that the composers, whether as uttering or as recording what was uttered and what was done, were all actuated by a pure and holy Spirit, one and the same . . . one Spirit working diversely, now awakening strength, and now glorifying itself in weakness, now giving power and direction to knowledge, and now taking away the sting from error! . . .

Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof—sang Deborah. Was it that she called to mind any personal wrongs—rapine or insult—that she or the house of Lapidoth had received from Jabin or Sisera? No; she had dwelt under her palm tree in the depth of the mountain. But she was a *mother in Israel;* and with a mother's heart, and with the vehemency of a mother's and a patriot's love, she had shot the light of love from her eyes, and poured the blessings of love from her lips, on the people that had *jeoparded their lives unto the death* against the oppressors; and the bitterness, awakened and borne aloft by the same love, she precipitated in curses on the selfish and coward recreants who *came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord, against the mighty.* As long as I have the image of Deborah before my eyes, and while I throw myself back into the age, country, circumstances, of this Hebrew Bonduca in the not yet tamed chaos of the spiritual creation;—as long as I contemplate the impassioned, high-souled, heroic woman in all the prominence and individuality of will and character,—I feel as if I were among the first ferments of the great affections—the proplastic waves of the microcosmic chaos, swelling up against—and yet towards—the outspread wings of the dove that lies brooding on the troubled waters. So long all is well,—all replete with instruction and example. In the fierce and inordinate I am made to know and be grateful for the clearer and purer radiance which shines on a Christian's paths, neither blunted by the preparatory veil, nor crimsoned in its struggle through the all-enwrapping mists of the world's ignorance: whilst in the self-oblivion of these heroes of the Old Testament, their elevation above all low and individual interests,—above all, in the entire and vehement devotion of their total being to the service of their divine Master, I find a lesson of humility, a ground of humiliation, and a shaming, yet rousing, example of faith and fealty. But let me once be persuaded that all these heart-awakening utterances of human hearts—of men of like faculties and passions with myself, mourning, rejoicing, suffering, triumphing—are but as a *Divina Commedia* of a superhuman—O bear with me, if I say—Ventriloquist;—that the royal Harper, to whom I have so often submitted myself as a *many-stringed instrument* for his fire-tipt fingers to traverse, while every several nerve of emotion, passion, thought, that thrids the flesh-and-blood of our common humanity, responded to the touch,—that this *sweet Psalmist of Israel* was himself as mere an instrument as his harp, an *automaton* poet, mourner, and supplicant;—all is gone,—all sympathy, at least, and all example. I listen in awe and fear, but likewise in perplexity and confusion of spirit.

(From *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, 1840.)

Taste, an Ethical Quality.

Modern poetry is characterised by the poets' anxiety to be always striking. There is the same march in the Greek and Latin poets. Claudian, who had powers to have been anything—observe in him this anxious, craving vanity! Every line, nay, every word, stops, looks full in your face, and asks and *begs* for praise! As in a Chinese painting, there are no distances, no perspective, but all is in the foreground; and this is nothing but vanity. I am pleased to think that, when a mere stripling, I had formed the opinion that true taste was virtue, and that bad writing was bad feeling.

(From *Anima Poetæ*, 1895, p. 165.)

The Night is at Hand. (1828.)

The sweet prattle of the chimes—counsellors pleading in the court of Love—then the clock, the solemn sentence of the mighty judge—long pause between each pregnant, inappellable word, too deeply weighed to be reversed in the High-Justice-Court of Time and Fate. A more richly solemn sound than this eleven o'clock at Antwerp I never heard—dead enough to be opaque as central gold, yet clear enough to be the mountain air.

(From *Anima Poetæ*, 1895, p. 307.)

For a brief but accurate and exhaustive biography, see *Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a Narrative*, by J. Dykes Campbell (a reprint of the Introductory Memoir to the *Poetical Works*, 1893; Macmillan, 1894); and for a list of authorities on the life of S. T. Coleridge, *vide ibid.*, page [ix.]. For an attempt to systematise Coleridge's philosophical teaching, see *Spiritual Philosophy*, by T. H. Green (1865). The question of Coleridge's indebtedness to German metaphysics is ably and temperately discussed by the late Professor Hort in *Cambridge Essays* (1856), and by Principal Shairp in *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* (1868). For an unfavourable estimate of his originality and independence as a thinker, see *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, by J. M. Robertson (1897, pp. 154–161). For a general estimate of Coleridge as thinker and poet, see Mill's *Dissertations* (1859, vol i.); *Coleridge*, by H. D. Traill ('Men of Letters' series, 1884); Brandl's *S. T. Coleridge and the English Romantic School* (1887); and 'Coleridge' in Pater's *Appreciations* (1890). See also the essay in Mr Swinburne's edition of *Christabel* (1869), and the introductions to editions or selections of the poems by Mr Stopford Brooke (1895), Dr Garnett (1897), and Mr Andrew Lang (1898).

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Hartley Coleridge (1796–1849), eldest son of the preceding, was born at Bristol and educated by the Rev. John Dawes at Ambleside and at Merton College, Oxford. He obtained a second-class in the final schools, was elected probationary Fellow of Oriel, but at the end of the first year was rejected on the score of intemperance (1820). He spent the next two years in London writing for the *London Magazine*, &c., attempted school-keeping at Ambleside, retired to Grasmere, and in 1831 removed to Leeds, where he wrote a series of lives of the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, republished (1833) as *Biographia Borealis*. The first of two projected volumes of *Poems* was also published at Leeds (1833). The rest of his life was spent at Grasmere and (1840–49) at the Nab Cottage, Rydal. His last work was a Life of Massinger prefixed to an edition of Massinger and Ford. His days were spent in fitful study, lonely reverie, and wanderings over the Lake Country. His intemperance notwithstanding, 'Li'le Hartley' (he was very short) was admired and loved by all who knew him. 'Untimely old,' he retained to the last the warmth and the simplicity of boyhood. His *Poems* (e.g. *Leonard and Susan*) and a dramatic fragment, *Prometheus*, were published with a Memoir by his brother Derwent (1800–83; first Principal of St Mark's College, Chelsea) in 1851 (2 vols.). *Essays and Marginalia* (2 vols.) were also published in 1851. His poetry is never without a certain tender grace, but it is in the sonnet that he reached eminence. The following is one of two famous sonnets on 'Prayer':

There is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day.
So have I dream'd !—Oh, may the dream be true !—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

Sara Coleridge (1802–52), sister of the preceding, was brought up in Southey's house. In 1822 she translated Dobrizhöffer's Latin *Account of the Abipones*, and in 1825 the 'Loyal Servant's' *Chevalier Bayard*. She married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge (1829). Her original works were *Pretty Lessons for Good Children* (1834) and *Phantasmion*, a fairy-tale (1837); but her intellectual powers are best shown in her essay on *Rationalism* appended to her father's *Aids to Reflection* in 1843, and her 'Introduction' to the *Biographia Literaria* (1847). Her *Memoirs and Letters* were published by her daughter in 1873.

Charles Lamb

was born on the 10th of February 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Temple, London, where his father was clerk and confidential servant to Samuel Salt, a wealthy bencher of the Inner Temple. To John Lamb and his wife there were born in the Temple seven children, of whom three only survived their early childhood—Charles, his sister Mary, ten years older than himself, and a yet older brother, John. Charles received his first schooling at a humble academy out of Fetter Lane, but at seven years of age he obtained through his father's patron a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he remained for the next seven years. His school experiences and the friendships he formed, notably that with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, three years his senior, are familiar to all readers of the *Essays of Elia*. At the age of fourteen he left school with a fair amount of scholarship and an intensified love of reading. He might have stayed and become a 'Grecian,' and so proceeded to the university. But the exhibitions were given on the understanding that the holder was to take holy orders, and Lamb's unsurmountable stammer barred him from that profession.

Lamb left Christ's Hospital in November 1789. At that time his brother John held a post in the South Sea House, of which Salt was a deputy-governor, and Charles was soon presented through the kind offices of this friend to a humble situation in the same company; but early in 1792 he obtained promotion in the shape of a clerkship in the accountant's office of the India House, where he remained for more than thirty years. In this same year Salt died. The occupation of his old clerk and servant was at an end; and with his legacies from his employer, Charles's salary, and whatever Mary Lamb could earn by needlework, in which she was proficient, the family of four (for the brother John was living a comfortable bachelor life elsewhere) retired to humble lodgings. In 1796 we find them in Little Queen Street, Holborn, and it was there that the terrible disaster occurred, destined to mould the career and character of Charles Lamb for the whole of his future life. There was a strain of inherited insanity in the children. The father, who had married late in life, was growing old and childish; the mother was an invalid, and the stress and anxiety of the many duties devolving on Mary Lamb began to tell upon her reason. In an attack of mania, induced by a slight altercation with a little apprentice girl at work in the room, Mary Lamb snatched up a knife from the dinner-table, and stabbed her mother, who had interposed in the girl's behalf. Charles was himself present, and wrested the knife from his sister's hand; and with him the whole direction of affairs for the sister's future remained. After the inquest Mary would in the natural course have been transferred

for life to a public asylum ; but, by the intervention of friends, the brother's guardianship was accepted by the authorities as an alternative. To carry out this trust Charles Lamb from that moment devoted his life, sacrificing to it all other ties and ambitions, and never flagging in duty and tenderness for thirty-eight years. Charles removed with his old father to Pentonville, where at successive lodgings they remained until the father's death. Mary Lamb remained subject to attacks of temporary aberration for the rest of her life, the attacks being usually foreseen ; and at such seasons she was removed to some suitable asylum. The length and frequency of these periods of absence increased, until the closing years of her brother's life, when she was exiled from him during the greater part of each year. In the meantime Charles Lamb had fallen in love, but renounced all hope of marriage when the duty of tending his otherwise homeless sister had appeared to him paramount. The history of his brief attachment, to which there is frequent pathetic allusion in his writings, is obscure. Anne Simmons, who appears in his earliest sonnets as Anna, and in his essays as Alice W., lived with her mother in the village of Widford in Hertfordshire—the scene of Lamb's early romance of *Rosamund Gray;* and Lamb made her acquaintance during his frequent visits to his grandmother, Mrs Field, housekeeper at Blakesware (immortalised in one of the loveliest of his essays as 'Blakesmoor, in Hertfordshire'). Anne, who afterwards married Mr Bartram, a London silversmith, is referred to under that name in the essay 'Dream-Children.'

Lamb's earliest poems, written in 1795, were prompted by this deep attachment. Two sonnets on this theme, with two others on different topics, were included in S. T. Coleridge's earliest volume of poems, issued at Bristol in 1796. Next year a second edition of Coleridge's poems appeared, 'to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd;' Lloyd being a young man of kindred poetic tastes, whose acquaintance Lamb had made through Coleridge. Here, as before, the poetic influence under which Lamb wrote was the same that had so strangely moved Coleridge while still at Christ's Hospital—the graceful and pensive sonnets of W. L. Bowles. In the following year Lamb and Lloyd made a second venture in a slight volume of their own (*Blank Verse*, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798); and here for the first time Lamb's individuality made itself felt in the touching and now famous verses on the 'Old Familiar Faces'—like so many of his memorable utterances in prose and verse, full of autobiographical allusion, and yet gaining rather than losing in permanence of charm through the circumstance. It was, however, in prose, not in verse, that he was to find his true strength. In the same year as *Blank Verse* he published his little prose romance, *The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret;* and four years later his *John Woodvil*—the fruit of that study of the dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan period, in the revived study of which he was to bear so large a part. Lamb had little or no dramatic faculty. The play was crude and valueless as a drama, but with detached passages reflecting much of the music and quaintness of Fletcher and Jonson.

Meantime Lamb and his sister were wandering from lodging to lodging, too often forced to leave through the rumour of Mary Lamb's malady which followed them wherever they went. They had lived at more than one house in Pentonville—they were in Southampton Buildings in 1800 and 1801—and then removed to Lamb's old familiar neighbourhood, where they continued for sixteen years. The



CHARLES LAMB.

From the Drawing (1798) by R. Hancock in the National Portrait Gallery.

early years of their residence in the Temple were among the hardest and saddest of their lives. They were very poor; Charles's experiments in literature had as yet brought him neither money nor reputation ; and the gradual accession of new friends that might have brightened their path had the drawback of bringing Charles face to face with social temptations which he could not resist. A very moderate indulgence in wine or spirits seems to have speedily affected him, and his shyness and his impediment of speech made him eagerly resort to what for the moment made him forget both. 'We are very poor,' writes Mary Lamb in 1804 ; and again in 1805, 'It has been sad and heavy times with us lately.' In Lamb's anxiety to raise a few pounds, rather than from any confidence in his dramatic faculty, he began to write a farce, which the proprietors of Drury Lane accepted, and produced in December 1806.

It was the now famous farce *Mr H.*—famous, however, not for its success, but for its failure. His love for things dramatic soon found a more profitable outlet in a commission from William Godwin to contribute to his 'Juvenile Library,' then in course of publication. For this series Charles and Mary wrote in 1807 their well-known *Tales from Shakespeare* — Mary Lamb making the version of the comedies, Charles that of the tragedies. This was Lamb's first success. It brought him sixty guineas, and, what was more valuable, hope for the future, and the increased confidence and recognition of his growing circle of friends. As one consequence of the success, the brother and sister composed jointly two other children's books—*Mrs Leicester's School* (1807) and the *Poetry for Children* (1809). Charles also told for children the story of the *Odyssey*, under the title of *The Adventures of Ulysses*. Another more important consequence was a commission from the Longmans to edit a volume of selections from the Elizabethan dramatists. The volume at once exhibited Lamb, to those who had eyes to see, as one of the most profound, subtle, and original of English poetical critics. Three years later a conviction of the same fact would be deepened in those who knew that the unsigned articles in Leigh Hunt's *Reflector*, on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakespeare, were from the same hand, and that a prose writer of new and unique quality was showing above the dull level of the conventional essayist.

In 1817 Lamb and his sister left the Temple for rooms in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. Next year an enterprising young publisher induced him to collect his scattered verse and prose in two neat volumes, as the *Works of Charles Lamb*, and this publication naturally paved the way for his being invited to join the staff of the *London Magazine*, then newly started. Lamb was required to contribute light prose essays, and was wisely allowed a free hand. His first essay appeared in August 1820, 'Recollections of the old South Sea House,' the public office in which his first small salary was earned, and where his elder brother had remained a high-placed and prosperous clerk. Lamb signed his first paper *Elia*, borrowing for a joke the name of a foreigner who had been fellow-clerk with him in the office. The signature was continued through Lamb's successive contributions to the magazine; and as he placed it on the title-page (without his own) of the first collected edition of the essays in 1823, it became indissolubly connected with the work. The series came to an end, as far as the *London Magazine* was concerned, in 1825. *The Last Essays of Elia* were collected in a second volume in 1833.

In August 1823 Charles and Mary quitted their rooms over the brazier's in Russell Street, and made their first experiment as householders in a cottage in Colebrooke Row, Islington, with the New River (into which George Dyer walked in broad daylight) flowing within a few feet of their front door. Moreover, they were now on the eve of making a pleasant addition to their household in the form of a young friend, the orphan daughter of an Italian teacher of languages at Cambridge. Charles and Mary Lamb virtually adopted Emma Isola, and she was treated as a member of their family until her marriage with Edward Moxon the publisher, in 1833.

Early in 1825 Lamb, who had been for some time failing in health, was allowed to resign his post in the India House, the directors liberally granting him as pension two-thirds of his then salary. Having now no tie to any particular neighbourhood, the brother and sister were free to wander. They took lodgings—and subsequently a house—at Enfield; but Mary Lamb's health becoming gradually worse and requiring constant supervision, they parted with their furniture and gave up housekeeping. They finally removed to the neighbouring village of Edmonton, where, in a small cottage hard by the church, they spent their last year together. It was a melancholy year. Lamb's own health was suffering. They had lost their young friend Emma Isola. The absence of settled occupation had not brought Lamb all the comfort he had looked for: the separation from his London friends, and now the almost continuous mental alienation of his sister, left him companionless, and with the death of Coleridge in the summer of 1834 the chief attractions of his life were gone. In December of the same year, while taking one day his usual walk on the London Road, he stumbled and fell, slightly injuring his face. The wound was in itself trifling, but erysipelas ensued, under which he rapidly sank, and he passed quietly away, without pain, on the 29th of December. He was buried in Edmonton churchyard. His sister survived him nearly thirteen years, and was buried by his side in May 1847.

Lamb's place in literature is unique and unchallengeable. As a personality he is more intimately known to us than any other figure in literature, unless it be Samuel Johnson. He is familiar to us through his works, which throughout are composed in the form of personal confidences; through his many friends who have loved to make known his every mood and trait; and through his letters, the most fascinating body of correspondence in our language. It is a dangerous thing to say, but it may be doubted whether, outside a necessarily limited circle, his works are read so much for their own sakes as for the light they throw upon the character of their author. It is the harmonious concord of dissonances in Lamb that is the secret of his attraction. The profound and imaginative character of his criticism, which at its best is unerring, and with it the reckless humour of the Bohemian and the *farçeur;* the presence of one lamentable weakness serving to throw into stronger relief the patient strength of his life-struggle; his

loyalty and generosity to his friends, even when they abused it most; and all this flowing from one of the most beautiful acts of devotion in the records of self-sacrifice: the wild fun of Trinculo and Stephano, alternating with the tenderness of Miranda and Ferdinand, or the profound philosophic musings of Prospero—and all these, like Ariel, now 'flaming distinctly,' now 'meeting and joining'—it is this wondrous blending of opposites that has made Lamb, save to the 'sour-complexioned' and matter-of-fact, one of the most dearly loved among English men of letters, and with every sign that this love is one which no changes of taste are likely to diminish.

To Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Sonnet on 'Innocence.'

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been,
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when by show of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

Lines 'in my own Album.'

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright.

A spotless leaf; but thought and care,
And friend and foe, in foul or fair,
Have 'written strange defeatures' there;

And Time with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates, he can't recall;

And error, gilding worst designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines;

And vice hath left his ugly blot;
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly began—but finish'd not;

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers, sense unknit,
Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit,
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look—
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

On an Infant Dying as soon as Born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut

For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd; and the pain,
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimèd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why human Buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivel'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Coral, redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity?

Dream-Children: a Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the 'Children in the Wood.' Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart—ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm;' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great-house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung

upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful-warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name'—— and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

(From *Essays of Elia.*)

'Mackery End.'

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She 'holds Nature more clever.' I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici;* but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points—upon something proper to be done or let alone—whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always in the long-run to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house, delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget, who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences; that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that* which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still, the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

> 'But thou, that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation!'

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections, and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown), with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans, who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far-

distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment and her own; and to the astoundment of B. F., who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

(From *Essays of Elia.*)

Lear.

So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die!

(From the Essay 'On the Tragedies of Shakspeare.')

Our chief authorities for Lamb are his own writings, and the *Life and Letters* and *Final Memorials*, by Mr Justice Talfourd. Later editions of these works have appeared, enlarged by Percy Fitzgerald and W. C. Hazlitt. There is a quite separate Memoir of Lamb, of considerable interest, by B. W. Procter ('Barry Cornwall'). Another Memoir, and a complete edition of Lamb's works and correspondence, by the writer of the present article, were published by Messrs Macmillan (6 vols. 1883–88). A new and enlarged edition of Lamb's letters by the same editor was in preparation in 1903. Lamb's *Essays* are the best commentary on his life; his father is the Lovel of the essay on the 'Old Benchers of the Middle Temple;' see also E. V. Lucas's *Lamb and the Lloyds* (1898). The present article has been revised and reprinted from that originally written for *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (new edition, vol. vi., 1890).

ALFRED AINGER.

William Hazlitt,

born at Maidstone on 10th April 1778, came of a family of Hazlitts who had settled in County Antrim at the Revolution. Shortly after Hazlitt's birth his father, who was a Unitarian minister, removed to Bandon near Cork, and in 1783 emigrated to America; but he returned with his family a few years later and settled in 1787 at Wem in Shropshire. At his father's desire Hazlitt studied in 1793 at the Unitarian College at Hackney, but even then his tastes lay rather in philosophy and politics. It was not till his meeting with Coleridge in 1798, which he has himself described in the essay 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' that his interest in literature was fully awakened; though in this matter he has also recorded his debt to the friendship of Joseph Fawcett (see his essay 'On Criticism'). Following the example of his brother John, he first chose for himself the profession of artist, and in October 1802 went to Paris, where for four months he worked at the Louvre (see his essay 'On the Pleasure of Painting'). On his return he set up as a portrait-painter, and numbered Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb among his sitters; but he could never satisfy himself, though judges such as Northcote believed in his ability. His first publication, *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action*, appeared in 1805, and was followed in 1806 by *Free Thoughts on Public Affairs, or Advice to a Patriot;* in 1807 by *An Abridgment of the Light of Nature Pursued by A. Tucker*, and a *Reply to the Essay on Population by the Rev. T. R. Malthus;* in 1808 by *The Eloquence of the British Senate* (a selection with biographical and critical notes); and in 1810 by *A New and Improved Grammar of the English Tongue, for the Use of Schools.* He was engaged

also in editing and completing the *Memoirs of the late Thomas Holcroft*, which was not published till 1816. In 1808 he had married Miss Sarah Stoddart and settled at Winterslow in Wiltshire, afterwards to be associated with some of his finest essays; but in 1812 he had to leave it for London. His literary career dates properly from his engagement at this time as theatrical and parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, for the miscellaneous nature of his earlier publications shows that up to his thirty-fourth year he was still in search of a definite line of work. In 1814 he became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and in 1817 he published his first book of literary sketches, *The Round Table, a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners* (2 vols.), contributed originally to Leigh



WILLIAM HAZLITT.
After a Miniature on Ivory painted by his brother, John Hazlitt.

Hunt's *Examiner*. In the same year appeared his *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*. The ruthless attack on it in the *Quarterly* by Gifford, who, like the Tory critics in *Blackwood*, was hostile to all Hazlitt's work because of his anti-monarchical views, brought from him in 1819 the scathing *Letter to William Gifford, Esq.* At the same time he continued his contributions to periodicals such as the *Examiner*, the *Champion*, the *Yellow Dwarf*, and the *Scots Magazine*, and published collections bearing the titles *A View of the English Stage, or a Series of Dramatic Criticisms* (1818), and *Political Essays, with Sketches of Public Characters* (1819); but his chief pieces of work were the three great courses of lectures, all delivered at the Surrey Institution and published immediately afterwards—the *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818), the *Lectures on the English Comic Writers* (1819), and the *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1820). Continuing to contribute to magazines, and now chiefly to the *London* and *New Monthly*, he brought out another collection of his essays in 1821, entitled *Table Talk, or Original Essays*, a second volume with the same title following in 1822. In 1823 appeared his *Characteristics, in the Manner of La Rochefoucauld's Maxims;* while to 1824 belong his *Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England*, his *Select British Poets* (suppressed, and published in 1825 under the title *Select Poets of Great Britain*), and his article on the 'Fine Arts' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Before this Hazlitt had won for himself an ugly notoriety by his *Liber Amoris, or the New Pygmalion* (1823), recording his infatuation for a girl named Sarah Walker, the daughter of his landlady, and 'the only woman that ever made me think she loved me.' His marriage had proved unhappy, and in June 1822 he was divorced at Edinburgh; but he was soon after disillusioned of the heroine of the *Liber Amoris*. In 1824 he married Mrs Bridgwater, a widow with some money. This marriage was likewise unhappy; he travelled for some months with his wife in France, Switzerland, and Italy, but in 1825 he returned to London alone, and his wife refused to rejoin him. While on this tour he contributed to the *Morning Chronicle* a series of letters, collected in 1826 under the title *Notes of a Journey in France and Italy*. At the same time there appeared in the *New Monthly* the series of articles which went to form the *Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits* (1825). The last collection of miscellaneous essays which he himself edited, *The Plain Speaker, Opinions on Books, Men, and Things* (2 vols.), was published in 1826. From this time onwards he devoted himself chiefly to the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*. Recognising the occasional nature of his earlier work, he now hoped to found his fame on a monumental biography of his life's hero, and he accordingly squandered the energies of his closing years on a work which could not but arouse animosity and for which he was hardly suited either by character or training. The first and second volumes appeared in 1828, and the third and fourth in 1830. The literary merits of the book are now, as at its appearance, too often ignored in hostility to its motive. Unfortunately Hazlitt was embarrassed financially by the failure of his publisher. He had to resort again to magazine articles; he brought out the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A.* (1830), a collection of articles contributed in 1826–27, under the title 'Boswell Redivivus,' to the *New Monthly;* and he collaborated with Northcote on the *Life of Titian* (1830). But in this struggle he had no longer health on his side. He died at London on 18th September 1830. Three other collections of his essays were published posthumously by his son—*Literary Remains* (2 vols. 1836), *Sketches and Essays* (1839), and *Winterslow: Essays and Characters written there* (1850).

Hazlitt's political views prejudiced his reputa-

tion as a critic and essayist: to a wider public than that of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* he was best known as a wild Republican. Even his idiosyncrasies tended to make him unpopular. Unhappy in his married life, he was unhappy also in his friendships, for he quarrelled unaccountably with all his associates—even with Lamb, though he was afterwards reconciled. Tactless, but of downright honesty, though brilliant in conversation yet devoid of social instinct, he seemed to his friends to live in dread of hearing some remark with which he could not agree. The stimulating acuteness and fine enthusiasm of his lectures did not conceal the fact that there was little sympathy between him and his audience. If his worth is better known now than it was in his own day, it is because his writings have lived down the personal prejudice which he too readily aroused.

With Coleridge and Lamb, Hazlitt marks the close of the short interregnum in criticism when the classical code of the eighteenth century had been replaced by the mere whim of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* reviewer. Like Coleridge, he believed that the first requisite of a critic is intelligent sympathy, and that his duty is not so much to report on a work as to interpret it. Yet he can hardly be claimed as a member of the romantic school, for, though true to their principles, he had not their limitations; he laughed away their tenet that Pope was not a poet, and he would not be blinded to the merits of French literature by the new German cult and the crusade against the classical. In certain respects he preserves the eighteenth century attitude, as in his indifference to the Middle Ages and his appreciation of the elegant in literature, while he had not the enthusiasm of the new school for their own work. Personal and political considerations tended to warp his judgment on his contemporaries. Though eloquent in his praise of Scott, he discovers an objectionable political motive in the 'Scotch novels;' his dislike of Byron is based on the 'noble author's' peerage; Coleridge, to whom he owed so much, he came to despise for changing his political views; even his whole-hearted appreciations of Wordsworth are dashed with unfriendly references to the poet's foibles. But these prejudices were vented merely on the living: no political bias, for instance, could dull his enthusiasm for Burke. He himself confesses that his criticism of the living is in a different category from his appreciations of the older authors. 'I have more confidence in the dead than the living,' he says; 'contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes, one's friends and one's foes.' But it may be claimed for him that his prejudices, unlike those of the romanticists, were not literary. He was one of the first to recognise the impossibility of reconciling different tastes. The disagreement between French and English taste, he points out, is bound to remain till the French become English or the English French; and he adds, with special reference to Shakespeare and Racine, that when we see nothing but grossness and barbarism or insipidity and verbiage in a writer that is the god of a nation's idolatry, it is we and not they who want true taste and feeling. Hazlitt's appreciations are more free from the distinguishing marks of a particular school than those of any of the great English critics before him.

Hazlitt characterised his own work when he said that 'a genuine criticism should reflect the colours, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work.' Whether he deals with painting or with literature, he pays little attention to matters of form or technique, and he always ignores the circumstances under which the works were produced. 'If,' he says, 'a man leaves behind him any work which is a model of its kind, we have no right to ask whether he could do anything else, or how he did it, or how long he was about it.' Uninterested in the development and interaction of literatures, he is indifferent even to the growth of the art of an individual author. He may tell us that in the *Tempest* Shakespeare has shown all the variety of his powers, and that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the play with which he would most readily part; but he never hints that the one was written at the end of Shakespeare's career and the other at the beginning. His indifference to such matters explains his inaccuracy in points of fact. Few of his many quotations are given correctly; his references are vague; and he knew nothing of the worries of accurate chronology. What alone interests him is the complete work in itself. He had not, and expressly disclaimed, a wide knowledge of literature; and latterly he would rather read the same book for the twentieth time than read a new one. His favourite authors, and Shakespeare in particular, he knew so well that he could hardly write without alluding to them, or quoting from them, or employing their phraseology. And this intense knowledge makes him as guiltless of a second-hand as of an off-hand opinion, though he is occasionally under some debt to the conversation of his friends. The writer from whom he borrows most is himself, for he indulges largely in the questionable habit of repeating, often in the same words, what he has said elsewhere. But this only points to that 'pertinacity of opinion' on which he prided himself, in literature as in politics. In no case would he revise his judgments; he would only repeat them and emphasise them.

He has spoken of his early difficulties in writing, but latterly he could say that he had merely to 'unfold the book and volume of the brain' and transcribe the characters he saw there as mechanically as any one might copy the letters in a sampler. It was fitting that a critic who was indifferent to technique should himself have no ambitions to be known by his style, and should expressly avoid formal method. What he desired above all was 'life, and spirit, and truth;' and whether he writes on Cavanagh the Fives-Player, or the fight of

Neate and the Gas-man, or Gifford, or Mrs Siddons, or Napoleon, or his favourite pictures and authors, his easy vigour and enduring freshness prove the wisdom of his aim.

Shakespeare.

The striking peculiarity of Shakespeare's mind was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds—so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and had no one peculiar bias or exclusive excellence more than another. He was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself; but he was all that others were, or that they could become. He not only had in himself the germs of every faculty and feeling, but he could follow them by anticipation, intuitively, into all their conceivable ramifications, through every change of fortune, or conflict of passion, or turn of thought. He had 'a mind reflecting ages past,' and present:—all the people that ever lived are there. There was no respect of persons with him. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar: 'All corners of the earth, kings, queens, and states, maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,' are hardly hid from his searching glance. He was like the genius of humanity, changing places with all of us at pleasure, and playing with our purposes as with his own. He turned the globe round for his amusement, and surveyed the generations of men, and the individuals as they passed, with their different concerns, passions, follies, vices, virtues, actions, and motives—as well those that they knew as those which they did not know or acknowledge to themselves. The dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair, were the toys of his fancy. Airy beings waited at his call and came at his bidding. Harmless fairies 'nodded to him, and did him curtesies;' and the night-hag bestrode the blast at the command of 'his so potent art.' The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women: and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one as of the other; for if the preternatural characters he describes could be supposed to exist, they would speak, and feel, and act as he makes them. He had only to think of any thing in order to become that thing, with all the circumstances belonging to it. When he conceived of a character, whether real or imaginary, he not only entered into all its thoughts and feelings, but seemed instantly, and as if by touching a secret spring, to be surrounded with all the same objects, 'subject to the same skyey influences,' the same local, outward, and unforeseen accidents, which would occur in reality. Thus the character of Caliban not only stands before us with a language and manners of his own, but the scenery and situation of the enchanted island he inhabits, the traditions of the place, its strange noises, its hidden recesses, 'his frequent haunts and ancient neighbourhood,' are given with a miraculous truth of nature, and with all the familiarity of an old recollection. The whole 'coheres semblably together' in time, place, and circumstance. In reading this author, you do not merely learn what his characters say,—you see their persons. By something expressed or understood, you are at no loss to decipher their peculiar physiognomy, the meaning of a look, the grouping, the byplay, as we might see it on the stage. A word, an epithet paints a whole scene, or throws us back whole years in the history of the person represented. . . . That which, perhaps, more than anything else distinguishes the dramatic productions of Shakespeare from all others is this wonderful truth and individuality of conception. Each of his characters is as much itself, and as absolutely independent of the rest, as well as of the author, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind. The poet may be said, for the time, to identify himself with the character he wishes to represent, and to pass from one to another, like the same soul successively animating different bodies. By an art like that of the ventriloquist, he throws his imagination out of himself, and makes every word appear to proceed from the mouth of the person in whose name it is given. His plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood; they speak like men, not like authors. One might suppose that he had stood by at the time, and overheard what passed. As in our dreams we hold conversations with ourselves, make remarks, or communicate intelligence, and have no idea of the answer which we shall receive, and which we ourselves make, till we hear it: so the dialogues in Shakespeare are carried on without any consciousness of what is to follow, without any appearance of preparation or premeditation. The gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. Nothing is made out by formal inference and analogy, by climax and antithesis: all comes, or seems to come, immediately from nature. Each object and circumstance exists in his mind, as it would have existed in reality; each several train of thought and feeling goes on of itself, without confusion or effort. In the world of his imagination, everything has a life, a place, and being of its own!

Chaucer's characters are sufficiently distinct from one another, but they are too little varied in themselves, too much like identical propositions. They are consistent, but uniform; we get no new idea of them from first to last; they are not placed in different lights, nor are their subordinate *traits* brought out in new situations; they are like portraits or physiognomical studies, with the distinguishing features marked with inconceivable truth and precision, but that preserve the same unaltered air and attitude. Shakespeare's are historical figures, equally true and correct, but put into action, where every nerve and muscle is displayed in the struggle with others, with all the effect of collision and contrast, with every variety of light and shade. Chaucer's characters are narrative, Shakespeare's dramatic, Milton's epic. That is, Chaucer told only as much of his story as he pleased, as was required for a particular purpose. He answered for his characters himself. In Shakespeare they are introduced upon the stage, are liable to be asked all sorts of questions, and are forced to answer for themselves. In Chaucer we perceive a fixed essence of character. In Shakespeare there is a continual composition and decomposition of its elements, a fermentation of every particle in the whole mass, by its alternate affinity or antipathy to other principles which are brought in contact with it. Till the experiment is tried, we do not know the result, the turn which the character will take in its new circumstances. Milton took only a few simple principles of character, and raised them to the utmost conceivable grandeur, and refined them from every base alloy. His imagination, 'nigh sphered in Heaven,' claimed kindred only with what he saw from

that height, and could raise to the same elevation with itself. He sat retired and kept his state alone, 'playing with wisdom;' while Shakespeare mingled with the crowd, and played the host, 'to make society the sweeter welcome.'

(From *Lectures on the English Poets.*)

Pope.

The question whether Pope was a poet has hardly yet been settled, and is hardly worth settling; for if he was not a great poet, he must have been a great prose-writer—that is, he was a great writer of some sort. He was a man of exquisite faculties, and of the most refined taste; and as he chose verse (the most obvious distinction of poetry) as the vehicle to express his ideas, he has generally passed for a poet, and a good one. If, indeed, by a great poet we mean one who gives the utmost grandeur to our conceptions of nature, or the utmost force to the passions of the heart, Pope was not in this sense a great poet; for the bent, the characteristic power of his mind, lay the clean contrary way; namely, in representing things as they appear to the indifferent observer, stripped of prejudice and passion, as in his Critical Essays; or in representing them in the most contemptible and insignificant point of view, as in his Satires; or in clothing the little with mock-dignity, as in his poems of Fancy; or in adorning the trivial incidents and familiar relations of life with the utmost elegance of expression and all the flattering illusions of friendship or self-love, as in his Epistles. He was not, then, distinguished as a poet of lofty enthusiasm, of strong imagination, with a passionate sense of the beauties of nature, or a deep insight into the workings of the heart; but he was a wit and a critic, a man of sense, of observation, and the world, with a keen relish for the elegances of art, or of nature when embellished by art, a quick tact for propriety of thought and manners as established by the forms and customs of society, a refined sympathy with the sentiments and habitudes of human life, as he felt them within the little circle of his family and friends. He was, in a word, the poet, not of nature, but of art; and the distinction between the two, as well as I can make it out, is this—The poet of nature is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power, and of passion in his own breast, sympathises with whatever is beautiful and grand and impassioned in nature, in its simple majesty, in its immediate appeal to the senses, to the thoughts and hearts of all men; so that the poet of nature, by the truth and depth and harmony of his mind, may be said to hold communion with the very soul of nature; to be identified with and to foreknow and to record the feelings of all men at all times and places, as they are liable to the same impressions; and to exert the same power over the minds of his readers that nature does. He sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are; he feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect the first principles of his and our common nature. Such was Homer, such was Shakespeare, whose works will last as long as nature, because they are a copy of the indestructible forms and everlasting impulses of nature, welling out from the bosom as from a perennial spring, or stamped upon the senses by the hand of their maker. The power of the imagination in them is the representative power of all nature. It has its centre in the human soul, and makes the circuit of the universe.

Pope was not assuredly a poet of this class, or in the first rank of it. He saw nature only dressed by art; he judged of beauty by fashion; he sought for truth in the opinions of the world; he judged of the feelings of others by his own. The capacious soul of Shakespeare had an intuitive and mighty sympathy with whatever could enter into the heart of man in all possible circumstances: Pope had an exact knowledge of all that he himself loved or hated, wished or wanted. Milton has winged his daring flight from heaven to earth, through Chaos and old Night. Pope's Muse never wandered with safety but from his library to his grotto, or from his grotto into his library back again. His mind dwelt with greater pleasure on his own garden than on the garden of Eden; he could describe the faultless whole-length mirror that reflected his own person, better than the smooth surface of the lake that reflects the face of heaven—a piece of cut glass or a pair of paste buckles with more brilliance and effect than a thousand dew-drops glittering in the sun. He would be more delighted with a patent lamp than with 'the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,' that fills the skies with its soft silent lustre, that trembles through the cottage window, and cheers the watchful mariner on the lonely wave. In short, he was the poet of personality and of polished life. That which was nearest to him was the greatest; the fashion of the day bore sway in his mind over the immutable laws of nature. He preferred the artificial to the natural in external objects, because he had a stronger fellow-feeling with the self-love of the maker or proprietor of a gewgaw than admiration of that which was interesting to all mankind. He preferred the artificial to the natural in passion, because the involuntary and uncalculating impulses of the one hurried him away with a force and vehemence with which he could not grapple; while he could trifle with the conventional and superficial modifications of mere sentiment at will, laugh at or admire, put them on or off like a masquerade-dress, make much or little of them, indulge them for a longer or a shorter time, as he pleased; and because, while they amused his fancy and exercised his ingenuity, they never once disturbed his vanity, his levity, or indifference. His mind was the antithesis of strength and grandeur; its power was the power of indifference. He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry; he was in poetry what the sceptic is in religion.

(From *Lectures on the English Poets.*)

Scott and Shakespeare.

No one admires or delights in the Scotch Novels more than I do; but at the same time when I hear it asserted that his mind is of the same class with Shakespeare's, or that he imitates nature in the same way, I confess I cannot assent to it. No two things appear to me more different. Sir Walter is an imitator of nature and nothing more; but I think Shakespeare is infinitely more than this. The creative principle is everywhere restless and redundant in Shakespeare, both as it relates to the invention of feeling and imagery; in the author of *Waverley* it lies for the most part dormant, sluggish, and unused. Sir Walter's mind is full of information, but the '*o'er-informing power*' is not there. Shakespeare's spirit, like fire, shines through him: Sir Walter's, like a stream, reflects surrounding objects. It is true, he has shifted the scene from Scotland into England and France, and the manners and characters are strikingly English and French; but this does not prove that they are not local, and that they are not borrowed, as well as the scenery and costume,

from comparatively obvious and mechanical sources. Nobody from reading Shakespeare would know (except from the *Dramatis Personæ*) that Lear was an English king. He is merely a king and a father. The ground is common: but what a well of tears has he dug out of it! The tradition is nothing, or a foolish one. There are no data in history to go upon; no advantage is taken of costume, no acquaintance with geography or architecture or dialect is necessary: but there is an old tradition, human nature—an old temple, the human mind—and Shakespeare walks into it and looks about him with a lordly eye, and seizes on the sacred spoils as his own. The story is a thousand or two years old, and yet the tragedy has no smack of antiquarianism in it. I should like very well to see Sir Walter giving us a tragedy of this kind, a huge 'globose' of sorrow, swinging round in mid-air, independent of time, place, and circumstance, sustained by its own weight and motion, and not propped up by the levers of custom, or patched up with quaint, old-fashioned dresses, or set off by grotesque backgrounds or rusty armour, but in which the mere paraphernalia and accessories were left out of the question, and nothing but the soul of passion and the pith of imagination was to be found. 'A dukedom to a beggarly *denier*,' he would make nothing of it. Does this prove he has done nothing, or that he has not done the greatest things? No, but that he is not like Shakespeare. For instance, when Lear says, 'The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me!' there is no old Chronicle of the line of Brute, no *black-letter* broadside, no tattered ballad, no vague rumour, in which this exclamation is registered; there is nothing romantic, quaint, mysterious in the objects introduced: the illustration is borrowed from the commonest and most casual images in nature, and yet it is this very circumstance that lends its extreme force to the expression of his grief by showing that even the lowest things in creation and the last you would think of had in his imagination turned against him. All nature was, as he supposed, in a conspiracy against him, and the most trivial and insignificant creatures concerned in it were the most striking proofs of its malignity and extent. It is the depth of passion, however, or of the poet's sympathy with it, that distinguishes this character of torturing familiarity in them, invests them with corresponding importance, and suggests them by the force of contrast. It is not that certain images are surcharged with a prescriptive influence over the imagination from known and existing prejudices, so that to approach or even mention them is sure to excite a pleasing awe and horror in the mind (the effect in this case is mostly mechanical)—the whole sublimity of the passage is from the weight of passion thrown into it, and this is the poet's own doing. This is not trick, but genius. Meg Merrilies on her death-bed says, 'Lay my head to the east!' Nothing can be finer or more thrilling than this in its way; but the author has little to do with it. It is an Oriental superstition; it is a proverbial expression; it is part of the gibberish (sublime though it be) of her gipsy clan!—'Nothing but his unkind daughters could have brought him to this pass.' This is not a cant phrase, nor the fragment of an old legend, nor a mysterious spell, nor the butt-end of a wizard's denunciation. It is the mere natural ebullition of passion, urged nearly to madness, and that will admit no other cause of dire misfortune but its own, which swallows up all other griefs. The force of despair hurries the imagination over the boundary of fact and common-sense, and renders the transition sublime; but there is no precedent or authority for it, except in the general nature of the human mind.

(From Essay on 'Scott, Racine, and Shakespear' in *The Plain Speaker;* elsewhere Hazlitt spells generally 'Shakspeare.')

Personal Characteristics.

What sometimes surprises me in looking back to the past is, with the exception already stated, to find myself so little changed in the time. The same images and trains of thought stick by me: I have the same tastes, likings, sentiments, and wishes that I had then. One great ground of confidence and support has, indeed, been struck from under my feet; but I have made it up to myself by proportionable pertinacity of opinion. The success of the great cause to which I had vowed myself was to me more than all the world: I had a strength in its strength, a resource which I knew not of, till it failed me for the second time.

'Fall'n was Glenartny's stately tree!
Oh! ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!'

It was not till I saw the axe laid to the root that I found the full extent of what I had to lose and suffer. But my conviction of the right was only established by the triumph of the wrong; and my earliest hopes will be my last regrets. One source of this unbendingness (which some may call obstinacy) is that, though living much alone, I have never worshipped the Echo. I see plainly enough that black is not white, that the grass is green, that kings are not their subjects; and, in such self-evident cases, do not think it necessary to collate my opinions with the received prejudices. In subtler questions, and matters that admit of doubt, as I do not impose my opinion on others without a reason, so I will not give up mine to them without a better reason; and a person calling me names, or giving himself airs of authority, does not convince me of his having taken more pains to find out the truth than I have, but the contrary. . . Both from disposition and habit, I can *assume* nothing in word, look, or manner. I cannot steal a march upon public opinion in any way. My standing upright, speaking loud, entering a room gracefully, proves nothing; therefore I neglect these ordinary means of recommending myself to the good graces and admiration of strangers (and, as it appears, even of philosophers and friends). Why? Because I have other resources, or, at least, am absorbed in other studies and pursuits. Suppose this absorption to be extreme, and even morbid—that I have brooded over an idea till it has become a kind of substance in my brain, that I have reasons for a thing which I have found out with much labour and pains, and to which I can scarcely do justice without the utmost violence of exertion (and that only to a few persons)—is this a reason for my playing off my out-of-the-way notions in all companies, wearing a prim and self-complacent air, as if I were 'the admired of all observers'? or is it not rather an argument (together with a want of animal spirits) why I should retire into myself, and perhaps acquire a nervous and uneasy look, from a consciousness of the disproportion between the interest and conviction I feel on certain subjects, and my ability to communicate what weighs upon my own mind to others? If my ideas, which I do not avouch, but suppose, lie below the surface, why am I to be always

attempting to dazzle superficial people with them, or smiling, delighted, at my own want of success?

In matters of taste and feeling, one proof that my conclusions have not been quite shallow or hasty is the circumstance of their having been lasting. I have the same favourite books, pictures, passages, that I ever had: I may therefore presume that they will last me my life—nay, I may indulge a hope that my thoughts will survive me. This continuity of impression is the only thing on which I pride myself. Even Lamb, whose relish of certain things is as keen and earnest as possible, takes a surfeit of admiration, and I should be afraid to ask about his select authors or particular friends after a lapse of ten years. As to myself, any one knows where to have me. What I have once made up my mind to, I abide by to the end of the chapter. One cause of my independence of opinion is, I believe, the liberty I give to others, or the very diffidence and distrust of making converts. I should be an excellent man on a jury. I might say little, but should starve 'the other eleven obstinate fellows' out.

(From 'A Farewell to Essay-Writing' in *Winterslow.*)

On Judging of Pictures.

I deny *in toto* and at once the exclusive right and power of painters to judge of pictures. What is a picture made for? To convey certain ideas to the mind of a painter—that is, of one man in ten thousand? No, but to make them apparent to the eye and mind of all. If a picture be admired by none but painters, I think it is a strong presumption that the picture is bad. A painter is no more a judge, I suppose, than another man of how people feel and look under certain passions and events. Everybody sees as well as he whether certain figures on the canvas are like such a man, or like a cow, a tree, a bridge, or a windmill. All that the painter can do more than the *lay* spectator is to tell *why* and how the merits and defects of a picture are produced. I see that such a figure is ungraceful, and out of nature—he shows me that the drawing is faulty, or the foreshortening incorrect. He then points out to me whence the blemish arises; but he is not a bit more aware of the existence of the blemish than I am. In Hogarth's 'Frontispiece' I see that the whole business is absurd, for a man on a hill two miles off could not light his pipe at a candle held out of a window close to me; he tells me that is from a want of perspective—that is, of certain rules by which certain effects are obtained. He shows me why the picture is bad, but I am just as well capable of saying 'the picture is bad' as he is. To take a coarse illustration, but one most exactly apposite: I can tell whether a made dish be good or bad—whether its taste be pleasant or disagreeable; it is dressed for the palate of uninitiated people, and not alone for the disciples of Dr Kitchener and Mr Ude. But it needs a cook to tell one *why* it is bad; that there is a grain too much of this, or a drop too much of t'other; that it has been boiled rather too much, or stewed rather too little. These things, the wherefores, as Squire Western would say, I require an artist to tell me; but the point in debate—the worth or the bad quality of the painting or pottage—I am as well able to decide upon as any who ever brandished a pallet or a pan, a brush or a skimming-ladle.

To go into the higher branches of the art—the poetry of painting—I deny still more peremptorily the exclusiveness of the initiated. It might as well be said that none but those who could write a play have any right to sit on the third row in the pit, on the first night of a new tragedy; nay, there is more plausibility in the one than the other. No man can judge of poetry without possessing in some measure a poetical mind; it need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyse. Now, in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those imaginations, to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. I may know what is a just or a beautiful representation of love, anger, madness, despair, without being able to draw a straight line; and I do not see how that faculty adds to the capability of so judging. A very great proportion of painting is mechanical. The higher kinds of painting need first a poet's mind to conceive; very well, but then they need a draughtsman's hand to execute. Now, he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of producing it himself. I am far from saying that any one is capable of duly judging pictures of the higher class. It requires a mind capable of estimating the noble, or touching, or terrible, or sublime subjects which they present; but there is no sort of necessity that we should be able to put them upon the canvas ourselves.

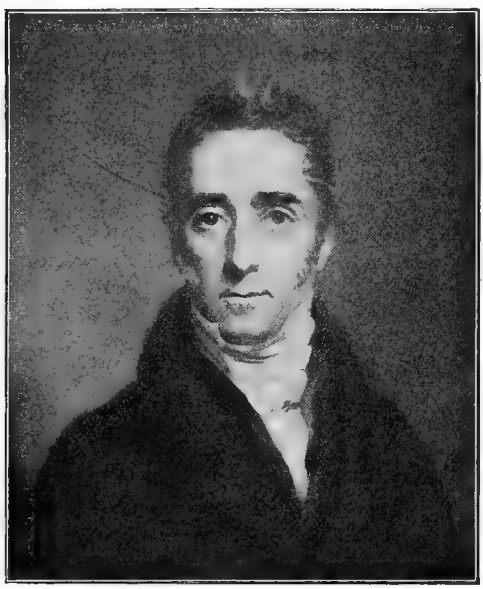
(From Hunt's *Literary Examiner*, 1823, No. 5, reprinted in *Essays on the Fine Arts*, 1873.)

Works, edited by A. R. Waller and A. Glover, with Introduction by W. E. Henley (12 vols. 1902, &c.); *Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, with a Notice of his Life by his Son, and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings*, by E. L. Bulwer and Talfourd (2 vols. 1836); *Memoirs of William Hazlitt*, by W. Carew Hazlitt (1867); *Four Generations of a Literary Family*, by W. Carew Hazlitt (2 vols. 1897); *William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic*, with a Memoir by Alexander Ireland (1889); *Hazlitt, Essays on Poetry*, edited, with Introduction, by D. Nichol Smith (1901); *William Hazlitt*, by Augustine Birrell, 'English Men of Letters' series (1902).

D. NICHOL SMITH.

Francis Jeffrey, son of George Jeffrey, a depute-clerk in the Court of Session, was born at Edinburgh on 23rd October 1773. There he lived almost continuously from his earliest school-days 'in the abyss of Bailie Fyfe's Close' to his latter years as a Lord of Session and 'Duke of Craigcrook.' At the age of fourteen he passed from the High School of Edinburgh to the University of Glasgow, where he remained till 1789. During the next two years, which he spent in his native city and at an uncle's place in Stirlingshire, he appears to have devoted himself to the composition of letters and essays on various critical and ethical subjects, as well as a *Sketch of My Own Character.* That he wrote no less than thirty-one papers between November 1789 and March 1790 is a fact of some interest in the biography of the later editor. Yet they are of indifferent promise, and history will prefer to signalise these aimless years by the occasion on which he assisted in carrying to bed the greatest of biographers in a state of the greatest intoxication. He proceeded to Oxford in September 1791, but he found the life there so uncongenial that he returned in July of the next year. The men at Queen's were 'pedants, coxcombs, and strangers:' so ill at ease was he that he could say, 'This place has no latent charms,' and

again, 'Except praying and drinking I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place.' Lord Holland dryly put it to the credit of his short sojourn there that 'he had lost the broad Scotch and had gained only the narrow English.' His correspondence shows that he had been disturbed by the ambition to become a poet. On his final return to Edinburgh he studied law at the university, and joined, in December 1792, the Speculative Society, of which Scott, Francis Horner, Brougham, and other friends of later life were active members. He was called to the Bar in December 1794; but his prospects were poor, and he eked out his miserable income by occasional contributions to the *Monthly Review*. In November 1801, when his practice was worth but one hundred pounds per



FRANCIS JEFFREY.
After the Portrait by Colvin Smith.

annum, he married Catherine Wilson (who died in 1805), and established himself on the third floor of No. 18 Buccleuch Place. In these lofty rooms—not in 'the eighth or ninth storey,' if Sydney Smith's historic phrase be taken literally—Jeffrey and his friends founded *The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal.* The project was Smith's, and the preliminary work, including the editing of the first number (10th October 1802), was also his; but Jeffrey assumed responsibility with the second number, and continued as editor and regular contributor till 1829, when he retired on his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. From 1803 onwards his time was absorbed by the *Review*, by his improving practice at the Bar, and by the Friday Club, which Scott had originated for the entertainment of literary Edinburgh. One or two interludes of unexpected variety broke the even tenor of these days. He was very nearly exiled as a Professor of Moral Philosophy at Calcutta; in 1806 he was interrupted by the London police in a duel with the poet Moore; and in 1813 he ventured across the Atlantic to marry his second wife, a grandniece of the notorious John Wilkes. The success of the Whig review was unbroken, and the establishment of the rival *Quarterly* (February 1809) was a compliment to the foresight of the *Edinburgh* coterie in discovering a fresh means of literary appeal to the public, though it was ostensibly a protest against certain views on the Peninsular war and Domestic Reform, and especially against Jeffrey's article on 'Cevallos on the French Usurpation in Spain' (No. xxv., art. 14). The party zeal of this paper caused Scott to sever his connection and to join the opposing journal. But the popularity of the *Review* was not seriously affected, though many old subscribers were not less hostile than Lord Buchan, who kicked the offending number from his door in George Square. Down to the date of his retirement from the editorship Jeffrey appears to have written nothing outside the pages of his own journal, except an important article on 'Beauty' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1816). His address as Rector of Glasgow University, which he delivered in 1820, was not published till 1839.

In the final stage of his career literature yielded to politics and society, and, towards the close, to the dignified ease of the Bench. In the year following his election as Dean of Faculty he was appointed Lord Advocate by the new Whig Ministry, and he sat as member for Malton after his return for the Forfar Burghs had been annulled. He played an active part in Reform Bill legislation, and in 1832 was elected member for Edinburgh. His parliamentary duties took him often to London, but after June 1834, when he was elevated to the Scottish Bench with the legal title of Lord Jeffrey, he rarely left Edinburgh or its neighbourhood, passing his time at his house in Moray Place or at his summer residence at Craigcrook, which he had taken after his second marriage. He died on the 26th of January 1850.

Jeffrey's literary work is unusually limited, both in range of interest and in kind. It represents a single type of composition, almost entirely restricted to a single journal. And yet he has written more than many authors of greater enterprise have done, and has maintained in his own *genre* a higher and more uniform standard of craftsmanship. He has left no less than two hundred articles on literature, philosophy, and politics—a remarkable monument of intellectual breadth and editorial alertness. The historical importance of Jeffrey's work lies in the fact that he defined a certain method of literary criticism which became popular in the nineteenth century. In the *Edinburgh* he set the fashion of the 'review,' a medley of extract and reflection, in which author and critic, in more or less amiable dialogue, explain themselves to the intelligent reader. It demanded less originality and less completeness in theory; and it was to a great

extent, as in the later *Causeries du Lundi* and other analogous examples, the outcome of journalistic necessity. In Jeffrey's case this manner was probably helped by a habit, acquired in youth, of making extensive notes and *précis* of books and lectures, and of interpolating paragraphs of approval or dissent. The method made 'criticism' easy to those who were in a hurry to write, or in a hurry to read, and it undoubtedly did much, in the earlier stages at least, to stimulate literary taste. Jeffrey, however, never sank the critical in the descriptive (the *Edinburgh Review* was also, as its title-page claimed, a *Critical Journal*), and, far more than his successors, made his reviewing an excuse for the iteration of a definite critical doctrine.

There are but few pages of Jeffrey's writings—at least in the ample selection which he reprinted—which are lacking in literary interest either in point of view or in style. Despite the miscellaneous character of his work, the manner is uniformly 'correct' in the best sense; his English is not merely good, but always clear, and often lively. When he is dull or commonplace, as he is on occasion, it is nearly always because he has looked at the subject too carefully and from both sides, and has declined to give a bias to the indolent reader. The sincerity which he showed in his analysis and judgment has its counterpart in the sincerity of his style; it was a necessary corollary to the exact rule which guided his approach to a subject that he should spare no effort to make his familiarity clear to his readers. In the more intimate passages of his *juvenilia* he vows himself to a strenuous discipline, guided by the best models, in the preparation of a careful prose style. His more obvious faults of manner are traceable to a certain priggishness, which appears in the exercises of his earliest college days, reappears at times in the censorious *Review*, and is transformed in the correspondence of later life into that condescension from which a Scottish judge of that day could hardly escape. There can be no doubt that it was this profession of superiority, apart from political and personal antipathies, which irritated his more sensitive contemporaries; but it must be conceded that Jeffrey, if at times indiscreet, had good reason to believe in his more thorough mastery of the problem in hand. His legal cast of mind, strengthened by his experience at the Bar, undoubtedly stimulated this habit; for in his writings, and in the later rather than in the earlier, he shows the ingenuity of the cross-examiner in coaxing from himself effective evidence of his own learning and judgment.

Later criticism has inclined to discredit Jeffrey's literary acumen and to blame him for his Corinthian manner of disagreement—even for setting a bad example to the essayists of the next generation. Yet Jeffrey's obtuseness is but apparent. Opinions like his 'This will never do,' wrenched from their context and brought face to face with modern taste, may well put the best of Jeffrey's apologists out of countenance; but it must be remembered, in his behalf, that he had the difficult problem of dealing with the work of contemporaries, and of passing judgments which his readers wished to receive as final; and, moreover, that the issues before him were not exactly the issues which concern us. He has his prejudices, but they are never wanton. His most extravagant utterances about the Lake School, even his unfortunate gibe at 'dancing daffodils,' for which he is still in the critics' purgatory, are less the expression of mere dislike than the logical outcome of a carefully adopted theory. He took ill to the Wordsworthian dogmas, to German transcendentalism and vulgarity, in a general way to the 'new things' of the Romantic Spirit, primarily because the indifference or opposition of these views to artistic method, as expressed in the catch-phrase 'Poetic Diction,' struck rudely at his lifelong purpose to establish an analogical rule or habit in the domain of criticism. And after all, in his most inconsiderate (not unconsidered) judgments he never went so far astray as Wordsworth did in his description of the eighteenth century. To the historical student it is an easier task to justify Jeffrey from *his* point of view than it is to be convinced of Wordsworth's perspective, however strongly Wordsworthian the reader's sympathies may be. Moreover, Jeffrey's fine instinct for the best passages in contemporary literature, even in those authors which were not after his heart, is a qualification for the critical Areopagus which his greatest errors of judgment cannot destroy. The pages of extract which fill the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh* form, if taken by themselves, an anthology of no small permanent value. To the charge of undue severity or unfairness in his criticism the readiest retort is to invite a comparison with Gifford or Lockhart, who dragooned heresy and ineptitude as Jeffrey never did or could have done. His generous appreciation of Burns and Keats, and his *amende honorable* in his postscripts on Scott and Wordsworth, are unmatched in those who gloried 'in resting on one side of the question.' Jeffrey has gained the obloquy of the pioneer; but the rereading of his 'insensate rage' at the distance of a century will adjust the balance. His breadth of view saved him from the minor and persistent asperities. He was for that reason more prone to annoy his victim by a suspension of judgment, by hopping round and round him, than by knocking him down with a blow. But this active indecision, if we may so call it, while it was more merciful to the author, sometimes undid or damaged the reputation of the critic.

Men of Letters and Society.

The last distinction between good French and good English society arises from the different position which was occupied in each by the men of letters. In France, certainly, they mingled much more extensively with the polite world—incalculably to the benefit both of that

world and of themselves. In England our great scholars and authors have commonly lived in their studies, or in the society of a few learned friends or dependants; and their life has been so generally gloomy, laborious, and inelegant that literature and intellectual eminence have lost some of their honours and much of their attraction. With us, when a man takes to authorship, he is commonly looked upon as having renounced both the gay and busy world; and the consequence is that the gay are extremely frivolous, and the active rash and superficial, while the man of genius is admired by posterity, and finishes his days rather dismally, without knowing or caring for any other denomination of men than authors, booksellers, and critics.

This distinction too, we think, arises out of the difference of government, or out of some of its more immediate consequences. Our politicians are too busy to mix with men of study; and our idlers are too weak and too frivolous. The studious, therefore, are driven in a great measure to herd with each other, and to form a little world of their own, in which all their peculiarities are aggravated, their vanity encouraged, and their awkwardness confirmed. In Paris, where talent and idleness met together, a society grew up both more inviting and more accessible to men of thought and erudition. What they communicated to this society rendered it more intelligent and respectable; and what they learned from it made them much more reasonable, amiable, and happy. They learned, in short, the true value of knowledge and of wisdom, by seeing exactly how much they could contribute to the government or the embellishment of life; and discovered that there were sources both of pride and of happiness far more important and abundant than thinking, writing, or reading.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, January 1810.)

Literary Taste in Germany.

This [*Wilhelm Meister*] is allowed, by the general consent of all Germany, to be the very greatest work of their very greatest writer. The most original, the most varied and inventive—the most characteristic, in short, of the author, and of his country. We receive it as such accordingly, with implicit faith and suitable respect, and have perused it in consequence with very great attention and no common curiosity. We have perused it, indeed, only in the translation of which we have prefixed the title; but it is a translation by a professed admirer, and by one who is proved by his Preface to be a person of talents, and by every part of the work to be no ordinary master, at least of one of the languages with which he has to deal. We need scarcely say that we profess to judge of the work only according to our own principles of judgment and habits of feeling; and, meaning nothing less than to dictate to the readers or the critics of Germany what they should think of their favourite authors, propose only to let them know, in all plainness and modesty, what we, and we really believe most of our countrymen, actually think of this *chef-d'œuvre* of Teutonic genius.

We must say, then, at once, that we cannot enter into the spirit of this German idolatry; nor at all comprehend upon what grounds the work before us could ever be considered as an admirable, or even a commendable performance. To us it certainly appears, after the most deliberate consideration, to be eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar, and affected; and, though redeemed by considerable power of invention and some traits of vivacity, to be so far from perfection as to be, almost from beginning to end, one flagrant offence against every principle of taste and every just rule of composition. Though indicating in many places a mind capable both of acute and profound reflection, it is full of mere silliness and childish affectation; and though evidently the work of one who had seen and observed much, it is throughout altogether unnatural, and not so properly improbable as affectedly fantastic and absurd; kept, as it were, studiously aloof from general or ordinary nature; never once bringing us into contact with real life or genuine character; and, where not occupied with the professional squabbles, paltry jargon, and scenical profligacy of strolling players, tumblers, and mummers (which may be said to form its staple), is conversant only with incomprehensible mystics and vulgar men of whim, with whom, if it were at all possible to understand them, it would be a baseness to be acquainted. Everything, and everybody we meet with, is a riddle and an oddity; and though the tissue of the story is sufficiently coarse, and the manners and sentiments infected with a strong tinge of vulgarity, it is all kept in the air, like a piece of machinery at the minor theatres, and never allowed to touch the solid ground, or to give an impression of reality, by the disclosure of known or living features. In the midst of all this, however, there are, every now and then, outbreakings of a fine speculation, and gleams of a warm and sprightly imagination, an occasional wild and exotic glow of fancy and poetry, a vigorous heaping up of incidents, and touches of bright and powerful description.

It is not very easy certainly to account for these incongruities, or to suggest an intelligible theory for so strange a practice. But in so far as we can guess, these peculiarities of German taste are to be referred, in part, to the comparative newness of original composition among that ingenious people, and to the state of European literature when they first ventured on the experiment; and in part to the state of society in that great country itself, and the comparatively humble condition of the greater part of those who write, or to whom writing is there addressed.

The Germans, though undoubtedly an imaginative and even enthusiastic race, had neglected their native literature for two hundred years, and were chiefly known for their learning and industry. They wrote huge Latin treatises on Law and Theology, and put forth bulky editions and great tomes of annotations on the classics. At last, however, they grew tired of being respected as the learned drudges of Europe, and reproached with their consonants and commentators; and determined, about fifty years ago, to show what metal they were made of, and to give the world a taste of their quality, as men of genius and invention. In this attempt the first thing to be effected was at all events to avoid the imputation of being scholastic imitators of the classics. *That* would have smelt too much, they thought, of the old shop; and in order to prove their claims to originality, it was necessary to go a little into the opposite extreme—to venture on something decidedly modern, and to show at once their independence of their old masters, and their superiority to the pedantic rules of antiquity. With this view some of them betook themselves to the French models, set seriously to study how to be gay—*apprendre à être vif*, and composed a variety of *petites pièces* and novels of polite gallantry in a style—of which we shall at present say nothing. This manner, however, ran too

much counter to the general character of the nation to be very much followed; and undoubtedly the greater and better part of their writers turned rather to us for hints and lessons to guide them in their ambitious career. There was a greater original affinity in the temper and genius of the two nations; and, in addition to that consideration, our great authors were indisputably at once more original and less classical than those of France. England, however, we are sorry to say, could furnish abundance of bad as well as of good models; and even the best were perilous enough for rash imitators. As it happened, however, the worst were most generally selected; and the worst parts of the good. Shakespeare was admired; but more for his flights of fancy, his daring improprieties, his trespasses on the borders of absurdity, than for the infinite sagacity and rectifying good sense by which he redeemed those extravagances, or even the profound tenderness and simple pathos which alternated with the lofty soaring or dazzling imagery of his style. Altogether, however, Shakespeare was beyond their rivalry; and although Schiller has dared, and not ingloriously, to emulate his miracles, it was plainly to other merits and other rivalries that the body of his ingenious countrymen aspired. The ostentatious absurdity, the affected oddity, the pert familiarity, the broken style and exaggerated sentiment of *Tristram Shandy;* the mawkish morality, dawdling details, and interminable agonies of Richardson; the vulgar adventures and homely, though at the same time fantastical, speculations of John Buncle and others of his forgotten class, found far more favour in their eyes. They were original, startling, unclassical, and puzzling. They excited curiosity by not being altogether intelligible; effectually excluded monotony by the rapidity and violence of their transitions, and promised to rouse the most torpid sensibility by the violence and perseverance with which they thundered at the heart. They were the very things, in short, which the German originals were in search of; and they were not slow, therefore, in adopting and improving on them. In order to make them thoroughly their own, they had only to exaggerate their peculiarities; to mix up with them a certain allowance of their old visionary philosophy, misty metaphysics, and superstitious visions; and to introduce a few crazy sententious theorists, to sprinkle over the whole a seasoning of rash speculation on morality and the fine arts.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, August 1825.)

Burns and Wordsworth.

Our other remark is of a more limited application, and is addressed chiefly to the followers and patrons of that new school of poetry, against which we have thought it our duty to neglect no opportunity of testifying. Those gentlemen are outrageous for simplicity; and we beg leave to recommend to them the simplicity of Burns. He has copied the spoken language of passion and affection, with infinitely more fidelity than they have ever done, on all occasions which properly admitted of such adaptation; but he has not rejected the helps of elevated language and habitual associations, nor debased his composition by an affectation of babyish interjections, and all the puling expletives of an old nursery-maid's vocabulary. They may look long enough among his nervous and manly lines before they find any 'Good lacks!'—'Dear hearts!'—or 'As a body may says,' in them; or any stuff about dancing daffodils and sister Emmelines. Let them think with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, of Andrew Jones and the half-crown, or of Little Dan without breeches, and his thievish grandfather. Let them contrast their own fantastical personages of hysterical schoolmasters and sententious leech-gatherers with the authentic rustics of Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and his inimitable songs; and reflect on the different reception which those personifications have met with from the public. Though they will not be reclaimed from their puny affectations by the example of their learned predecessors, they may, perhaps, submit to be admonished by a self-taught and illiterate poet, who drew from Nature far more directly than they can do, and produced something so much liker the admired copies of the masters whom they have abjured.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, January 1809.)

Scott's Poetic Genius.

In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are all selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers. He never ventures to carry us into the cottage of the modern peasant, like Crabbe or Cowper; nor into the bosom of domestic privacy, like Campbell; nor among creatures of the imagination, like Southey or Darwin. Such personages, we readily admit, are not in themselves so interesting or striking as those to whom Mr Scott has devoted himself; but they are far less familiar in poetry, and are therefore more likely, perhaps, to engage the attention of those to whom poetry is familiar. In the management of the passions, again, Mr Scott appears to have pursued the same popular and comparatively easy course. He has raised all the most familiar and poetical emotions, by the most obvious aggravations and in the most compendious and judicious ways. He has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections; but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported, and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility which unfits for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood; and, for this purpose, to have culled the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance; and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing in Mr Scott of the severe and majestic style of Milton, or of the terse and fine composition of Pope, or

of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell, or even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southey. But there is a medley of bright images and glowing words, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction, tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry; passing from the borders of the ludicrous to those of the sublime, alternately minute and energetic, sometimes artificial and frequently negligent, but always full of spirit and vivacity, abounding in images that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture, and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.

Such seem to be the leading qualities that have contributed to Mr Scott's popularity; and as some of them are obviously of a kind to diminish his merit in the eyes of more fastidious judges, it is but fair to complete this view of his peculiarities by a hasty notice of such of them as entitle him to unqualified admiration; and here it is impossible not to be struck with that vivifying spirit of strength and animation which pervades all the inequalities of his composition, and keeps constantly on the mind of the reader the impression of great power, spirit, and intrepidity. There is nothing cold, creeping, or feeble in all Mr Scott's poetry; no laborious littleness or puling classical affectation. He has his failures, indeed, like other people; but he always attempts vigorously, and never fails in his immediate object without accomplishing something far beyond the reach of an ordinary writer. Even when he wanders from the paths of pure taste, he leaves behind him the footsteps of a powerful genius, and moulds the most humble of his materials into a form worthy of a nobler substance. Allied to this inherent vigour and animation, and in a great degree derived from it, is that air of facility and freedom which adds so peculiar a grace to most of Mr Scott's compositions. There is certainly no living poet whose works seem to come from him with so much ease, or who so seldom appears to labour, even in the most burdensome parts of his performance. He seems, indeed, never to think either of himself or his reader, but to be completely identified and lost in the personages with whom he is occupied; and the attention of the reader is consequently either transferred, unbroken, to their adventures, or, if it glance back for a moment to the author, it is only to think how much more might be done by putting forth that strength at full, which has, without effort, accomplished so many wonders. It is owing partly to these qualities, and partly to the great variety of his style, that Mr Scott is much less frequently tedious than any other bulky poet with whom we are acquainted. His store of images is so copious that he never dwells upon one long enough to produce weariness in the reader; and, even when he deals in borrowed or in tawdry wares, the rapidity of his transitions, and the transient glance with which he is satisfied as to each, leave the critic no time to be offended, and hurry him forward, along with the multitude, enchanted with the brilliancy of the exhibition. Thus, the very frequency of his deviations from pure taste comes, in some sort, to constitute their apology; and the profusion and variety of his faults to afford a new proof of his genius.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, August 1810.)

Keats.

We have never happened to see either of these volumes [*Endymion* (1818); and *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St Agnes, and other Poems* (1820)] till very lately, and have been exceedingly struck with the genius they display, and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance. That imitation of our old writers, and especially of our older dramatists, to which we cannot help flattering ourselves that we have somewhat contributed, has brought on, as it were, a second spring in our poetry; and few of its blossoms are either more profuse of sweetness or richer in promise than this which is now before us. Mr Keats, we understand, is still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity. They manifestly require, therefore, all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt. But we think it no less plain that they deserve it; for they are flushed all over with the rich flights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present. The models upon which he has formed himself in the *Endymion*, the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems, are obviously *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher and *The Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity, and, like his great originals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air—which breathes only in them and in Theocritus—which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights and sounds and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium. His subject has the disadvantage of being mythological; and in this respect, as well as on account of the raised and rapturous tone it consequently assumes, his poem, it may be thought, would be better compared to the *Comus* and the *Arcades* of Milton, of which, also, there are many traces of imitation. The great distinction, however between him and these divine authors is, that imagination in them is subordinate to reason and judgment, while with him it is paramount and supreme—that their ornaments and images are employed to embellish and recommend just sentiments, engaging incidents, and natural characters, while his are poured out without measure or restraint, and with no apparent design but to unburden the breast of the author, and give vent to the overflowing vein of his fancy. The thin and scanty tissue of his story is merely the light framework on which his florid wreaths are suspended; and while his imaginations go rambling and entangling themselves everywhere, like wild honeysuckles, all idea of sober reason, and plan, and consistency is utterly forgotten, and 'strangled in their waste fertility.' A great part of the work, indeed, is written in the strangest and most fantastical manner that can be imagined. It seems as if the author had ventured everything that occurred to him in the shape of a glittering image or striking expression; taken the first word that presented itself to make up a rhyme, and then made that word the germ of a new cluster of images, a hint for a new excursion of the fancy; and so wandered on, equally forgetful whence he came, and heedless

whither he was going, till he had covered his pages with an interminable arabesque of connected and incongruous figures, that multiplied as they extended, and were only harmonised by the brightness of their tints and the graces of their forms. In this rash and headlong career he has, of course, many lapses and failures. There is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule, or select more obscure, unnatural, or absurd passages. But we do not take *that* to be our office, and must beg leave on the contrary to say that any one who on this account would represent the whole poem as despicable must either have no notion of poetry or no regard to truth.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, August 1820.)

Wordsworth.

I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr Wordsworth's poetry; and forgetting that, even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression. And indeed so strong has been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his Genius, and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending, or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in or openly renounced and abandoned as untenable.

I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of *The Excursion;* which contains a pretty full view of my griefs and charges against Mr Wordsworth; set forth too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say further, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed, but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and good-will.

But I have also reprinted a short paper on the same author's *White Doe of Rylstone*—in which there certainly is no praise or notice of beauties to set against the very unqualified censures of which it is wholly made up. I have done this, however, not merely because I adhere to these censures, but chiefly because it seemed necessary to bring me fairly to issue with those who may not concur in them. I can easily understand that many whose admiration of the *Excursion* or the *Lyrical Ballads* rests substantially on the passages which I too should join in admiring may view with greater indulgence than I can do the tedious and flat passages with which they are interspersed, and may consequently think my censure of these works a great deal too harsh and uncharitable. Between such persons and me, therefore, there may be no radical difference of opinion or contrariety as to principles of judgment. But if there be any who actually admire this *White Doe of Rylstone*, or *Peter Bell* [, or] *The Waggoner*, or the Lamentations of Martha Rae, or the *Sonnets* [*up*]*on the Punishment of Death*, there can be no such ambiguity or means of reconcilement. Now I have been assured not only that there are such persons, but that almost all those who seek to exalt Mr Wordsworth as the founder of a new school of poetry consider these as by far his best and most characteristic productions, and would at once reject from their communion any one who did not acknowledge in them the traces of a high inspiration. Now I wish it to be understood that when I speak with general intolerance or impatience of the school of Mr Wordsworth, it is to the school holding these tenets and applying these tests that I refer: and I really do not see how I could better explain the grounds of my dissent from their doctrines than by republishing my remarks on this *White Doe.*

(Note to review of *The Excursion*, November 1814: *Contributions*, vol. ii., ed. 1846, pp. 504–5.)

. . . . . .

This [*The White Doe*], we think, has the merit of being the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume; and though it was scarcely to be expected, we confess, that Mr Wordsworth, with all his ambition, should so soon have attained to that distinction, the wonder may perhaps be diminished when we state that it seems to us to consist of a happy union of all the faults, without any of the beauties, which belong to his school of poetry. It is just such a work, in short, as some wicked enemy of that school might be supposed to have devised on purpose to make it ridiculous; and when we first took it up, we could not help suspecting that some ill-natured critic had actually taken this harsh method of instructing Mr Wordsworth, by example, in the nature of those errors, against which our precepts had been so often directed in vain. We had not gone far, however, till we felt intuitively that nothing in the nature of a joke could be so insupportably dull, and that this must be the work of one who earnestly believed it to be a pattern of pathetic simplicity, and gave it out as such to the admiration of all intelligent readers. In this point of view, the work may be regarded as curious at least, if not in some degree interesting; and at all events it must be instructive to be made aware of the excesses into which superior understandings may be betrayed by long self-indulgence, and the strange extravagances into which they may run when under the influence of that intoxication which is produced by unrestrained admiration of themselves. This poetical intoxication, indeed, to pursue the figure a little farther, seems capable of assuming as many forms as the vulgar one which arises from wine; and it appears to require as delicate a management to make a man a good poet by the help of the one as to make him a good companion by means of the other. In both cases, a little mistake as to the dose or the quality of the inspiring fluid may make him absolutely outrageous, or lull him over into the most profound stupidity, instead of brightening up the hidden stores of his genius: and truly we are concerned to say that Mr Wordsworth seems hitherto to have been unlucky in the choice of his liquor—or of his bottle-holder. In some of his odes and ethic exhortations he was exposed to the public in a state of incoherent rapture and glorious delirium to which we think we have seen a parallel

among the humbler lovers of jollity. In the *Lyrical Ballads* he was exhibited on the whole in a vein of very pretty deliration; but in the poem before us he appears in a state of low and maudlin imbecility which would not have misbecome Master Silence himself in the close of a social day. Whether this unhappy result is to be ascribed to any adulteration of his Castalian cups, or to the unlucky choice of his company over them, we cannot presume to say. It may be that he has dashed his Hippocrene with too large an infusion of lake water, or assisted its operation too exclusively by the study of the ancient historical ballads of 'the north countrie.' That there are palpable imitations of the style and manner of those venerable compositions in the work before us is indeed undeniable; but it unfortunately happens that while the hobbling versification, the mean diction, and flat stupidity of these models are very exactly copied, and even improved upon, in this imitation, their rude energy, manly simplicity, and occasional felicity of expression have totally disappeared; and instead of them a large allowance of the author's own metaphysical sensibility and mystical wordiness is forced into an unnatural combination with the borrowed beauties which have just been mentioned.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, October 1815.)

For the life, the indispensable authority is Lord Cockburn's *Life, with Selections from his Correspondence* (2 vols. 8vo. 1852). Supplementary facts are to be gleaned in the correspondence and writings of Sydney Smith, Horner, Moore, Hazlitt, Macvey Napier, Carlyle, and in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. Jeffrey's own selections from the *Edinburgh Review* appeared first in 4 vols. 8vo. (London, 1844), then in 3 vols. 8vo. (London, 1846), and later in 1 vol. 8vo. (London, 1853)—under the title, *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*. The extracts given above are reprinted from the three-volume edition. A few of his political speeches—for example, *On Catholic Claims* and on *The Reform Bill*—were published in pamphlet form before his death.

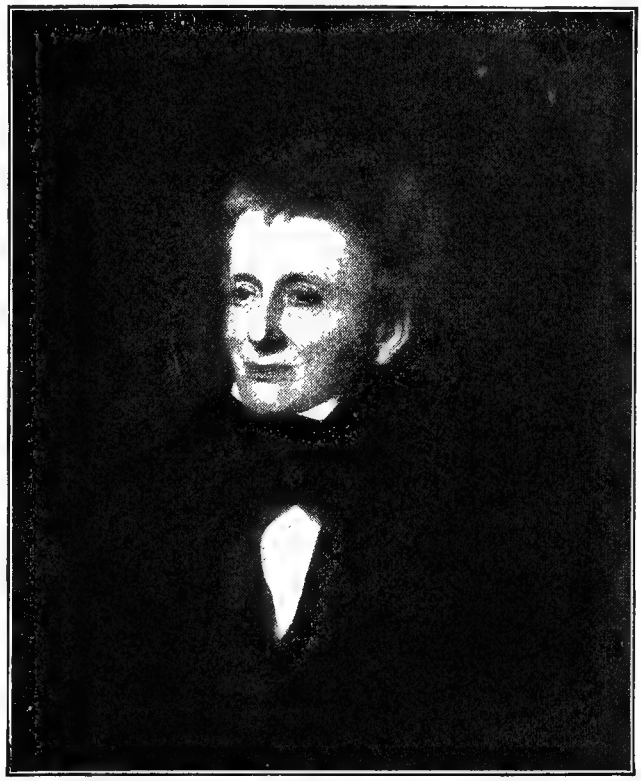
G. GREGORY SMITH.

Thomas de Quincey

was born in Manchester on 15th August 1785. He claimed descent from the Norman family of De Quincey which had come over with the Conqueror; but his father was plain Thomas Quincey, author of a *Short Tour in the Midland Counties* (1775), and latterly a successful merchant in Fountain Street, Manchester. Young Thomas's pride of family showed itself early, for in his fifteenth year he informed George III., during a chance interview in Frogmore Gardens, that he was not of Huguenot origin, as the king had suggested. The resumption of the 'de' was an article of honour with him, though his mother was persuaded by her stricter friends of the Hannah More set to denounce it as a worldly vanity. We have particulars in the autobiographic *Sketches* of his very earliest years near Manchester, first at The Farm, and then (? 1792–96) at the house of Greenhay, which his father had just built but did not live to enjoy. How far these episodes are authentic it is impossible to say, but it is unnecessary to suspect them, or those of later periods, as the imaginings of the 'Opium-Eater.' Some have been tested and found to be accurate; and it must not be forgotten that long before he discovered the 'divine' drug near 'the stately Pantheon' he had been a child of visions. Of the truth of his account of his *Introduction to the World of Strife*, a humorous-pathetic picture of the rude shocks which his sensitive nature received at the hands of his boisterous 'big brother' William, there can be no doubt. The terrors of the kinglet of Gombroon before the monarch of Tigrosylvania, the court-martials of the major-general by the 'awful commander-in-chief,' must have passed for honest autobiography even if we had known nothing of the real skirmishes with the factory boys of Manchester or the escapades at Greenhay. In 1796, in the gentler company of his brother Richard ('Pink'), he went to the grammar-school at Bath, where he became the most promising pupil, especially in Latin verses; but illness, produced by a blow on the head, interrupted his training. On his recovery he was sent by his mother to a private school at Winkfield, whose headmaster had attracted her by his 'religious character.' A holiday spent next year round Eton and in Ireland with a boy-friend, Lord Westport, and thereafter at Lord Carbery's house at Laxton in Northamptonshire, strengthened a natural habit of restlessness; and he took ill to being sent, in 1800, to the grammar-school at Manchester, from which, after eighteen months' misery, he ran away. For four months he wandered about in North Wales, living a sort of gipsy life, sleeping sometimes in inns (when his weekly guinea held out), more often on the fields; writing love-letters for illiterate wenches, and finding friends everywhere. In November 1802 he coached to London to taste the freedom of the town, to feel like, but less wholesome, hardships, and to find friends there too, in the child-slave at Mr Brunell's den in Soho, in Brunell himself, and in poor Ann, the street-walker. His mother and her brother, Colonel Penson, who had agreed to his wandering plans and had made him the allowance, now interfered, and by October 1803 had coerced him into the more respectable seclusion of Worcester College, Oxford. Of his life there we know little; but we hear of his sallies to London—in one of which, on a wet 'sad' Sunday in 1804, he bought his first bottle of laudanum in Oxford Street; and of his excursion in 1807 to Bridgwater, where he met Coleridge. He did not return to Oxford, but accompanied Mrs Coleridge from Bristol on her journey northwards to Southey's house in Cumberland. He saw Wordsworth at Grasmere and Southey at Greta Hall, returned to Bristol, and then went to London to hear Coleridge's lectures at the Royal Institution, to have a round of opera, and generally to amuse himself with friends, old and new. A second visit to the Lakes followed in the winter of 1808–9; and in November 1809 he became tenant of Wordsworth's old cottage at Townend, Grasmere, where he devoted himself to miscellaneous but close study, and enjoyed the companionship of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Wilson of Elleray ('Christopher North'), and other literary friends. By 1813 he had become

'a regular and confirmed (no longer an intermitting) opium-eater,' taking not less than eight thousand drops daily, sometimes as much as twelve thousand. Wilson's friendship drew him to Edinburgh in the winter of 1814–15, where he had a remarkable success as a conversationalist. Towards the close of 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, daughter of a Westmorland farmer.

Of literary production there was as yet no hint, and the growing mastery of the opium-habit had impaired his energy. One reasonable interval, in which he had been attracted by Ricardo's *Principles*, brought forth no more than a fragment, *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy*, which he did not complete. In 1819 he undertook the editing of a local Tory journal, *The Westmoreland Gazette*. It was not till September 1821, in the pages of the *London Magazine*, that he broke his silence with the first instalment of the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar*, followed, during his stay in London, by an intermittent series of articles on miscellaneous subjects, including the *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected* (1823) and an attack on Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister* (1824). In 1825 he prepared a free version of *Walladmor*, a poor Leipzig contribution in the *genre* of the Waverley Novels; and in that year he went to the north again, to live, partly at Grasmere, but with increasing frequency in Edinburgh, where he found literary opportunity in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*. He summoned his wife and children thither in 1830, and remained there almost continuously till his death. He moved his family from house to house, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the outskirts; after the death of his wife (1837) he found a home for his children at Lasswade. He did his literary work in rooms at No. 42 Lothian Street, but he occasionally fled to other lodgings, which he 'snowed up' with papers and books. He resided in Glasgow between March 1841 and June 1843, and for the greater part of 1847, first as the guest of his friends Professors Nichol and Lushington, but for most of the time in lodgings at No. 79 Renfield Street. His writing in Edinburgh was mainly for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and after 1834 for *Tait's*, to which he contributed the autobiographic *Sketches*. His activity was great, despite his indifferent health, and it was at this period that he produced some of his more notable papers — *Suspiria de Profundis* (1845); *Joan of Arc*, the review of Schlosser's *Literary History*, and *The Spanish Military Nun* (1847); *The English Mail-Coach* and *The Vision of Sudden Death* (1849). His original romance, *Klosterheim*, appeared in 1832, and his *Logic of Political Economy* in 1844. After 1849 nearly all his papers appeared in the recently founded magazine, *Hogg's Instructor* (renamed later *The Titan*); and in 1850 he was engaged by the publisher, James Hogg, to prepare a collective edition of his writings. The first volume appeared in 1853, with the title *Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings Published and Unpublished*, and the fourteenth and last was printed in 1860. This task was the main, if not the sole, occupation of his closing years. Since 1848 his daily allowance of opium had been reduced, but his health had not improved. Yet his vitality had been great, for when the restless little man passed away in his seventy-fifth year (8th December 1859), he appeared to his physician and friends to make the peaceful and natural submission of sheer old age.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.
From the Portrait by Sir J. Watson Gordon in the National Portrait Gallery.

De Quincey's reputation, like Jeffrey's, is based exclusively on a long series of miscellaneous papers contributed to periodicals. His work has had a more permanent popularity, because of the wider range of subject and the greater measure of imagination allowed by the 'Magazine' as con-

trasted with the 'Review.' Some of his contributions—the *Sketches*, or the novel *The Avenger*, or the tale of the *Spanish Military Nun*—might have appeared as 'books,' and may be considered as such; his deliberate efforts in volume form—*Klosterheim* and the *Political Economy*—are of very minor interest. He established himself at once with his contemporaries by reason of the frank self-exposure of his experiences, and by the echoes of his brilliant conversation in the writings and gossip of not less brilliant friends. We have lost this personal interest, and judge him by the artistic appeal of his prose style. The amazement of his own age at the literary generosity of the 'English Opium-Eater' has been succeeded in our time by the feeling that he has denied us, perhaps by that very drug-habit, the fuller expression of his genius. It is not seldom borne in upon us that we have been thwarted of masterpieces, lost in the confusion of his intellectual life, as hopelessly to us as his own papers in the 'snowed-up' dens of his Edinburgh lodgings.

In choice of subject and in style he is essentially romantic. In his face, as we see it in James Archer's drawing, there is the mystery and 'curiosity' which dominates that type. From earliest childhood he lived in dreams, and dreams as he knew them then, or in his later opium-days, were not the material or the occasion of orderly convention. And yet he was by no means a mere slave of sentiment, for in the exercise of his fancy he shows an intellectual quality, which he had acquired partly by his wide reading and his keen eye for the incidents of his strange career, and partly by the fact that his 'absolute and unmitigated solitude' had thrown him back upon himself. Only, this intellectual habit was itself undisciplined, and if he never knew how he was to dream, he as seldom knew how he was to tell his dream, less seldom when he should find the fitting mood for its interpretation. Hence it is that in these portions of his work in which he assumes a more critical attitude he shows the instability of his intellectual purpose. In his reviews there is enough of sheer learning, of much hard work in 'German Metaphysicians, Latin Schoolmen, thaumaturgic Platonists, and religious Mystics'—a fuller knowledge of the things of literature than he found in his Schlosser or Carlyle; but the judgment, even when not marred by bursts of noisy indecorum, is rarely final and convincing, though it may interest by its digressions in erudition. He is perhaps at his best, in this kind of work, in his general discussion of *Rhetoric* and *Style*, where he appropriately elaborates the romantic doctrine of the identity of Style and Thought, as an explanation of differences in the individual and between individuals. His own writings are the best illustrations of his theory.

The positive value of De Quincey's work lies on the formal side. He will always hold a high position in English letters for his superb prose style. Rarely in our literature has language so expressed the sublime pathos of the *Suspiria* or tuned itself to the dream-music of the *Daughter of Lebanon*. There is the perfection of the ornate style, the splendid cadence, the absolute echo of sound and sense, which recalls the like, perhaps less perfect, grandeur of Sir Thomas Browne. But it is only at times that De Quincey reaches these higher levels; and he is soon exhausted by the effort. In the less sustained passages of his imaginative writings he is too often merely flamboyant, though never so affected or so stricken by mere metaphor as are his companion artists, Landor and Christopher North. He may weary the reader, but he does not vex him by ill-considered splashes of colour; and too often he irritates the most amiable by the introduction, without warning, and within the very precincts of his holy places, of irrelevance and cheap laughter. He cannot resist this humour. Though never malicious, nor cynical, as it appears in Byron, it is frequently harsh and generally vulgar. Whether in the premeditated horse-play of the Schlosser review, in calling Josephus 'Joe' in an otherwise sober discourse, or in the whimsical lapses in *Joan of Arc*, the fun is never subtle and is usually impertinent. He is at the mercy of this elfish fancy as thoroughly as to the bully of Tigrosylvania; but, unluckily, he is happier and hardly knows his bondage. Posterity in passing judgment on his work remembers this fault, however greatly he has written. If at times we lament the great things which he has denied us, more often we regret not a few which have usurped their place.

The Nation of London.

It was a most heavenly day in May of this year (1800) when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, the city—no! not the city, but the nation—of London. Often since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, have I felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence—viz., in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, together with the force of its attractive power, by the never-ending succession of these droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness, at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating, night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying for ever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or to the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding upon this planet, either amongst the things that have been or the things that are. Or, if any exception there is, it must be sought in ancient Rome. We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage, and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes, where any such could be found, or, at least, along by-roads, quiet and shady, collateral to the main roads. In that mode of

approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road; we missed the whirl and the uproar, the tumult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach the suburbs. Already at three stages' distance (say, forty miles from London), upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps, in your neighbourhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses—Barnet, suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western—you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage; nobody says on pulling up, 'Horses on to London;' that would sound ridiculous; one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom;* and the stream at length becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio?* Not anything peculiarly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle as of a coming flight; to a marriage festival as much as to a massacre; *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visibly at every half-mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the thrilling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favour, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London such as Islington, for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants (if you travel with any), are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity: at all events you are seen. But, after passing the final post-house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed: nobody sees you; nobody hears you; nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at starting, squire or 'squireen,' lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house from which yesterday or to-day you slipped your cable—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America.

(From the *Autobiography.*)

The Sacred Danger.

Gibbon has left us a description, not very powerful, of a case which is all-powerful of itself, and needs no expansion: the case of a state criminal vainly attempting to escape or to hide himself from Cæsar—from the arm wrapped in clouds, and stretching over kingdoms alike, or oceans, that arrested and drew back the wretch to judgment—from the inevitable eye that slept not nor slumbered, and from which neither Alps interposing, nor immeasurable deserts, nor trackless seas, nor a four months' flight, nor perfect innocence, could screen him. The world, the world of civilisation, was Cæsar's: and he who fled from the wrath of Cæsar said to himself, of necessity, 'If I go down to the sea, there is Cæsar on the shore; if I go into the sands of Bilidulgerid, there is Cæsar waiting for me in the desert; if I take the wings of the morning, and go to the utmost recesses of wild beasts, there is Cæsar before me.' All this makes the condition of a criminal under the Western Empire terrific, and the condition even of a subject perilous. But how strange it is, or would be so had Gibbon been a man of more sensibility, that he should have overlooked the converse of the case—viz., the terrific condition of Cæsar, amidst the terror which he caused to others. In fact, both conditions were full of despair. But Cæsar's was the worst, by a great pre-eminence; for the state criminal could not be made such without his own concurrence; for one moment, at least, it had been within his choice to be no criminal at all; and then for him the thunderbolts of Cæsar slept. But Cæsar had rarely any choice as to his own election; and for him, therefore, the dagger of the assassin never *could* sleep. Other men's houses, other men's bedchambers, were generally asylums; but for Cæsar, his own palace had not the privileges of a home. His own armies were no guards; his own pavilion, rising in the very centre of his armies sleeping around him, was no sanctuary. In all these places had Cæsar many times been murdered. All these pledges and sanctities—his household gods, the majesty of the empire, the *sacramentum militare*—all had given way, all had yawned beneath his feet.

The imagination of man can frame nothing so awful—the experience of man has witnessed nothing so awful, as the situation and tenure of the Western Cæsar. The danger which threatened him was like the pestilence which walketh in darkness, but which also walketh in the noon-day. Morning and evening, summer and winter, brought no change or shadow of turning to this particular evil. In that respect it enjoyed the immunities of God: it was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. After three centuries it had lost nothing of its virulence; it was growing worse continually: the heart of man ached under the evil, and the necessity of the evil. Can any man measure the sickening fear which must have possessed the hearts of the ladies and the children composing the imperial family? To them the mere terror, entailed like an inheritance of leprosy upon their family above all others, must have made it a woe like one of the evils in the Revelations—such in its infliction, such in its inevitability. It was what Pagan language denominated 'a *sacred* danger,' a danger charmed and consecrated against human alleviation.

(From *The Philosophy of Roman History.*)

Prose.

Those people are, therefore, mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form. Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven. If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity, then, by an inverse order, it will

borrow a sanctity from its importance. Even agricultural truth, even the homeliest truths of rural industry, brought into connexion with religious inspiration, will be exalted (like the common culinary utensils in the great vision of the Jewish prophet) and transfigured into vessels of glorious consecration. All things in this early stage of social man are meant mysteriously, have allegoric values; and week-day man moves amongst glorified objects. So that if any doctrine, principle, or system of truth should call for communication at all, infallibly the communication will take the tone of a revelation; and the holiness of a revelation will express itself in the most impassioned form, perhaps with accompaniments of music, but certainly with metre.

Prose, therefore, strange as it may seem to say so, was something of a discovery. If not great invention, at least great courage would be required for the man who should first swim without the bladders of metre. It is all very easy talking when you and your ancestors for fifty generations back have talked prose. But that man must have had *triplex æs* about his *præcordia* who first dared to come forward with pure prose as the vehicle for any impassioned form of truth. Even the first physician who dared to lay aside the ample wig and gold-headed cane needed *extra* courage. All the Jovian terrors of his traditional costume laid aside, he was thrown upon his mere natural resources of skill and good sense. Who was the first lion-hearted man that ventured to make sail in this frail boat of prose? We believe the man's name is reputed to have been Pherecydes. But, as nothing is less worth remembering than the mere hollow shell of a name, where all the pulp and the kernel is gone, we shall presume Herodotus to have been the first respectable artist in prose. And what was this worthy man's view of prose? From the way in which he connected his several books or 'fyttes' with the names of the muses, and from the romantic style of his narratives, as well as from his using a dialect which had certainly become a poetic dialect in literary Greece, it is pretty clear that Herodotus stood, and meant to stand, on that isthmus between the regions of poetry and blank unimpassioned prose, which in modern literature is occupied by such works as *Mort d'Arthur*. In Thucydides we see the first exhibition of stern philosophic prose. And, considering the very brief interval between the two writers, who stand related to each other, in point of time, pretty much as Dryden and Pope, it is quite impossible to look for the solution of their characteristic differences in the mere graduations of social development. Pericles, as a young man, would most certainly ask Herodotus to dinner, if business or curiosity ever drew that amiable writer to Athens. As an elderly man, Pericles must often have seen Thucydides at his levees; although by that time the sacrifice of his 'social pleasure ill exchanged for power' may have abridged his opportunity of giving 'feeds' to literary men. But will anybody believe that the mere advance of social refinement, within the narrow period of one man's public life, could bring about so marvellous a change as that the friend of his youth should naturally write very much in the spirit of Sir John Mandeville, and the friend of his old age, like Machiavel or Gibbon? No, no; the difference between these two writers does not reflect the different aspects of literary Greece at two eras so slightly removed, too great to be measured by that scale, as though those of the picturesque Herodotus were a splendid semi-barbarous generation, those of the meditative Thucydides, speculative, political, experimental; but we must look to subjective differences of taste and temperament in the men. The men, by nature, and by powerful determination of original sensibility, belong to different orders of intellect. Herodotus was the Froissart of antiquity. He was the man that should have lived to record the Crusades. Thucydides, on the other hand, was obviously the Tacitus of Greece, who (had he been privileged to benefit by some metempsychosis dropping him into congenial scenes of modern history) would have made his election for the wars of the French League, or for our Parliamentary war, or for the colossal conflicts which grew out of the French Revolution. The one was the son of nature, fascinated by the mighty powers of chance or of tragic destiny, as they are seen in elder times moulding the form of empires or training the currents of revolutions. The other was the son of political speculation, delighting to trace the darker agencies which brood in the mind of man—the subtle motives, the combinations, the plots which gather in the brain of 'dark viziers' when entrusted with the fate of millions, and the nation-wielding tempests which move at the bidding of the orator.

(From *Style.*)

Kate's First Bivouac and First March.

Right or wrong, however, in Romish casuistry, Kate was resolved to let herself out; and *did;* and, for fear any man should creep in while vespers lasted, and steal the kitchen grate, she locked her old friends *in*. Then she sought a shelter. The air was moderately warm. She hurried into a chestnut wood; and upon withered leaves, which furnished to Kate her very first bivouac in a long succession of such experiences, she slept till earliest dawn. Spanish diet and youth leave the digestion undisordered and the slumbers light. When the lark rose, up rose Catalina. No time to lose; for she was still in the dress of a nun, and therefore, by a law too flagrantly notorious, liable to the peremptory challenge and arrest of any man—the very meanest or poorest—in all Spain. With her *armed* finger (ay, by the way, I forgot the thimble; but Kate did *not*), she set to work upon her amply-embroidered petticoat. She turned it wrong side out; and, with the magic that only female hands possess, she had soon sketched and finished a dashing pair of Wellington trousers. All other changes were made according to the materials she possessed, and quite sufficiently to disguise the two main perils—her sex and her monastic dedication. What was she to do next? Speaking of Wellington trousers anywhere in the north of Spain would remind *us*, but could hardly remind *her*, of Vittoria, where she dimly had heard of some maternal relative. To Vittoria, therefore, she bent her course; and, like the Duke of Wellington, but arriving more than two centuries earlier, she gained a great victory at that place. She had made a two days' march, with no provisions but wild berries; she depended, for anything better, as light-heartedly as the duke, upon attacking sword in hand, storming her dear friend's entrenchments, and effecting a lodgment in his breakfast-room, should he happen to possess one. This amiable relative proved to be an elderly man, who had but one foible, or perhaps it was a virtue, which had by continual development overshadowed his whole nature; it was pedantry. On that hint Catalina spoke: she knew by heart, from the services of the convent, a

good number of Latin phrases. Latin!—Oh, but *that* was charming; and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft impeachment, relented at once, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington trousers to his *uncular* and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality. The table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared least about. On the other hand, the amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular. To show him a withered frost-bitten verb, that wanted its preterite, wanted its gerunds, wanted its supines, wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, was to earn the Don's gratitude for life. All day long he was, as you may say, marching and countermarching his favourite brigades of verbs—verbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative—horse, foot, and artillery; changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties; until Kate, not given to faint, must have thought of such a resource, as once in her life she had thought so seasonably of a vesper headache. This was really worse than St Sebastian's. It reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault, who describes a rustic party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer—Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuit; nous nous ennuyons*, etc.; thence to the imperfect—*Je m'ennuyois, tu t'ennuyois*, etc.; thence to the imperative—*Qu'il s'ennuye*, etc.; and so on, through the whole dolorous conjugation. Now, you know, when the time comes that *nous nous ennuyons*, the best course is to part. Kate saw *that;* and she walked off from the Don's (of whose amorous passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe), taking from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But then, observe, the Don also was a relative; and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field-days. A man, if he *is* a kinsman, has no unlimited privilege of boring one: an uncle has a qualified right to bore his nephews, even when they happen to be nieces; but he has no right to bore either nephew or niece *gratis*.

(From *The Spanish Military Nun.*)

The Mail-Coach.

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence; as, for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was, *Non magna loquimur*, as upon railways, but *vivimus*. Yes, 'magna *vivimus;*' we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realise our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforwards travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking when heard screaming on the wind and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-wallopings of the boiler.

Thus have perished multiform openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural, in great national tidings; for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

(From *The English Mail-Coach.*)

Our Ladies of Sorrow.

These sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply, 'The Sorrows,' there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow, whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.*

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not, as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by

harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard that sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her:* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of 'Madonna.'

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest ——! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh would live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this

youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.

(From *Suspiria de Profundis.*)

De Quincey is his own biographer; but a more compact account, with additional matter, will be found in H. A. Page's *Thomas de Quincey: his Life and Writings* (2 vols., 2nd ed., London, 1879), and in a handier form in Masson's *De Quincey* in the series of 'English Men of Letters.' The first collective edition of the works ran to fourteen volumes (Edinburgh, 1853–60); a fifteenth was added in 1863, and a sixteenth in 1871. The American edition, which was begun in 1851, before the author's Edinburgh edition, and was extended to twenty-two volumes, it is fuller; and the later Riverside Press edition, in twelve thick volumes, is even more complete. Masson's 'New and Enlarged Edition' of *The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey* (14 vols. Edinburgh, 1889–90) contains all the known remains, regrouped according to the subject.

G GREGORY SMITH.

John Keats.*

Of the greater poets who were writing in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Keats (1795–1821) was born latest and was the first to die. The eldest child of a London stable-keeper of west-country origin, he had lost both his parents when, at the age of fifteen, he left school and was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. In 1814 he went into lodgings in London, and began to walk the hospitals. But his passion for poetry, stimulated by intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Haydon, and others, developed into an ardent ambition; and after a time he abandoned his profession, and, living on his small inheritance, devoted himself to literature. Early in 1817 he published a small volume of *Poems*, which, together with verses of no merit or promise, contained the famous sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' and several pieces less completely successful but equally characteristic. This volume also shows the influences which had so far most affected him: that of Spenser and other Elizabethans; that of Leigh Hunt; and that of Classical Mythology, as gathered chiefly from books like Lempriere's *Dictionary*. After its publication, which was hardly noticed outside the circle of his friends, he began to write his first long poem, *Endymion*, the composition of which occupied him till near the end of 1817, and which was published in the spring of 1818. His mind was growing fast at this time. He was dissatisfied with his work before he had finished it; in the Preface he ascribed to it 'every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished;' and he was little affected by the contempt with which *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* greeted an author known to the Tory writers as a friend of the Radical Hunt. Indeed, before *Endymion* appeared Keats had passed out of the stage of apprenticeship. Early in 1818, when he was a few months over twenty-two, he was writing *Isabella;* and by the autumn of 1819 he had produced almost all the works on which his fame rests—*Isabella*, *Hyperion*, *the Eve of St Agnes*, *Lamia*, the poems in seven-syllable couplets, the Odes, most of the Sonnets, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and the fragment of *The Eve of St Mark;* an achievement not merely remarkable but quite unparalleled in the history of English poetry.

But even during its accomplishment the turning-point in Keats's life arrived. His mother had died of consumption. In December 1818 his brother Tom, tenderly nursed by him, succumbed to the same disease. His own health, after a walking-tour in Scotland in the summer of that year, was never satisfactory. And about the time of his brother's death he met Fanny Brawne, and the passion which fevered the last two years of his life fastened on him. In February 1820 his lungs were attacked. He slowly recovered, but in June another attack occurred; and in July, just when his new poems appeared, he was described as 'under sentence of death.' In the early autumn he left England for Italy with the painter Joseph Severn, who remained with him until, after much suffering, he died in Rome on 23rd February 1821. Since that wonderful period of twenty months he had written little of great value, though the revision of *Hyperion* is extremely interesting for its ideas and for the comparative severity of the style. It is not strange that in the last year of his life he should sometimes have spoken and written with a bitterness quite foreign to his nature in health, or should now have felt the brutal injustice of the attacks which, he thought, had deprived him of fame.

The accounts of Keats left by his friends, like his own letters, which are invaluable, present the picture of a very attractive and, on the whole, a fine character: eager, enthusiastic and sensitive, but humorous, and remarkably reasonable; quite free from pettiness, vanity, and affectation; resolute, and, at bottom, deeply serious. The passion of love seems to have affected him violently without engaging his whole nature, and there is something unpleasant in many of his references to this subject; but he was a good brother and a good friend, sweet-tempered and full of helpfulness and tact. Being about a quarter of a century younger than Wordsworth and Coleridge, he had not to experience their political disillusionment, and, like his contemporaries Byron and Shelley, he was a Liberal in politics and quite unorthodox in religion. These subjects are referred to only in his earlier poems, and they never engrossed his attention; but he neither was nor thought that he ought to be absorbed in poetry to the exclusion of all other interests. In spite of much despondency the consciousness of genius was strong in him, but it was accompanied by a winning modesty and an unusual degree of self-knowledge. He was aware of a certain contention in his nature. To the beauty which speaks primarily to the senses, and brings unmingled pleasure, he was exquisitely sensitive; and it is no defect but a

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great merit in his poetry that it expresses so keenly this poetic joy. But he believed that a higher and more intense beauty is to be found elsewhere—for instance, in the 'strife of human hearts'—and that it cannot be found except through a sympathy and a thought or knowledge which bring pain. In this 'thought' he felt himself wanting, and he felt also that in him it disturbed that simpler enjoyment of beauty which he sometimes called 'sensation' or 'luxury.' But for this very reason he held himself to be unfit as yet for poetry of the highest kinds; and he was determined to go forward. The cry, 'O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts,' is characteristic of Keats, and, however long he had lived, he would never have been content with any thought that failed to take an imaginative form and so to excite sensation; but not less characteristic of him are words like these: 'I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world. Some do it with their society—some with their wit—some with their benevolence. . . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought.'



JOHN KEATS.
From the Portrait by W. Hilton, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Of Keats's longer poems the two on mythological subjects were far the most ambitious in design. *Endymion* is a romance in four books; *Hyperion* was to be an epic in ten; and it seems evident that in both poems something which may be called an 'inner meaning' was to be shadowed forth by the story. The adventures of Endymion are also the experiences of the poetic soul in its search for union with the absolute Beauty. The hero may almost be compared with the hero of the *Prelude;* the heroine is more like Shelley's Intellectual Beauty than Lempriere's Diana. That the absolute Beauty in its diverse manifestations—moonlight and sunlight, earth and sea, friendship and love, heroic enterprise and heroic death—is still one; that the poet can attain its final fruition only by traversing the dark places of life, and finds it only when he thinks he has surrendered it—ideas like these were to be embodied in the love-tale of the shepherd and the goddess. But the result is a series of adventures to the details of which it is impossible to assign a distinct symbolical meaning, and which, taken more simply, have the incoherence of a broken dream. And yet this failure reveals more of Keats's mind than any of his later completed works; though full of faults it is also full of beauty; and there is no other poem in the world which gives so true a picture of the tumult of imagination and emotion in a youthful poet.

Hyperion was abandoned, so far as we know, only because Keats felt that the style, influenced by his study of Milton, was not wholly natural to him. Here again some of the ideas present in *Endymion* seem to have been at work, but they are now applied to the development of mankind. The Titans must yield to the Olympians because they are the less complete manifestation of the supreme Beauty. The struggle of these two forces causes pain and waste, like the conflict of two forms of civilisation or two religions. Yet in reality, since both *are* manifestations of one and the same principle, the defeat of the less perfect is also the fulfilment of its own being. If such ideas were to govern the conduct of the poem, it must have been intended to close, if not in rapture, yet in harmony. Perhaps here, as in *Endymion*, the fusion of inner meaning and outward events would have been imperfect, and the events, taken more simply, would have failed to satisfy. Yet the superiority of the fragment to *Endymion* is in both respects so great that this is far from certain; and in any case *Hyperion*, which first opened the eyes of Byron and others to the genius of Keats, gives the fullest idea of his capabilities. It has the inspiration, the 'natural magic,' the 'fascinating felicity of diction,' the richness and variety of

music, the pictorial power, which have so often been praised. It has also the visionary touch which appears from the first in his poetry; and it has the largeness and even the sublimity of effect at which elsewhere he hardly aimed.

Isabella, the poem which succeeded *Endymion*, is a tale of unhappy love. It is not equal to the works that followed it, and in narrative art is not strong. But in several passages it shows imagination of a penetrating quality, and it is beside the mark to criticise it on the ground that it fails to move profoundly. Even if this were quite true, Keats was following not only his nature but his poetic creed when he transformed the matter of the story, even when he retained its most painful incidents, into a 'thing of beauty,' and left his readers musing rather on the loveliness of love than on the cruelty of fate.

The theme of *The Eve of St Agnes*, however, suited him still better; the Spenserian stanza, a finer one than *ottava rima*, was also more congenial to his style; and this lovely poem is the happiest of his narratives. The contrast on which it is built, between the cold, the storm, the old age, the empty pleasure and noisy enmity, of the world outside Madeline's chamber, and the glow, the hush, the rich and dreamy bliss within it, is exquisitely imagined and conveyed, and issues from one of Keats's deepest feelings—the same that inspired several of his odes.

In *Lamia*, the latest of the poems in the volume of 1820, Keats returned, after a study of Dryden, to the metre of *Endymion*, which is now handled in a less Elizabethan manner and with much greater firmness and skill. There is a similar advance in narrative power. This poem is extremely vivid, and undoubtedly has the merit which Keats claimed for it when he wrote: 'I am certain there is that sort of fire in it that must take hold of people some way.' It shows, too, that in writing it he had 'made use of his judgment more deliberately' than in any previous work. Yet *Lamia* is not, on the whole, so successful as the *Eve of St Agnes*. It lacks in places that inspiration which is one of the enchantments of Keats's poetry, and one or two of the descriptions have almost an artificial air. It is also inferior to the *Eve* in regard to unity of impression. Keats was feeling at the time both the fascination and the slavery of his passion, and perhaps also the resistance offered to it by what he called thought or philosophy. These feelings give intensity to the poem, but they produce also an oscillation which is never brought to rest, and which communicates itself to the reader, who sometimes feels that the love of Lycius is based on a passing and ruinous illusion, and sometimes that not only his love for Lamia but also Lamia's love for him is a beautiful thing, and its destruction by the philosopher no less needless than disastrous. The ballad of *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, in some ways the most wonderful of all Keats's poems, deals with a somewhat similar theme, and has not this defect.

A selection which aimed at showing Keats at his best, without illustrating at the same time the variety of his powers, would include nearly all the Odes, and certainly could not omit the 'Grecian Urn.' The 'Autumn' has been preferred here as an example of his peculiar happiness in describing Nature in a serene and reposeful mood. Though apparently so impersonal, this description is steeped in feeling; and this is more obviously true of the other Odes, which are full of characteristic experience. The 'Nightingale' and the 'Grecian Urn,' for example, though quite unlike in colour, express one and the same contrast—that between the unrest, decay, and transitoriness of life, and the perfection and eternity of beauty and joy as realised in imagination. The land where the nightingale would sing to men who, like it, know naught of the 'weariness, the fever, and the fret,' can be reached only 'on the viewless wings of poesy;' the love that never cloys and the music that cannot die are felt and heard only in that land of the 'spirit;' here too, 'in some untrodden region of the mind,' Psyche, unworshipped on earth, may still find her temple. The feeling of this contrast haunted Keats; it inspires the ode 'To Melancholy' and the verses, written in a lighter mood, called 'Fancy.' Keats does not appear to have recognised the extraordinary merit of his Odes. Though far from unsubstantial, they are among the most purely poetic of all poems; and, like the best passages in his other works, they are triumphs of expression. Indeed, except by Shakespeare, the English language has scarcely been used elsewhere in a manner at once so spontaneously perfect and so wholly English.

The best of Keats's sonnets reach a very high level; but he left no songs of at all the same excellence, and for 'dancing measures,' and again for the soaring or rushing movement of the most passionate lyrics, he shows little gift or inclination. It is therefore uncritical to describe him in general terms as a great lyrical poet. His ambition in the last years of his life was to compose dramas; but in *Otho the Great* he merely versified materials supplied by his friend Brown, and his much superior fragment of *King Stephen*, which holds out high promise in regard to style, does not, of course, suffice to show whether he possessed, or was likely to develop, the powers of dramatic conception and construction.

Among the contemporaries of Keats, Leigh Hunt was the poet whose influence on him is most obvious, but it was never very deep, and it passed away as he grew to maturity. He had a profound admiration for Wordsworth, whose *Excursion* appeared when Keats was feeling his first passion for poetry. One of his most interesting letters is concerned with the 'Lines written near Tintern Abbey,' and there are echoes in his poems of

phrases in the 'Immortality Ode,' the sonnet 'The world is too much with us,' and the *Excursion*. He objected, however, to that obtrusion of a purpose which injures some of Wordsworth's writing. In his boyhood he wrote a feeble sonnet on Byron, but afterwards rated him low. He knew Shelley, but apparently met his friendliness with some reserve and never fully recognised his genius. Keats's own influence on his successors appeared at once in the early works of Hood and Tennyson, and has been considerable ever since; it may be traced in the tendencies to choose subjects from Greek mythology, to describe nature imaginatively but without much of the Wordsworthian spirituality, to saturate language with colour, and to aim at felicity of phrase. It is also visible both in paintings and poems of the Pre-raphaelite movement. Rossetti admired Keats (and particularly his *Belle Dame*) almost as much as Coleridge; the *Eve of St Mark* is the forerunner of some of Morris's best descriptions; and in speaking of *Isabella* Mr Bridges has truly observed: 'The lovers who "could not in the self-same mansion dwell without *some malady*," the "sick longing" of Isabella, the "passion both meek and wild," the "little sweet among much bitterness," and the consciousness of something too horrible to speak of behind the scene; with all the passionate faintness of the personages of the romance, in whom, as in a faded tapestry, the brilliance of the dresses has outlasted the flesh-colour, have a likeness to the creations of this school so remarkable, that Keats may be safely credited with a chief share of the parentage.'

In the following selection it has unfortunately been necessary to mutilate the so-called 'song' from *Endymion*. One of Keats's letters has been included. It is comparatively early, and shows some mannerisms from which the later letters are free; but it is highly characteristic, and contains one of his most beautiful fragments of verse. In this letter some of his peculiarities in punctuation and the use of capitals have been removed.

From the Song of the Indian Maid.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
I sat a-weeping: what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when in June
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite;
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass,
Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes, and gentler fate?
'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A-conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him through kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!'

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—
'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!'

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants;
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

(From *Endymion*, Book iv.)

Sonnet—On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1816.

Sonnet.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

Jan. 1818 (?).

Saturn and Thea.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place:
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

(From *Hyperion*, Book i.)

Fancy.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She 'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;

Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use:
Where 's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? Where 's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where 's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where 's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where 's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-ey'd as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she 'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

1818.

Madeline in her Chamber.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

(From *The Eve of St Agnes.*)

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-ey'd despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down :
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

May 1819.

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Sept. 1819.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long ;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true !'

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
They cried, 'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall !'

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

April (?) 1819.

Sonnet—On a Dream.

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
So on a Delphic reed my idle spright
So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes:
And seeing it asleep, so fled away,
Not to pure Ida with its snow-cold skies,
Nor unto Tempe, where Jove griev'd a day;
But to that second circle of sad Hell,
Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows,—pale were the sweet lips I saw,
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

April 1819.

Keats's Last Sonnet.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Sept. 1820.

Letter.

Feb. 19, 1818.

My dear Reynolds,—I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—let him on a certain day read a certain page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect upon it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale. But when will it do so? Never. When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty Palaces.' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger-pointings. The prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle-age a strength to beat them. A strain of music conducts to 'an odd angle of the Isle,' and when the leaves whisper it puts a girdle round the earth. Nor will this sparing touch of noble books be any irreverence to their writers; for perhaps the honours paid by man to man are trifles in comparison to the benefit done by great works to the 'Spirit and pulse' of good by their mere passive existence. Memory should not be called Knowledge. Many have original minds who do not think it—they are led away by Custom. Now it appears to me that almost any man may, like the spider, spin from his own inwards his own airy citadel. The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his Soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wandering, of distinctness for his luxury. But the minds of mortals are so different and bent on such diverse journeys that it may at first appear impossible for any common taste and fellowship to exist between two or three under these suppositions. It is, however, quite the contrary. Minds would leave each other in contrary directions, traverse each other in numberless points, and at last greet each other at the journey's end. An old man and a child would talk together, and the old man be led on his path and the child left thinking. Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbour; and thus, by every germ of spirit sucking the sap from mould ethereal, every human [being] might become great, and Humanity, instead of being a wide heath of furze and briars with here and there a remote oak or pine, would become a grand democracy of forest trees. It has been an old comparison for our urging on,—the beehive; however, it seems to me that we should rather be the flower than the bee. For it is a false notion that more is gained by receiving than giving; no, the receiver and the giver are equal in their benefits. The flower, I doubt not, receives a fair guerdon from the bee; its leaves blush deeper in the next spring: and who shall say between man and woman which is the most delighted! Now it is more noble to sit like Jove than to fly like Mercury. Let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be aimed at; but let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive, budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit. Sap will be given us for meat, and dew for drink.

I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of idleness. I have not read any books—the morning said I was right. I had no idea but of the morning, and the thrush said I was right—seeming to say:

'O thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,
And the black elm-tops 'mong the freezing stars,
To thee the Spring will be a harvest-time.
O thou whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when Phœbus was away,
To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none.
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet the Evening listens. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he 's awake who thinks himself asleep.'

Now I am sensible all this is a mere sophistication (however it may neighbour to any truths) to excuse my own indolence; so I will not deceive myself that Man should be equal with Jove, but think himself very well

off as a sort of scullion-Mercury, or even a humble bee. It is no matter whether I am right or wrong, either one way or another, if there is sufficient to lift a little time from your shoulders.—Your affectionate friend,

Feb. 19, 1818. JOHN KEATS.

See Keats's *Poems and Letters*, edited by Forman, in five small volumes (Gowans & Gray, 1900). The Aldine edition of the Poems (1876) gives them in nearly chronological order, but the text is bad. The Letters (without those to Miss Brawne, and a few others) have been well edited by Colvin (1891). Lord Houghton's biography, first published in 1848, can never be superseded; but Colvin's *Keats* in the 'Men of Letters' series (1887) is based on fuller material, and contains excellent criticism. See also, among many criticisms, F. M. Owens's *Study* (1880; the first serious attempt to examine Keats's ideas); W. T. Arnold's Introduction to his edition of the Poems (1883; on literary influences and on Keats's vocabulary); M. Arnold in *Essays in Criticism*, second series; Swinburne in *Miscellanies;* and especially R. Bridges in his Introduction to the Poems in the 'Muses' Library.'

A. C. BRADLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley,*

born 4th August 1792, son of Timothy the son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, first baronet of an ancient and noble house till then undistinguished from its equals by any hereditary title, entered Eton twelve years later, after some private schooling, and passed on to Oxford in 1810. Next year he was expelled from the university which had recently cast out Landor, whose noble poem of *Gebir* had already excited his just and ardent admiration. The rather irrational reason, in the younger poet's case, was the appearance of an anonymous pamphlet or fly-sheet called *The Necessity of Atheism.* It is not a work of any particular promise, but it is the first of Shelley's writings which would not disgrace a lower boy at Eton. His previous verse and prose, ballad or elegy or fiction, were servile and futile imitations of the illustrious Monk Lewis and the less illustrious Laura Matilda. And the boy had succeeded in sinking to a deeper and a duller depth of absurdity than had ever been fathomed by his models. In 1811 the youth of nineteen was induced to marry Harriet Westbrook, a schoolgirl of sixteen who had made use of her acquaintance with his sister to throw herself upon his protection. This unlucky alliance was the source of all the serious trouble which could possibly have affected the life of a man not miserable enough by nature to be made miserable by reviling or neglect. A short first visit to Ireland, hardly memorable by the issue of a characteristic *Address to the Irish People*, had no recorded effect or result beyond the comical effect of alarming the Government into notice of his not very dangerous or politically important existence. In June 1813 his daughter Ianthe (a name which had already been borrowed by Byron from Landor) was born, and addressed three months later in a sonnet expressive of due and dutiful baby-worship. In the same year he read Ariosto with the rapture of a boy—a fact to be remembered because the spirit of comedy, whether incarnate in Fletcher or in Sheridan, was repulsive rather than attractive to him. There are certainly no signs of this influence in the poem, now privately printed, of *Queen Mab*—a work of impassioned rhetoric and passionate reasoning rather than poetic expression or imaginative thought. *A Refutation of Deism*, printed early in the following year, shows more intellectual power as well as more literary capacity than anything Shelley had yet written: the design of reducing the concept of theism to an obvious and palpable absurdity, by demonstration of the assumed theorem that it must naturally and inevitably result in acceptance of Christianity, is carried out with more dialectic skill and more ironic ability than might have been thought possible for so young and so ardent a novice in controversy. On 24th March he remarried Harriet in London, probably in order to obviate any question which might be raised as to the validity of the former ceremony, performed in Edinburgh according to Scottish law while he was still a minor. In April his wife left him, as a friend of his expressed it, 'again a widower;' in May he sent after her a rather pathetic, if rather too submissive, appeal for the restoration of a regard which can hardly have ever been genuine or serious. Soon afterwards he met the daughter of William Godwin, a novelist of unique rather than peculiar genius, but then more famous as a teacher and preacher of political and religious philosophies long since forgotten and never much more than derivative from France—the France of Diderot and Rousseau. Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and her future husband fell in love, by all accounts, at once—if not at first sight. On 28th July they eloped to France, accompanied by Jane Clairmont, daughter of Mary's stepmother by a former husband. On 13th August Shelley wrote a singularly affectionate and simple-hearted letter to the wife who had deserted him, inviting her to join them in Switzerland. On 13th September they were again in England. On 30th November Harriet Shelley gave birth, prematurely, to a boy; and some friendly and kindly intercourse ensued between the alienated husband and wife. As soon as his own money matters became settled by arrangement with his father, he sent Harriet £200 to discharge her debts, and settled the same sum upon her annually in quarterly payments. In February 1815 a baby girl was borne by Mary to Shelley, and died on 6th March. On 24th January 1816 the little child so loved and lamented in such lovely snatches of song by the father who had lost him was born, and called William, after the father of his mother. In March the first poem of a great poet made its appearance in print. It was then that Shelley published *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, and other Poems.* Before this he had shown himself to be a thoughtful, generous, fearless and fervent master of rhetoric in verse and prose; and assuredly nothing more. He now stood forth as a poet comparable only with Coleridge and with Wordsworth, and not unworthy of such comparison.

In May 1816 Shelley and Mary left England for Geneva—unhappily for all parties, again accom-

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panied by Miss Clairmont, already the secret and unsuspected mistress of Lord Byron, who there met Shelley for the first time. The immortal *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, superior even to Spenser's fine poem on the same ideal subject, is a more memorable record of this passing residence in Switzerland than the more rhetorical verses on Mont Blanc, fine and characteristic as they are. In September Shelley and Mary returned to England. In December the body of Harriet Shelley was found in the Serpentine.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
From the Portrait (1819) by Miss Amelia Curran in the National Portrait Gallery.

Little is known of her life after her desertion of the husband who had left her amply and generously provided for; and that little is not much to the poor girl's credit. On 30th December Shelley and Mary were married. Mr Westbrook, intent on imaginary profit to be made out of the guardianship of Harriet's children, appealed to the Court of Chancery for legal license to retain charge of them; for Shelley had unhappily permitted them, at their mother's urgent entreaty, to remain under her care. On 27th March 1817 Lord Eldon gave judgment against Shelley, in temperate and considerate terms, from the orthodox and conventional point of view. In the same month Shelley published *A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom*. His occasional pamphlets, unlike Milton's, are distinguished rather by good sense and right feeling than by eloquence or genius. He was now residing at Marlow, and his wife was engaged on her admirable and memorable romance of *Frankenstein*. The record of his charities at this time, lavished on poorer and not less deserving or grateful recipients than Godwin and Peacock (another friend of much the same order as Godwin), would suffice to immortalise the legend of a saint. The splendid fragments of *Prince Athanase*, a poem originally named 'Pandemos and Urania,' were part of the occasional work too fitfully undertaken and too diffidently cast aside during his residence at Marlow. The semi-lyrical narrative of *Rosalind and Helen*, here begun, seems to have been afterwards finished under the instigation of his wife's unfortunate and uncritical advice. A better wife and a worse counsellor no poet and no mortal could have had. This poem, to which she referred in a letter as 'my pretty eclogue,' is doubtless more than pretty, but not sufficiently more than pretty to be beautiful; the story is 'forcible-feeble,' and the style is less 'choicely good' than the reader has a right to expect from a great poet at his hastiest. A far more important poem, *Laon and Cythna, or The Revolution of the Golden City: a Vision of the Nineteenth Century*, appeared in 1818. When all deductions have been made from its claims, and all allowances have been made for its defects, *The Revolt of Islam*, as this poem was afterwards renamed, remains unassailable and unquestionable as a great and magnificent piece of work. For the conception and composition of the story there certainly is not much to be said; it is like an addition to the Arabian Nights supplied by Godwin or Tom Paine, in which the part of Haroun Alraschid should be taken by Anaxagoras Chaumette. But the passionate intelligence which informs this fantastic scheme or dream transfigures it into transitory but sufficient life to vivify if not to justify the transference of West to East, and the attribution of ideal devotion to impossible enthusiasts. And the workmanship is well-nigh faultless. Byron had recently shown, with universal applause, how not to write verse in the favourite stanza of Spenser; Shelley, unintentionally and unconsciously, now showed all readers how it should be done. Indeed, he has given a more masculine force of music to that mellifluous form of metre—more of staying power to that overtrained Pegasus—than Spenser himself could give.

On 12th March 1818 Shelley left England for ever. At Venice he lost another baby daughter. The spiritual first-fruits of his residence in Italy were the matchless 'Lines written among the Euganean Hills,' a poem enlarged and completed elsewhere and later. In these divine verses the whole spirit of the man finds utterance through the perfect inspiration of the poet: the rush of rolling song, the glory of impassioned colour, the music of sublime emotion, combine to raise it far above the probable sympathy of a minor poet or the possible estimate of a self-complacent critic. Equally beyond reach of their eyeshot is the noble and unique poem of *Julian and Maddalo*. It is illustrative and amusing to remember that the glorified and idealised likeness of Byron here given by a poet so immeasurably his superior would seem to have given little satisfaction to the ravenous egotism and omnivorous vanity of the model. It is certainly the finest as well as the most flattering portrait ever painted of him. The execution of this poem is masterly if not faultless throughout; the half-told story, excusable or inexcusable as the utterance of a sentimental and passionate lunatic, is throughout deficient in clarity and coherence, and sometimes—a rare but not an absolutely unique fault in Shelley's work—defective in the spiritual instinct of good taste and right feeling as to conception and expression. The magnificent picture of Venice at sunset is comparable only with a superb sketch or study of the same incomparable subject in the letters of a poet so much liker Byron than Shelley as Pietro Aretino. The study of impassioned insanity is less impressive, less dramatic, and less convincing than that which had been published eleven years before by a poet of an order so much humbler than Shelley's as was Crabbe's. At Este, in the fruitful autumn of this fertile year, Shelley began his great and daring venture of attempting to write a new *Prometheus Unbound*. It is unnecessary to say that the result, regarded as a poem or complete work of creative and plastic power, can bear no comparison whatever with the transcendent and unapproachable work of the greatest poet that ever lived—comparable only with Shakespeare on the one hand, and with the greatest of Hebrew or Arabian prophets on the other. From the dramatic or from the prophetic point of view it is so insufficient as to be almost liable to the charge of absolute futility. But poetry has hardly ever risen higher into clearer air, on wings of more perfect music, than in the sublimer passages of the first and the fourth act. The song of the delivered earth, and the final chant of Demogorgon, can hardly be compared with anything outside Æschylus or the Bible.

On 7th June 1819 Shelley's little son William died at the age of three. More than one divine fragment of verse bears witness to the sorrow which impelled his father to attempt, and compelled him to break off, the expression of his love and his longing for the child whose deathbed he had watched for sixty hours without resting. These and other such flying notes of song—happily preserved for all time by the pious care of his widowed wife—are comparable only, and exactly comparable, with the fragments of Turner's unfinished work, which would suffice of themselves to establish the unique and unmistakable kinship or identity of genius between the Turner of poetry and the Shelley of painting. Scraps of heaven and shreds of paradise, they vex and they delight us no less than do the shattered fragments of Æschylus and of Pindar, of Simonides and of Sappho. And in the relics of Shelley there is something to remind us alternately of all these transcendent names. In May 1819 he had begun the greatest tragedy that the world had seen since the death of Webster: for Landor's magnificent and matchless work, *Count Julian*, is almost as much more of a poem than a play as is the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton. With such undramatic or semi-dramatic poems as these a tragedy framed on Shakespearean lines can no more claim or challenge comparison than with a narrative or an epic poem. And though there is no variety and no relief in the tragic scheme of Shelley's play, it belongs none the less undeniably to the English school of tragedy which Marlowe—as haughtily contemptuous of comic relief and as rigidly self-reliant on his natural resources of poetry and of passion as was even the author of *The Cenci*—founded and established on lines of action and of passion no less nobly realistic than naturally poetic. It is a very much better poem than *Prometheus Unbound*, which has in it such far more splendid and sustained effusion of poetry as is proper and is possible to lyric verse alone. The unrelieved and unqualified horror of the subject—for the callous atrocity of legal and papal crime is as hideous in the fifth act as is the lust of evil which in the preceding acts is the mainspring of the action and the motive of his cruelty—might be regarded as a sufficient objection to preclude this tragedy from comparison or competition with the greatest; but the perfect unity and simplicity of story may certainly, from the dramatic and poetic point of view, be set against this apparent objection. The style and the versification are incomparably faultless and original in their spontaneous perfection of natural propriety and beauty—not various and abrupt in their sudden harmonies of inspiration as Shakespeare's or as Webster's, but as noble and as simple as Marlowe's at his ripest and his best. The two leading figures are drawn absolutely right; the criminal and the martyr are equally natural and equally alive. It is only the exceptional development of character by circumstance and chance, by social and religious atmosphere or influence, which makes them either actually or apparently abnormal or incredible. The other and minor characters should not be dismissed or condemned as conventional because they are not more elaborately studied and more carefully finished than was necessary for the

gradual action and the final impression of the tragedy. The right epithet for this great work was given by Browning when he referred to it as 'the unrivalled *Cenci*.'

On 12th November 1819 Percy Florence Shelley, the last of his ancient line, was born. In the course of the same year his father had written the noble *Mask of Anarchy*—a poem which might with equal justice be described as wise and foolish, passionate and temperate, puerile and manful, rational and preposterous, but in any case a great little masterpiece; *Peter Bell the Third*, a really humorous and fancifully extravagant improvisation of neither wholly just nor wholly unjust satire; and *A Philosophical View of Reform* (unfinished and unpublished), in which the central tenet of Quakerism was revived and proclaimed with all, if not more than all, the fervour of George Fox. The value of Shelley's prose writings is almost purely subjective; they would have no interest whatever for any imaginable reader if they threw no light on the character which helped to shape and to colour, to modify and to quicken, the genius of a poet. As a thinker, he was just and generous rather than original or profound; as a critic, he was sensitive and candid rather than intelligent or acute; and his style is generally rather than particularly good. It is only as an interpreter of his own poems, in the admirable introductions prefixed to the longer and more ambitious among them, that he appears as a writer of noble and memorable prose. There are passages of singular beauty and felicity in his *Defence of Poetry*; but on the whole, though by no means deficient in thought or in truth, it is somewhat wanting in force and point. In the autumn of 1819, while engaged on the last act, or rather the lyric epilogue, of *Prometheus Unbound*, he was moved by the inspiration of external or phenomenal nature at its highest pitch of harmony and passion to conceive and bring forth one of the supreme poems of all time—the *Ode to the West Wind*. Such work is like the greatest work of his master, Coleridge—beyond and outside and above all criticism, all praise, and all thanksgiving. The personal cry of suffering and exultation and hope, of rapture and regret and faith, which thrills the matchless music of the verse as with the very throb of living blood, serves only to quicken and to deepen the effect of the sensuous and supersensual emotion impressed by the glory of nature when most joyous, and expressed in the splendour of song when most sublime. Winter, the only season which seems to have been actually discomfortable to the singer of 'swift spring, and autumn, summer, and winter hoar,' drove Shelley from Florence to Pisa. The full and admirable biography, for which all students and lovers of poetry and of truth are inexpressibly indebted to the devotion and the ability of Mr Dowden, must be consulted for the details of the troubles brought upon his wife and himself by the exactions of so thankless a mendicant as Godwin and the double-dealing of so treacherous a friend as Byron. The villainous lies of an infamous valet were hardly needed to heighten the passing bitterness of a troubled and uneasy time. It is a no less regrettable than imperative necessity to touch in passing on such vile matters and men in the very briefest memoir of one of the noblest and purest among all poets and all mankind. In June Shelley moved from the paradise of Pisa to the purgatory of Leghorn. It was in the neighbourhood of that unlovely seaport that the song of an immortal skylark inspired a diviner song—the most perfect poem of its kind in all the world of poetry Between its claims and those of the sister ode to the west wind no man or boy who can appreciate either will dream of choosing or desire to decide. Thence, too, was despatched the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, a matchless model of nobly familiar verse and simply impeccable poetry. Soon after completing his graceful and vivid translation of the Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*, he wrote in three days of August one of the most splendid existing poems of pure fancy and visionary rapture, *The Witch of Atlas*. The joyous and high-spirited animation of all these little masterpieces is a sufficient disproof of the palpably preposterous if not wilfully malignant misconception which would lay to the charge of either the man or the poet a natural tendency to indulgence in 'a poor unmanly melancholy.' No minor poet after the order of Horace or of Herrick ever struck such ringing and exulting notes of natural and ignoble joy in nature and in life. The utmost enjoyment of such human linnets or finches, whose main or whose only business in poetry is the expression of self-complacent mirth and light-hearted acceptance of easy-going life, is faint and dull to the deeper and higher delight of the skylark and the seamew, who can breast the wind at midnight or face the sun at noon. The matchless melody of the stanzas 'written in dejection, near Naples,' under severe if transient suffering of mind and body, has bewitched too many readers into belief that these most musical of all melancholy verses could be taken as the expression of something more than a passing mood; and the malignant or compassionate bigotry of critics averse from his opinions has naturally seized upon this imaginary evidence as a pretext for deploring their assumed effect on the happiness or the fortitude of the writer.

In the spring of 1820 a successful rising of the Spanish nation against its villainous king moved Shelley to write his magnificent *Ode to Liberty*, a poem not unworthy to be named after Coleridge's ode on France—that unequalled if not unapproached masterpiece to which it was but natural and characteristic that Shelley himself should pay such tributary homage as he did with not more loyalty than justice. In the latter half of August he wrote the companion *Ode to Naples*, hardly so complete and elaborate a poem, so perfectly composed and rounded off, but touched with a more intense radiance of imagery

and a more passionate inspiration of music. For noble righteousness of enthusiasm and fiery rectitude of faith there is no possible choice to be made between these three supreme examples of English lyrical poetry at its most ambitious and most indefatigable flight. To the record of this wonderful year it must regretfully be added that in the same month of August Shelley wrote his only poem which might reasonably be wished away. There are gleams of humour and touches of poetry in *Swellfoot the Tyrant;* but it is a blot, though an insignificant and all but imperceptible blot, on the otherwise unstained escutcheon of a poet who never published anything else which could seem, except in the eyes of prurient and malignant imbecility, liable to the charge of either unseemly or unjustified indulgence in a questionable exercise of ugly fancy or of angry fun. To represent Wellington as a ruffian drunk with blood was equally worthy of Byron and unworthy of Shelley.

A casual acquaintance with a beautiful and sentimental if not hysterical young Italian lady of rank, confined as a schoolgirl in a convent till a suitor should appear who would take her off her father's hands without a dowry, was the origin of the lovely dramatic idyl or elegy to which Shelley gave the pretty and eccentric name of *Epipsychidion.* Study of Dante's earlier poems had taught him the trick of personal allusion which gives a touch of perhaps objectionable obscurity and a note of certainly questionable ambiguity to the tone and the subject-matter of this curiously and magically fascinating rather than thoroughly satisfactory or exemplary poem. No modern poet but Shelley would or could have struck so deep and so keen a note of poetic passion while weaving a wholly fantastic embroidery of partly imaginary emotion about his actual sensations of sympathetic and compassionate affection for an effusive and attractive sufferer from social and conventional oppression. To the poor girl who lived to endure the fate of the yet more surely immortal Pia de' Tolommei we owe the existence of a poem which is equally precious as a jewel of English poetry, whether the name of the 'noble and unfortunate lady' who inspired it was worthy or unworthy to be redeemed from oblivion into glory.

In January 1821 Medwin introduced to Shelley an old schoolfellow, Edward Williams, who was next year to share with him the fellowship of death. He and his wife, the charm of whose friendship and sympathy inspired some of the most magical poetry in the world, became easily and intimately friendly with Shelley and Mary. During this winter Shelley suffered much from ill-health, as any one might have expected who had earned it by constantly reading as he walked and stooping over his book till his back was too bent, as his friend Trelawny remembered, for the action of swimming to be practicable. Unhappily he could not be weaned from his love of boating, and a ducking in a canal between Leghorn and Pisa did not warn him to remember that he could not swim—it only gave one more proof of his dauntless and selfless nature. One of the most perfect among all poems that ever were left imperfect, 'The Boat on the Serchio,' commemorates this fatal and natural love or liking, and challenges a commentary as long or longer than the text to do anything like adequate justice to the charm of its various and spontaneous harmonies of change from pleasure in the Italian present to pleasure in the Etonian past, from joyous observation of nature to serious rapture of meditation, and again to an impassioned realism of landscape which can only be matched in the work of Dante, of Turner, and of Hugo. In 1821 a poem which is one of the glories of English poetry was printed with French types and published at Pisa. A pamphlet or a book more beautiful without and within never came and never can come from any press. The execution of *Adonais* as a poem is all but impeccable; its highest passages are those in which the inspiration of the writer is least connected with the immediate subject of the elegy. The introduction of Byron and Moore as mourners over the death of Keats would be the introduction of a burlesque or farcical element into a serious and tragic work of art if the absurdity of the fancy were not redeemed by the nobility of the verse. There are one or two singular oversights in the composition of a poem so elaborate and harmonious —a subsidence into debility of phrase at the close of a stanza, or a lapse into confusion of metaphor which makes nonsense of the allegory. But these slips in style are less than spots on the sun. To have made elegy sublime—to have lifted it to the level of the ode by infusion of lyric life into the form of elegiac verse—was possible only to Milton and to Shelley. And indeed *Lycidas* and *Adonais* are rather irregular odes than regular elegies; they have far more in common with the poetic work of Pindar than with the poetic work of Tibullus.

In August 1821 Shelley visited Byron at Ravenna, and was disheartened as to his own work by his admiration for the newly written cantos of *Don Juan*—if not perhaps by the mere habit of intercourse with a man of genius so alien from his own, whom he could not but perceive to be equally absurd in theory as a critic and contemptible in practice as a playwright. Towards the end of the month he returned to his wife at the Baths of Pisa. At Ravenna Byron had proposed that Leigh Hunt, who had long been seriously ill, should come to Italy for his health and join with Shelley and himself in the establishment of a periodical in which each of the three contracting parties should publish all his original compositions and share alike in the resulting profits. From Pisa Shelley wrote to Hunt an invitation conveying a proposal of which he characteristically declined to avail himself: being equally unwilling to fetter his own freedom of expression as to matters of opinion, and to partake the profits which might be expected from the popular fame of Byron and the popular celebrity

of Hunt. Meantime in the autumn of this year he threw off a splendid improvisation of imaginative and political poetry and sympathy in the lyrical drama of *Hellas*. The earlier part of this poem is on a level with his very highest work; the first two choruses, utterly different in poetic tone and movement, are coequal in sublimity and purity of imagination. The passionate rapture of the one and the serene magnificence of the other make such music of spiritual harmony as only the greatest and the sanest among poets can strike and can sustain. The justice done at once to the ideal Christ, and to the charm of the older creeds which were cast out by the triumph of Christianity, is as final and as perfect as the lesson so simply and so superbly set forth in the closing lyric of the poem. The intervening incidents are less remarkable for imaginative invention than for the exquisite and noble charm of expression which invests them with more than merely fanciful or fantastic life; the astonishing collapse of metre, of style, and of sense, in some of the irregular lyric passages, may be allowed to suggest the inference that not even the greatest poet can with impunity venture to cut himself loose from the natural and eternal laws of song which refuse to verse the license of anarchy and self-will under penalty no less heavy than the forfeiture of security from shipwreck. Even such fascinating works of fancy as *Arethusa* and *The Cloud* and *The Sensitive Plant* cannot be classed with the poems in which their author has shown himself a great poet by the one indispensable test of poetic triumph, a consummate mastery of his instrument. Much less could his unlucky attempt at a tragedy on the unpromising subject of Charles the First, had it ever been unhappily completed on the lines on which it started, have been worthy of a place among even the least successful or memorable of his actual works. Such golden and glorious fragments as 'Marenghi' or 'The Woodman and the Nightingale' would always have been worth it all. That the best of wives was the worst of counsellors is only too evident from the fact that Mrs Shelley encouraged him in thus ploughing the sand, and discouraged him from continuing to work on a poem which, even in its unfinished and fragmentary condition, is worthy of a place among the crowning works of its author and the crowning glories of English poetry, *The Triumph of Life*—the swan-song, we may call it, of Shelley's. On 14th January 1822 Shelley first met the best friend of his few remaining days, and the best painter of his personality that has ever placed on record the impression made by the man—made in this instance on one of the manfullest of mankind—Edward John Trelawny. He was now occupied on his translation from the Spanish of Calderon—a version as beautiful as his renderings of Greek and Italian poetry, which are sometimes remarkable for inaccuracy, or as his translations from Goethe's *Faust*. On 1st May Shelley and Williams, with their wives, took up their quarters in Casa Magni, a house on the Bay of Spezzia which Shelley had hired for the summer. On 2nd July Shelley had the pleasure of welcoming Leigh Hunt to Italy on his landing at Leghorn. His last days were spent in the service of this beloved friend, on whose behalf he extorted from Byron a naturally reluctant fulfilment of his plighted word. On 4th July Shelley and Williams went out in a yacht which had been built, against Trelawny's advice, on a model brought by Williams from England. On the 19th Trelawny recognised, in a body washed up on the beach, the mutilated corpse of Shelley.

Among all English poets there is but one who can be named with the poet who recognised in Coleridge his master as a lyrist. It is not in degree, but in kind, that they differ from all others. No man ever born into the world can be named in the same breath with Shakespeare; but he was not of the same order as they. Coleridge and Shelley stand by themselves alone. The genius of Coleridge at its highest rose above the genius of any other poet on record in the special and distinctive qualities of the very highest poetry—creative imagination and coequal expression of the thing conceived. But in these qualities Shelley stands next to him, and not far off—either in power of conception, or in mastery of such verse as includes and combines the respective gifts of the painter, the musician, and the sculptor. And Coleridge, in a life more than twice the length of his disciple's, did not a twentieth part of the good work done by Shelley.

From the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.'

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?—
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope!

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given:
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes,
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came:
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

From 'The Revolt of Islam.'

She saw me not—she heard me not—alone
Upon the mountain's dizzy brink she stood;
She spake not, breathed not, moved not—there was thrown
Over her look the shadow of a mood
Which only clothes the heart in solitude,
A thought of voiceless death.—She stood alone.
Above, the heavens were spread;—below, the flood
Was murmuring in its caves;—the wind had blown
Her hair apart, through which her eyes and forehead shone.

A cloud was hanging o'er the western mountains;
Before its blue and moveless depth were flying
Grey mists poured forth from the unresting fountains
Of darkness in the north:—the day was dying:—
Sudden, the sun shone forth; its beams were lying
Like boiling gold on ocean, strange to see,
And on the shattered vapours which, defying
The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly
In the red heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.

It was a stream of living beams, whose bank
On either side by the cloud's cleft was made;
And, where its chasms that flood of glory drank,
Its waves gushed forth like fire, and, as if swayed
By some mute tempest, rolled on her. The shade
Of her bright image floated on the river
Of liquid light, which then did end and fade—
Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver;
Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver.

I stood beside her, but she saw me not—
She looked upon the sea, and skies, and earth.
Rapture and love and admiration wrought
A passion deeper far than tears or mirth,
Or speech or gesture, or whate'er has birth
From common joy; which with the speechless feeling
That led her there united, and shot forth
From her far eyes a light of deep revealing,
All but her dearest self from my regard concealing.

From 'Prometheus Unbound.'

The Earth.

Ha! ha! the caverns of my hollow mountains,
My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting fountains,
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter!
The oceans and the deserts and the abysses,
And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing after.

They cry aloud as I do:—'Sceptred Curse,
Who all our green and azure universe
Threatenedst to muffle round with black destruction, sending
A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-stones,
And splinter and knead down my children's bones,
All I bring forth to one void mass battering and blending—

'Until each crag-like tower and storied column,
Palace and obelisk and temple solemn,
My imperial mountains crowned with cloud and snow and fire,
My sea-like forests, every blade and blossom
Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom,
Were stamped by thy strong hate into a lifeless mire—

'How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up
By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup
Drained by a desert-troop, a little drop for all!
And from beneath, around, within, above,
Filling thy void annihilation, Love
Bursts in like light on caves cloven by the thunder-ball!'

The Moon.

The snow upon my lifeless mountains
Is loosened into living fountains,
My solid oceans flow and sing and shine:
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,
It clothes with unexpected birth
My cold bare bosom: Oh! it must be thine
On mine, on mine!
Gazing on thee, I feel, I know,
Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,
And living shapes upon my bosom move:
Music is in the sea and air,
Wingèd clouds soar here and there,
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of:
'Tis Love, all Love!

The Earth.

It interpenetrates my granite mass;
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass
Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers;
Upon the winds, among the clouds, 'tis spread;
It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,—
They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bowers;

And, like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
With thunder and with whirlwind, has arisen
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being:—
With earthquake shock and swiftness making shiver
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever:—
Till hate, and fear, and pain, light-vanquished shadows, fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many-sided mirror
Which could distort to many a shape of error
This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love;
Which over all his kind—as the sun's heaven
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even—
Darting from starry depths radiance and life, doth move:—

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is left
Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft
Of rocks through which the might of healing springs is poured,—
Then when it wanders home with rosy smile,
Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile
It is a spirit,—then, weeps on her child restored.

Man,—oh! not men! a chain of linkèd thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress;
As the Sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,
The unquiet republic of the maze
Of Planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea;
Familiar acts are beautiful through love;
Labour and pain and grief, in life's green grove,
Sport like tame beasts,—none knew how gentle they could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bad delights,
And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,—
Is as a tempest-wingèd ship, whose helm
Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength. Through the cold mass
Of marble and of colour his dreams pass,—
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear;
Language is a perpetual Orphic song
Which rules with dædal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and shapeless were.

The lightning is his slave; heaven's utmost deep
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on.
The tempest is his steed; he strides the air,
And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,
'Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I have none.'

From 'Peter Bell the Third.'

He was a mighty poet and
A subtle-souled psychologist;
All things he seemed to understand
Of old or new, of sea or land—
But his own mind, which was a mist.

This was a man who might have turned
Hell into Heaven—and so in gladness
A Heaven unto himself have earned:
But he in shadows undiscerned
Trusted, and damned himself to madness.

He spoke of poetry, and how
Divine it was—'a light—a love—
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro;
A dew rained down from God above;

'A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam.'
And when he ceased there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face.

Ode to the West Wind.

1.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill;

Wild spirit which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

2.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

3.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

4.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

5.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind;
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

From 'Adonais.'

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known,
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;—
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry;
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh! come forth,
Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright,
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh not of him, but of our joy. 'Tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowing weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! O, hasten thither.
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have evoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

From 'Hellas.'

Chorus.

In the great morning of the world,
The Spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frighted from Imaus
Before an earthquake's tread.—
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendour burst and shone:
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing fire. The wingèd glory
On Philippi half alighted,
Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.
From age to age, from man to man,
It lived; and lit from land to land
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.
Then night fell; and, as from night,
Reassuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
Against the course of heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
To burn, to kindle, to illume.
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine steams,
Hid, but quenched it not; again
Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
From utmost Germany to Spain.
As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning
When she seeks her aerie hanging
In the mountain-cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
Of her wings through the wild air,
Sick with famine; Freedom so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns. Her hoary ruins glow
Like orient mountains lost in day;
Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurslings play,
And in the naked lightenings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
A desert, or a paradise;
Let the beautiful and the brave
Share her glory, or a grave!

Semichorus I.

With the gifts of gladness
Greece did thy cradle strew.

Semichorus II.

With the tears of sadness
Greece did thy shroud bedew.

Semichorus I.

With an orphan's affection
She followed thy bier through time

Semichorus II.

And at thy resurrection
Reappeareth, like thou, sublime.

Semichorus I.

If heaven should resume thee,
To heaven shall her spirit ascend.

Semichorus II.

If hell should entomb thee,
To hell shall her high hearts bend.

Semichorus I.

If annihilation—

Semichorus II.

Dust let her glories be;
And a name and a nation
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee! . . .

Chorus.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal

And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go:
New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws, receive:
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror, came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light.
Hell, sin, and slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight.
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreams are paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding-star of Bethlehem:
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.
Our hills and seas and streams,
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years.

From 'The Triumph of Life.'

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened earth.
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light the ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay;
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil which he of old
Took as his own, and then imposed on them.
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine. Before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep

Was at my feet, and heaven above my head;—
When a strange trance over my fancy grew,
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent that the scene came through
As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills, they glimmer; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self-same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air.
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenour of my waking dream.—
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust; and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,—

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier.
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear:
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear.

And others, as with steps towards the tomb,
Poured on the trodden worms that crawled beneath;
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked, and called it death;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath.

But more, with motions which each other crossed,
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noonday ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,—
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst,
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths, and wood lawns interspersed

With overarching elms, and caverns cold,
And violet-banks where sweet dreams brood;—but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And, as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day;

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon

(When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might),

Doth, as the herald of his coming, bear
The ghost of her dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair;

So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour; and a Shape
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb.
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom
Tempering the light. Upon the chariot beam
A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-wingèd team.
The shapes which drew it in thick lightenings
Were lost:—I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that Charioteer
Had their eyes banded. Little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun:
Or *that* with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been, or will be done.
So ill was the car guided—but it passed
With solemn speed majestically on.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

[The standard edition of Shelley's works, prose and poetry, is that by Mr H. Buxton Forman (4 vols. 1876–80; new ed. of the poetry, 1892–93). Of the poetry there are editions by Mr W. M. Rossetti (1878; new ed. 1894), Professor Dowden (1891), Professor Woodberry (Boston, U.S., 1892). Mr Shepherd collected the prose works (1888), and Dr Garnett edited a selection from the Letters (1882). Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley appeared in 1886 (new ed. 1896), and there are books on Shelley's life by Medwin (1847), Hogg (1858), D. F. MacCarthy (1872), J. A. Symonds (1878; 2nd ed. 1887), J. C. Jeaffreson (1885), Mr W. M. Rossetti (1886), and Mr W. Sharp (1887). See also the *Memorials* by Shelley's daughter-in-law, Lady Shelley (1859; new ed. 1876); Elton's *Shelley—France, Italy, and Savoy* (1894); *The Journey of E. E. Williams* (1903); the bibliography of Shelley by Mr Forman (1882), and the *Lexical Concordance* by Mr F. S. Ellis; also the article on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley at page 519, and the lives of her there noted.]

Byron.*

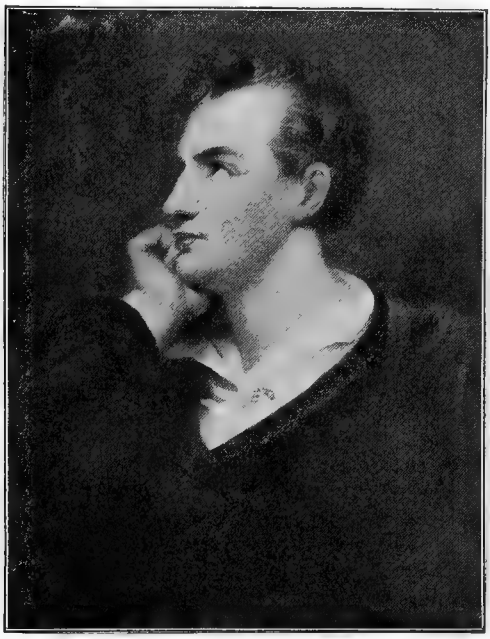
George Gordon Byron, sixth Lord Byron of Rochdale, was born in Holles Street, London, 22nd January 1788. The original form of the name was Burun. After the Norman Conquest the family held extensive property in Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire. The estate, however, that is most associated with the poet's name, Newstead, was granted to Sir John Byron by Henry VIII. at the dissolution of the monasteries. The barony dates back to 1643, when Sir John Byron was created Lord Byron of Rochdale in recognition of his services to the Royalist cause. It was the poet's great-uncle, the fifth lord—'the wicked Lord Byron'—who (born in 1722, and died in 1798) killed in an eccentric kind of duel his neighbour and relative Chaworth, the grandfather of Mary Chaworth, one of several girls who won the poet's boyish love, and yet, as some of his censors would say, had the good luck to escape marrying him. It was this same 'wicked Lord' who sold the Lancashire estates. Some of the 'wicked' characteristics of the family blossomed vigorously in Byron's father, Captain John Byron. After having seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, he borrowed her money, then eloped with her, then did what the world called making reparation to her—that is, completed his wrong-doing by binding her in marriage to a scamp like himself. Of this marriage the only child who lived was Augusta, born in 1782; she died as Mrs Leigh in 1851. Between Byron and this lady there was a deep attachment, as some of the best of his poems show. Captain Byron's second wife, Catherine Gordon, was Byron's mother, whom the captain married for her fortune. It was from his mother, who was heiress of the Gordons of Gight, that Byron inherited that propensity to fat which, with his lameness and his impecuniosity, combined to form a life-drama of a peculiar and fantastic kind. To his mother's irrational conduct may be traced many of the unfortunate incidents which flowed from these disasters. When we consider that the malformation in his feet, with which from birth he was afflicted, could easily have been cured had it not been for his mother's amazing folly—first, in submitting him to the torturing hand of a quack, and, afterwards, in allowing him to run about, boy-like, when the feet were under proper medical treatment—the filial affection that he evinced towards her was one of the most charming of his characteristics. Often in Fate's awards there seems to be a vein of actual cynicism. Lameness and fat and impecuniosity could not have worked more disastrously upon any man's heart and soul than they did upon Byron's. In regard to his lameness, owing to his sensitivity upon the subject, an enormous deal has been written that need never have been written, and it is of a most contradictory nature. Trelawny, for instance, in the first edition of his *Recollections* of Shelley and Byron, averred that Byron's two legs were withered at the knees. This, as the present writer told Trelawny when he was living in Pelham Crescent, some few years before his death, could not be for a moment believed by any man who knew what swimming meant, if the story of Byron's swimming the Hellespont is not a myth. To swim for any distance by striking out with only one leg is difficult enough, but to swim across the Hellespont without the use of legs is impossible. No doubt, however, the statement about the withered legs was a slip of Trelawny's pen, for afterwards, in the later edition of the *Records*, published in 1878, he says that the legs were not 'withered' at all; that the lameness was 'caused by the contraction of the

* Copyright 1903 by J B. Lippincott Company to the poem entitled "To Thyrza," page 130.

back sinews preventing his heels resting on the ground and compelling him to walk on the fore-part of his feet;' except this defect, according to Trelawny's revised account of the matter, Byron's feet were perfect. The fact that there are many other descriptions by eye-witnesses of his lameness which do not in the least agree with either of Trelawny's contradictory statements, or with themselves, is another proof of the impossibility of learning the exact truth about anything concerning the personality of a man. Byron has been dead hardly eighty years, and we do not know, and never shall know, how much and how little he suffered from lameness; and yet his lameness was the central fact of his life.

Mrs Byron retired to Aberdeen, where she brought up her son on an income of £150 (afterwards £135) a year. To be born lame—to be obliged to starve one's self in order to keep down one's fat—to pass one's childhood in the tantalising atmosphere of the aristocratically connected family—to pass it there in penury, and afterwards to succeed to a poverty-stricken peerage must needs have had an enormously disturbing and demoralising effect upon any character, unless the character were of a peculiarly heroic mould. But upon Byron, in whom personal vanity and aristocratic prejudice were grotesquely combined with something of the *bourgeois* feeling about impecuniosity, its effect was disastrous—nearly ruinous. As to impecuniosity, a man of the true patrician temper simply feels the inconvenience of want of money and chafes against it: to him it never occurs, as it does to the *bourgeois*, that the accident of poverty is a disgrace. And yet Byron was patrician born and a poet to boot: it is very curious.

Seven years after his father's death, on the decease of his great-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron before mentioned, Byron during his minority succeeded to the peerage and became a ward of Chancery. His mother took him to England. In 1801 he was sent to Harrow. There is no room here to touch upon that period, except to remark that at school his attention seems to have been divided between scholastic studies and his desire, intensified if not originated by his lameness, to play the part of athlete, and that he even essayed to play cricket, though, according to one eye-witness, he was obliged to advertise the infirmity which cursed his life by engaging another boy to run for him. In 1805 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge; he stayed there three years or thereabouts, and formed some important friendships. Here, too, he tried to play the part of athlete, and, handicapped by spiteful destiny as he was, succeeded. The British art of sparring was then at the height of its glory, and his passion for emulation induced him to patronise the ring—as he would have patronised anything that was fashionable; for, like his idol Bonaparte, he, while believing himself the despiser of human opinion, was the slave of it. But at this early date another ambition seems to have seized him—the desire of appearing in print; although, according to Moore, his aspiration was to print a small volume and bring it out in the approved aristocratic way for private circulation. In November 1806 a volume of poems of his, called *Fugitive Pieces*, was published by Ridge of Newark. The volume was immediately suppressed by the advice of Byron's friend, the Rev. J. T. Becher, on account of the license of some stanzas in one of the poems. This was the poem 'To Mary,' a poem which shows how early the idea of posing as the wild-oats-sowing



LORD BYRON.

From the Portrait (1825) by R. Westall, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

young gentleman—at one time sentimental, at another time cynical, whether Childe Harold, Conrad, Lara, or Don Juan—came to Byron. But rhyming often saves the young poet from doing the naughty things which songless youngsters actually do. And, to be just to Byron, he seems to have been not very guilty of true erotic mischief: a little foolish rhyming about it very likely saved him. It is, however, unpleasantly suggestive of Byron's indelicacy that the lady to whom he afterwards addressed *The Dream*, and whom he seems to have really loved, was named Mary. Mr Becher saved one copy of the book from destruction, and afterwards a few copies were reprinted for private circulation. It is singular how ignorant of the book writers upon Byron seem to be. As the great ambition of young men of Byron's class was to be the shining lights at such clubs as the Pugilistic, the Owls, or Fly-by-Nights, Byron of course had to belong to these

clubs. It was this unfortunate weakness of his that led him to pretend to far more vice than he ever practised, and it is this that makes it so immensely difficult to form a well-based opinion upon the impulses of character that really and truly governed his life. At the time of life when in a general way the true poet is listening to a music to which the fine gentlemanism of his time was deaf, he wanted to be thought not only a dandy like Brummell, but a very wicked dandy. With regard to this volume *Fugitive Pieces*, it is to students of Byron as a metricist of special interest, because it was in this very poem 'To Mary' that he showed a promise of metrical skill which, until he came to write in the congenial *ottava rima*, he never fulfilled. It is written in the stanza invented by Ben Jonson, and afterwards used by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, D. G. Rossetti, and finally by Lord Tennyson in *In Memoriam*. There is no more difficult stanza than this. Owing to the rhyme-interval between the first line and the fourth, it suggests the slowness of movement of the Petrarchan quatrain; but the lines are too short to carry the stateliness of the sonnet. Not even Tennyson was able to reconcile the ear to its trotting effect. Coleridge, in the following quatrain in *Christabel*, showed us that the only way to remove this trotting effect is to hurry the movement from the first line to the fourth by cutting off the first syllable of the second and third lines, and so making them trochaic:

> Yea, she doth smile and she doth weep,
> Like a youthful hermitess,
> Beauteous in a wilderness,
> Who, praying always, prays in sleep.

Yet, it must be said that Byron handles the metre with a certain amount of success.

In 1807 appeared *Hours of Idleness*, 'a series of poems, original and translated, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor,' containing a few of the poems from the suppressed volume, among which the objectionable lines 'To Mary' were not included. The very name, *Hours of Idleness*, is an indication of the poet's besetting weakness—the desire to win the poet's crown, and yet to pretend that he was too much of a patrician to care to win it. It was furiously attacked (by Brougham, as Byron came to believe) in the *Edinburgh Review*. Very likely the attack was answerable for Byron's astonishing literary career. The origin and composition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which was published about a year after the *Edinburgh* article, will explain why, as an attack upon the *Edinburgh Review*, the poem is a fraud. About the time that he was publishing *Hours of Idleness* he had been engaged in writing a satire upon contemporary poets. He now took his satire from his desk, revised it, and prefixed to it some vigorous abuse of Jeffrey, and after the lapse of several months had it printed. This is why there is so little said about Scotch reviewers and so much about English bards. Had *Hours of Idleness* fallen dead from the press, as it would otherwise have done, the partly-written satire upon contemporary poets might, indeed, have seen the light; but that too would have fallen dead. But an attack upon the redoubtable 'buff and blue' by a young lord who showed that he was game awoke the sporting instinct in the public mind. The attention it attracted caused him at once to turn into literary channels the personal force and the passion of emulation in him which were so unconquerable, and which must have exercised themselves somewhere. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* did attract very considerable attention, and Byron saw that there was a career before him as a satirist if not as a poet. At that time touring over Europe was still called 'travelling,' and still formed an important part of a patrician's education. Poor as he was, he determined to travel; and, indeed, he seems to have had a genuine zest for travelling. The ordinary route of the grand tourist was partially closed owing to the state of Europe brought about by the Napoleonic wars. He began to read about Persia and India and the East generally, where he aspired to go. With money borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest he left England on 11th June 1809, accompanied by an intimate friend, Mr Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), his valet Fletcher, his old butler Murray, and a son of one of his tenants, Robert Rushton. The last of these represents the 'page' who figures in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Byron went to Spain, then to Malta, then to Greece and the Ægean. For nearly two years he was on the Continent, writing the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. After a while the butler and the page had been sent back to England from Gibraltar; and again, after a while, Hobhouse had left him at Zea. He then went to Athens, and for about a year passed through those adventures of romance and debauchery—some of which may be real, though most of them, no doubt, are apocryphal—with which he perversely contrived to make his name associated. Fine gentlemanism in its every development is only another name for vulgarity; but it was unfortunate for Byron that he lived at a period when a peculiarly offensive form of the vulgarity in question, that of the Regency, was in vogue. Almost every wrong thing that he did came from his desire to show off the vices of the man of fashion. At that time gentility and devilry were synonymous terms. Among the stories concerning his adventures on the Continent which he allowed to be circulated was one to the effect that during this time he rescued a girl from being sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea for infidelity to her master. The story (which forms the subject of *The Giaour*) may be apocryphal, as are so many stories about Byron; but he was full of the passion of adventure, and had physical courage enough for anything.

After his return to England he showed to his friend Dallas, at the end of October 1811, in his lodgings in St James' Street, his paraphrase of the *Ars Poetica* ('Hints from Horace'). When Dallas asked him if he had not any other thing to show, he confessed to having written two cantos of *Childe Harold*, a poem of which he had great doubts. It seems, from Dallas's account, to have been with the greatest hesitation that he ventured upon publishing them. Their success was prodigious. They had not been in the market many days when he woke one morning and found himself famous. Defective as these two cantos are, it should not be a matter of surprise to the student of poetry that the poem was a great success. The original name of the poem was *Childe Burun*, which he only changed to *Childe Harold* by the advice of friends. Therefore to deny, as he afterwards did, that he intended the hero to be taken for himself was idle. As to the wild-oats sowing at Newstead, however, which figures in *Childe Harold*, this, it may be assumed, was of the same imaginary kind as the 'sowings' described in the lines 'To Mary.' Very likely the only one among the wild and lawless things enumerated in the poem achieved by Byron and his companions was drinking wine from the skull of a monk—a very cheap exploit and very silly. But he knew through that instinctive sagacity which was one of his many endowments, that with the rank-worshipping Anglo-Saxon race there is no idea so fascinating as that of a young nobleman sowing his wild oats, and that this idea becomes still more fascinating when the young nobleman can be exhibited in a state of pensive melancholy on account of the harvest. All the women and many of the men went mad about the mysterious hero of the poem. Women are more enslaved by vogues than are even men, and Byronism spread over the land like a fever among them. Lady Caroline Lamb's infatuation was perhaps no more wonderful than that of the 'White Lady' who, after his death, haunted Newstead, described by Washington Irving. Apart from the poorness of the thought and the commonness of the verbal texture of the verses, *Childe Harold*, from the metrical point of view, is of little worth: it can hold no place among the important poems of the world. It is a first principle of metrical art that whenever the struggle becomes very apparent between the metrical bars of any passage and that natural emphasis of thought or emotion which we call the sense-rhythm, there is artistic failure. Hence, although fine poets will sometimes ignore the great subject of harmony between metre and motive, yet the history of poetry shows that without this harmony no poem—not even a strong poem in other respects—can take its place as a classic. In choosing the Spenserian stanza for *Childe Harold*, Byron would have been no doubt quite right if he could only have mastered the metre. The music of this stanza, though elegiac—the music common to all decasyllabic quatrains—is rendered far more subtle than that of Gray's *Elegy* (for instance) by the fourth line being made to rhyme with the fifth and seventh, and by the closing Alexandrine. In fact, the structure is so elaborate that, like the sonnet of octave and sestet, the Spenserian stanza will admit scarcely any complexities of syntax, scarcely any inversions, and scarcely any *enjambement*. If these artistic licenses are indulged in, as they are in Byron's Spenserians, the power of the Alexandrine at the close is lost, and the entire stanza becomes a schemeless tangle of nine rhymed lines.

Byron was never able to counteract the involution of the rhyme arrangement by achieving the simplicity of syntax before alluded to, and by throwing an unequivocal stress on the rhyme-pause. This is why in *Childe Harold* the poetic life, such as it is, in each stanza seems struggling and iridescent, as a fish in a net. Why, then, had so defective a poem as *Childe Harold* so enormous a vogue? This is not so difficult a question to answer as at first it appears to be. *Childe Harold* depicts a character which seems to be real, and tells a life-story in a peculiar way. Apart from the fact that it was published at a time when eyes of a painful and passionate anxiety were directed to the Continent, there is in the poem itself something that may be called new in the poetic literature of England; or, rather, there is a blending of two different kinds of poetry that had never been so successfully blended before. Between the personal outpouring of the lyrist and those other kinds of poetry which may, perhaps, be classified as objective, there are many points of difference; and perhaps none of them is more notable than this, that while in the case of the writer of objective poetry the only question that can without impertinence be asked concerning the poet's work is simply 'Is it good?' in the case of the lyrist it is not only legitimate to inquire (within decent bounds) under what circumstances was the work produced, but such an inquiry adds an enormous interest to the poem. A poem addressed to 'Thyrza,' for instance, may be beautiful in itself, and very fascinating, even though 'Thyrza' be, as Moore declared, an abstraction; but if it is believed by the reader that the Thyrza addressed was a real woman—a lovely girl, say, of humble life, who passionately loved a poet of superior rank, and whom the poet passionately loved—the poem seems to come straight from the bereaved poet's heart; and consequently what before was interesting becomes more interesting still. And suppose the reader were to believe, as Professor Minto believed, that the lovely girl in question had wandered with the poet dressed as his foot-page, how absorbing then does the interest become! For although lyrical poetry, like all other poetry, is an art, it should always seem to be inspired by an emotional

impulse or else by an earnest message. If any writer's verses seem to spring from an irresistible impulse, or if they seem to embody a genuine message, we cannot withhold our sympathy. There may be appalling violations of poetic form; but still the song and the message must needs be listened to. Now, Byron contrived to make every descriptive stanza in *Childe Harold* seem to be steeped in his own emotion—charged with some deep message of sorrow in his own soul. Indeed, he did even more than this: he contrived to throw over sorrow that veil of mystery which excites the imagination of the reader more than anything else. It was Shelley who put into the mouth of Maddalo (Byron) the words,

> Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Perhaps, as regards Shelley, however, by the very splendour of his mastery over poetic art he himself failed to convince the reader of the poet's own suffering. To Byron's readers it seemed that the noble pilgrim was a writer who did really learn in suffering what he taught in song: the poem seemed so charged with a message, passionate, sorrowful, and mysterious, that it was bound to win the kind of readers who are won by lyrical outpourings. And yet *Childe Harold* was not a lyric at all, but a descriptive poem, or rather it combined in itself the special effects of two kinds of poetry. Objective poetry, though it loses much in losing the interest attaching to personal poetry, has advantages of its own which, in a general way, lyrical poetry must of necessity lack. It can delight the reader's imagination by painting living pictures of the external world; it can faithfully describe Nature; it can faithfully describe the raree-show of human life. But if a poet, either by instinct or by design, succeeds in blending these two different kinds of interest, the work can hardly fail to be a great popular success. This is what Byron did in *Childe Harold*. He threw down before the world a poem that imported more of personal interest into objective poetry than had ever been imported into it before. In a word, *Childe Harold*, although written in a non-lyrical measure, contains poetry which, from the first line to the last, is in virtue of its personal appeal as essentially lyrical as though it had been written in a measure as lyrical as that of the stanzas 'To Augusta.' Not for a moment does this melancholy pilgrim permit the reader to forget the poet in the subject. In reading a poem by Chaucer, or by Walter Scott, we think 'How rich and various and wonderful is this world of ours!' but in reading *Childe Harold* we think 'How strangely the world affects this suffering pilgrim!' and yet the world is painted with considerable graphic power. Byron did not wait long to repeat and intensify the personal impression that he had made. *Childe Harold* was quickly followed by the Oriental poetical tales. The heroes of all the tales are one and the same, and this hero is 'Childe Harold,' the darling of the Regency drawing-rooms, as 'Childe Harold' is 'Childe Burun' or 'Byron.' In the *Giaour* this hero steals the mistress of Hassan, a Mohammedan chief; and when Hassan in his vengeance has the girl drowned for her infidelity, he assassinates Hassan and ends his life in a monastery.

Of course, in writing narrative poems in octosyllabics Byron imitated Scott, who, on his part, had imitated the first part of Coleridge's *Christabel*, which, although not published before *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, had been recited to Scott by a friend. In octosyllabics Byron was as unskilful as we have seen him to be in the Spenserian stanza. In couplets, octosyllabic lines are too trotting in movement unless varied by seven-syllable trochaic lines, as in Milton's *L'Allegro*, or else by the old revived anapæstic lilt, of which Coleridge alone among modern poets was a really great master; for Scott himself never learned Coleridge's exquisite art of rounding off the edges of the extra syllables by alliteration and a careful use of liquids—and, of course, Byron never learnt it. Even *Tam o' Shanter*, the greatest of all masterpieces in pure eight-syllable iambic couplets, seems in many parts to require these variations. In the same year the same dandy hero who had figured in the *Giaour*—Harold, Burun, or Byron—under the name of Selim, carries off Zuleika, the beautiful daughter of Giaffir Pasha, whom her father intends to marry Carasman Pasha. The fugitive lovers are caught; the hero is slain and Zuleika dies. The hero—the *Giaour*, Burun or Byron—comes to life again in 1814, and as Conrad the *Corsair*, the beloved of the beautiful Medora, is attacked by Seyd Pasha, taken prisoner, and set free by Seyd's mistress, Gulnare, who assassinates her former master and lover and elopes with Conrad. In the same year Byron, disguised as *Lara*, appears with Gulnare disguised as a page. This ubiquitous hero in many incarnations has one virtue and a thousand crimes—the crimes being mysterious, but all adequately black, and the one virtue being fine gentlemanism. In 1815 appeared *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, and, besides the narratives, there were also *The Hebrew Melodies* and a good many minor pieces. The same tone that had fascinated the world in *Childe Harold* ran through all the poems; and it is marvellous the way in which it influenced writers—not only in England, but all over Europe. The world was at the feet of this young lord, who was at once Childe Harold, the Giaour, Giaffir, Conrad, and Lara—with rich dark locks, carefully curled in papers over-night, that clustered on the temples of an Apollo; whose mouth had a cupid's bow, and yet was a man's mouth; whose chin was as exquisitely moulded as the loveliest woman's, and yet showed at the tip the masculine dimple which the sculptors adore; and whose deep-gray eyes flashed between the dark, long lashes

every light and shade of tenderness, intelligence, languor, passion—mixed, of course, with scorn. The last was a very important element of Byron's success. The poet knew well how mankind loves to be scorned. To add to the charms of this adored and adorable creature, it was generally believed that he was the most unhappy being then in London, and that this unhappiness was remorse on account of certain mysterious, immoral escapades with women, European and Asiatic.

This melancholy of Byron's has been much discussed. Not only Lady Byron, but Goethe, Scott, Madame de Staël, and many others seem to have taken it seriously—seem to have believed that it was the basis of his nature. But we of a later date have ample evidence of the way in which Byron posed as being unhappy; consequently his misery does not wring our hearts as it wrung the hearts of our grandfathers and grandmothers. We know that some years after this period of his great London triumph, when he was sitting for his bust to Thorwaldsen, a suggestive dialogue took place between the two. Byron placed himself opposite to the sculptor, but at once began to put on a different expression from that usual to him. Thorwaldsen asked him to sit still, and said, 'You need not assume that look.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. When the bust was finished he said, 'It is not at all like me: my expression is more unhappy.' We further know that at a still later date, when West was painting him at Leghorn, the poet assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, 'as though,' said West, 'he were thinking of a frontispiece for *Childe Harold*.' The unhappiness of the man who is anxious that his unhappy expression should be secured in his portrait does not cause us to feel very anxious about him. If, however, he was so unhappy as he seemed, it should always be remembered in regard to man that his chief sign of being superior to other creatures is his genius for being unhappy, and that, while the physical conditions which can make a human being comfortable are few, the physical conditions that can make him miserable are countless: they may be leanness, fatness, lack of height, excess of height; but very likely fat is the most potent of all. No wonder, then, that the main causes of Byron's misery seem to have been fat and shortness of money. With regard to fat, he, with a heroic self-restraint such as vanity alone can command, set to work to reduce it, and although he did undoubtedly live in pre-Banting days, he managed in a degree to keep it down by living mainly upon biscuits and soda-water; but it is very likely that his remedies weakened his constitution, robbed it of its power of resisting the attacks of disease, and so shortened his life. Of course, had it not been for Byron's colossal vanity, the tragedy of fat would not have been so appalling; but it made his life a kind of martyrdom. Melancholy, however, is very much a matter of contracted habit. If Byron had not been lame, and if he had not had the predisposition to fat, and if he had been born to means adequate to the expectation of rank and position, there is no reason to suppose that we should have heard so much about his melancholy. Such an anomalous position as that in which Byron found himself would surely have made any man melancholy; and such a masterfulness and pride as Byron's would have intensified it. For a man so proud as Byron to be obliged to expose at every turn the impecuniosity that he felt so keenly must have been a very bitter experience. And it should not be forgotten that when Byron's impecuniosity came to an end, and he had as much money as he needed, his melancholy seems to have been considerably modified, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt, who depicts him at Pisa while writing *Don Juan* in the least of melancholy moods, dressed in the jaunty fashion suited to the writing of such a jaunty poem, lounging about in the courtyard, and singing an air out of Rossini.

It must not be supposed, however, that Byron's detachment and taciturnity were less fascinating than his melancholy and his amours and supposed amours. There is no doubt whatever that silence really is as golden as the proverb affirms it to be; it is a mistake to suppose that in society women are impressed as men are by brilliant talkers. When Lady Morgan speaks of Byron as cold, silent, and reserved, she enumerates the very qualities which impress women most. It seems to have been this kind of detachment and difficulty of finding the small-talk of the drawing-room that had so much to do with Napoleon's power of overawing women. Byron, of course, had native wit enough to be a brilliant society man. His detachment, however, did not come from any subtle design; it was the result of intense self-consciousness and egoism. Of every poet it may, fortunately, be said that his mind to him a kingdom is, and that the smaller the poet the bigger to him seems that kingdom. This satisfaction with his own kingdom saves him, as a rule, from society-worship. But Byron was an exception to this generalisation; he was not content to reign over his little kingdom: he craved the recognition of the fashionable world. Hence his desire to figure as the young lord suffering from the terrible satiety that follows hedonism, wandering over Europe and painting all the scenes through which he wandered. And it must be remembered that what the public loves its poets to show is poetic melancholy, or, rather, poetic 'sourness of temper.' It was Carlyle who said that Byron was 'only a sulky dandy;' on the other hand, an admirer of the Chelsea sage himself spoke of *him* as 'scowling at the century.' Both Byron and Carlyle knew how dearly the nineteenth century loved to be scowled at; and, except Carlyle, there never was a more accomplished scowler than Byron. Lady Caroline Lamb tells us that

the women suffocated him, and it is easy to believe it. Though she herself on a first meeting declared him to be 'mad, bad, and dangerous to know,' she soon succumbed to him to a degree that has given her her only right to be remembered at all.

But now the plot of Byron's life thickened in disastrous fashion. On the 2nd of January 1815 he married—married the wrong woman. It has been absurdly and unjustly suggested that he married Anne Isabella Milbanke from mercenary motives. Though heiress in her own right of the barony of Wentworth, she was a lady of a very moderate fortune.

Not even the whimsical Fates that ruled over Byron's life could have arranged a more ill-assorted match than this. It has been generally taken for granted that the faults were mainly, if not entirely, on Byron's side. It is generally assumed that he would not, under any conceivable circumstances and with any conceivable woman, have made what is called a good husband. But in the lottery of marriage success or failure depends upon the way the angularities of one egoism touch the angularities of another. The misanthropic and repulsive side of Byron's character has been greatly exaggerated, especially by Byron himself. Notwithstanding all his weaknesses and vanities, there was a winsome side to his character. Although entirely without the 'cheery pessimism' which has justly been called the great charm of his class, he could often be as frolicsome as a boy. Next to the disasters before mentioned, the most important thing connected with Byron's life was this most unlucky marriage. There is, of course, no room to give it anything like adequate discussion in such a brief notice as this; but to pass it over without a few words upon it would be to make the study of the man entirely futile. The question has been often asked in connection with the marriage, whether Byron was capable of feeling a real affection for anybody but himself. And the question has been mostly answered in the negative. Yet it is difficult to understand why. In trying to discover whether there was in Byron's nature sufficient affectionateness to enable him to live happily with a woman, people are apt to talk in the vaguest manner about the word affection. In this regard men and women may be divided into three groups: those who are constitutionally unable to feel affection at all; those purely affectionate natures in which egoism is weaker than common and sympathy stronger than common (natures in which we find a yearning for some object round which to throw the tendrils of their love); and, lastly, there are those whose egoism, passing into egomania, closes their hearts against the world in general, but at the same time and for that very reason impels them to a passionate affection for those who give *them* love. That Byron belonged to the last of these three classes there is plenty of evidence to show. Selfish he was, no doubt; he was a man, and therefore belonged to a selfish genus; but he had real love, genuine love, to give to the person in whom he discovered a genuine love towards himself. His kindness and generosity to any of his retainers who displayed a special regard for him, the way in which he wrote and talked about several people with whom he was brought into contact—especially a certain chorister boy, Eddlestone, with whom he became acquainted in youth at Cambridge, and who died early—shows this very clearly. As to what the Countess Guiccioli said, as recorded by Lord Malmesbury, about Byron's being 'a man with a cold temperament with nothing of the passion which pervades his poetry—which he was in the habit of ridiculing'—this does not go for very much when we consider that the man of fashion must of necessity put on cynical airs. He loved children; his love of them was so great that Lady Caroline Lamb actually used it as one of the means of attracting him towards herself. Notwithstanding the angry denials of its genuineness by Allegra's mother, Jane Clairmont, which, as the present writer chances to know, she reiterated down to her death in Florence in 1879, his grief at the death of Allegra, as Trelawny always emphatically asserted, was of a true and deep kind. Again, the medical man who attended Byron on his deathbed at Missolonghi tells us that in his dying moments his last words were of Ada and Greece.

The fact is that the moment people begin to write about Byron they either lose their heads in uncritical adoration of him, or else an itch for disparagement attacks their fingers. What Leigh Hunt tried to show was that, though a fine poet, he was not a gentleman. The present writer had a long discussion with one who in this matter agreed with Leigh Hunt—Trelawny—upon this very point. What are the two great qualities failing which no man, whatever his birth or training, can be a gentleman? They are frankness and fearlessness. The frank way in which Byron spoke of himself, according to Trelawny's own records—made fun of his every weakness—is apparent in every anecdote of him. His fisticuff affair with young Lord Calthorpe at Harrow, his challenging the dragoon who insulted Shelley, his first letter to Moore, show that he had courage—plenty of courage—from boyhood. Throughout his entire life no one of his friends ever threw a doubt upon his courage. On this point Trelawny says in his *Recollections:* 'I never doubted—for he was indifferent to life and prouder than Lucifer—that if he had drawn his sword in Greece or elsewhere he would have thrown away the scabbard.' It has been said that the great question to determine when inquiring whether a man is, or is not, a gentleman, is whether, or not, he is a man who can be lived with—lived with under the same roof; but there is a far more searching test than this, and the witness who somewhat reluc-

tantly comes forward in favour of Byron is Trelawny himself. Among all the tests of a gentleman this is an infallible one: the gentleman is the only man who 'can be travelled with;' especially, he is the only man one can go to sea with without a certainty of disaster. Trelawny is perfectly conscious of this. 'Few friendships,' says he, 'can stand the ordeal by water; when a yacht from England with a pair of these thus tried friends touches, say, at Malta or Gibraltar, you may be sure that she will depart with one only.' And the reason is obvious; for, says he, with his usual politeness to the sex, 'You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned in a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her.' And now see what he says about Byron: 'I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron; he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to he answered, "Do as you like."' How many companions of this kind are there in this island? Therefore the failure of the Byron marriage was not, as has been so often assumed, brought about by the fact of Byron's not having been a gentleman.

Marriage generally either makes or mars a man. It seems quite clear that if Byron had made his selection from the whole fashionable world of London he could not have made a more unfortunate choice. The great charm of English patrician women, marking them off from the middle class, is that 'cheery pessimism' before alluded to, in which there is a certain *soupçon* of Bohemianism. This may, perhaps, in a general way make them more adapted to be the companions of a poet than the daughters of the *bourgeoisie*. In Byron, as in Shelley, there was a great deal of Bohemianism, and he tied himself in wedlock to the most strait-laced and priggish woman in the whole fashionable world of the Regency. A most worthy and respectable lady she was, no doubt; but she was steeped in a peculiar atmosphere of *bourgeois* Puritanism—the only woman, perhaps, who was so steeped in the whole Melbourne set, or, indeed, in the whole patriciate of that time. Disaster was inevitable; irritation between them soon began. The squalid impecuniosity into which Lady Byron found herself plunged must have been one cause. On 15th November Byron was obliged to sell his library. There were nine executions in the house in the space of twelve months. But here again fat, we may be sure, formed an integral part of the tragedy. It was impossible for a man like Byron, whose diet, owing to his propensity to fat, was obliged to be biscuits and soda-water, to dine day after day with a lady who seems to have had what another husband might have called 'a pleasing *penchant* for food.' Very irritating must this 'pleasing *penchant*' have been to a starving man with the perfume of the lady's rich viands in his nostrils. In an equal degree must have suffered the poor lady who was soon obliged to take her meals alone.

On the 10th of December of the same year Lady Byron gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Augusta Ada. On the 16th of the following January she went with the child, with the consent and, indeed, wish of Byron, to stay with her relations at Kirkby Mallory. Byron was to follow her there; but before this could be he received intimation of the movement for separating him from his wife. On the 2nd of February a proposition was made to him by Lady Byron's father, Sir R. Noel, that there should be an amicable separation. Byron at first flatly refused to consent to this, but at last yielded, still cherishing the hope that there would eventually be a reconciliation. The actual charges brought against Byron by his wife have always been a mystery. That they were grave, very grave, is made evident by the attitude of both Lushington and Romilly. Let the mystery rest. What is it all to us, to whom the poet has given *Don Juan*, the *Vision of Judgment*, and *Beppo?* Up to quite lately the inquisitive ones have been thinking that some further light would be thrown upon this matter; for his intimate friend, Lord Broughton, drew up 'a full and scrupulously accurate account' of the affair, intending to publish it, but yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him by friends of the families, and withheld it. At his death he bequeathed one copy of the document to his daughter (Lady Dorchester) and the other to the trustees of the British Museum, with a mass of unpublished letters, with directions that it was not to be made public until 1900. This time has now expired; but the trustees have declined to publish it, and so the matter remains. Let the mystery rest, we repeat—rest unsolved

Then came that grotesque revolt of the society butterflies which was certain to come sooner or later. He who had been adored was now ostracised by the senseless crowd who had adored him—adored him for the very vices which, as they now alleged, caused them to shun him. Some of the same ladies who, according to the Countess Guiccioli, used to send him letters offering themselves to him on any terms—letters of which that lady, as she told Lord Malmesbury, possessed a box full—would now pour out of a room with shuddering shoulders and faces aghast as soon as he entered it. Byron was such a worldling that one cannot give him the sympathy that would have been given to another poet. The true poet, indeed, has no place in that galley. Ever since the accession of George the First, the English *beau monde*, which under the Tudors and the Stewarts was more brilliant and artistic than any other Court society in Europe, has been annexed by Philistia, and never was it more contemptible than under the Regency. What the ignorant, inartistic, fashionable world of England

adored then is what it adores now, not a poet's genius, which is far beyond its ken, but the pedestal on which his genius has lifted him. It must surely be with a grim feeling of humour that the idealist and the lover of poetry reflects upon this chapter of Byron's story.

Byron very wisely left the storm to wear itself out. He went up the Rhine to Switzerland, and there he met and fraternised with Shelley and the entire Shelley group. Among these were Jane Clairmont, the beautiful, romantic, dark-eyed daughter of Mary Shelley's stepmother by her first husband (Vol. II. p. 703). This lady had imbibed the views of that remarkable set upon marriage, and between her and Byron a *liaison* took place. The result of the intimacy was a daughter, Allegra, whom she dearly loved. Writers upon Byron are generally unjust towards Jane Clairmont; but, on the whole, the ugliest chapter in Byron's life would seem to be that which deals with her. She had given him all that a woman can give without getting in return what the world considers the immense compensation of the marriage-tie. Byron inveigled the child from her, and placed it in a Catholic convent, knowing that by so doing the child would become alienated from its freethinking mother. If Byron had placed the child in the convent from conscientious motives, the case would have been different. But not Jane Clairmont herself was more irreligious than Byron; there was no excuse for him. The fact that Jane Clairmont in after-years changed her views about religious and social matters, and, indeed, went so far as to join the Catholic Church, does not in the least palliate Byron's conduct at this period of their lives. Allegra died in her fifth year; and there was an end of the mischief.

Byron moved on, and at last settled in Venice for a time. According to his own account, his life at Venice was very much what the life of Childe Harold had been at Newstead—that is to say, one of lawlessness and debauchery of every kind. But of this chapter of the Byron legend some portion is, no doubt, the outcome of Byron's peculiarly trivial kind of vanity. Even Shelley's evidence as to these debaucheries was, no doubt, largely based upon Byron's own reports, and upon gossip flowing from these reports. The best evidence against Byron's impeachment of himself is the work he got through at Venice during these two years: debauchery and strenuous work do not go together. In 1818 he drifted into the most amazing relations with the Countess Teresa Guiccioli and her obliging husband. He positively lived with this bewildering pair in 1819 and 1820, at Ravenna. In the summer of 1820 he went to Pisa, still working so hard that it is difficult to conceive how he found time for the loose life of which he boasted. Immoral his life no doubt was; but as it was during these years that he produced his most virile work, it must have been less so than he would have the world believe. In 1822 Shelley was drowned, and Byron, Trelawny, and others were present at the cremation of the body on the shore. From what Trelawny told the present writer, Byron on this occasion comported himself in the manner that was to be expected of him. About this time Byron joined Leigh Hunt in a newspaper called the *Liberal*, which was a failure. In the same year he left Pisa for Genoa, and there pursued his literary labours, still with unswerving energy. During the seven years that elapsed from his abandonment of England to his death, the work he produced was enormous in quantity. If the quality had been equally great, his position among the nineteenth-century poets would not have been the uncertain one that he now holds. For in regard to the question of quantity and quality poetic critics seem to be divided. Some contend that there are two kinds of poetic genius—the genius which has the power of expressing itself in quintessential forms, and the genius which, lacking this power, manifests itself in marvellous fecundity, producing a kind of literature more diffuse, but still of a comparatively high class. Others affirm that in poetry quality is everything, quantity nothing—that the few fragments which we have of *Sappho* will be as fresh as when they were first written centuries after Byron's mass of work, so much of which is only second-rate, has been forgotten. The third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*, however, written at this time, are greatly superior to the first and second cantos; but even here Byron shows no power of 'using the sieve for noble words,' which Dante speaks of. If there is any truth in the canon of criticism that 'while eloquence is heard, poetry is overheard,' these two cantos consist of eloquence rather than of poetry. Yet so rich is our literature that in any other poetry save that of Greece and that of England it would take a high rank. The work at this period included many of his dramas. *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Deformed Transformed*, *Sardanapalus*, *Werner*, *Heaven and Earth*, &c., were all written with great haste and in the most slovenly manner. There are qualities, however, in *Heaven and Earth* which place this drama above the others. As dramatic work they are all failures; but three of them as dramatic poems—*Heaven and Earth*, *Cain*, and *Manfred*—deserve more attention than it is now the fashion among competent critics to give to them. *Manfred* is, surely, in spite of all its melodramatic characteristics and in spite of its indebtedness to Goethe as to tone, a very impressive poem. Like all his other poems, it makes the reader believe that the hero and the author are one. *Manfred*, like the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*, shows the influence upon Byron of the neo-romantic movement, which he at first resisted. The Alpine mood is much worked in *Manfred*, and yet criticism is compelled to ask the question—Did Byron really know, and

if he knew did he really enjoy that solitary communing with Nature in her holiest moods, in her most secret recesses, of which he talks so much? It is true that no man without having passed some important period of his life with Nature alone, undisturbed by the distractions of an active social life, ever yet got from her all that she has to give the soul. But had Byron such an experience? Upon the question of solitude and its effects upon his mind he has been very voluble; but whether solitude is good for man or harmful depends upon individual character. Whether among the beauties and wonders of Nature man's soul eats poison or wholesome food depends upon the soul that feeds. Where there is health of body—where there is a clean memory, a well-stored mind, and a genuine passion for Nature—solitude, either in those leafy dingles of England whose fascination when fully known makes this island the Paradise of the world, or by the seashore or among the great European hills, widens the soul and makes tender the heart. But upon Byron's frivolity and cynicism, or affected cynicism, it had no influence apparently; he remained a worldling to the last. His love of the sea, however, was genuine. And no wonder, for while swimming in the ocean billows the lame man was a true athlete and no sham. On deck the martyr to fat was no more trammelled by fleshy conditions than other men.

It is impossible to exaggerate the slovenliness of Byron's work at the worst; it is bad enough in his rhymed verse, but in his blank verse it is intolerable. Yet, as regards the best portion of his poetry—that written in the *ottava rima*—some of our most thoroughly equipped critics are apt to do him less than justice. In comparing him with Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, we should not forget that there are two kinds of 'narrative poetry.' The temper of the one is idealistic; the temper of the other is realistic. In the former kind of narrative the poem depends largely upon the beauty of the poetic form, as in *Julian and Maddalo*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *The Eve of St Agnes*, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, and especially in *Christabel*. In the latter it depends upon a more externally truthful representation of the life of Nature and the life of man, as in *Marmion* and as in the serious portions of *Don Juan*. In its own line *Don Juan* is as successful as are the poems of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley in theirs. *Don Juan* does exactly what it sets out to do; it competes with prose narrative in lucidity and in truthfulness of representation, and yet it remains a poem. To demand also that it shall be steeped in the moonlight magic of *Christabel*, or in the rich poetic dyes of Keats's *Lamia* or *Eve of St Agnes*, is as absurd as to demand that these last-named poems should touch life as closely as *Don Juan* touches life. In such a richly coloured picture of fairy life as that going on in Madeline's moonlit chamber the puerile talk of the lovers is not, and should not be, challenged by any true reader of poetry; but in a poem so closely touching life as *Don Juan* such talk would seem imbecile. *The Vision of Judgment* and *Don Juan* are ebullient of life. They have all the idiomatic spring of living speech, and yet, deficient as they are in artistic excellence, they are not, as we have said, so deficient as to be undeserving of the name of poetry.

In that debatable land between poetry and prose where the poetic sieve is not used, Byron has no peer save Scott; and although his imagination was immeasurably behind Scott's, there are passages in *Don Juan* which show the genuine seeing power. The shipwreck scene is one of these. That this famous scene is not comparable with such concentrated vision as is found in Shakespeare's sea-painting in the opening of *The Tempest* is true. The sea-painting in *The Ancient Mariner*, too, is so far above it that the two pictures can scarcely be compared. But it is not enough to say against Byron's sea-picture that the scenic business was a mere collection of actual recorded incidents which had occurred in actual shipwrecks; a man without an imagination or with a feeble imagination might have collected all these details, and might have marshalled them with as much dexterity as Byron has done, and yet have failed to fuse them—have failed to inform them with dramatic life. To say, therefore, as so many critics have said, that Byron was without imagination would be wrong, though it would be right to say that his imagination was not of the first class. And the episode of Haidée which follows the shipwreck is so beautiful and so full of life that it is difficult to imagine the time when it will not be read with the deepest interest. Underlying all the cynicism and disagreeable swagger which is so offensive in *Don Juan*, Byron shows in this episode (and shows, perhaps, for the first time) that he had a true feeling for the pathos of woman's relations to man—her trustfulness, her ignorance of masculine guile and sin, the fatality that attends her love when she gives, as she so often does give, more than she receives. And yet even here the reader, perhaps, feels that the good work as regards the 'use of the sieve for noble words' ought to have been better.

It would be hard to exaggerate the splendour and triumph of *Don Juan*. And here we touch upon the very core of Byron's poetic work. The mere fact that almost all the best portion of that work is written in *ottava rima*, the stanza which especially lends itself to the use of a diction common to verse and prose, is alone sufficient to indicate his place among poets. Every stanzaic arrangement of lines, as has been said in discussing *Childe Harold*, has its metrical meaning, the instinctive understanding of which is necessary to every poet who works in it. Although Fairfax and Keats and others have used the *ottava rima* for entirely serious poetry, its metrical motive is what may be called jauntiness, and this makes it very

specially adapted for worldly verse like that of *Beppo*, *Don Juan*, and the *Vision of Judgment*. This jauntiness is properly expressed by the fifth and sixth lines of *ottava rima*, which mock, so to speak, the metrical meaning of the previous quatrain. Frere, in *Whistlecraft*, could by mastery over double rhymes achieve the jaunty. But although a recognition of difficulty overcome is undoubtedly an element of the pleasure we derive from the *ottava rima*, it is far from being the most important element. The supreme charm of jauntiness in the *ottava rima* is seen when, and when only, it shows, as in Byron, that the really precious things of poetry, wit, and wisdom, which to any other poet would be a burden, this poet in the very playfulness of his strength can carry jauntily. For, to show that the poet can do playfully all that the heroic does seriously is the work of the serio-comic *ottava rima*—Italian or English. The reader should feel that here is one who could scale Parnassus if he would, but that in the riot of his power he lingers to disport himself on its lower slopes. But then it is essential to have the power before you can play with it. Here is the difficulty; and now it is that we come to the secret why the serio-comic *ottava rima* is not to be achieved by the mere word-kneader, knead he never so wisely. It is not born of artifice at all; it is the natural expression of a mood—the mood of the full-blooded man who has lived. It is true enough that *Whistlecraft* inspired *Beppo*—in writing which poem Byron at once found his feet. The author of *Whistlecraft* was wiped out of existence by the genius of his imitator; for *Whistlecraft* was inspired by jauntiness and clever rhyme-manipulation only. Now, although the *ottava rima* is the natural medium of jauntiness, that quality is just as much an impertinence in *ottava rima* as it is in any other measure, and as it is in real life, unless the poet makes jauntiness a good weight-carrier, as Byron does in his superb satirical poems in this measure. The same horse whose prancings in his box, unburdened by saddle or rider, seem so clumsy and ridiculous, looks a very different creature when he caracoles with ten stone upon his back. An eloquent and well-equipped Byron enthusiast, the late Professor John Nichol, in his monograph on Byron in 'English Men of Letters,' alludes to certain comparisons between *Don Juan* and the feats of the Japanese acrobats printed in defence of Byron against the sneers of one of the imitators of *Don Juan*, Moultrie, by the present writer twenty-five years ago. The gist of the comparison was that in seeing a man jauntily touch the strings of a guitar there is nothing exhilarating at all. But when one of those marvellous Japanese acrobats, whose incredible feats strike the spectator with wonder and delight, displays his jauntiness, jauntily touches the strings of his guitar as he balances on his shoulder a long bamboo pole which is curved to a segment of a circle by the weight of another acrobat twisting and twirling like a monkey at the top—twisting and twirling there in the perfectly contented knowledge that absolute safety to his own neck lies in the genius of the man below—then the jauntiness of such guitar-playing as that adds to the wonder of a performance whose wonderfulness is already overwhelming. That comparison was, of course, made in support of the present writer's contention that so amazing and so easy is the masterful power of *Don Juan*, so perpetually does the poem seem to show that Byron could, had he chosen, have given us serious poetry of a high kind, that if all his other work save that written in the *ottava rima*—the *Vision of Judgment*, *Beppo*, and *Don Juan*—could be annihilated and forgotten, his position among English poets would be incomparably greater than it is now. For we should then have credited him with potentialities in serious poetry far beyond any of his actual achievements. Keats's fine definition of poetry would then have seemed to be exemplified by the work of Byron:

> 'Tis the supreme of power;
> 'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right arm.

The instinct for prose locutions which gave life to such poems as *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, coupled with the admirable writing in his letters and diary, shows that had Byron turned to prose fiction he might have been the most brilliant novelist of his time. Although it is a mistake to suppose that Byron was brought more into touch with actual life than were most of the men of his class—for it seems to be forgotten that he moved in English society for a very short time—he nevertheless did see quite enough of life to depict it faithfully and brilliantly; and his powers of observation were those of the novelist rather than of the poet. Very likely he might have taken the same place in the novel that Scott took in the romance. As has been said above, his sensitivity to the class distinctions of his time was that of a member of the middle-class rather than that of the born aristocrat, and this would have enabled him to write a society novel as true to life as though he had belonged to the class to which Thackeray and Trollope belonged.

In 1822 Byron removed from Pisa to Genoa. In the following year his friends Hobhouse and Kinnaird invited him to join a movement for recovering the independence of Greece. On the 14th of July in that year he set out for Greece; in the expedition everything went wrong, though not entirely, or perhaps mainly, through want of practical sagacity on Byron's part. On 5th January 1824 he landed at Missolonghi, and still everything went wrong. To crown all, the Greeks quarrelled among themselves, and funds were not forthcoming. In a little while he caught a dangerous fever, and, weakened as his constitution was by the semi-starvation to which he had subjected

himself, he succumbed, and he died 19th April in that year. His body was brought to England and buried close to Newstead, in the little church of Hucknall-Torkard.

If the time is not even yet come for speaking with any confidence as to Byron's final place in the poetical literature of England, it is because the force which may be called the genius of personality is as effective for a time in keeping a poet alive as the most perfect exercise of artistic genius. In the popular imagination he is still, as a figure, more striking than any other in the galaxy of illustrious poets among whom he lived. And even among people of culture, though a deal of the magic associated with his name has faded away, a considerable remnant of that magic is vital still. To that great mass of intelligent people who read prose with avidity, but who read poetry only under the stress of the voice of authority, Byron is the only name among the poets of his period who is known at all, unless we except Scott, whose fame as a poet gains enormously by his fame as a prose writer. Any fresh incident connected with Byron's life, any fresh anecdote related concerning him, is at once circulated in every newspaper and read with avidity, not by students of poetry merely, but by people to whom the names of Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats are mere names. Some critics still explain this by affirming that Byron's poetry is finer than that of his contemporaries; but these are few and of very little importance, for Ruskin, with all his genius, was an extremely bad critic of poetry. By far the larger number of critics, and these are among the best equipped, now hold the opposite opinion—the opinion so strenuously put forward years ago by Landor. Some, indeed, go so far as to affirm that Byron's verse is not poetry at all, but a third something between poetry and prose. The view taken by the present writer is midway between these two.

It is not necessary to go to the length of Landor in depreciation of the poet in order to see how excessive are Matthew Arnold's laudations of him. Arnold goes even so far as to speak of him in the same breath with Dante.

In criticising Byron it must never be forgotten that there is the poetry of art and the poetry of impulse, and that the great masters have both. No competent English critic, except Matthew Arnold, has ever claimed for Byron that he is to be ranked among the great masters. And Arnold's exaggerated estimate of Byron's poetry may very likely be traced to his reverence for the opinion of Goethe. There is every reason for understanding, without accepting, Goethe's views upon this subject. Apart from the fact that no foreigner can really judge of the finer and more subtle effects of English poetic-art, it must be remembered that the countrymen of Goethe do not use the words *Dichtkunst*, *Dichtung*, and *Dichter* in exactly the same way as English critics use the corresponding words 'poetic-art,' 'poetry,' and 'poet.' In England the idea of perfect artistic verse is always included in the idea of poetry.

Now, although much of Byron's work is only poetry in solution, and suffers terribly when it is criticised as poetry, it can be fairly and justly estimated under the head of *Dichtung*. *Dichtung* can include a vast mass of material which, according to the English definition of the word poetry, can only be called 'worldly verse.' This is why, notwithstanding certain recent well-meaning and praiseworthy efforts to reinstate Byron in the position he once held, his rank in the courts of universal criticism still remains, and will always remain, below that of his five great contemporaries.

Moreover, this has to be said, that brilliant as is his best work—*Don Juan*, the *Vision of Judgment*, and *Beppo*—it would be difficult to say what is the message to his fellow-men of a poet whom such work represents. Not that we can expect any poets to be fully adequate to these modern ages of the world. Yet it is the artist's paramount duty to represent, not, indeed, the accidental forms, but the temper and the spirit of his time. To perform this duty in the grand but simple age of Pericles, to perform it in the age of Dante and even in the age of Shakespeare, there was requisite not much more than poetic genius; to perform it in the time of Byron something more was required, something which is not commonly found alongside the power of song save in the greatest names—the wide intelligence and the keen sagacity that enable men to pierce through the complex conventions beneath which the heart of the age palpitates at one time as much as at another, and to see, even in the darkest days, where lies that eternal core of beauty of which, as Spenser teaches, physical beauty is but the type and the token—to see that, in the deepest of all senses, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.' Shelley taught, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, the sublimity of resignation before those great inscrutable powers—conscious or unconscious—in the grip of which Man is and must always remain helpless. Wordsworth taught the noble effects upon the human mind and soul of gazing into the eyes of Nature as she lies dreaming of Man's destiny. Coleridge, although he in his more precious work like the *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*, cannot be said to have taught, or to have attempted to teach, any set ethical lesson; yet, inasmuch as his beautiful pictures impress the mind with the near presence of those powers of the unseen world which govern, while they seem not to govern, all that is seen, suggests, perhaps, a truth that is greater than all. Keats taught a kind of Sufistic beauty-worship which is far more profound in its teaching than is generally supposed. His words above quoted remind us that even his, the most purely artistic of all

English poetry, steeped as it is in every kind of physical luxury, shows by the sudden flash of many a pregnant line how alive the poet was, even in his Latmian dreams, to the waking life in the valley below—how open were his ears to that 'still sad music of humanity' which is the soul of all true literature. Even in his most perfect artistic work we get such magnificent bursts of humanism as the stanza in the 'Ode to a Nightingale' beginning,

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird.

Scott, our greatest imaginative writer of the nineteenth century, the greatest, perhaps, since Shakespeare, taught the beauty of a dauntless and manly chivalry such as he, rightly or wrongly, imagined feudality to be, and such as fired his own heroic and noble soul.

But what is taught by Byron's only important work, *Don Juan?* He has often been called the poet of liberty, and certainly his sonnet *Chillon*, his highest reach in serious quintessential poetry, does express very nobly the feelings of those who really and truly worship liberty above everything else. But did he really love liberty as Shelley and others have loved it? How could he love liberty, the object of whose flighty adoration was Napoleon, the greatest tyrant, if the greatest genius, that has ever trampled on the liberties of Europe? His admiration of Napoleon, indeed, was positively comic; he carried it so far as to get a great coach, in which he could sleep and take meals, in imitation of Napoleon's famous carriage, carrying a bed, a library, and a cooking apparatus. Perhaps there were certain points of resemblance between the great Corsican captain and his English adorer. One was the detachment and taciturnity in the society of women, before mentioned; another was the capacity of being, when occasion seemed to demand it, rude to women. Napoleon was surely the only man except himself who could have written the letter he wrote to Lady Caroline Lamb when he wanted to break off an entanglement that had become troublesome. He has often been called the poet of revolt; but when we are asked what he revolted against, it is difficult to find an answer. As regards the great fundamental human scheme upon which all attempts of civilisation up to now have been built, the scheme of hereditary honour and dishonour—the scheme resulting in those autocracies, royalties, oligarchies, aristocracies, whose proper functions, the true poets of revolt tell us, have now ceased—no man, not even Carlyle himself, was more dominated by this sophism than was Byron. He was as blind as though he had lived in the Middle Ages to the fact that honour and dishonour must in that true civilisation towards which we are slowly creeping be considered strictly personal. That he revolted against the hypocrisy and Puritan cant of Great Britain is true, and here, to be sure, his work might have done good service; for undoubtedly there is more hypocrisy among the Anglo-Saxon race, whether it flourish in England, the United States, or the British Colonies, than in all the world besides. But, unluckily, Byron made the world see that his revolt against hypocrisy and cant was only part of a much larger revolt—a revolt of a very mischievous kind—a revolt of the fine gentleman against all those moral curbs and restraints without which society would rapidly fall to pieces. Consequently, since he wrote, British hypocrisy and cant have been more rampant than ever. It is difficult to avoid saying that what Byron really taught was the sacred rights of fine gentlemanism—the sacred privilege of the patrician to do as he likes. This is why, among the great writers of the world, no place can properly be found for Byron. And again, can a great writer be *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avait pas*, as his most charitable critic, Walter Scott, declares him to have been? To indulge in senseless bravado, to take pride in posing as a breaker of moral laws, would be impossible to any man who had anything to say to the world worth saying. Poets and great poets—men of genius and great men of genius—do, undoubtedly, show the weakness of the flesh only too often—do, undoubtedly, yield to the appetites as much as common men; but it is with reluctance they yield. Self-scorn, and not boasting, follows their fall. He who wrote the wonderful sonnet beginning,

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,

would surely not have understood a *flâneur* like Byron. Plenty of instances of great poets weakly yielding to sin there are; but is there an instance in all literature of a great poet posing as *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avait pas?*

To Thyrza.

Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore, art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The Past, the Future fled to thee,
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!
Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, 'We part in peace,'
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watched thee here?
Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere Death appear,
When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere called but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whispered thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Ev'n Passion blushed to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore—*I* wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again:
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in Heaven!

From 'The Island.'

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Follow'd: her track beneath her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly—bravely—brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel.
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soar'd—and as she spread
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks.
They had gained a central realm of earth again,
But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' grassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play,)
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise;
Led him to where the rock appeared to jut,
And form a something like a Triton's hut;
For all was darkness for a space, till day
Through clefts above let in a sobered ray;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

Stanzas to Augusta.

Though the day of my destiny 's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy Soul with my grief was acquainted.
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the Love which my Spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *Thee*.

Then when Nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *Thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
'Tis of *Thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake;
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me;
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one:
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *Thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd,
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the Desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *Thee*.

Fare thee Well!

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well!
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:
Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.
And when thou wouldst solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is press'd—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love *had* bless'd!
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Wither—yet with *thee* they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well! thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Sear'd in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.

From 'Beppo.'

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations;
Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely;
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either passed in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
In Harams learning soon would make a pretty schism,
But luckily these beauties are no 'Blues;'
No bustling Botherby have they to show 'em
'That charming passage in the last new poem:'

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who, having angled all his life for Fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small 'Triton of the minnows,' the sublime
Of Mediocrity, the furious tame,
The Echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

A stalking oracle of awful phrase
The approving '*Good!*' (by no means GOOD in law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

From 'Manfred.'

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the Night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not—till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,—
The dead, but sceptred, Sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order. (From Act iii. sc. 4.)

Speech of Nemesis in 'Manfred.'

Shadow! or Spirit!
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,
Reappear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm.
Appear!—Appear!—Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here!
(From Act ii. sc. 4.)

Julia's Letter.

'They tell me 'tis decided you depart:
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again:
To love too much has been the only art
I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears:
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

'I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem;
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream;
Yet if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I 've nothing to reproach, or to request.

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart,
Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange
Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
Men have all these resources, We but one—
To love again, and be again undone.

'You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core:
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No;
That word is idle now—but let it go.

'My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul.

'I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete;
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!'
(From *Don Juan*, Canto i.)

Juan and Haidée.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquished, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it Death in which he had reposed;
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And, chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recalled his answering spirits back from Death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till, beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillowed his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm;
And watched with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire; and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roofed them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appeared distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air

There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a Lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as Death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all 's done—
I 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

(From *Don Juan*, Canto ii.)

From 'Don Juan.'

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above:
Such kisses as belong to early days
Where heart, and soul, and sense in concert move,
And the blood 's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

By length I mean duration: theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckon'd;
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlit bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night; they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there;
And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
And she was worshipp'd after nature's fashion—
Their intense souls, into each other poured,
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the Heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds Eternity cannot annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

Alas for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damned for ever:
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And Hell, and Purgatory—but forgot,
Just in the very crisis she should not.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps:

She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that 's quite antique,
Half-naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to Heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

An infant when it gazes on the light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping,
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies, so tranquil, so beloved:
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving:
There lies the thing we love, with all its errors
And all its charms, like Death without its terrors.

The lady watched her lover—and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude,
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower
Where nought upon their passion could intrude;
And all the stars that crowded the blue space,
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face. . . .

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
Haidée was passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond—her heart beat *here.*

(From Canto ii.)

From 'Childe Harold.'

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

(From Canto iv.)

Sonnet on Chillon.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art:
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

(From *The Prisoner of Chillon.*)

From 'Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte.'

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Saul.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the Prophet's form appear,
'Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!'

Earth yawned; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixéd eye;
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

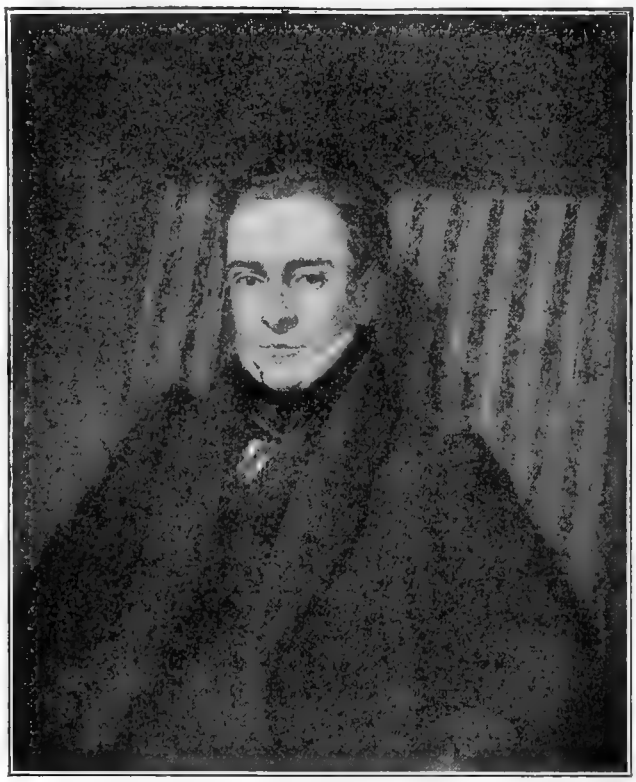
'Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy Son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou—thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless—breathless—headless fall,
Son and sire—the house of Saul!'

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

[The standard edition of Lord Byron's *Poetical and Prose Works* is that issued in 1898–1903 in twelve volumes by Mr Murray; the poems edited by Mr Ernest Hartley Coleridge, the letters and journals by Mr Rowland E. Prothero. This edition contains many hitherto unpublished additions; thus whereas Moore gave in the *Life* (1830) 561 of Byron's letters, this gives 1198.]

Thomas Hood.

Thomas Hood was born on the 23rd of May 1799, at No. 31 the Poultry, in the City of London, where his father was a publisher. Thomas Hood the elder, a Scotsman born near Errol, midway between Perth and Dundee, was originally bound apprentice to a bookseller in Dundee, but soon found his way to London. He had some turn for authorship, and even wrote a couple of novels now forgotten, so that his more distinguished son was born 'with ink in his blood.' To Thomas Hood the publisher and his wife, daughter of an engraver, were born a family of six children, two sons and four daughters, of whom Thomas was the second son. A tendency to consumption on the mother's side, fatal to three of her children and ultimately to herself, was at the root of those complicated disorders which made the life of Thomas Hood 'one long disease.' The father died after a few days' illness in 1811, when Thomas was only twelve years old, leaving the widow and remaining children in reduced circumstances.



THOMAS HOOD.
From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

In his *Literary Reminiscences*, published in the first series of *Hood's Own*, Hood tells us that he owed his earliest instruction to two maiden ladies, of the name of Hogsflesh; that he was then sent to a suburban boarding-school (the 'Clapham Academy' of his famous Ode), and ultimately to a day-school at Clerkenwell. After the age of thirteen or fourteen his own keen and catholic love of reading was the foundation of that singular versatility and resource which marked both his poetic and his humorous vein. Through the influence of a friend of the family he was placed in a merchant's counting-house in the City, but his health proving unable to stand the confinement to the desk, he was shipped off to Dundee, where he lived among his father's relations from 1815 to 1818. The threatened consumption was for a time warded off—the boy led the healthiest of outdoor lives in fishing and boating; he had ample leisure besides for reading and sketching, and he began to practise his pen both in verse and prose in the pages of local newspapers and magazines. In 1818 he returned to London with his health apparently re-established, and entered the studio of his uncle, the engraver. After a short apprenticeship of only two years he began to work on his own account, until he discovered where lay the true field for his genius. About the same time, a young man of two-and-twenty, he was appointed sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

Nothing more propitious for Hood's genius could have happened. It emancipated him for ever from the engraver's desk, and it threw him at once into a society of writers best fitted to call forth all that was best in him. He now found himself in daily companionship with such men as Procter, Cary, Allan Cunningham, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and, above all, with Charles Lamb, with whom a close friendship sprang up, destined to be one of the best influences of Hood's literary life. It was, however, the intimacy with John Hamilton Reynolds, whose sister he married three years later, that more than all the rest served to encourage and train Hood's poetic faculty. John Keats had died early in 1821, the year that Hood joined the magazine, and it does not appear that they ever met; but Reynolds had been the close friend and disciple of Keats, and Hood passed at once under the same fascinating influence. Between July 1821 and July 1823, besides other and lighter contributions to the *London*, Hood wrote and published in the magazine some of the finest of what may be called the poems of his Keatsian period—*Lycus the Centaur*, the *Two Peacocks of Bedfont*, the *Ode to Autumn*, and others—poems which have never materially increased Hood's

fame with the ordinary reader, chiefly because Hood the humourist appeals to a larger audience than Hood the poet, and the world is always indisposed to allow credit to a writer for gifts of very opposite kinds. And although in the class of subjects, and in the very titles of these poems, as well as in turns of phrase and versification, the influence of Keats is unmistakable, the poems show quite as markedly the result of an ear and taste formed upon a loving study of the narrative poems of Shakespeare. And 'over all there hung' a tender melancholy observable in all Hood's serious verse, engendered in a personality on which from the beginning there rested the shadow of impending fate. In spite of real and original poetic quality, these poems, issued anonymously, failed to attract notice, and when in 1827 he produced them with others of still finer quality in book-form, the volume fell all but dead from the press.

A different fate attended an earlier venture in 1825, when Hood and his brother-in-law Reynolds published (also anonymously) the little volume entitled *Odes and Addresses to Great People.* While writing serious poetry in the *London* it had fallen to Hood's lot to act as 'comic man' or humorous chorus to the magazine, and as such to invent facetious answers to correspondents, real or imaginary. Among these he had inserted a burlesque *Ode to Dr Kitchener*, exhibiting a verbal wit of quite different flavour from the ordinary. The success of this trifle seems to have suggested a collection of similar odes, to which Reynolds contributed a few; but Hood's was far the more conspicuous share, revealing a wealth of humorous ingenuity that at once attracted notice. Coleridge wrote attributing the book to Lamb as the only writer he knew capable of the achievement. The book passed rapidly through three editions, and practically determined the chief occupation of Hood for the remainder of his short life. His musical melancholy verse had brought him no recognition; his first facetious efforts had gained him an audience at once; from that day forth for twenty years of anxiety and struggle the vein thus opened was to be worked, in health and in sickness, with the grain and against the grain. For Hood had married in 1824, contrary to all counsels of prudence. The marriage with the sister of his friend Reynolds was one of truest affection; but Hood had no means of support but his pen, and his health was already matter of serious anxiety; soon there were strained relations with the Reynoldses, and in the end came a complete estrangement from Hood's early friend and brother-in-law. The *Odes and Addresses* were followed in 1826 by the first series of *Whims and Oddities*, where Hood first exhibited such graphic talent as he possessed in these *picture-puns* of which he seems to have been the inventor; he said of himself that, like Pope's 'tape-tied curtains,' he was 'never meant to draw.' A second series of *Whims and Oddities* appeared in 1827, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, followed without delay by two volumes of *National Tales*, the least characteristic and noticeable of Hood's writings. In 1829 he edited *The Gem*, one of the many fashionable annuals then in vogue—a remarkable little volume, for besides Charles Lamb's 'Lines on a Child dying as soon as born,' written on the death of Hood's first child, it gave to the world Hood's *Eugene Aram*, the first of his poems showing a tragic force of real individuality.

Hood and his wife left London in 1829 for a cottage at Winchmore Hill, a few miles to the north; and there he schemed the first of those comic annuals which he produced yearly and single-handed from 1830 to 1839. In 1832 he left Winchmore Hill for an old-fashioned house at Wanstead in Essex, forming part of the historic mansion of Wanstead House; and the romantic scenery of the park and neighbourhood furnished him with a background for his one novel, *Tylney Hall*, written during the next two years, and published in three volumes in 1834—a story of a conventional melodramatic type, with an underplot of cockney life and manners, not without many touches of Hood's peculiar charm, but on the whole a failure. He never repeated the experiment of prose romance.

In 1834 the failure of a publisher plunged Hood into serious money difficulties by which he was hampered for the rest of his life. After the birth of his second child, a son, in January 1835, and Mrs Hood's dangerous illness, the family settled for two years at Coblenz, and for the next three at Ostend. During these five years Hood, struggling against the slow progress of a fatal disease, continued to produce his *Comic Annuals* and other lighter matter, and schemed his *Up the Rhine*, a humorous account of the proceedings of an English family in Germany, told in letters, and too obviously imitated from *Humphrey Clinker.* Published in 1839, this at once hit the public taste, but seems to have brought little profit to its author, who, apparently destitute of all business faculty, suffered throughout his career from the misfortunes or the superior sagacity of his publishers. The sufferings of Hood during these five years were very terrible, and are only hinted by his son and daughter in their Memoir of their father. In an unpublished letter to his wife in April 1840, written during a temporary visit to England from the house of his generous friend, the first Charles Wentworth Dilke, he writes: 'I find my position a very cruel one—after all my struggles to be, as I am, almost moneyless, and with a very dim prospect of getting any, but by the sheer exercise of my pen. What is to be done in the meantime is a question I ask myself without any answer but —Bruges jail. At the very moment of being free of Bailey, am I tied elsewhere, hand and foot, and by sheer necessity ready to surrender myself that slave, a bookseller's hack!'

By the kindness of friends Hood was enabled to

return to England, with security from his creditors, in 1840. Disease of lungs and heart was now so far advanced that the fatal issue was only a question of time, but he continued to struggle on bravely and cheerfully for five years longer. In 1841 he was offered by Colburn the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine* at a salary of £300 a year, a post which he filled for two years, when, a difference arising with the proprietor, he resigned the editorship, and in January 1844 started a new periodical of his own, *Hood's Monthly Magazine*, destined to be his last literary venture. Meantime in the Christmas number of *Punch* (1843) had appeared 'The Song of the Shirt;' and in *Hood's Magazine*, during its brief career, there followed 'The Haunted House,' 'The Lay of the Labourer,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' proving that, as the darkness of his own prospects deepened, the sympathies with his kind deepened also, and quickened his finest genius. Only a few months after the starting of the magazine a notice to the subscribers had to tell that the health of the editor was rapidly failing. Towards the end of the year his friends used their interest with the Government, and in November Sir Robert Peel wrote announcing a pension to Mrs Hood on the Civil List of £100 a year. In the number of the magazine for February 1845 appeared Hood's last contribution, the touching lines, prophetic of his approaching end, beginning:

> Farewell life—my senses swim,
> And the world is growing dim,

and ending:

> O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
> Sunny light for sullen gloom,
> Warm perfume for vapours cold—
> I smell the rose above the mould!

After three more months of increasing pain and distress, Thomas Hood died at Devonshire Lodge, Finchley Road, on the 3rd of May 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. His devoted wife, broken in health with the long attendance on her husband, survived him only eighteen months.

Hood produced in twenty-four years an amount of prose and verse one-half of which at least the world might willingly let die. Of the other half, all the serious poetry is remarkable, and a small portion of first-rate excellence. Lyrics such as the 'Song of the Shirt,' the 'Bridge of Sighs, 'Eugene Aram,' the song beginning 'I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,' and the 'Ode to Melancholy' are of an assured immortality. His humorous verse—and in the best of it, as in 'Miss Kilmansegg,' are often blended poetry, pathos, and even real tragic power—is of a kind that Hood absolutely created. Not only was he the most prolific and successful punster that ever used that form of wit, but he turned it to purposes of which no one had ever supposed it capable. It became in his hands the most natural and obvious vehicle for all his better gifts. The truth is, he brought to it the transfiguring power of real imagination, and, instead of its degrading whatever object it touched, in his hands it ministered to the noblest ends. Even in the 'Song of the Shirt,' when his deepest sympathies were involved, he uses the pun with almost magical effect, as where the poor needlewoman, confined to her squalid garret when all nature is beckoning her forth, exclaims:

> While underneath the eaves
> The brooding swallows cling,
> As if to show me their sunny backs,
> And *twit* me with the spring!

It was Hood's misfortune that the necessity of writing for bread compelled him to write constantly below his better genius. But he has left sufficient to found a durable fame as a writer of rare individuality, who, using a discredited method, made it delightful by the imagination of a true poet and the humanity of a genuine lover of his kind.

The Bridge of Sighs.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gentle and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them,
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

'Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!'

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

The Deathbed.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Ruth.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

I Remember, I Remember.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

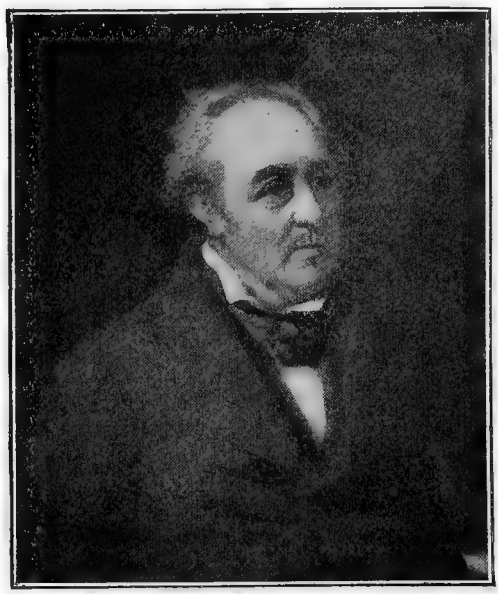
I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I 'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

The best account of Hood's early life is to be found in his *Literary Reminiscences*, published in the first series of *Hood's Own*. The Memoir by his son and daughter (2 vols. 1860) is the chief source of information about his later life, but is a poor and unsatisfactory book. In 1885 Mr Alexander Elliot, in *Hood in Scotland*, collected some very interesting details of Hood's early residence in Dundee, and of a second visit of a few weeks to Dundee not long before his death. A complete edition of Hood's works, both prose and poetry, was issued by Hood's son and daughter, in seven volumes, in 1862. The only portion of his writings not included was that contained in the Comic Annuals, afterwards reissued as *Hood's Own*—First and Second Series. Later, in 1869, these latter portions, including the original illustrations, were included in an edition in ten volumes. An edition of Hood's serious poems, and a selection from his humorous, with a prefatory Memoir by the present writer, was published by Messrs Macmillan in their 'Eversley' series in 1897. The present article is revised from that originally written for *Chambers's Encyclopædia* in 1890.

ALFRED AINGER.

Walter Savage Landor was born at Warwick, 30th January 1775, the eldest son of an ex-physician, of a good old Staffordshire family. He was brought up at Warwick, at Ipsley Court, and at Tachbrook. At ten he was sent to Rugby, but at sixteen was removed over a Latin quantity; and from Trinity College, Oxford, which he entered in 1793, the 'mad Jacobin' was rusticated next year. He then broke 'for ever' with his father, but, becoming reconciled, retired to South Wales on an allowance of £150 a year, having previously published *Poems* (1795). At Swansea he met the Hon. Rose Aylmer (1779–1800), and she it was who lent him Clara Reeve's *Progress of Romance*, from one of whose stories he took the framework of *Gebir*. This epic, published in 1798, and greatly improved in 1803, shows the influence of Milton and Pindar. Its success was small, but Landor through it won the lifelong friendship of Southey, the one friend he never quarrelled with. Of the two or three small volumes of verse which he produced about this time the most noticeable is *Simonidea* (1806), which was long believed to have been utterly lost until a copy was discovered in 1893. On the death of his father in 1805 he set up at Bath, and lived beyond even his now large income. In 1808, with a couple of Irishmen, he sailed for Spain to assist in freeing it from Bonaparte. Next year he purchased Llanthony Abbey, Monmouthshire, but quarrelled soon with neighbours and tenants alike, and sank upwards of £70,000 in five years. In 1811 he married the penniless daughter of a Banbury banker, Julia Thuillier. It was an ill-assorted match, entered into mainly because of her 'woonderfully beautiful goolden hair;' in 1814 he left her in Jersey, and crossed to France. Rejoined by her next year at Tours, he went on to Italy, where he remained at Como, Pisa, Florence, and Fiesole till 1835, with the exception of one short visit to England. His great tragedy, *Count Julian*, had appeared in 1812; and to this period belongs his best-known work, the *Imaginary Conversations* (5 vols. 1824–29), which Longmans and others rejected. A second quarrel with his wife in 1835 led to his leaving her and his four much-loved children; again he settled at Bath till 1858. During these years he wrote the *Examination of Shakespeare* (1834), *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836), *Pentameron* (1837), *Hellenics* (1847), and a collection of Latin poems, *Poemata et Inscriptiones* (1847). In 1858 an unhappy scandal (see his *Dry Sticks Fagoted*) involved him in an action for libel, and again drove him to Italy; at Florence he lived till his death, 17th September 1864. In the spring of that year he had received a visit from Mr Swinburne, and to the last he went on busily composing in verse and prose. His last volume, *Heroic Idylls*, had been published in 1863. His lion-like aspect, his imperious will, and his massive intelligence made Landor one of the most original figures. Dickens drew one side of him as 'Mr Boythorn' in *Bleak House*.

Landor is one of the acknowledged masters of English prose. His style, if lacking in easy grace and flexibility, is a model of dignity and chastened splendour, and in the works of few English writers could one find such an abundance of lofty and stately passages as in the trilogy of the *Imaginary Conversations*, the *Pericles and Aspasia*, and the *Pentameron*. These three works, it is noteworthy, are all written in dialogue, epistolary or conversational; and indeed Landor put nearly all his rememberable prose into this form. The *Imaginary Conversations*, a monumental achievement, comprises almost a hundred and fifty dialogues put into the mouths mostly of Greek and Roman heroes, modern European statesmen and men of letters, from Achilles and Æsop down to



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
From the Portrait by W. Fisher in the National Portrait Gallery.

Napoleon, Southey, Alfieri, and Landor himself. Their dramatic quality is respectable, and sometimes even broadly effective, especially where the author, as in the dialogues between Bossuet and the Duchess de Fontanges and Peter the Great and his son, becomes rather savagely satiric. But what gives them their lasting value and attraction is the wealth of high thought and keen criticism which they enshrine in a singularly noble style. Landor, as his little volume of *Poemata* attests, was a most accomplished classical scholar; and although it was as a Latinist that he excelled, his appreciation of the Hellenic art and spirit justifies Mr Swinburne's poetic sentence on him:

> And through the trumpet of a child of Rome
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece.

The classic quality is conspicuous in all his verse, from the rather ponderous *Gebir* to the statuesque perfection of the *Hellenics*, and one recognises it

in the simplicity and intensity of many of his unforgettable brief lyrics and epigrams, like the lines on Rose Aylmer and the quatrain beginning, 'I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.' Yet Mr Sidney Colvin's definition of Landor as 'a classic writing in a romantic age' is not to be accepted without qualification. The classic calm of his pose does not avail to hide in him the rebellious individualism which is a main and essential characteristic of the romantic movement and spirit. He is really as much an insurgent in temper as Shelley or Byron; the mutinous pugnacity of his life is mirrored in the audacious and extravagant paradox too often displayed in his works. The writer who belittled Plato and Napoleon and extolled Alfieri as the greatest man of his time had certainly not the true classic serenity which sees life steadily and sees it whole. He glorified Milton ('It may be doubted if the Creator ever created one altogether so great'), found Spenser tedious, and by no means fully sympathised with Wordsworth or his romantic contemporaries. He was no sustained or systematic thinker; his thoughts are essentially opinions and prejudices, and hence it comes that the reader often wearies of him ere he ceases to admire. Admiration, indeed, will never be wanting to Landor so long as nobility of style and of nature keeps its power to charm. Browning said he owed more to him than to any contemporary.

Many of Landor's detached fragments, both in prose and verse, are current: 'Ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked;' 'Religion is the elder sister of philosophy;' 'It is a kindness to lead the sober, a duty to lead the drunk;' 'Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off;' 'Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.' But no saying of his is perhaps oftener quoted than the picturesque and rather mixedly metaphorical remark about his own standing as an author: 'I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select; I neither am nor ever shall be popular.'

Rose Aylmer.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Years After.

'Do you remember me? or are you proud?'
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and look'd into my eyes.
'A *yes*, a *yes* to both: for memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise.'

No, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears,
Alas! but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befalls;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

I wonder not that youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples in a sunny river.

Years, many parti-colour'd years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *Adieu*.

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand,—'O! what a child!
You think you 're writing upon stone!'
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

To Southey.

Indweller of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged erewhile by white-hair'd Dane;
Rare architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see methinks the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling in their joy among
The bright and blessed throng,
Whom on her arm recline
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

Alas! that snows are shed
Upon thy laurel'd head,
Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
Malignity lets none
Approach the Delphic throne;
A hundred lane-fed curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues.
But this is in the night, when men are slow
To raise their eyes, when high and low,
The scarlet and the colourless, are one:
Soon sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
And active minds again are risen; [the sun.
Where are the curs? dream-bound, and whimpering in

At fife's or lyre's or tabor's sound
The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,
And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends!
When we are come to it, the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear;
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air.

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
To poet sage or hero given:
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust:
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the eternal throne,
And hear in God's own voice 'Well done.'

Not, were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;
Not, were all Syracuse
Pour'd forth before my muse,
With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre
Brightening the path with more than solar fire,
Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays.

On Southey's Death.

Friends, hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other day;
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

To the Sister of Elia.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more:
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

Tamar and the Sea-nymph.

'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:
'Twas pleasant, and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting still, survey'd it with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed.
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
I cannot wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assumed
The Sailor; of what happen'd there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stepp'd upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal gods! her eyes
Resembled—what could they resemble? what
Ever resemble those? Even her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention: could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'
'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'
'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er you will.'
'I cannot,' she replied, 'make that return:
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend;
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'
Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
And heaved it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem'd, enclosed in haze like heaven,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout
And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gush'd my blood,

And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside and trembled till replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so compress'd
That life was almost quivering on my lips.
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I cannot tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;
I was indeed o'ercome—with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reach'd
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languish'd, lengthening, just like love.

(From *Gebir.*)

Hannibal and the Dying Roman.

Surgeon. Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus. I must die then! The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (*to the Surgeon*). Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least. O! what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, 'Marcellus, is this thy writing?'

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me. Mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest: this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country), it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us. There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son!

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate—and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks. (From *Imaginary Conversations.*)

Chatham and Chesterfield.

Chesterfield. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative; they are mentioned as being truly excellent; I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals; for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

Chesterfield. Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

Chatham. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

Chesterfield. I do not admire Mr Locke.

Chatham. Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

Chesterfield. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors.

Chatham. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield. Pray assist me.

Chatham. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn; yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears, then, to me that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

Chesterfield. I see not that you are.

Chatham. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

Chesterfield. But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham. The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

Chesterfield. What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around; but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present; I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield. A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

Chatham. Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

Chesterfield. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

Chatham. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakespeare?

Chesterfield. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham. His words are these: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

Chesterfield. Surely nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had

bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.

(From *Imaginary Conversations.*)

William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

Peterborough. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer: but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two—the real and the ideal: nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage; it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Vandyke; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind; those taper fingers negligently holding them; that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

(From *Imaginary Conversations*)

Aspasia at the Theatre.

How fortunate! to have arrived at Athens, at dawn, on the twelfth of Elaphebolion. On this day began the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre is thrown open at sunrise.

What a theatre! What an elevation! What a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demi-gods and gods!

It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs; but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere!

I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost, so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy, who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being yet eighteen years old, he could not be admitted, and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me, so many young men stared and whispered; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun), every one made room for me. When they were seated, and I too, I looked toward the stage; and behold there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic, I should rather say more divine, than ever my imagination had conceived. I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods. I was neither flattered by it nor abashed. Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with his antagonist Zeus, and his creator Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often hath his vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms round each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers! Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not across me then: Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruellest tortures that Almightiness could inflict: and now arose the Nymphs of Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity; and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled.

(From *Pericles and Aspasia.*)

The standard Life of Landor is by John Forster (2 vols. 1869), and there is an admirable sketch by Mr Sidney Colvin in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1881); to him also we owe *Selections from Landor* (1882). Stephen Wheeler's *Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor* (2 vols. 1897–99) includes a bibliography; and reference may be made to Evans's *Landor, a Critical Study* (1892), and to essays by Lord Houghton, Mrs Lynn Linton (*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1870), and Mr Swinburne.—Landor's youngest brother, Robert Eyres Landor (1781–1869), studied at Oxford, for forty years was a model clergyman in Worcestershire, but wrote several tragedies and poems. Landor's grandson, A. H. Savage Landor, became known as a traveller amongst the ainos of Japan, and in Tibet (1893–98).

Edwin Atherstone (1788–1872) was born at Nottingham, and died at Bath. He was a friend of the painter Martin, and wrote Martinesque epics and romances, among them *The Last Days of Herculaneum* (1821), *The Fall of Nineveh* (in thirty books, 1828–68), and *Israel in Egypt* (1861), his chief poem; and the historical romances *The Sea-Kings in England* (1830) and *The Handwriting on the Wall* (1858). Though praised by contemporary critics for vigour, power, splendid diction, and truly poetical feeling, they are one and all completely forgotten.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, poet and essayist, was born at Southgate in Middlesex, 19th October 1784. His father, a West Indian, who at the time of the American war espoused the British interest with so much warmth that he had to leave the New World and seek a subsistence in the Old, took orders in the Church of England, and was for some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son—named after another pupil, Mr Leigh—was educated at Christ's Hospital till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecian; and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the Church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers under the appropriate title of *Juvenilia* in 1801. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805 his brother John started a paper called *The News*, and the poet went to live with him, and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards they established *The Examiner*, a weekly journal conducted with great ability. Then, as throughout his life, Hunt was a stout Radical; but unfortunately he ventured some violent strictures on the Prince-Regent, terming him 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in 1813. His captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends—Byron and Moore among them—were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground-floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study: 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI.

My little garden,
To me thou 'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.



LEIGH HUNT.
From an Engraving after Hayter.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet-runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.'

The poet was not so well fitted to battle with the world or apply himself to worldly business as to dress his garden and nurse poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. His habits were careless and unbusiness-like; he was too facile a borrower,

and there can be no doubt, in spite of Dickens's denials, that he is the original of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*. He himself confessed that he never knew the multiplication table. On leaving prison he published his *Story of Rimini* (1816), the tale of Paolo and Francesca in verse, afterwards altered, but without improvement. He set up a little weekly paper, *The Indicator* (1819–21), on the plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, *The Feast of the Poets* (1814) and *Foliage* (1818). In 1822 he went to Italy with his wife and seven children to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish *The Liberal*, a quarterly review containing a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This connection proved a failure. Shelley, on whose advice he had gone out, was drowned soon after his arrival, and Hunt was one of those present at his cremation. *The Liberal* did not sell—it ran through only four numbers (1822–23); Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership; and Hunt found that 'my noble friend,' to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded. Unluckily Hunt, after his return to England in 1825, published *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (1828), in which his disappointment found vent, and this was construed into ingratitude. His life for the next twenty years was spent in precarious journalism, the profits of which did not always avail to keep the bailiffs out of the house. Several weekly periodicals which he edited—*The Companion* (1828), the *Chat of the Week* (1830), *The Tatler* (1830–32), and *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* (1834–35)—had but an evanescent success. The last of these, perhaps the most characteristic and popular of them all, obtained at the time the generous praise of Dr Robert Chambers, who addressed to Hunt a congratulatory letter extolling his 'kind nature,' and describing him as 'the friend of all mankind.' In 1835 Hunt produced and dedicated to Lord Brougham his anti-war poem of *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, which was followed in 1840 by a drama entitled *A Legend of Florence*, and in 1842 by a narrative poem, *The Palfrey*. Through Macaulay's influence he became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, whose editor, however, the ponderous Macvey Napier, objected to the chattiness of his style, and offended him by asking for something 'gentleman-like' from his pen. The chief of Hunt's many later works were *Sir Ralph Esher*, a novel (1832); *Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar* (1840), which gave the occasion of Macaulay's well-known essay; the interesting *Autobiography* (1850); and *The Old Court Suburb* (1855), a delightful sketch of Kensington, where he lived from 1840 to 1850. For ten years before his death on 28th August 1859 the pecuniary distresses so disagreeably described by Carlyle had been at least alleviated by pensions from the Shelley family and the Civil List.

Leigh Hunt's great and unrealised ambition was to be a poet. His most elaborate effort in verse, the *Story of Rimini*, shows him utterly inadequate to the treatment of a noble and passionate theme, and justifies to some extent the attacks of the *Blackwood* critics and other Tory reviewers, who so mercilessly ridiculed the faults in taste committed by the 'Cockney poet.' Hunt has no dignity and often very little delicacy as a poet; but his verses as a rule show good spirits, good humour, and a lively if rather too luxurious fancy. It is as an essayist and critic, however, that he is read and gratefully remembered. The papers in the *Indicator* and *Companion* show, of course, nothing to be compared with the rare and poignant genius of Lamb or the keen and brusque virility of Hazlitt, but their familiar *bonhomie* and mild enthusiasm give them an individuality and a humbler charm of their own. As a critic, again, while neither luminous nor penetrative, Hunt has the merit of genuine and zestful appreciativeness and of a saving catholicity of taste. Despite the frequent triviality of his egotistic prattle, his honest love of literature becomes contagious, and of few critics can it be said that their books have done so much as the *Indicator* and *Companion*, the volumes on *Imagination and Fancy* and *Wit and Humour*, and the *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* to spread a love and an understanding of good poetry.

May Morning at Ravenna.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there 's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;

Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

(From *Rimini.*)

To T. L. H., six years old, during a Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are the things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face is gone'—'is gone;'
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah! I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, 'We 've finished here.'

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

My Books.

Sitting, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me—to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet—I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books: how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights;* then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio;* then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front-room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! 'We had talk, sir,'—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that

season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fireplace in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above-mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimneypiece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another, to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side-windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannise over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared 'to play the devil' with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few, or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say 'they manage these things better in France;' and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrait* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

(From *The Indicator*.)

Leigh Hunt's life is best read in his own *Autobiography* (new ed. by his son, 1860; annotated ed. by Ingpen, 1902) and in the monographs by Mr Cosmo Monkhouse in the 'Great Writers' series (1893) and by Mr Brimley Johnson (1896). His bibliography is exhaustively treated in the elaborate *List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt*, compiled by Alexander Ireland in 1868; while selections from his *Correspondence* were published by his son, Thornton Hunt, in 1862. His poetical works were collected by Moxon in 1883, and a selection appears in the series of 'Canterbury Poets.' Many of his prose writings, including the *Autobiography*, were reprinted in a convenient series of seven volumes by Messrs Smith Elder & Co. But there are many selections from the prose works, more or less comprehensive.

Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866), satirist, was born at Weymouth, the only child of a London glass-merchant, who died three years afterwards. His boyhood was passed at Chertsey, and for six and a half years he went to a private school on Englefield Green; but from thirteen he was self-educated, growing up an accomplished scholar. The chief events of his uneventful life were the loss of his first love (1808); his under-secretaryship to Sir Home Popham, then commanding the fleet before Flushing (1808–9); his close friendship with Shelley, whom he first met in Wales in 1812, during one of his many walking tours; his employment from 1819 to 1856 in the office of the East India Company as clerk, correspondent, and chief examiner; his retiring with a pension of £1333; his marriage in 1820 to the 'Beauty of Carnarvonshire,' who bore him one son and three daughters, and died in 1852 after twenty-six years of ill-health; and the important part he bore in the introduction of iron steamships to Eastern waters (1832–40). In 1823 he had taken a cottage for his mother at Halliford on the Thames, and here he himself died, aged eighty. His literary activity extended over more than half a century. Of his half-dozen booklets of verse, published between 1804 and 1837, the best, *Rhododaphne*, offers nothing so good as some of the gay lyrics scattered throughout his seven 'novels'—*Headlong Hall* (1816), *Melincourt* (1817), *Nightmare Abbey* (1818; its hero is Shelley), *Maid Marian* (1822), *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), *Crotchet Castle* (1831), and *Gryll Grange* (1860). And these 'novels' are interesting chiefly as a study of character—the author's own; in Thomas Love Peacock, a Rabelaisian pagan of the eighteenth century, egotistic, protean, we have the Alpha and Omega of his writings. These mirror his likings—for nature, music, the classics, madeira, and good living generally; and his stronger, if exaggerated, dislikes—for field sports, tobacco, reviews, political economy, all things Scotch and American, and above all for Lord Brougham. They leave on one the impression that the little he did not know was to his mind not worth knowing; that because he had not been at a university and was not

religious, therefore Oxbridge and heaven were outside of his universe and irrelevant to it. They may still find admirers in the cultured few, but the steely wit and erudition of their dialogues can never touch the great heart of the people. They are—trite though it sounds—'caviare to the general.'

The War-song of Dinas Vawr.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

(From *The Misfortunes of Elphin.*)

Landscape-gardening.

Mr Milestone. This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste; thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with these untrimmed boughs.

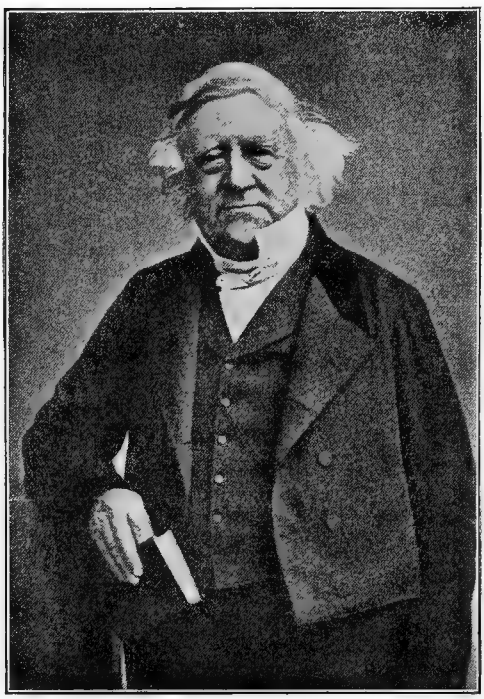
Miss Tenorina. The sweet romantic spot! How beautifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening!

Miss Graziosa. Dear sister! how can you endure the horrid thicket?

Mr Milestone. You are right, Miss Graziosa: your taste is correct—perfectly *en règle.* Now, here is the same place corrected—trimmed—polished—decorated—adorned. Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve: there winds a gravel walk: here are parts of the old wood, left in these majestic circular clumps, disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry: there are some single shrubs scattered in elegant profusion: here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper; here a laurustinus, there a spruce fir; here a larch, there a lilac; here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal: the banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge: and there is Lord Littlebrain, rowing in an elegant boat.

Squire Headlong. Magical, faith!

Mr Milestone. Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the mountain-ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, as you see,



THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.
From a Photograph by Maull & Fox.

with ivy and moss; and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides.

Miss Tenorina. O how beautiful! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade!

Mr Milestone. Beautiful, Miss Tenorina. Hideous. Base, common, and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath: and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

Squire Headlong. Miraculous, by Mahomet!

Mr Milestone. This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

Miss Tenorina. What a delightful spot to read in on a

summer's day! The air must be so pure, and the wind must sound so divinely in the tops of those old pines!

Mr Milestone. Bad taste, Miss Tenorina. Bad taste, I assure you. Here is the spot improved. The trees are cut down: the stones are cleared away: this is an octagonal pavilion, exactly on the centre of the summit: and there you see Lord Littlebrain, on the top of the pavilion, enjoying the prospect with a telescope.

Squire Headlong. Glorious, egad!

Mr Milestone. Here is a rugged mountainous road, leading through impervious shades: the ass and the four goats characterise a wild uncultured scene. Here, as you perceive, it is totally changed into a beautiful gravel-road, gracefully curving through a belt of limes; and there is Lord Littlebrain driving four-in-hand.

Squire Headlong. Egregious, by Jupiter!

Mr Milestone. Here is Littlebrain Castle, a Gothic, moss-grown structure, half bosomed in trees. Near the casement of that turret is an owl peeping from the ivy.

Squire Headlong. And devilish wise he looks.

Mr Milestone. Here is the new house, without a tree near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn: a white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in this waveless lake; and there you see Lord Littlebrain looking out of the window.

Squire Headlong. And devilish wise he looks too. You shall cut me a giant before you go.

Mr Milestone. Good. I'll order down my little corps of pioneers.

(From *Headlong Hall.*)

Freebooter Life in the Forest.

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

'Now, Lord Fitzwater,' said the chief forester, 'recognise your son-in-law that was to have been in the outlaw Robin Hood.'

'Ay, ay,' said the baron, 'I have recognised you long ago.'

'And recognise your young friend Gamwell,' said the second, 'in the outlaw Scarlet.'

'And Little John, the page,' said the third, 'in Little John the outlaw.'

'And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey,' said the friar, 'in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying.'

'I am in fine company,' said the baron.

'In the very best of company,' said the friar; 'in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the Mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place," we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass!—we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves.'

'Well preached, friar,' said Robin Hood; 'yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen.—And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these silvan shades, where we so often have roused the stag from its ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?'

Matilda smiled assent.

'Not Matilda,' said the friar: 'the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favour of Little John, because he is Great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptise thee MARIAN.

(From *Maid Marian.*)

Winter Scenery: Waterfalls in Frost.

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles; the rocks sheeted with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray; and the water that oozes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

(From *Letter written in Wales.*)

Truth to Nature essential in Poetry.

Miss Ilex. Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakespeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season:

'Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.'

[Milton's *Lycidas.*]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

Miss Ilex. Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons; but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale:

'Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green.'

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. No poetry is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza, and very taking at first sight:

'The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the sod where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.'

But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory; the memory is the cause of the tear.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. There are inaccuracies more offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher he repeats *Excelsior!* but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean-stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. I do not look for profound knowledge; but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship in the world would not have produced 'Tam o' Shanter,' but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image or a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?—

'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.'

[Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women.*]

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautitul because they were 'the countrywomen of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see and delightful to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

(From *Gryll Grange.*)

The Sleeping Venus.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent?

Mr Crotchet. Venus, sir; nothing more, sir; just Venus.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. May I ask you, sir, why they are there?

Mr Crotchet. To be looked at, sir; just to be looked at: the reason for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all; from the paper on the walls, and the drapery of the curtains, even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Very true, sir. As great

philosophers hold that the *esse* of things is *percipi*, so a gentleman's furniture exists to be looked at. Nevertheless, sir, there are some things more fit to be looked at than others; for instance, there is nothing more fit to be looked at than the outside of a book. It is, as I may say from repeated experience, a pure and unmixed pleasure to have a goodly volume lying before you, and to know that you may open it if you please, and need not open it unless you please. It is a resource against *ennui*, if *ennui* should come upon you. To have the resource and not to feel the *ennui*, to enjoy your bottle in the present, and your book in the indefinite future, is a delightful condition of human existence. There is no place, in which a man can move or sit, in which the outside of a book can be otherwise than an innocent and becoming spectacle. Touching this matter, there cannot, I think, be two opinions. But with respect to your Venuses there can be, and indeed there are, two very distinct opinions. Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece—as a grave *paterfamilias*, Mr Crotchet, with a fair nubile daughter, whose eyes are like the fishpools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate?

Mr Crotchet. The Sleeping Venus, sir? Nothing can be more delicate than the entire contour of the figure, the flow of the hair on the shoulders and neck, the form of the feet and fingers. It is altogether a most delicate morsel.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Why, in that sense, perhaps, it is as delicate as whitebait in July. But the attitude, sir, the attitude?

Mr Crotchet. Nothing can be more natural, sir.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. That is the very thing, sir. It is too natural: too natural, sir: it lies for all the world like—— I make no doubt the pious cheesemonger, who recently broke its plaster fac-simile over the head of the itinerant vendor, was struck by a certain similitude to the position of his own sleeping beauty, and felt his noble wrath thereby justly aroused.

Mr Crotchet. Very likely, sir. In my opinion, the cheesemonger was a fool, and the justice who sided with him was a greater.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Fool, sir, is a harsh term: call not thy brother a fool!

Mr Crotchet. Sir, neither the cheesemonger nor the justice is a brother of mine.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Sir, we are all brethren.

Mr Crotchet. Yes, sir, as the hangman is of the thief; the squire of the poacher; the judge of the libeller; the lawyer of his client; the statesman of his colleague; the bubble-blower of the bubble-buyer; the slave-driver of the negro; as these are brethren, so am I and the worthies in question.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. To be sure, sir, in these instances, and in many others, the term brother must be taken in its utmost latitude of interpretation: we are all brothers, nevertheless. But to return to the point. Now, these two large figures: one with drapery on the lower half of the body, and the other with no drapery at all: upon my word, sir, it matters not what godfathers and godmothers may have promised and vowed for the children of this world, touching the devil and other things to be renounced, if such figures as those are to be put before their eyes.

Mr Crotchet. Sir, the naked figure is the Pandemian Venus, and the half-draped figure is the Uranian Venus; and I say, sir, that figure realises the finest imaginings of Plato, and is the personification of the most refined and exalted feeling of which the human mind is susceptible: the love of pure, ideal, intellectual beauty.

The Rer. Dr Folliott. I am aware, sir, that Plato, in his Symposium, discourseth very eloquently touching the Uranian and Pandemian Venus; but you must remember that, in our Universities, Plato is held to be little better than a misleader of youth; and they have shown their contempt for him, not only by never reading him (a mode of contempt in which they deal very largely), but even by never printing a complete edition of him; although they have printed many ancient books which nobody suspects to have been ever read on the spot, except by a person attached to the press, who is therefore emphatically called 'the reader.'

Mr Crotchet. Well, sir?

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Why, sir, to 'the reader' aforesaid (supposing either of our Universities to have printed an edition of Plato), or to any one else who can be supposed to have read Plato, or indeed to be ever likely to do so, I would very willingly show these figures; because to such they would, I grant you, be the outward and visible signs of poetical and philosophical ideas; but to the multitude, the gross carnal multitude, they are but two beautiful women—one half-undressed, and the other quite so.

Mr Crotchet. Then, sir, let the multitude look upon them and learn modesty.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. I must say that, if I wished my footman to learn modesty, I should not dream of sending him to school to a naked Venus.

Mr Crotchet. Sir, ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant; where they had poetry, we have cant; where they had patriotism, we have cant; where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant. And, sir, to show my contempt for cant in all its shapes, I have adorned my house with the Greek Venus in all her shapes, and am ready to fight her battle against all the societies that were ever instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. My dear sir, I am afraid you are growing warm. Pray be cool. Nothing contributes so much to good digestion as to be perfectly cool after dinner.

Mr Crotchet. Sir, the Lacedæmonian virgins wrestled naked with young men: and they grew up, as the wise Lycurgus had foreseen, into the most modest of women, and the most exemplary of wives and mothers.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Very likely, sir; but the Athenian virgins did no such thing, and they grew up into wives who stayed at home—stayed at home, sir; and looked after the husband's dinner—his dinner, sir, you will please to observe.

Mr Crotchet. And what was the consequence of that, sir? that they were such very insipid persons that the husband would not go home to eat his dinner, but preferred the company of some Aspasia or Lais.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Two very different persons, sir, give me leave to remark.

Mr Crotchet. Very likely, sir; but both too good to be married in Athens.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Sir, Lais was a Corinthian.

Mr Crotchet. 'Od's vengeance, sir, some Aspasia and

any other Athenian name of the same sort of person you like——

The Rev. Dr Folliott. I do not like the sort of person at all: the sort of person I like, as I have already implied, is a modest woman, who stays at home and looks after her husband's dinner.

Mr Crotchet. Well, sir, that was not the taste of the Athenians. They preferred the society of women who would not have made any scruple about sitting as models to Praxiteles; as you know, sir, very modest women in Italy did to Canova: one of whom, an Italian countess, being asked by an English lady, 'How she could bear it?' answered, 'Very well; there was a good fire in the room.'

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Sir, the English lady should have asked how the Italian lady's husband could bear it. The phials of my wrath would overflow if poor dear Mrs Folliott—— Sir, in return for your story, I will tell you a story of my ancestor, Gilbert Folliott. The devil haunted him, as he did Saint Francis, in the likeness of a beautiful damsel; but all he could get from the exemplary Gilbert was an admonition to wear a stomacher and long petticoats.

Mr Crotchet. Sir, your story makes for my side of the question. It proves that the devil, in the likeness of a fair damsel, with short petticoats and no stomacher, was almost too much for Gilbert Folliott. The force of the spell was in the drapery.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Bless my soul, sir!

Mr Crotchet. Give me leave, sir. Diderot——

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Who was he, sir?

Mr Crotchet. Who was he, sir? The sublime philosopher, the father of the encyclopædia, of all the encyclopædias that have ever been printed.

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Bless me, sir, a terrible progeny! they belong to the tribe of *Incubi*.

Mr Crotchet. The great philosopher, Diderot——

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Sir, Diderot is not a man after my heart. Keep to the Greeks, if you please; albeit this Sleeping Venus is not an antique.

Mr Crotchet. Well, sir, the Greeks: why do we call the Elgin marbles inestimable? Simply because they are true to nature. And why are they so superior in that point to all modern works, with all our greater knowledge of anatomy? Why, sir, but because the Greeks, having no cant, had better opportunities of studying models?

The Rev. Dr Folliott. Sir, I deny our greater knowledge of anatomy. But I shall take the liberty to employ, on this occasion, the *argumentum ad hominem*. Would you have allowed Miss Crotchet to sit for a model to Canova?

Mr Crotchet. Yes, sir.

'God bless my soul, sir!' exclaimed the Reverend Dr Folliott, throwing himself back into a chair and flinging up his heels, with the premeditated design of giving emphasis to his exclamation; but, by miscalculating his impetus, he overbalanced his chair, and laid himself on the carpet in a right angle, of which his back was the base.

(From *Crotchet Castle*.)

See Sir Henry Cole's collected edition of Peacock's works, with a preface by Lord Houghton and a Memoir by his granddaughter (3 vols. 1875); Dr R. Garnett's edition (10 vols. 1891–92); also an article by Spedding in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1875, and essays by Mr Gosse (Ward's *English Poets*, 2nd ed. 1883), Professor Saintsbury (*Essays*, 1890), and Mr R. H. Stoddard (*Under the Evening Lamp*, 1892).

F. H. GROOME.

Sydney Smith (1771–1845), one of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of his age, was born at Woodford in Essex, 3rd June. He was one of the three sons of an eccentric and improvident gentleman, who out of the wreck of his fortune was able to give his family a good education. The opinion that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the mother than the father is illustrated by this remarkable family, for the mother, Maria Olier, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or gaiety. The eldest son, Robert—best known by his Eton nickname of Bobus—was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law; Courtenay, the youngest, went to India,



SYDNEY SMITH.
After a Drawing by Sir G. Hayter.

and acquired great wealth and reputation as a judge and an Oriental scholar. After five years at Southampton, in 1782 Sydney was sent to Winchester, where he rose to be captain of the school, and whence, having first spent six months at Mont Villiers in Normandy, in 1789 he proceeded to New College, Oxford. There he gained a fellowship, but of only £100 per annum, and was cast upon his own resources. He obtained in 1794 a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish, Mr Beach, four years afterwards engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to Weimar. They set out; but 'before we could get there,' says Sydney Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' He preached occasionally at an Episcopal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgh, he returned to England

to marry at Cheam a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker. The bride's brother, one of Pitt's Lords of the Admiralty, was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pair were far from brilliant. But the wife had a small fortune of her own, and she realised £500 by the sale of a necklace her mother had given her. The Wiltshire squire added £750 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the sordid ills of poverty were averted. Literature also furnished an additional resource. The *Edinburgh Review* was started in 1802, and it was Sydney Smith who was the original projector.

'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray—late Lord Advocate for Scotland—and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was, *Tenui musam meditamur avena*—"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

A not unimportant feature in the scheme was that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet of sixteen printed pages. In 1804 Sydney Smith went to London, officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachership in Berkeley Square. His sermons were eminently popular; and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806 at the Royal Institution, and published after his death, raised his reputation. In Holland House and other select circles his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous; and his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* brought him much éclat, though their liberal tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power. During the short Whig administration in 1806–7, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire, and here he wrote his most amusing and powerful *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley* (1807). The success of the *Letters* was immense—they ran through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such irresistible argument had been indited in such masterly political irony.

The Yorkshire clergyman, not content with his clerical work and his literary undertakings, became a farmer next. And having in his youth made some studies in medicine, he occasionally doctored his poorer parishioners. It was his aim to make the most of his situation in life, and no man with a tithe of his talents was ever a more contented practical philosopher. Patronage came slowly. About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age; and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding party considerations, gave him a prebend at Bristol. 'Moralists tell you,' he said, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.' Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favour: he enabled him in 1829 to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somerset. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for him a prebendal stall at St Paul's. The political agitation about the Reform Bill drew from his vigorous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and several short but pronouncedly liberal speeches, in one of which, delivered at Taunton in 1831, the famous Mrs Partington was introduced.

Like Swift, Sydney Smith seems almost never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. Though he was a professed joker and convivial wit—'a diner-out of the first lustre,' as he himself described Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not come in as naturally as if it had been struck out or remembered at the moment it was used. In his latter years Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton. He thought the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded; he took up the defence of the rights of Dean and Chapter with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times none too friendly to his old Whig associates. The Letters contain some admirable portrait-painting, bordering on caricature, and a characteristic variety of rich illustration. In 1839 the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of £50,000: 'in my grand climacteric, I became unexpectedly a rich man.' This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds; and

when Pennsylvania and other states sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St Paul's took the field, and by a petition and a series of letters roused all Europe against the repudiating states. His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections. A representative Englishman, manly, fearless, independent, practical, he strove in season and out of season to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had some of the wit of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism; and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after his death was published *A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.* Smith discharged with diligence his public and clerical duties, and was much annoyed when persons of a devouter temper assumed that he was indifferent to the creed he professed or was a scoffer at religion. Certainly his jests were hardly consistent with a reverent temper; his intimate friends were neither religious nor orthodox; and he himself was frankly and outspokenly hostile to mysticism and fanaticism, to evangelicalism and Methodism (he said Methodists and evangelicals were 'numerous and nasty vermin'), to Puseyism and transcendentalism.

Mrs Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

(From a Speech at Taunton in 1831.)

From Peter Plymley's Letters.

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [Spencer Perceval]; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best-informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation; and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the *Spanker* gun-vessel; it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform, and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

From 'Wit and Humour.'

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit will bear repetition;—at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. There is a sober sort of approbation succeeds at hearing it the second time, which is as different from its original rapid, pungent volatility as a bottle of champagne that has been opened three days is from one that has at that very instant emerged from the darkness of the cellar. To hear that the top of Mont Blanc is like an umbrella, though the relation be new to me, is not sufficient to excite surprise: the idea is so very obvious, it is so much within the reach of the most ordinary understandings, that I can derive no sort of pleasure from the comparison. The relation discovered must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep-walks made in the mind; it must not be a comparison of colour with colour, and figure with figure, or any comparison which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar; but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought—things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtlety and quickness. . . .

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically, and as successfully, to the study of wit as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody, and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*, but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit. One man is unquestionably much better calculated for it by nature than another; but association, which gradually makes a bad speaker a good one, might give a man wit who had it not, if any man chose to be so absurd as to sit down to acquire it.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I

have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;* but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game:* and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning is an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry;—it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigour enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and make a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all should be done *well* whenever it *is* done.

Mrs Trimmer.

This is a book written by a lady who has gained considerable reputation at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard; who flames in the van of Mr Newberry's shop; and is, upon the whole, dearer to mothers and aunts than any other author who pours the milk of science into the mouths of babes and sucklings. Tired at last of scribbling for children, and getting ripe in ambition, she has now written a book for grown-up people, and selected for her antagonist as stiff a controversialist as the whole field of dispute could well have supplied. Her opponent is Mr Lancaster, a Quaker, who has lately given to the world new and striking lights upon the subject of Education, and come forward to the notice of his country by spreading order, knowledge, and innocence among the lowest of mankind.

(From Article in the *Edinburgh*, 1806.)

Botany Bay.

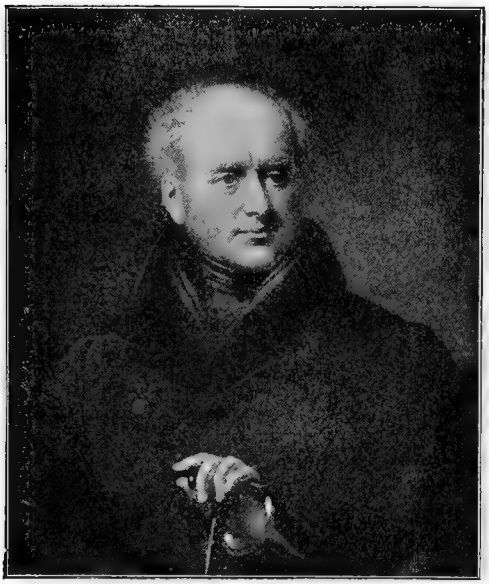
This land of convicts and kangaroos is beginning to rise into a very fine and flourishing settlement. And great indeed must be the natural resources and splendid the endowments of that land that has been able to survive the system of neglect and oppression experienced from the mother-country, and the series of ignorant and absurd governors that have been selected for the administration of its affairs. But mankind live and flourish not only in spite of storms and tempests, but (which could not have been anticipated previous to experience) in spite of colonial secretaries expressly paid to watch over their interests. The supineness and profligacy of public officers cannot always overcome the amazing energy with which human beings pursue their happiness, nor the sagacity with which they determine on the means by which that end is to be promoted. Be it our care, however, to record, for the future inhabitants of Australasia, the political sufferings of their larcenous forefathers; and let them appreciate, as they ought, that energy which founded a mighty empire in spite of the afflicting blunders and marvellous cacœconomy of their government. . . .

Such is the climate of Botany Bay; and, in this remote part of the earth, Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions for the rest of the world), seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries with the stone on the outside; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus, to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck—puzzling Dr Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this a parrot with the legs of a sea-gull, a skate with the head of a shark, and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side-bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen—together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph [Banks], and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight. (From Article in the *Edinburgh*, 1819.)

His Life, with a selection from his Letters, was published in 1855 by his daughter Saba (1802–66), who in 1834 married Dr (Sir) Henry Holland. See also Hayward's *Essays* (1858), Stuart J. Reid's *Life and Times of Sydney Smith* (1884; new ed. 1896), Professor Saintsbury's *Essays in English Literature* (1890), *Selections from Sydney Smith* by Ernest Rhys (1894), and a French study by Chevrillon (1894); also an interview with him by Miss Martineau (see below).

Thomas Henry Lister (1800–42), well born, and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote half-a-dozen novels, of which the best known are *Granby* (1826), *Herbert Lacy* (1828), and *Arlington* (1832)—largely interesting pictures of aristocratic life set in a strain of graceful reflection after the style of the essays in the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. Lister produced also a tragedy and a Life of the Earl of Clarendon, and at the time of his death was Registrar-General for England and Wales—the first to hold the post, established only in 1836.

James and Horace Smith, extraordinarily clever, lively, and amusing authors in both prose and verse, were sons of an eminent legal prac-



JAMES SMITH.
From an Engraving after the Portrait by Lonsdale.

titioner in London, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, and noted for his accomplishments. Both James (1775–1839) and Horatio (usually Horace; 1779–1849) were educated at Chigwell in Essex, and for this retired 'school-boy spot' James ever retained a strong affection. After school-days James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and in 1812 succeeded to the business, as well as to the post of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humourist —delighting in parodies, dramatic dialogues, and current criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to *The Pic-nic* newspaper, afterwards merged in *The Cabinet*. He wrote for the *London Review*, a short-lived journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle that every writer's name must be appended to his critique; and next became a constant writer in *The Monthly Mirror*, where there appeared a series of parodies and poetical imitations, *Horace in London*, the joint work of the brothers. Some of the pieces are sprightly and humorous, many only trifling and tedious. To London he was as strongly attached as Dr Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter; or quote Dr Johnson's dogma: "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence."' He did sometimes condescend to go as far as Yorkshire to stay with friends. But when at a country house he excused himself from joining in a stroll by asking his host to note the gouty shoe he wore, the host only said, 'You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements.'

The *Rejected Addresses*, 'one of the luckiest hits in literature,' appeared in 1812, having kept James and Horace busy for six weeks. The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken at the opening of the new building; and a casual hint from the secretary of the theatre suggested to the witty brothers a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day. The work was ready by the opening day, but, marvellous to record, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be found, although the authors asked nothing for copyright. At length John Miller, a dramatic publisher, undertook to publish and give half profits, should there be any. In an advertisement prefixed to the twenty-second edition it is put on record that Mr Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright for £131 in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions. The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled. James's contributions were imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, and Crabbe. Horace



HORACE SMITH.
From an Engraving after the Portrait by J. J. Masquerier.

contributed imitations of Dr Johnson, Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W. T. Fitzgerald (the extravagant adulation and fustian of whose *Loyal*

Effusion is irresistibly ludicrous), and others. The Byronic piece was a joint work, James contributing the first stanza, the keynote, and Horace the remainder. The talent displayed was wonderfully equal; none of James's parodies are more felicitous than Horace's Scott.

The popularity of the *Rejected Addresses* seems to have satisfied the ambition of the elder poet; he afterwards confined himself to short anonymous pieces in *The New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals, and some humorous sketches and anecdotes for Charles Mathews's theatrical entertainments, the authorship of which was known only to a few. The *Country Cousins*, *Trip to France*, and *Trip to America*, mostly written by Smith, and brought out by Mathews at the English Opera House, not only filled the theatre and replenished the treasury, but brought the lucky writer a thousand pounds—a largess James seldom mentioned without shrugging his shoulders and ejaculating, 'A thousand pounds for nonsense!' For a still slighter exertion of his muse he was even more amply rewarded; for, having met at a dinner-party Mr Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though with faculties unimpaired, James sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit:*

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Strahan made an immediate codicil to his will, bequeathing £3000 to the writer of the neat compliment. James made a happier, though less remunerative, epigram on Miss Edgeworth:

We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their EDGE, and the good own their WORTH.

The easy social bachelor-life of James Smith was much disturbed by hereditary gout, which began to assail him in middle life, and gradually deprived him of the use of his limbs. His wide knowledge, his inexhaustible wit and humour, his accomplishments, winning ways, and genial temper, made him a fascinating companion; and as usual in such cases, his published works give but a faint idea of the man's powers.

Horace Smith, the surviving partner of this literary duumvirate—perhaps the closest and most constant since that of Beaumont and Fletcher—was a stockbroker by profession, and realised a handsome fortune, retiring in 1820, and three years later settling at Brighton. He was one of the first imitators of Sir Walter Scott in the department of historical romance. His *Brambletye House* (1826), a tale of the civil wars, was received with favour, though some of its descriptions of the plague in London were copied too literally from Defoe, and there was a want of vitality and truth in the embodiment of many of the historical characters. The success of this effort inspired Horace to venture into various fields of fiction—*Tor Hill; Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City; The Midsummer Medley; Walter Colyton; The Involuntary Prophet; Jane Lomax; The Moneyed Man; Adam Brown; The Merchant;* and others. But none of these was destined to live. The variously gifted author was as remarkable for generosity as for wit and playful humour. Shelley said, 'Is it not odd that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too,' continued Shelley; 'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous.' The fastidious and ethereal poet also put in verse his regard for his facetious friend:

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith.

Apart from the parodies, James Smith did nothing so good as Horace Smith's *Address to the Mummy*, which is a felicitous compound of fact, humour, and sentiment, aptly, pithily, and neatly put.

The Theatre.—By the Rev. G. C. [Crabbe].

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit. . . .
What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket, canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they 'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they 'd even axe St Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred—
At number twenty-seven, it is said—
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers: 'Take my handkerchief.'
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line.'
'Take mine,' cried Wilson; 'And,' cried Stokes, 'take mine.'
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

The Baby's Début.—By W. W. [Wordsworth].

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he 's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack 's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door;
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he 's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried: 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said: 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said: 'No, she shan't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I 'll be bound:
And there 's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said: 'Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You 've only got to curtsey, whisper, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you 're sure to take:
I 've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?'

But while I 'm speaking, where 's papa?
And where 's my aunt? and where 's mamma?
Where 's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I 'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsy, like a pretty miss,
And if you 'll blow to me a kiss,
I 'll blow a kiss to you.
[*Blows kiss, and exit.*

A Tale of Drury Lane.—By W. S. [Scott].

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes:
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The playhouse is in flames.'
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound
As from a lofty altar rise,
It seemed that nations did conspire
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. . . .

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo 'Heads below!'
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sank, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save;
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sank to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!'—
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

The *Rejected Addresses* were edited, with Memoirs, by Epes Sargent (New York, 1871) and P. Fitzgerald (1890); Arthur H. Beavan published a joint life of the two brothers—*James and Horace Smith* (1899); and see also Timbs's *Lives of the Wits and Humourists* (1862). There is a good paper on the Smiths in the first volume of Hayward's *Essays* (1858); and an account of the real *Rejected Addresses* may be found in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1893.

Theodore Edward Hook (1788–1841) was born in London, the second son of the Vauxhall composer James Hook (1746–1827), by his first wife, the beautiful Miss Madden. His education



THEODORE HOOK.
From the Portrait by E. U. Eddis in the National Portrait Gallery.

was almost limited to a year at Harrow and matriculation at Oxford; but he early achieved celebrity as a playwright, a punster and matchless *improvisatore*, and as a practical joker—his greatest performance the Berners Street Hoax (1809), which took in the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Gloucester, and hundreds of thousands of lowlier victims. In 1805 he composed a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, overture and music, as well as dialogues and songs, being entirely by himself. It was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, *Catch Him Who Can*, which showed Liston and Mathews at their best, and had a great run. Hook then produced in rapid succession a series of musical operas—*The Invisible Girl*, *Music Mad*, *Darkness Visible*, *Trial by Jury*, *The Fortress*, *Tekeli*, *Exchange no Robbery*, and *Killing no Murder*. Some of these

display wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, musical skill, and literary powers in so young an author. They were followed (1808) by a novel described as a farce in narrative shape. Hook's remarkable conversational talents and popularity as a writer for the stage led him much into society. Flushed with success, full of the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, and conscious of his power to please and even fascinate in company, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, and became noted for his 'boisterous buffooneries' and his wild sallies of wit and drollery.

Amongst his various talents was one which is rare in England—that of improvising both songs and music. Hook would at table turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. 'He accompanied himself,' said Lockhart, 'on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt.' This extraordinary command of extempore verse seems to have been the amazement of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries. 'Something must be done for Hook,' said the Prince-Regent, and in 1812 that something was found in the post, worth £2000 a year, of accomptant-general and treasurer to the Mauritius. There Hook fared gloriously, until in 1818 a grave deficiency was detected in the public chest; he was arrested and sent, almost penniless, to England. An acquaintance, meeting him at St Helena, said, 'I hope you are not going home for your health.' 'Why,' answered the irrepressible punster, 'I am sorry to say they do think there's something wrong in the chest.' Hook ascribed the 'unfortunate defalcation' to a black clerk, who had committed suicide; anyhow, though criminal proceedings were dropped, in 1823 he was pronounced a Crown debtor for £12,000, and was again sold up and arrested. In 1825 he was released from the King's Bench, but not from the debt; however, he made no effort to discharge it. Meanwhile in 1820 he had started the Tory journal *John Bull*, designed to vilify Queen Caroline, advocate high aristocratic principles, and combine virulent personalities with much wit and humour; in its palmy days it brought him fully £2000 per annum. His political songs were generally admired for their point and brilliancy of fancy. In 1824–28 appeared his nine volumes of tales, *Sayings and Doings*, which brought him £4000. The popular writer now pursued his literary career with unabated diligence and spirit. In 1830 he published *Maxwell;* in 1832 *The Life of Sir David Baird;* in 1833 *The Parson's Daughter* and *Love and Pride.* In 1836 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and contributed to its pages *Gilbert Gurney* and the far inferior sequel, *Gurney Married*, each afterwards collected into three volumes. In 1837 appeared *Jack Brag;* in 1839 *Births, Deaths, and Marriages*, *Precepts and Practice*, and *Fathers and Sons.* Hook's last avowed work, *Peregrine Bunce*, supposed not to have been wholly written by him, appeared some months after his death.

The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor and almost sole writer of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as Lockhart observed, sufficient proof that Hook never sank into idleness; but he was the idol of the fashionable circles, and ran a heedless round of dissipation. Though in receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3000 per annum—by his writings, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and an unhappy connection he dared not avow entailed upon him the anxieties and responsibilities of a family. Parts of his diary quoted by Lockhart reveal his struggles, his alternations of hope and despair, and his ever-deepening distresses and difficulties. At length, overwhelmed with difficulties, his children unprovided for, and himself utterly broken down, he died ere he had completed his fifty-third year. Shakespeare has nothing more pitiful than his words to a friend who a few weeks before had caught him in deshabille: 'Well, you see me at last as I am—all the bucklings and paddings, and washings and brushings, dropped for ever—a poor old gray-haired man, with my belly about my knees.' A memorial window to him was put up in 1893 in the parish church of Fulham, where he is buried. Theodore's elder brother James (1771–1828), himself the author of a couple of novels (*Pen Owen* and *Percy Mallory*, humorous, Tory in politics, and satirical on the subject of Welsh genealogies and antiquities), became in 1802 chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and in 1825 Dean of Worcester; his eldest son, Walter Farquhar Hook (1798–1875), vicar of Leeds from 1837, and Dean of Chichester from 1859, wrote the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury (12 vols. 1860–76).

Theodore Hook's works are very unequal, and none of them perhaps display the rich and varied powers of his conversation. His early familiarity with the stage had taught him the effect of dramatic situations and pointed dialogue. But the theatre is not always a good school for literary taste, and Hook's witty and tragic themes and contrasts of character are often too violent and indiscriminating. Extravaganza, caricature, and burlesque too frequently intrude; the conventional and the artificial mix themselves up with rude realism. Hook's humour, indisputable and inexhaustible, at times brilliant, is at best low humour or farce; his lack of taste and vulgarity,

and his scurrility in controversy, can only partly be excused by reason of the defects of his education; and much of his cleverest work is now all but unread and unknown.

An Adventurer.

'My dear Johnny,' said the respectable widow Brag to her son, 'what is the good of your going on in this way? Here, instead of minding the business, you are day after day galloping and gallivanting, steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, lord-hunting, a-wasting your time and your substance, the shop going to Old Nick, and *you* getting dipped instead of your candles.'

'Mother,' said Jack, 'don't talk so foolishly! You are of the old school—excellent in your way, but a long way behindhand: the business is safe enough. You cannot suppose, with the education I have had, I can meddle with moulds, or look after sixes, tens, fours to the pound, or farthing rushlights;—no, thanks to my enlightenment, I flatter myself I soar a little higher than that.'

'No nonsense, Johnny!' said Mrs Brag. 'All you have now, and all you have spent since your poor father's death, was gained by your father's enlightenment of his customers: and how do you suppose I can carry on the trade if you will not now and then attend to it?'

'Take my advice, my dear mother,' said Jack, 'and marry. I'm old enough now not to care a fig for a father-in-law;—marriage is the plan, as I say to my friend Lord Tom—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Get a sensible, stir-about husband, who does not mind grubbing, and hasn't a nose'——

'Hasn't a nose?' interrupted Mrs Brag.

'I don't mean literally,' said Jack, 'but sportingly;—does not mind the particular scent of tallow—you understand? Let him into the tricks of the trade: you will still be queen-bee of the hive,—make *him* look after the drones while you watch the wax.'

'And while *you*, Johnny, lap up the honey,' said the queen-bee.

'Do what you like,' said her son, 'only marry—"marry come up," as somebody says in a play.'

'But, John,' said Mrs Brag, 'I have no desire to change my condition.'

'Nor I that you should,' said Jack; 'but I wish you would change your name. As long as "Brag, wax and tallow chandler," sticks up on the front of the house, with three dozen and four dangling dips swinging along the shop-front, like so many malefactors expiating their crimes, I live in a perpetual fever lest my numerous friends should inquire whether I am one of the firm or the family.'

'Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a-hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone; and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thorough-bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone.'

'It is all very well talking,' said Johnny, 'but I never should show my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop—"pretty mould of a horse" tingles in my ears—"sweet dip of the country" sets me doubting; and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.'

'And what now, Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'do you think these lords take you for, if not for a tallow-chandler?'

'An independent gentleman,' said Jack.

'That is to say,' replied his mother, 'a gentleman who has nothing to depend upon.'

'They look upon me as an agreeable rattle,' said John.

'One that has often been in the watchman's hands, too,' said the old lady.

'I talk big and ride small,' said Jack, 'I am always up with the hounds—never flinch at anything—am the pride of the field wherever I go—and in steeple-chases of infinite value.'

'And very little weight, my dear Johnny,' interrupted his mother.

'One of my dearest friends,' continued Brag, 'Lord Tom Towzle, a deuce of a fellow amongst the females, is going to put me up as a candidate at the "Travellers'."'

'What! riders for respectable houses?' said Mrs Brag; 'and a very proper club, too.'

'Respectable houses!' said Jack. 'Poh! not a bit of it! What! bagmen in buggies with boxes of buttons in the boots? No, no! the "Travellers'"—*par excellence*.'

'Par what?' said Mrs Brag. 'What! d'ye mean the fine Club-house in Pall Mall which you showed me the outside of last King's birth-night?'

'The same,' said Brag. 'Now, if I had stuck to the naked, as Lord Tom says—told the plain unvarnished—I never could have qualified. Lord Tom asked me if I should like to belong to the "Travellers';"—in course I said yes—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Well, then he asks me if I could qualify;—so not quite understanding him, he says, "Have you ever been in Greece?"—"Yes," said I:—I *might* have added "up to the elbows often;" didn't though. Had him dead. Down he whips my name, and calls in Sir Somebody Something out of the street to second me.'

'If you could but get into a club, Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'where they uses gas, and get 'em to give it up and try oil on illumination nights, I'd say something to you—them Travellers has oil as it is. But what I think is, somebody is sure to find you out, Johnny.'

'Time enough,' said Jack. 'I'm going it now smooth and soft across the country, increasing my acquaintance; falling into the society of elegant females—women of fashion, with beautiful faces and liberal hearts;—introduced to three last week—proud as peacocks to everybody else, delighted with *me*;—met them at Ascot—cold collation in the carriage—champagne iced from London;—got on capital—never was so happy in my life—hottest weather I ever felt; spirits mounted—I was the delight of the party—told them half-a-dozen stories of myself, and made them laugh like cockatoos, but I was bundled all of a heap by the Marquis of Middlesdale, who had been at luncheon with the king, and who, in passing the barouche, gave me a smack on the back you might have heard to Egham, and cried out, "Jack, this is a melting day, isn't it?"'

'He meant it, Johnny, depend upon it,' said Mrs Brag.

'I 've no doubt he did,' said Brag, 'for it was as hot as ever I felt it'——

'In the back shop,' interrupted his mother. 'But pray, Johnny, where do these people think you live?'

'At a great house in Grosvenor Street,' said Jack, 'next door to What-d'ye-call-'em's hotel; my name is on the door, and my address on my card.'

'But you don't live there,' said Mrs Brag.

'Not I,' replied the son: 'I only rent the door.'

'How d'ye mean?' said his mother.

'Why, I went to the man who keeps the house,' said Brag. '"Now, sir," says I, "I want to rent four square inches of your panels." He was puzzled for the moment; but I was down upon him in no time, and no mistake.—Out I pulls from my pocket a brass plate of those precise dimensions, whereon is engraven, "Mr Brag."—"What will you take per annum," said I, "to let this be screwed on to your door, and let your servant take in my cards and letters?" Startled him a little at first: however, he entered himself for the plate, acceded to my proposition—and so for the trifling consideration of four guineas per annum and a tip to the slavey, I get the credit of five windows in front, three stories high, in one of the best streets in London.'

'But do none of your friends ever expect to be let in?' said Mrs Brag.

'Yes,' said Brag, 'for a good thing now and then,—and so they are, pretty often. Long head, mother—have it here'—tapping his forehead with his forefinger—'look simple with my fresh colour and curly hair, but as deep as Garrick—cannot write your X's, Z's with me,—else, in course, they might expect admission. "Not at home," is always the answer. "Out of town?" is the next question.—"Yes," is the next answer. "Where?" comes next.—"Down at his little place in Surrey." That finishes it. They lodge their pasteboard and away they go.'

'Little place in Surrey!' said Mrs Brag;—'why, what d'ye mean? Have you a country-house too?'

'Country-house!' said Brag. 'Lord bless your dear heart, not I! Nothing but my old lodging on the second floor, No. 37, at the carpenter's, corner of Caterpillar Row, Kennington.'

'And *that* you call your little place in Surrey, do you?' said Mrs Brag.

'Yes, mother, and no fib neither,' said Brag. 'It is almost the littlest place I ever saw in my life; and as for Caterpillar Row, if it isn't in Surrey I know nothing of going 'cross a country.'

'Ah, Johnny, Johnny,' said his respected parent, with a mingled look of sorrow and admiration, 'you never will mend till it is too late!'

'Mother,' said Jack,' now you say *that*, I think I shall be too late for Lord Tom Towzle. We are going off for Wigglesford to mark out a line. All ready for a run; we have got no mercy in us,—none of your bowling-green, daisy-cutting work for us—no, we 'll try to pick out rasping fences, bottomless brooks, and ditches as wide as rivers;—a steeple-chase without killing a horse or two, cracking a collar-bone, slipping a shoulder, or pitching an out-and-outer on the top of his conk is no fun in the world.'

'Ah! well, well,' said Mrs Brag, 'I wish you would give a little time to the books and the business: some day you 'll repent this.'

'Not I, mother,' said Jack; 'I can pull up any day and marry. I never yet saw the woman I could not win—they are all ready to eat me up: in course, as the book says, I am the more wary—hang back a bit. Don't you see, as I get on in the world, I get up; and if I can marry a Lady Sally or a Lady Susan—eh! won't that be nice?—'specially if there happens to be an odd thirty or forty thousand pounds tacked to the title.'

'Don't flatter yourself, Johnny,' replied Mrs Brag, shaking her head: '*that* scheme will never answer.'

'You 'll see,' said Jack; 'I say nothing, but you 'll see. If I were to sit down and write an account of my adventures with the females, I should be run after like a sight. The females of fashion that I meet at the races call me "dear Johnny" as it is.'

'I wonder you are not afraid of seeing the ghost of your poor father,' said the widow.

'What! the governor?' cried Jack. 'Never mind ghosts nor governors; here is my Leporello. So I'm off. Good-bye, dear mother!—you 'll see me soon again,—I shall be back by Saturday, and so keep snug Sunday.'

'Where? At your town-house in Grosvenor Street,' said the old lady, 'or your little place in Surrey?'

'Neither, I take it,' said Jack, looking as wise as a very foolish person could. 'I devote Sunday afternoon to a very select society—eh!—females of fashion, delightful creatures, and all that. So adieu!'

(From *Jack Brag*.)

The Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, son of Hook's intimate 'Ingoldsby,' published Hook's *Life and Remains* (1849; new ed. 1877, 1899), and Lockhart's *Quarterly* article (May 1843; reprinted 1857) gave passages from a diary, otherwise unpublished and apparently lost. There was a new edition of his novels in 1872–73 (16 vols.); *Jack Brag* has been often reprinted.

Richard Harris Barham (1788–1845), author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, was born at Canterbury, and in 1795 succeeded his father in the manor of Tappington Everard. He was sent to St Paul's School 1798–1807, for the last two years being captain; a coach accident in 1802 partially crippled his right arm for life. Entering Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1807, he took orders in 1813, and in 1821 became a minor canon of St Paul's, in 1824 incumbent of a City church and priest in ordinary of the chapels royal. His first novel, *Baldwin* (1819), fell still-born; his second, *My Cousin Nicholas* (1841), appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine;* and with the commencement of *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837 he began his inimitable series of burlesque tales, mostly but not all metrical, under the pen-name of 'Thomas Ingoldsby.' Many of them are perfect triumphs of the mock-heroic and serio-comic; and the verse is amazingly dexterous and clever. Their droll humour, skilful irony, whimsical and unexpected rhymes, varied and captivating rhythms, triumphant parody and caricature, and quaint out-of-the-way lore at once made them popular—though they have the defects of their qualities in that humour, rhythm, and rhymes all seem by-and-by to become a trick and almost mechanical, and the pathos seems forced as well as the fun. The pseudo-antique spellings are not usually real archaisms, but mere playfulness,

obviously not intended to deceive. His originals Barham found everywhere and anywhere, French *contes* being occasionally drawn on. The legends were first collected into a volume in 1840, and the third series was published in 1846, with a brief memoir; an eighty-eighth edition of the whole by the author's daughter, Mrs Bond, appeared in 1894. A collection of *Ingoldsby Lyrics* was issued in 1881, comprising political skits, parodies, occasional pieces, family poetry, songs, epigrams, poetical epistles, and other miscellanea from various sources—some of them published in one or other of the editions of the *Legends*, some printed in Barham's *Life*, and some exhumed from old magazines—so that



RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.
From an Engraving after the Portrait by Lane.

the *Legends* and the *Lyrics* contain all of Barham's poetical work his son thought worth preserving. The famous 'parody' of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*—

> Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or groat;
> And he looked confoundedly flurried,
> As he bolted away without paying his shot,
> And the landlady after him hurried—

is not really a parody of the poem, but a burlesque piece with a few points imitated, in a measure very skilfully resembling that of the original. There are two or three skits or satires in which the method of 'The house that Jack built' is ingeniously applied, with all the cumulative repetitions, to such subjects as the burning of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. It was published in 1824, when Wolfe's authorship was still debated and the poem was being attributed to Byron, Campbell, and others (see Vol. II. p. 788); and Barham's *jeu d'esprit* was declared to be the only 'true and original' version, the work of 'Dr Peppercorn.' The following were described as 'the last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby:'

As I Laye A-Thynkynge.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free;
As I laye a-thynkynge, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil Youth was nyghe,
And he breathed manie a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a Youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sadde despaire,
'That I was borne!'
As I laye a-thynkynge, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar,
There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkynge,—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking,
O, merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:—
'Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,'—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
'HERE IS REST!'

The *Life and Letters* of Barham was published by his son, the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, who was also Hook's biographer (2 vols. 1870; 3rd ed. 1880; 1 vol. ed. 1899).

Henry Crabb Robinson (1775–1867), born of middle-class and Dissenting parentage at Bury St Edmunds, was educated there and at Devizes, and then became articled clerk to a Colchester attorney (1790–95). In youth he was an extreme Radical, a disciple of Godwin, and a friend and admirer of martyrs for reform like Hardy and Thelwall. He studied five years at Jena, Weimar, and elsewhere in Germany (1800–5), making friends or acquaintances of nearly all the great German spirits of the day; and during 1807–9 he was engaged for the *Times* in Holstein and afterwards in Spain, and so is entitled to be regarded as the first war-correspondent. He was at Corunna during the retreat of Sir John Moore, and has described in his Diary the state of things in the town at that anxious time. After his return to England in 1809 his engagement with the *Times* was ended, and he began to keep terms at the Middle Temple as a student of law. In 1813, at the age of thirty-eight, he was called to the Bar, from which, having risen to be leader of the Norfolk circuit, he retired in 1828 with £500 a year. 'In looking back on his life, Mr Robinson used to say that two of the wisest acts he had done were going to the Bar and quitting the Bar.' Thenceforth he lived chiefly in London, with frequent tours both at home and abroad till 1863, giving and receiving much hospitality, until at the ripe age of ninety-one he died unmarried. A Dissenter and a Liberal, he was one of the founders of the London University (1828), and an early member of the Athenæum Club (1824). A splendid talker, who 'talked about everything but his own good deeds,' he was also a buoyant companion, an earnest thinker, a prodigious reader, content not to publish but to keep a Diary. 'I early found,' he says, 'that I had not the literary ability to give me such a place among English authors as I should have desired; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews with them. True, I want in an eminent degree the Boswell faculty; still, the names recorded in *his* great work are not so important as Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, the Duchesses Amalia and Louisa of Weimar, Tieck; as Madame de Staël, La Fayette, Abbé Grégoire, Benjamin Constant; as Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Rogers, Hazlitt, Mrs Barbauld, Clarkson, &c., &c., &c., for I could add a great number of minor stars. And yet what has come of all this? Nothing. What will come of it? Perhaps nothing.' All this was surely false modesty or something like it; to his Boswellian gift, his opportunities, and his well-directed industry in this department ample witness is borne by his *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence*, which, edited in 1869 in three volumes by Dr Thomas Sadler, will last as long as literature itself.

With Wordsworth in the Lake Country.

September 10th (1816).—After I had taken a cold dinner, Mr Wordsworth came to me, and between three and four we set out for Cockermouth; he on horseback, I on foot. We started in a heavy shower, which thoroughly wetted me. The rain continued with but little intermission during a great part of the afternoon, and therefore the fine scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of Keswick was entirely lost. The road, too, was so very bad that all my attention was requisite to keep my shoes on my feet. I have no recollection of any village or of any scenery, except some pleasing views of the lake of Bassenthwaite, and of Skiddaw, from which we seemed to recede so little that even when we were near Cockermouth the mountain looked near to us. In the close and interesting conversation we kept up, Mr Wordsworth was not quite attentive to the road, and we lost our way. A boy, however, who guided us through some terribly dirty lanes, put us right. By this time it was become dark, and it was late before we reached the 'Globe' at Cockermouth.

If this were the place, and if my memory were good, I could enrich my journal by retailing Wordsworth's conversation. He is an eloquent speaker, and he talked upon his own art and his own works very feelingly and very profoundly; but I cannot venture to state more than a few intelligible results, for I own that much of what he said was above my comprehension.

He stated, what I had before taken for granted, that most of his lyrical ballads were founded on some incident he had witnessed or heard of. He mentioned the origin of several poems.

'Lucy Gray,' that tender and pathetic narrative of a child mysteriously lost on a common, was occasioned by the death of a child who fell into the lock of a canal. His object was to exhibit poetically entire *solitude*, and he represents the child as observing the day-moon, which no town or village girl would even notice.

The 'Leech-gatherer' he did actually meet near Grasmere, except that he gave to his poetic character powers of mind which his original did not possess.

The fable of 'The Oak and the Broom' proceeded from his beholding a rose in just such a situation as he described the broom to be in. Perhaps, however, all poets have had their works suggested in like manner. What I wish I could venture to state after Wordsworth, is his conception of the manner in which the mere fact is converted into poetry by the power of imagination.

He represented, however, much as, unknown to him, the German philosophers have done, that by the imagination the mere fact is exhibited as connected with that infinity without which there is no poetry.

He spoke of his tale of the dog, called 'Fidelity.' He says he purposely made the narrative as prosaic as possible, in order that no discredit might be thrown on the truth of the incident. In the description at the beginning and in the moral at the end he has alone indulged in a poetic vein; and these parts, he thinks, he has peculiarly succeeded in.

He quoted some of the latter poem, and also from 'The Kitten and the Falling Leaves,' to show he had connected even the kitten with the great, awful, and mysterious powers of nature. But neither now nor in reading the Preface to Wordsworth's new edition of his poems have I been able to comprehend his ideas

concerning poetic imagination. I have not been able to raise my mind to the subject, farther than this, that imagination is the faculty by which the poet conceives and produces—that is, images—individual forms, in which are embodied universal ideas or abstractions. This I do comprehend, and I find the most beautiful and striking illustrations of this faculty in the works of Wordsworth himself.

The incomparable twelve lines, 'She dwelt among the untrodden ways,' ending, 'The difference to me!' are finely imagined. They exhibit the powerful effect of the loss of a very obscure object upon one tenderly attached to it. The opposition between the apparent strength of the passion and the insignificance of the object is delightfully conceived, and the object itself well portrayed.

September 12th.—This was a day of rest, but of enjoyment also, though the amusement of the day was rather social than arising from the beauties of nature.

I wrote some of my journal in bed. After my breakfast I accompanied Mr Wordsworth, Mr Hutton, and a Mr Smith to look at some fields belonging to the late Mr Wordsworth, and which were to be sold by auction this evening. I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country.' Mr Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, 'Is it true—as I have heard reported—that Mr Wordsworth ever wrote verses?'

A Feast of the Poets.

April 4th (1823).—Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism—Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

Rem.—Of this dinner an account is given in Moore's Life, which account is quoted in the *Athenæum* of April 23rd, 1853. Moore writes:—'*April 4th*, 1823. Dined at Mr Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him.' Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a *clever* man; and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree—this admirable person is dryly noticed as 'the poor woman who went mad in a diligence,' &c. Moore is not to be blamed for this—they were strangers to him. The *Athenæum* reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks: 'The tone is not to our liking;' and it is added: 'We should like to see Lamb's account.' This occasioned my sending to the *Athenæum* (June 25th, 1853) a letter by Lamb to Bernard Barton:—'DEAR SIR,—I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore: half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester Place. It was a delightful evening! Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk; and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious: I have known the best of them, and can speak to it that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night, marry! It was hippocrass rather.'

Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore when he could not articulate very distinctly: 'Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?'—suiting the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on: 'Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after.' Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort; for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing he was supreme; but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humour.

Besides these five bards were no one but Mrs Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary Lamb, and Mrs Gilman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

Goethe at Weimar.

August 2nd (1829).—A golden day! Voigt and I left Jena before seven, and in three hours were at Weimar. Having left our cards at Goethe's dwelling-house, we proceeded to the garden-house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware, by the present of medals from him, that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected. Yet I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park, to which he retires for solitude from his town house, where are his son, his daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren. He generally eats and drinks alone; and when he invites a stranger, it is to a *tête-à-tête*. This is a wise sparing of his strength. Twenty-seven years ago I thus described him:—'In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity; a penetrating and insupportable eye—"the eye, like Jove, to threaten or command"—a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which when closed seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air.' Now I beheld the same eye, indeed,

but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop. *Then* he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty bow, *now* he was all courtesy. 'Well, you are come at last,' he said; 'we have waited years for you. How is my old friend Knebel? You have given him youth again, I have no doubt.' In his room, in which there was a French bed without curtains, hung two large engravings: one, the well-known panoramic view of Rome; the other, the old square engraving, an imaginary restoration of the ancient public buildings. Both of these I then possessed, but I have now given them to University Hall, London. He spoke of the old engraving as what delighted him, as showing what the scholars thought in the fifteenth century. The opinion of scholars is now changed. In like manner he thought favourably of the panoramic view, though it is incorrect, including objects which cannot be seen from the same spot.

I had a second chat with him late in the evening. We talked much of Lord Byron, and the subject was renewed afterwards. To refer to detached subjects of conversation, I ascertained that he was unacquainted with Burns's 'Vision.' This is most remarkable, on account of its close resemblance to the *Zueignung* (dedication) to his own works, because the whole logic of the two poems is the same. Each poet confesses his infirmities; each is consoled by the Muse—the holly-leaf of the Scotch poet being the 'veil of dew and sunbeams' of the German. I pointed out this resemblance to Frau von Goethe, and she acknowledged it.

This evening I gave Goethe an account of De Lamennais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes from God, and is made known to us by the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed, 'No doubt all truth comes from God; but the Church! There's the point. God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly; and that's a language these *Spitzbuben* don't understand.' Something led him to speak of Ossian with contempt. I remarked, 'The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werter that set the fashion.' He smiled, and said, 'That's partly true; but it was never perceived by the critics that Werter praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad. But reviewers do not notice such things.' I reminded Goethe that Napoleon loved Ossian. 'It was the contrast with his own nature,' Goethe replied. 'He loved soft and melancholy music. *Werter* was among his books at St Helena.'

We spoke of the emancipation of the Catholics. Goethe said, 'My daughter will be glad to talk about it; I take no interest in such matters.' On my leaving him the first evening, he kissed me three times. (I was always before disgusted with man's kisses.) Voigt never saw him do so much to any other.

He pressed me to spend some days at Weimar on my return; and, indeed, afterwards induced me to protract my stay. I was there from the 13th of August till the 19th.

The three volumes of the *Diary* (of which there was a new edition in 1872) contain but gleanings from a plentiful crop, garnered in upwards of a hundred MS. volumes of Diary, Journals of tours, Letters, Reminiscences, and Anecdotes, preserved in Dr Williams's library in Gordon Square, London.

John Wilson Croker (1780–1857), the last and most indefatigable of the original corps of the *Quarterly Review*, was born at Galway, the son of the Surveyor-General of Customs and Excise in Ireland. Educated at Portarlington and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1800 he entered Lincoln's Inn, but in 1802 was called to the Irish Bar. His first literary attempts were satirical—*Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage* (1804) and *An Intercepted Letter from Canton* (1805), a satire on certain politicians and magnates in Dublin. These trifles were followed by *Songs of Trafalgar* (1806) and *A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present* (1807), a pamphlet advocating Catholic emancipation. Entering Parliament for Downpatrick (1807), he in 1809 warmly defended the Duke of York over the Mary Anne Clarke scandal, and was rewarded with the post of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held for nearly twenty-two years, until he retired in 1830 with a pension of £1500. In 1809 he published anonymously *The Battles of Talavera*, a poem in the style of Scott, on which Wellington remarked that he had never thought 'a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining.' In the same style Mr Croker commemorated *The Battle of Albuera* (1811), apparently the last of his poetic efforts. He was now busy with the *Quarterly Review*, which he had helped to found in 1809. His articles were mainly personal or historical—attacks on Whigs and Jacobins, or rectifications of dates and facts regarding public characters and events. He it was who, as the reviewer of Keats's *Endymion* in September 1818, incurred Byron's famous catechetical criticism:

> Who killed John Keats?
> I, says the *Quarterly*,
> So savage and Tartarly,
> 'Twas one of my feats.

The article in three pages of abuse styles Keats a copyist of Leigh Hunt, 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.' Lady Morgan's *Italy* was despatched in the same trenchant style. One of Croker's most brilliant 'feats' in this way was his success in mortifying the vanity of Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), who wished to have it believed that she was only seventeen when her novel of *Evelina* was published. She is said to have kept up the delusion without exactly giving the date; but the reviewer, knowing that she was born at Lynn in Norfolk, had the parish-register examined, and found that she was baptised in June 1752, and consequently, instead of being a youthful prodigy, was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age when *Evelina* appeared. Croker's success in this species of literary statistics led him afterwards to apply it to the case of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon; he had the French registers examined, and from them proved that both Josephine and Napoleon had falsified their ages. This fact, with other disparaging details, the reviewer brought out in a paper

carefully arranged to appear on the occasion of the third Napoleon's visit to England, and so mortify the new dynasty. In the same spirit Croker assailed Soult when he visited this country—recounting all his military errors and defeats, and reminding him that the Duke of Wellington (who was seriously annoyed by the mistimed reminiscence) had deprived him of his dinner at Oporto in 1809, and at Waterloo in 1815. Two of the later contributions to the *Review* by Croker made considerable noise—those on Macaulay's *History* and Moore's *Memoirs*. In Macaulay's case, Rogers said Croker 'attempted murder, but only committed suicide.' With Moore the reviewer had been on friendly terms. They were countrymen and college acquaintances; and when Lord John Russell published the poet's journals for the benefit of his widow, a generous friend of the dead man would have abstained from harsh comments. Croker plied the scalpel unsparingly; the editor remarked on the critic's 'safe malignity;' and Croker retaliated by showing that Moore had been recording unfavourable notices of Lord John in his journal at the very time that he was cultivating his acquaintance by letters and soliciting favours at his hands. Lord John's faults as an editor were also unsparingly exposed; and on the whole, in all but good feeling, Croker was triumphant in this passage-at-arms. Disraeli satirised him in *Coningsby* as 'Rigby,' the jackal of 'Lord Monmouth' (Hertford); and Macaulay, as is well known, 'detested him more than cold boiled veal.' Yet Croker did service to literature by his annotated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and his publication of the Suffolk Papers, the Letters of Lady Hervey, and Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II.* He wrote *Stories from the History of England for Children*, which served as a model for Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather;* and he collected some of his contributions to the *Review* as *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. At his death he was preparing an edition of Pope's works, which passed into the hands of the Rev. Whitworth Elwin. Croker's publications numbered nearly a score, and his *Correspondence and Diaries* were edited by Louis J. Jennings (3 vols. 1884).

George Croly (1780–1860) was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, fiction, exegetical and polemical theology, politics, &c. Born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, he took orders in 1804, and coming in 1810 to London, was appointed rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook, in 1835. He wrote industriously for *Blackwood's Magazine* and the reviews, and showed from the commencement versatility and a decided literary gift. His—somewhat Byronic—poems include *Paris in 1815*, a description of the works of art in the Louvre (1817); *The Angel of the World* (1820); *Catiline*, a tragedy (1822); *Poetical Works* (2 vols. 1830); and *The Modern Orlando*, a satirical poem (1846). He edited the works of Jeremy Taylor and the poems of Pope. The most important of his theological works is *The Apocalypse of St John, a new Interpretation* (1827), but he published also on providence, baptism, the papal aggression, and the deceased wife's sister; while his historical writings include a series of *Sketches*, a *Character of Curran*, *The Political Life of Burke*, and *The Personal History of King George the Fourth*. There were also books on the Holy Land, a history of the defence of Hamburg against Davoût, and three volumes of *Tales of the Great St Bernard*—a series of stories supposed to be told to relieve the monotony of imprisonment by bad weather at the hospice, the Englishman, the Italian, and the rest of the storm-stayed travellers each telling his tale. The romances *Salathiel* (1829) and *Marston, Soldier and Statesman* (1846), are sharply contrasted in subject as in other things—the latter a tale of modern public life, the former the part of the story of the Wandering Jew and his tragic adventures till after the siege of Jerusalem. *Salathiel* was greeted on its appearance by the *Athenæum* (then but two years old) as 'one of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth,' and was by other reviews compared with the most powerful of Shakespeare's dramas. It is strongly conceived and has many powerful passages, the style in many places being obviously modelled on De Quincey. Byron, whom he was believed to have attacked in a 'Letter of Cato,' sneered at him as the 'Reverend Rowley Powley,' and spoke, not inaptly, of the 'psalmodic amble' of his Pegasus. A brief memoir by his son was prefixed to Croly's *Book of Job* (1863).

Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then Eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,

Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

The French Army in Russia.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame; [name.
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now? A

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear, [drear.
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone; [on.
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and rushed

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gusts sweep them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

(From *Paris in 1815.*)

Satan; from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'Satan dilated stood.'—MILTON.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear uplifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain:
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem.
The king is in thy eyeball's beam;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven!
Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

Charles Caleb Colton.—A once popular collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820–22 under the title of *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words; addressed to those who Think;* six editions of it appeared within a twelvemonth. The history of its author conveys a moral probably more striking than even the best of his maxims. The Rev. Charles Caleb Colton (c. 1780–1832) passed in 1796 from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, and in 1801 obtained a fellowship and the college living of Prior's Portion near Tiverton, in 1818 that of Kew and Petersham. A great fisherman and sportsman generally, he was eccentric to a degree; for a time he carried on a wine-merchant's business; and he would go abroad in military dress. About 1823

gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and for a time he lived in America and in Paris. In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000. For fear of a surgical operation he shot himself at Fontainebleau 28th April 1832. Besides *Lacon*, he published a satire on hypocrisy, a poem on Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and one or two trifles. His somewhat pretentious moralising is exemplified in such shorter extracts from *Lacon* as 'Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost;' 'Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase;' and these longer ones:

Mystery and Intrigue.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into, divers and sundry errors committed and opportunities neglected whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy, the night to be very dark, the water to be very deep, and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

Magnanimity in a Cottage.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural, and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Charles Waterton (1782–1865), born at Walton Hall, Wakefield, and educated at the Roman Catholic college of Stonyhurst, went out about 1804 to Demerara to manage some family estates, and determined in 1812 to wander 'through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana, to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali (Curari) poison, and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America.' He made two more journeys, amidst difficulties unspeakable, through Brazil and Guiana—in 1816 and 1820—and in 1825 published his most entertaining *Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles.* 'In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge; a very different situation from that of a Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies. Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-places, climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires, and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before.' The python and cayman made much noise and amusement at the time, and the conquest of the cayman was made the subject of a caricature. Waterton had long wished to obtain one of the huge (non-venomous) Coulacanara snakes, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den. He advanced towards him stealthily, and with his lance struck him behind the neck and fixed him to the ground.

A Snake Story.

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm; one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times.

Next day Waterton killed the snake, which was fourteen feet long and enormously thick. The cayman or alligator was found on the Essequibo after three days' waiting and seeking, and caught with a shark-hook baited with a large fish. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows; but this the 'Wanderer' resisted. 'I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen.' The men pulled with a will, and out he came at last, the modern St George standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the dragon's throat.

How to catch a Cayman.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride—'Delphini insidens, vada cærula sulcat Arion.' The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was, like the python's skin, added to the curiosities of Walton Hall. Waterton's next work was *Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author* (three series, 1838–57; ed. by J. G. Wood, 1878). His account of his family—an old Roman Catholic line that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII. downwards—is a quaint, amusing chronicle; and the notes on the habits of birds show minute observation and vivid characterisation (sometimes after the manner of White of Selborne), as well as the kindly, genial spirit of the eccentric squire. The ancient wanderer died from a fall when carrying a log in his own grounds (as Abyssinian Bruce from a fall down his own staircase), and was buried with all the ceremony prescribed by himself between two favourite oaks beside a lake in his own park. There is a Life of him by Richard Hobson (1865).

Ann and Jane Taylor were members of an English Nonconformist family so distinguished through five generations in literature and art as to have been made the subject of researches in heredity by Mr Gulton. Their father, Isaac Taylor (1759–1829), the second of four Isaacs, was, like his father before him, an engraver of some eminence. He had an uncle, Charles Taylor (1756–1821), who edited Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and another, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works. The father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and in 1796 became pastor of an Independent congregation at Colchester, in 1811 at Ongar—whence the famous kin became known as 'the Taylors of Ongar' (as distinguished from 'the Taylors of Norwich;' see Vol. II. p. 712). His wife (born Ann Martin) had literary impulses, and published *Maternal Solicitude* (1814), *The Family Mansion* (1819), and other tales, and a series of educational works. The daughters, Ann (1782–1866) and Jane (1783–1824), were born in London, but brought up from 1786 at Lavenham in Suffolk, where their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their allotted tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses. They began their literary career in 1798 by contributing to a cheap annual, *The Minor's Pocket-Book*, the publishers of which induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children. Accordingly in 1804–5 there appeared *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, which were followed by *Rhymes for the Nursery* (1806), *Hymns for Infant Minds* (1810), *Rural Scenes*, *City Scenes*, &c. The hymns, somewhat analogous to Dr Watts's, were highly popular, were praised by men as eminent and as unlike one another as Dr Arnold and Archbishop Whately, and are still familiar—'My Mother' and 'Twinkle, Twinkle, little Star,' can surely never become obsolete in the nursery. Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale, *Display* (1815), and of *Essays in Rhyme* (1816) and *Contributions of Q. Q.* Ann married in 1813 a Congregational minister, the Rev. Joseph Gilbert (1779–1852), who settled at Nottingham in 1825, and published *The Christian Atonement*, &c.; a memoir of him was written by his widow. When she also was removed, her son, Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and author of *The Dolomite Mountains; Cadore, or Titian's Country*, &c., published in 1874 *Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs Gilbert* (*Ann Taylor*). Each of the accomplished sisters has bequeathed to the Christian Church at least one hymn of universal acceptation, Mrs Gilbert having written 'Great God, and wilt thou condescend;' Jane Taylor's best known is 'Lord, I would own thy tender care.' Their brother, Isaac Taylor (1787–1865), became still more distinguished as an author; a notice of him will be found at page 244. For a recent notice of

Jane Taylor, see Mrs L. B. Walford's *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892).

From 'The Song of the Tea-Kettle.'

By Ann Taylor.

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long. . . .
Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen!
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
Nor yet the magical impulse felt;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honour or wealth impart,
Spell-bound, till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me!
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its speed—the *Engine* goes!

On whom first fell the amazing dream?
Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool!
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutor child;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course;
Around its sinews of iron play
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is *Power!*

Hark! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fleeces of England's fields;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors;
'Tis the many-fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With its flowery film of lace, I ween!
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cave beneath;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight;
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day;
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused;
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine
The untracked ways of that restless brine;
Till at length, his shattered sail was furled,
Mid the golden sands of a western world!
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While winged by the winds the nations sped;
And still did the moon, as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spake of absence long, on a distant strand.

She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage,
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds:
Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud,
She glances on, in her glory proud;
A few bright suns, and at rest she lies,
Glittering to transatlantic skies! . . .
Simpleton man! why, who would have thought
To this, the song of a tea-kettle brought!

The Squire's Pew.

By Jane Taylor.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again:
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and *fleur-de-lis;*
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt:
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he;
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire
  And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
  A season every year—
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
  The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
  Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
  In all its wonted state
Shall wind along the village lane,
  And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
  All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
  Shine gaily o'er their heads:
Whilst other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

Mary Russell Mitford, the graphic and sympathetic portrayer of English country life in its happiest aspects, was born at Alresford, Hampshire, 16th December 1787. Her father, a selfish, extravagant physician (without practice), for her tenth birthday bought her a lottery-ticket, which drew a prize of £20,000; hereupon she was sent to a good school at Chelsea, and Dr Mitford built himself a big house near Reading. Hither Mary returned in 1802, and here in 1810 she, long an omnivorous reader, produced her first volume, *Miscellaneous Poems*. *Christina*, *Blanche of Castile*, and *Poems on the Female Character* followed, but attracted little notice. Meanwhile she and all about him were suffering for her handsome and accomplished father's reckless and selfish extravagance and high play. 'His wife's large fortune, his daughter's, his own patrimony all passed through his hands in an incredibly short space of time, but his wife and daughter were never heard to complain of his conduct, nor appeared to admire him less.' In 1820 the family had to move to a cottage at Three-Mile Cross, and Miss Mitford had now to write for its support; she was content to slave that her unconscionable father might have utterly useless luxuries—and he took them without scruple; she overtaxed her strength and literary gift by her perverse and blameworthy devotion to the reprobate, and her self-denial was even misunderstood and misjudged as grasping and miserly. In 1823 was produced her tragedy of *Julian*, dedicated to Macready, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character.' But *Julian* ran only eight nights; *Foscari* ran fifteen; and *Rienzi*, her best and most successful play, was acted forty-five times, and was sold to the number of four thousand copies. *Charles I.* and other dramatic pieces had their vogue; but Miss Mitford's triumph was to be won on other fields. Her best work began as a serial in 1819 in a magazine, and in 1823 appeared in volume form as *Our Village*, *Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, to which four other volumes were added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' said Henry Chorley, 'now knows *Our Village*, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses, so delightfully described in its pages will be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the *Lady's Magazine*. But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished—to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales; and the result was that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen; that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration; and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.' The book, as Chorley said, has become really a classic, has 'created a school of minute home-landscape painters in pen and ink analogous to that of the Cuyps and Holbeins of the Low Countries,' and founded a fashion in literature; Charles Lamb, Christopher North, and Harriet Martineau recognised in *Our Village* a new and delightful branch of art, and Mrs S. C. Hall took thence her impulse for the *Sketches of Irish Character*. Mrs Richmond Ritchie speaks of *Our Village* as 'one of the books that are part of everybody's life as a matter of course.' Miss Mitford's intimate friend, Miss Barrett, called her 'a sort of prose Crabbe in the sun.' Her keen observation and shrewdness, her generous and gentle wisdom, her humour, her original turns of thought and expression, the singular clearness and purity of her style, are all equally apparent in her work. Mrs Richmond Ritchie admires it less for 'its actual descriptions and pictures of intelligent villagers and greyhounds' than for 'the more imaginative things; the sense of space and nature and progress which she knows how to convey; the sweet and emotional

chord she strikes with so true a touch.' *Belford Regis* (1835) is a novel with much work cognate to *Our Village*, and passed through three editions. In 1837 Miss Mitford received a pension of £100; in 1842 she was at last relieved of the burden (which, though she never said so, she must have felt was no light one) of her father. Though suffering from ill-health for many years, she continued her literary pursuits. In 1852 she published *Recollections of a Literary Life*, largely autobiographical, and full of delightful glimpses of her contemporaries, famous or unknown; in 1854 came her last book, *Atherton and other Tales*. A plain-looking little woman with a 'wonderful wall of forehead,' she knew nothing of the mysteries of dress and was wholly indifferent on the subject, so that it at times needed the charm of her dear and venerable face, her genial smile and lovable ways, to make her visitors forget the extraordinary simplicity of her attire. 'She died on the 10th of January 1855 in her little house at Swallowfield, whither she had moved in 1851.

A Sunset.

What a sunset! how golden! how beautiful! The sun just disappearing, and the narrow liny clouds which a few minutes ago lay like soft vapoury streaks along the horizon lighted up with a golden splendour that the eye can scarcely endure, and those still softer clouds which floated above them wreathing and curling into a thousand fantastic forms as thin and changeful as summer smoke, now defined and deepened into grandeur and edged with ineffable, insufferable light! Another minute and the brilliant orb totally disappears, and the sky above grows every moment more varied and more beautiful as the dazzling golden lines are mixed with glowing red and gorgeous purple, dappled with small dark specks and mingled with such a blue as the egg of the hedge-sparrow. To look up at that glorious sky, and then to see that magnificent picture reflected in the clear and lovely Loddon water, is a pleasure never to be described and never forgotten. My heart swells and my eyes fill as I write of it, and think of the immeasurable majesty of nature, and the unspeakable goodness of God, who has spread an enjoyment so pure, so peaceful, and so intense before the meanest and the lowliest of His creatures.

(From 'The Dell,' in the second volume of *Our Village*.)

Tom Cordery the Poacher

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country; a country of heath and hill and forest, partly reclaimed, enclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would undoubtedly have pursued till his death had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards.' Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M—— Common as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice at Bow Street. . .

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good-humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too. . . . Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind; the very dogs knew him, and loved



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

From the Portrait by John Lucas in the National Portrait Gallery.

him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. . . .

Behind those sallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand—almost sublime, and, above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one, in a picture, would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation; yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants—pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled enclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce; and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm), now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kittened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of his new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock-pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth and snugness and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

(From the first volume of *Our Village*.)

Miss Mitford's *Life* was undertaken by her intimate friend, the Rev. William Harness, but, his health failing, he had to make over the task to his younger collaborateur, and the work was published, mainly as a selection of her letters, in 1869 by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, to whom also we owe an edition of *Our Village* (1863) and *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford* (1882). A second series of her *Letters* was edited by Henry Chorley in 1872, who, by way of rectifying the earlier editors' sins of omission, has left on record some very plain speaking about 'the robust, showy, wasteful profligate' whose life was a shame, whose talk even was often an offence, and, spite of the writer's reverence and affection for her, of the delusion and credulity, 'trenching on moral obliquity,' of the daughter's self-devotion. In 1893 Mrs Richmond Ritchie prefixed a charming biographical and critical introduction to a charming edition of *Our Village*, illustrated by Mr Hugh Thomson. But this, like most of the one-volume editions, is a mere selection from the original five volumes.

Mrs Mary Meeke, a novelist about whose life strangely little is known, is believed to have been the wife of an English clergyman, and to have died a widow at a country house in Staffordshire in 1816. She wrote seventeen novels in her own name—the first, *Count St Blanchard*, published in 1795, and, the last which appeared in her lifetime, *The Spanish Campaign* (1815)—besides half-a-dozen tales issued pseudonymously, and several translations from the French, including one of *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*. Her novels are utterly worthless, and would be quite forgotten but for the mention of them in the Life of Macaulay, who in his younger days at least 'all but knew them by heart.' According to Macaulay's sister, the most of them turn on the fortunes of some young man in a very low rank of life who ultimately proves to be the son of a duke. The hero of the *Spanish Campaign*, however, is a youth who saves the life of his rich miser of an uncle, but owes his fortune to the gratitude of a still richer Spanish Jew, whose granddaughter, the child of one of the first grandees of Spain, has been saved by him from death or dishonour in the Peninsular war.

Lucy Aikin (1781–1864), daughter of Dr John Aikin and niece of Mrs Barbauld (see Vol. II. p. 582), was born at Warrington, published a poem (1810) and a novel (1814), but made a name for herself by her *Memoirs of the Courts of Queen Elizabeth, of James I., and of Charles I.* (6 vols. 1818–33), heartily commended by Macaulay, and a *Life of Addison* (1843) which Macaulay, in a famous essay, did not so heartily commend. She also wrote Lives of her father and of her aunt, and her own *Memoirs* (1864). Her father, a physician, wrote, besides medical works and his share in the *Evenings at Home*, Lives of Ussher, Selden, and Howard, and edited the *General Biography* (10 vols. 1799–1815) and a selection from the British poets.

Mrs Hemans was born at Liverpool, Felicia Dorothea Browne, on the 25th of September 1793. Her father was a merchant, who after some reverses removed in 1800 with his family to Gwrych near Abergele in North Wales, and there Felicia was inspired by a new love of nature. A volume of *Poems* (1808) proved far from successful, but was followed that same year by *England and Spain, or Valour and Patriotism*, which called forth more than one letter from Shelley. In 1812 she published *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems*, and the same year was married to Captain Hemans, an Irish officer who had served in Spain. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages and still cultivating poetry. In 1818, after she had borne him five sons, Captain Hemans went off to Italy, and they never met afterwards. In 1819 Mrs Hemans obtained a prize of £50 offered by a patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she produced a poem on *The Sceptic*. In June 1821 she secured the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for a poem upon Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the *Vespers of Palermo*, which when produced at Covent Garden in December 1823 was not successful, though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young. In 1826 appeared what was generally accounted her best poem, *The Forest Sanctuary*, and in 1828 *Records of Woman;* later collections were *Lays of Leisure Hours* and *National Lyrics*. In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and received a warm welcome from Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and the Scottish literati; Scott's parting words are memorable: 'There are some whom we meet and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and you are one of these.' In 1830 appeared her *Songs of the Affections*. The same year she visited Wordsworth, and, deeply impressed by the beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere, heartily sympathised with Wordsworth's own enthusiasm: 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy.' From 1809 to 1827 she had lived near St Asaph, and then for four years at Wavertree, Liverpool; now, in 1831, she went to reside in Dublin, where one of her brothers, Major Browne, was chief commissioner of police. The education of her five boys occupied much of her time and attention; ill-health pressed heavily on her, and she soon fell into premature decay. In 1834 appeared her little volume of *Hymns for Childhood* and a collection of *Scenes and Hymns of Life; Thoughts during Sickness* were in the form of sonnets. Her last, dictated to her brother on a Sunday three weeks before her death, was this:

Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day;
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

She died on 16th May 1835, aged forty-one, and was buried in St Anne's Church, Dublin. On her tomb are these lines from one of her own dirges:

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Mrs Hemans was not a profound or subtle poet, but had the true poet's gifts of grace, sweetness, and tenderness. Her poems, as Scott hinted, 'have too many flowers for the fruit;' the longer poems, and especially the tragedies, are unquestionably insipid and tedious. But some of her shorter pieces and lyrics are perfect in sentiment and pathos; 'The Child's First Grief' ('O call my brother back to me'), 'The Better Land,' 'The Treasures of the Deep,' the pieces quoted below, and 'Casabianca,' which belongs to a somewhat different category, are still found in school-books, and will keep her memory green while the language endures. One of her hymns, 'He knelt, the Saviour knelt,' is in common use; and 'Lowly and solemn,' from a poem on Sir Walter Scott's funeral day, is frequently sung as a hymn.

From 'The Voice of Spring.'

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.



MRS HEMANS.
From the Bust by Angus Fletcher in the National Portrait Gallery.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains. . .

The summer is hastening, on soft wings borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Same glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

Besides her sister's Memoir of Mrs Hemans in the seven-volume edition of her works published in 1839, there are *Memorials* by H. F. Chorley (1836); recollections by Mrs Laurence (1836); the *Poetical Remains*, with a Memoir by Delta (1836); and the *Poetical Works*, with Memoir by W. M. Rossetti (1873). See also Espinasse's *Lancashire Worthies* (1874), Mrs C. J. Hamilton's *Women Writers* (1892), and Mrs L. B. Walford's *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892).

Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802–38), better known as 'L. E. L.,' from the initials which were her *nom de guerre*, is reputed to have been, with the possible exception of Moore only, the most popular English poet in the period between Byron's decline and Tennyson's rise. But at the present day the most approved anthologies of English Lyrics and English Verse give no specimen of her work, and there are histories of modern English literature that do not even mention her name; to hardly any English writer has Fame proved so fickle. Among her poetical works were *The Fate of Adelaide* (1821), *The Improvisatrice* (1824), *The Troubadour* (1825), *The Golden Violet* (1827), *The Venetian Bracelet* (1829), and *The Vow of the Peacock* (1835). She wrote two or three novels, beginning with *Romance and Reality* (1830); *Ethel Churchill* (1837) was her most successful tale. There was also a tragedy on *Castruccio Castracani* (1837); but 'L. E. L.' was perhaps best known and beloved for her innumerable contributions to the *Literary Gazette*, edited by her warm friend Jerdan, and other magazines and annuals. She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, and was the daughter of an army-agent. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry, and after her father's death she not only maintained herself but assisted her relations by her literary labours. Unkind tongues caused the breaking off of an engagement (said to have been with John Forster); and in 1838 she was married to George Maclean, the governor of what is now part of the Gold Coast Colony, and in the same year she sailed for Cape Coast Castle with her husband. She had spent barely two months in her African home, but had resumed her literary work, when one morning, after writing overnight some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was found dead in her room, having in her hand a bottle from which she was reported to have swallowed an overdose of poison as a relief from spasms. Her friends at home did not all accept this, the official verdict. It was known that she was disappointed in her husband's character (though as an administrator he was energetic and successful), and she felt lonely and unhappy in her married life. The doubt has never been dispelled. The *Athenæum* obituary of 'Mrs Maclean' in the first week of January 1839 recognised that her ceaseless composition had 'necessarily precluded the thought and cultivation essential to the production of poetry of the highest order. Hence, with all her fancy and feeling, her principal works . . . bear a strong family likeness to each other in their recurrence to the same sources of allusion and the same veins of imagery—in the conventional rather than natural colouring of their descriptions, and in the excessive though not unmusical carelessness of their versification.' The critic greeted her last published verses, 'The Polar Star,' printed after her death in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, as an earnest of deeper seriousness, wider knowledge, and more careful technique. Her novels resemble her poems in being stories of sentiment, 'and reflect in some degree the conversation of their authoress, which sparkled always brightly with quick fancy and a *badinage* which astonished those matter-of-fact persons who expected to find in the manners and discourse of the poetess traces of the weary heart, the broken lute, and the disconsolate willow-tree which were so frequently her themes of song.' Her fluency was a truly fatal gift; the very variety of her subjects and of her measures is suspicious; the sentiment, whether poetically far-fetched or commonplace, is usually conventional; and in her Troubadours and Laras, her Hindoo Brides and Bayadères, her Lays of Scottish and Spanish minstrels and German minnesingers, there are echoes of Scott, Byron, Southey, and Moore, along with notes that suggest her less popular contemporary, Mrs Hemans, and anticipations of Longfellow. She remains a landmark in the history of popular taste in literature and its vagaries. Her poems are seldom bought and seldomer studied, but 'L. E. L.' is still largely represented in quotation books; and fragments of her verse still float about disembodied, such as:

Dreams of truth,
The Eden birds of early youth
That make the loveliness of love.

Genius, like all heavenly light,
Can blast as well as bless the sight.

It is deep happiness to die,
Yet live in love's dear memory.

O, silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss.

How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness!
How much of grief the heart must prove
That yields a sanctuary to love!

Sappho's Song.

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name;

Sun-god! lute, wreath are vowed to thee!
Long be their light upon my grave –
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

A Poetical Portrait.

Ah! little do those features wear
The shade of grief, the soil of care;
The hair is parted o'er a brow
Open and white as mountain snow,
And thence descends in many a ring,
With sun and summer glistening.
Yet something on that brow has wrought
A moment's cast of passing thought;
Musing of gentle dreams, like those
Which tint the slumbers of the rose:
Not love,—love is not yet with thee,—
But just a glimpse what love may be:
A memory of some last night's sigh,
When flitting blush and drooping eye
Answer'd some youthful cavalier,
Whose words sank pleasant on thine ear,
To stir, but not to fill the heart;—
Dreaming of such, fair girl, thou art.—
Thou blessed season of our spring,
When hopes are angels on the wing;
Bound upwards to their heavenly shore,
Alas! to visit earth no more.
Then step and laugh alike are light,
When, like a summer morning bright,
Our spirits in their mirth are such
As turn to gold whate'er they touch.
The past!—'tis nothing—childhood's day
Has roll'd too recently away,
For youth to shed those mournful tears
That fill the eye in older years,
When Care looks back on that bright leaf
Of ready smiles and short-lived grief.
The future!—'tis the promised land,
To which Hope points with prophet hand,
Telling us fairy tales of flowers
That only change for fruit—and ours.
Though false, though fleeting, and though vain,
Thou blessed time, I say again.—
Glad being, with thy downcast eyes,
And visionary look that lies
Beneath their shadow, thou shalt share
A world where all my treasures are—
My lute's sweet empire, fill'd with all
That will obey my spirit's call;
A world lit up by fancy's sun!
Ah! little like our actual one.

On the Picture of a Child screening a Dove from a Hawk.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child;
Ay, screen it if you may.
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand
Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep,—
Is this their destinie?
Ever amid the sweets of life
Some evil thing must be.

Ay, moralise,—is it not thus
We 've mourn'd our hope and love?
Ah! there are tears for every eye,
A hawk for every dove!

The Polar Star.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says, We meet again—

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends, I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

'L. E. L.'s' *Life and Remains*, published by Laman Blanchard in two volumes in 1841, reached a second edition in 1855; and William Bell Scott brought out an edition of her poems, with a Memoir, in 1873. A French estimate of her may be found in Le Fèvre Deumier's *Célébrités Anglaises* (1895).

Anna Jameson (1794–1860), art critic, the eldest of the four daughters of Brownell Murphy, miniaturist, was born at Dublin and brought up in England at Whitehaven, at Newcastle, and in or near London. From sixteen a governess, in 1825 she married Robert Jameson, a barrister, who from 1829 held appointments in Dominica and Canada. They never got on well together, and from that date, with the exception of a dismal visit to Canada (1836–38), she lived apart from him. Her numerous writings include *The Diary of an Ennuyée* (1826), memoranda made during a tour in France and Italy; *Loves of the Poets* (1829); *Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns* (1831); *Characteristics of Women* (1832); *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* (1833); *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad* (1834); *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada* (1838); *Pictures of the Social Life of Germany, as represented in the Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony* (1840). Works so various cannot all be of like temper or equal interest, but there was good ground for Professor Wilson's warm eulogium on Mrs Jameson as 'one of the most eloquent of our female writers; full of feeling and fancy; a true enthusiast with a glowing soul.' Her most famous contributions to literature were in the department of art criticism, and her *Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art* (1842) and *Companion to Private Galleries of Art in and near London* (1844) were long standard works. *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters* and *Memoirs on Art, Literature, and Social Morals* (1845 and 1846) gave more scope to her literary gifts and artistic sympathies. But she is now mainly remembered as authoress of *Sacred and Legendary Art* (2 vols. 1848), dealing with the evangelists, apostles, and other scriptural characters, with the early saints and doctors, as represented in art. To this succeeded *Legends of the Monastic Orders* (1850), practically a second series; *Legends of the Madonna* (1852), a third; and *The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art*, a fourth, which was finished after her death by Lady Eastlake. So that her *magnum opus* constituted a history of Christian art, and of the Church through art, down to the seventeenth century. Her *Commonplace Book* was issued in 1854; and her niece, Geraldine Macpherson, published *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson* in 1878. She took a keen interest in philanthropic enterprises, warmly supported the Sisters of Mercy, promoted the training of nurses, and, before most of her contemporaries, advocated the thorough education of women so as to qualify them for various employment.

Mrs Jameson's work has not quite lost either its value or its popularity, though new art canons have had their vogue and Raphael has yielded the palm to Botticelli. Her criticism is some of it out of date, and at her best and even for her own day her technical knowledge of art was very defective. She was an art critic of the pre-Ruskinian period, and of quite pre-Morellian methods and principles. Her legends she took from the obvious sources, quite uncritically, as in duty bound—from the *Legenda Aurea*, from Ribadeneyra, or from Alban Butler, as was most convenient or picturesque; her historical equipment was that of an accomplished, sympathetic, well-read, and industrious but not profoundly or really learned woman. Her sensibilities often ran away with her judgment, or she wandered off into the history of the picture and then talked of all it suggested to her rather than of the picture itself. Therein lies part of her charm; she wrote out of the fullness of her heart, and became one of the most popular and attractive teachers on subjects for which the movement associated with Tractarianism had prepared the English public. Her technical weakness in nowise affects the beauty of her stories; her work was for many much more than a history. Longfellow wrote to her: 'God bless you for this book! How very precious it is to me! Indeed, I can hardly try to express to you the feelings of affection with which I have cherished it from the first moment it reached us. It most amply supplies the cravings of the religious nature.'

Sir Gerard Noel.

Our *Chef de Voyage*—for so we chose to entitle him who was the planner and director of the excursion—was one of the most accomplished and most eccentric of human beings: even courtesy might have termed him old at seventy; but old age and he were many miles asunder, and it seemed as though he had made some compact with Time, like that of Faust with the Devil, and was not to surrender to his inevitable adversary till the last moment. Years could not quench his vivacity nor 'stale his infinite variety.' He had been one of the Prince's wild companions in the days of Sheridan and Fox, and could play alternately blackguard and gentleman, each in perfection; but the high-born gentleman ever prevailed. He had been heir to an enormous income, most of which had slipped through his fingers *unknownst*, as the Irish say, and had stood in the way of a coronet, which somehow or other had passed over his head to light on that of his eldest son. He had lived a life which would have ruined twenty iron constitutions, and had suffered what might well have broken twenty hearts of common stuff; but his self-complacency was invulnerable, his animal spirits inexhaustible, his activity indefatigable. The eccentricities of this singular man have been matter of celebrity; but against each of these stories it would be easy to place some act of benevolence, some trait of gentlemanly feeling, which would at least neutralise their effect. He often told me that he had early in life selected three models after which to form his own character and conduct—namely, De Grammont, Hotspur, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and he certainly did unite, in a greater degree than he knew himself, the characteristics of all three. . . . On looking round after Donna Anna's song, I was surprised to see our *Chef de Voyage* bathed in tears; but, no whit disconcerted, he merely wiped them away, saying, with a smile, 'It is the very prettiest, softest thing to cry to one's self!' Afterwards, when we were in the carriage, he expressed his surprise that any man should be ashamed of tears. 'For my own part,' he added, 'when I wish

to enjoy the very high sublime of luxury, I dine alone, order a mutton cutlet *cuite à point*, with a bottle of Burgundy on one side and Ovid's Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses on the other. And so I read, and eat, and cry to myself.' And then he repeated with enthusiasm—

'Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse:
Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni;'

his eyes glistening as he recited the lines.

(From the *Memoirs* of Mrs Jameson.)

It was shortly after her husband's departure for the West Indies that Mrs Jameson made a tour on the Continent with her father and her father's patron, the Sir Gerard of the above reminiscence.

From the 'Commonplace Book.'

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill-looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. So thought our Saviour when He taught the multitude in parables. A good clergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian scholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian—I was then about seven years old—and I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness. All I learned was soon forgotten; but a few years afterwards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Jones's works—his Persian Grammar—it revived my Orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly. Among the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem—one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East. The beautiful apologue of 'St Peter and the Cherries,' which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well-known example. This fable I allude to was something similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory.

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose; "it pollutes the air." "How long,' said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards Him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way.'

I can recall at this hour the vivid yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful, and I took the lesson so home that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

From the 'Legends of the Madonna.'

Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private—of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which sprang up in the Middle Ages (where they have not been despoiled or desecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelieving, time-serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve of best—all that fanaticism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetuate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And, indeed, the ethics of the Madonna-worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love: so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea—so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections—so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race; but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded.

From 'The Loves of the Poets.'

The theory which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this, that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry as in everything else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day. If the worship be out of date and the idols cast down, it is because those adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling; their raptures were feigned; their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another—one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness; but let the heart be once touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired; the lover kindled into the poet presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise; she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes,

impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through such mechanical superiority? No; it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

Venice.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice! Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aërial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal; even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice? 'But,' says my friend, 'if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!' True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light; Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian; there is more of Venice in his 'Cornaro Family' or his 'Pesaro Madonna' than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry—petrifactions, materialities: 'We start, for life is wanting there!' I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, 'Put down the church of St Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous:' here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches, I have always been of Mr Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, lifelike—suspended, as it were, so far above us that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches—and that was almost daily—whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk; or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, 'Good heavens! how came they there?' And not to forget the great wonder of modern times—I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the siren of the Adriatic into the 'dull catalogue of common things;' and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of *Murray's Hand-book;* but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more; to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier, nothing but a commonplace. I must say I pity them. *I* see a future fraught with hopes for Venice—

'Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime!'

To the last extract, which is from 'The House of Titian' in her *Memoirs and Essays* (1846), Mrs Jameson adds in a footnote: 'Guardi gives the local colouring of Venice better than Canaletti; Bonnington better than either, in one or two examples that remain to us.' See also the *Commonplace Book* (1854) and the Life of her by her niece above mentioned. The series of the *Sacred and Legendary Art* volumes were republished in handsome form in 1889 and 1890.

Mary Somerville (1780–1872) was a worthy younger contemporary of Caroline Herschel, and was perhaps the most remarkable woman of her time. She attained to all but the very highest proficiency in physical science, was a member of various learned societies at home and abroad, received the approbation and esteem of Laplace, Humboldt, Wollaston, Playfair, Herschel, and other eminent contemporaries, and at the age of ninety-two was still engaged in solving mathematical problems! Born in her uncle's manse of Jedburgh, she was the daughter of Sir William George Fairfax, Vice-Admiral of the Red, Lord Duncan's captain at the battle of Camperdown in 1797. Brought up at Burntisland, she had before she was fourteen studied Euclid and Algebra, but concealed as much as possible her acquirements. In 1804 she was married to her cousin, Captain Samuel Greig, son of a Russian admiral, and himself Russian consul in London. Captain Greig died two years after their union; and in 1812 his widow married another cousin, Dr William Somerville (1769–1860), Inspector of the Army Medical Board. His father, the minister of Jedburgh, was author of two historical works—histories of the Revolution and of the reign of Queen Anne,

and of memoirs of his own *Life and Times*, in which the old man records with pride that Mary Fairfax had been born and nursed in his house, her father being at that time abroad on public service, and that she had long lived in his family and was occasionally his pupil. Mrs Somerville, whose second husband warmly fostered her studies, attracted notice by experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum. Lord Brougham then asked her to prepare for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge a popular summary of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. When her manuscript was submitted to Sir John Herschel, he pronounced it a book for posterity, and quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended. Mrs Somerville herself modestly said of it, 'I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language.' When she consented to publish it as an independent work, her version of *The Mechanism of the Heavens* (1831) fixed her reputation. The Royal Society admitted her a member, and commissioned a bust of her by Chantrey. When Mrs Somerville met Laplace in Paris, the great geometer (who did not live to see the English version of his great work) is reported to have said, 'There have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything.' 'I was Mrs Greig,' said the modest little woman. 'So, then, there are only two of you!' exclaimed Laplace. In 1834 Mrs Somerville published *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*, giving a summary of the phenomena of the universe, which in her lifetime reached a ninth edition. Her *Physical Geography* (1848) was chiefly written in Rome. Eighteen years after her *Physical Geography*, Mrs Somerville published two volumes *On Molecular and Microscopic Science* (1866). She still continued her scientific studies; and in January 1872 a visitor wrote: 'She is still full of vigour, and working away at her mathematical researches, being particularly occupied just now with the theory of quaternions, a branch of transcendent mathematics which very few, if any, persons of Mrs Somerville's age and sex have ever had the wish or power to study.' For many years she lived with her family at Florence, where she was as assiduous in the cultivation of her flower-garden and of music as of mathematics. Sir Robert Peel—of all Prime-Ministers since the days of Halifax the most attentive to literary and scientific claims—had in 1835 placed her on the pension list for £300 per annum. In her old age Mrs Somerville had amused herself by writing her reminiscences, which were published in 1873 by her daughter as the *Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville*, admirable like her scientific writings not merely from the interest of the matter, but for their clear and lively style. She thus describes the twelvemonth that she passed at Musselburgh:

School Methods in 1790.

At ten years old I was sent to a boarding-school kept by a Miss Primrose at Musselburgh, where I was utterly wretched. The change from perfect liberty to perpetual restraint was in itself a great trial; besides, being naturally shy and timid, I was afraid of strangers, and although Miss Primrose was not unkind she had an habitual frown, which even the elder girls dreaded. My future companions, who were all older than I, came round me like a swarm of bees, and asked if my father had a title, what was the name of our estate, if we kept a carriage, and other such questions, which made me first feel the difference of station. However, the girls were very kind, and often bathed my eyes to prevent our stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears. A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary; not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but as an exercise of memory to remember their order of succession. Besides I had to learn the first principles of writing, and the rudiments of French and English grammar. The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient. Our religious duties were attended to in a remarkable way. Some of the girls were Presbyterians, others belonged to the Church of England, so Miss Primrose cut the matter short by taking us all to the kirk in the morning and to church in the afternoon. In our play-hours we amused ourselves with playing at balls, marbles, and especially at 'Scotch and English,' a game which represented a raid on the debatable land, or Border between Scotland and England, in which each party tried to rob the other of their playthings. The little ones were always compelled to be English, for the bigger girls thought it too degrading.

A Recollection of the Campagna.

I had very great delight in the Campagna of Rome; the fine range of Apennines bounding the plain, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds fell, ever changing and always beautiful, whether viewed in the early morning or in the glory of the setting sun, I was never tired of admiring; and whenever I drove out, preferred a country drive to the more fashionable Villa Borghese. One day Somerville and I and our daughters went to drive towards the Tavolato, on the road to Albano. We got out of the carriage and went into a field, tempted by the wild-flowers. On one side of this field ran the aqueduct; on the other, a deep and wide ditch full of water. I had gone towards the aqueduct, leaving the others in the field. All at once we heard a loud shouting, when an enormous drove of the beautiful Campagna gray cattle, with their wide-spreading horns, came rushing wildly between us, with their heads down and their tails erect, driven by men with long spears, mounted on little spirited horses at full gallop. It was so sudden and so rapid that only after it was over did we perceive the danger we had run. As there was no possible escape, there was nothing for it but standing

still, which Somerville and my girls had presence of mind to do, and the drove, dividing, rushed like a whirlwind to the right and left of them. The danger was not so much of being gored as of being run over by the excited and terrified animals, and round the walls of Rome places of refuge are provided for those who may be passing when the cattle are driven. Near where this occurred there is a house with the inscription, 'Casa Dei Spiriti;' but I do not think the Italians believe in either ghosts or witches; their chief superstition seems to be the 'Jettatura' or evil eye, which they have inherited from the early Romans and, I believe, Etruscans. They consider it a bad omen to meet a monk or priest on first going out in the morning. My daughters were engaged to ride with a large party, and the meet was at our house. A Roman, who happened to go out first, saw a friar, and rushed in again laughing, and waited till he was out of sight. Soon after they set off, this gentleman was thrown from his horse and ducked in a pool; so the Jettatura was fulfilled. But my daughters thought his bad seat on horseback enough to account for his fall without the evil eye.

Eliza Fletcher (1770–1858) was the daughter of a Yorkshire yeoman and land-surveyor at Oxton near Tadcaster, and against her father's wish married Archibald Fletcher (1746–1828), a Perthshire Highlander, who as an advocate in Edinburgh was conspicuous amongst the early reformers—was indeed called 'the father of burgh reform'—and acted as counsel for some of 'the Friends of the People' tried for sedition. The Fletchers were intimates of Henry Erskine, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Brougham, and the *Edinburgh Review* set; and Mrs Fletcher's *Autobiography* gives interesting glimpses of them, of the poets Campbell and Grahame, of Mrs Barbauld and Joanna Baillie, and other literary personages of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. The book was not published till 1875. Thus she records her impressions when a friend brought her 'to read for the first time Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads:*'

Never shall I forget the charm I found in these poems. It was like a new era in my existence. They were in my waking thoughts day and night. They had to me all the vivid effects of the finest pictures, with the enchantment of the sweetest music, and they did much to tranquillise and strengthen my heart and mind, which bodily indisposition had somewhat weakened. My favourites were the 'Lines on Tintern Abbey,' the 'Lines left on a Yew Tree at Esthwaite Lake,' 'The Brothers,' and 'Old Michael;' and I taught my children to recite 'We are Seven' and several others.

Anne Marsh-Caldwell (1791–1874), the daughter of James Caldwell, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and born at Linley Wood, Staffordshire, married in 1817 the junior partner of the forger Fauntleroy; and in 1834–57 produced a score of novels—the best *Two Old Men's Tales*, *Emilia Wyndham* (1846; new ed. 1888), and *Norman's Bridge*. In 1858 she succeeded a brother in the Linley Wood property, and resumed the name Caldwell.

Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), the greatest of Scottish nineteenth-century divines, was the son of a shipowner and general merchant at Anstruther in Fife, and at the age of twelve was sent to the college at St Andrews, where he showed a strong predilection for mathematical studies. In 1803 he was ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. In addition to his parochial labours, he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a Volunteer corps; he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and his interests lay elsewhere than in religious work. Bereavement and severe illness brought about a change of temper; and in preparing the article 'Christianity' for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, he for the first time saw the incalculable importance of realising the vital truths of the Christian faith. From Kilmany Chalmers, now heart and soul a minister of the Word, removed to Glasgow; to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St John's in 1819. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published; and his fame as a preacher and author spread over Europe and to America. His appearance and manner were not prepossessing. Two acute observers—John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—described his peculiarities minutely. His voice was neither strong nor melodious, his gestures were awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial; he also read his sermons from the manuscript, so that one wondered wherein lay the charm of his oratory. 'The magic,' says Cockburn in the *Memorials of his Time*, 'lies in the concentrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living fire. He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by showing the intellectual power that overcomes them; and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm. Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy.' A writer in the *London Magazine* gave a graphic account of Chalmers's appearance in London: 'When he visited London the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions

neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."' In Glasgow Chalmers laboured incessantly to combat the appalling ignorance and immorality of his parishioners, and he organised a system of Sabbath-schools and pauper management which attracted great attention. He believed the ideal system was to 'revivify, remodel, and extend the old parochial economy of Scotland,' so fruitful of good in rural districts. He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient; but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned. In 1823 Chalmers removed to St Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College; and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In 1843 the evil consequences of patronage brought about the crisis that had long been preparing between the 'moderate' and 'evangelical' parties in the Church of Scotland. Chalmers resigned his chair, and with nearly five hundred ministers left the Established Church to form the Free Church of Scotland, of which he was the main organiser and leader. As Principal of the New College, the Divinity hall of the Free Church, he wielded a powerful influence for the last four years of his life.

His collected works fill thirty-four volumes (nine of them posthumously published). Amongst them are volumes devoted to *Natural Theology*, *Evidences of Christianity*, *Moral Philosophy*, *Commercial Discourses*, *Astronomical Discourses*, *Congregational Sermons*, *Sermons on Public Occasions*, *Tracts and Essays*, *Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation*, *On Church and College Endowments*, *On Church Extension*, *Political Economy*, *The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor-rate*, *Lectures on the Romans*, *Institutes of Theology*, *Prelections on Butler's Analogy*. In all Chalmers's writings there is great energy, earnestness, copiousness, reiteration, with a vast variety of illustration. The style is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means attractive phraseology; though these blemishes are more than redeemed by his burning zeal, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing vigour of his mind. But the charm of the spoken word has not survived on the printed page; Chalmers's work cannot be said to have endured as literature.

On Cruelty to Animals.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the fields are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

Insignificance of this Earth.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky

were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and His goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings?, and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude and silence and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw and every comfort which I enjoy.

Chalmers's son-in-law, Dr Hanna, prepared the *Memoirs* (4 vols. 1849–52), with a *Selection from his Correspondence* (1853); and there are smaller books by Dr Fraser (1881), Mrs Oliphant (1893), and Professor W. G. Blaikie (1897).

Lord Brougham was one of the most voluminous and versatile contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. Like Jeffrey, he was born in Edinburgh; but his father was a north of England man, Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall in Westmorland, who, sojourning in Edinburgh, lodged with a widowed sister of Dr Robertson the historian, and married her daughter. Their eldest son, Henry, born 19th September 1778, was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, tells a characteristic story about him: 'Brougham made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school.' From the High School, Brougham entered the University of Edinburgh, and applied himself so assiduously to mathematics that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh *Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection,*

and Colours of Light. In 1798 he published there a paper on porisms; and, as Campbell the poet recorded, the best judges were astonished at such papers from a youth of twenty. Brougham studied law, and was admitted in 1800 to the Scottish Bar, at which he practised till 1807. In 1803, besides co-operating zealously in the *Edinburgh Review*, he published an elaborate *Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*, in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. As a Whig he was debarred from hopes of promotion in Scotland, and he therefore went south and settled in London. After a diplomatic mission to Lisbon, he joined the English Bar, where he was soon distinguished for unwearied application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory; and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons.

In the course of his ambitious career Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends. We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey; but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was erratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct, amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, Free Trade, and law reform. He carried a bill making the slave-trade felony, and another repealing the Orders in Council. He did much for the London University, Mechanics' Institutes, the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and the Social Science Association. His most famous professional appearance was his defence of Queen Caroline (1820), which lost him the favour of the Crown, but made him a popular idol. He was not loved by the aristocratic Whigs, who, however, found him indispensable; and in 1830 he was made a peer and Lord Chancellor, and assisted greatly in carrying the Reform Bill. But his arrogance, self-confidence, and eccentricity made him unpopular with his colleagues. He went out with the Whigs in 1834, and on their return was shelved, never holding office again. He still laboured unceasingly as a law reformer, and carried on an amazing industry in writing books on mathematics, physics, metaphysics, history, theology, and law. He wrote at least one novel (*Albert Lunel, or The Château of Languedoc*, a philosophical romance, designed as a monument to his dead daughter), which he soon carefully suppressed; there is hardly a department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions. But his works have little permanent value. As critic he ranks below his associates Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness;* in the first twenty numbers of the *Review* he wrote eighty articles. His style is generally heavy, verbose, and inelegant; and his time was afterwards too largely devoted to public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age either in scientific knowledge or literary information; though in his sketches of modern statesmen were sometimes found new facts and letters to which other writers had not access. Rogers said of him, 'There goes Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post-chaise;' it was O'Connell who jeered, 'If Brougham knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything;' Mr John Morley has not scrupled to call him 'a man of encyclopædic ignorance.' He was a great orator and debater, but he carried declamation and invective beyond reasonable bounds. Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa and lived part of every year) on the 7th of May 1868. Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his *Life and Times*, which were published in three volumes in 1871. These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer; he actually caused to be printed in full there, as his own production at the age of thirteen, what was immediately recognised as a verbal translation of *Memnon, ou la Sagesse Humaine*, a characteristic work of Voltaire in his prime! His vanity and prejudices are very conspicuous; but the work discloses many of the springs of political movements and includes valuable letters and other papers. Some of his speeches were very carefully prepared: the peroration of the speech at the end of Queen Caroline's trial he is said to have written and rewritten no less than fifteen times.

Peroration of the Last Speech for Queen Caroline.

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence: first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles; by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; 'for that,' as the Book says, 'they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes,

that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.' But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice; then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is shaken; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne. You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

On Law Reform.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast: 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand.' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

(From Speech in Parliament in 1828.)

Amongst his one hundred and thirty-three works (11 vols. 1855–61, without the Autobiography, 1871; 2nd ed. 1873) are a *Discourse on Natural Theology;* an edition of Paley; a translation of Demosthenes' *Peri tou Stephanou; Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III.; Political Philosophy; Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III.; History of England and France under the House of Lancaster;* besides select cases, speeches, and tracts on scientific subjects and law reform.

John, Lord Campbell (1779–1861), Lord Chancellor of England, was a son of the parish minister of Cupar-Fife; but he could trace his descent from the Earl of Argyll who fell at Flodden, and, through his mother, from the fourteenth-century Regent Albany. He studied for the ministry at St Andrews University, became (1798) a tutor in London, joined Lincoln's Inn (1800), read law and acted as reporter and dramatic critic to the *Morning Chronicle*, and was called to the Bar in 1806. His *nisi prius* 'Reports' (1808) brought him into notice, and by 1824 he was leader of the Oxford circuit. A King's Counsel in 1827, Whig M.P. successively for Stafford and for Dudley, he was made Solicitor-General and knighted in 1832. Attorney-General in 1834, he was defeated at Dudley, but returned for Edinburgh. Created Lord Campbell (1841), he was for six weeks Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and became successively Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1846), Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench (1850), and Lord Chancellor of England (1859). A courteous and painstaking judge, as a legislator he carried through Parliament statutes on defamation, compensation for death by accident, and against obscene publications. His Lives of the Chief-Justices (1849–57) and of the Lord Chancellors (1845–47) have become, in spite of their notorious faults, a part of English literature; though readable and full of novel and entertaining matter and good stories, they are disfigured by the obtrusion of himself, and in the later volumes by ungenerous misconstruction, the assignment of base motives, and an inaccuracy convenient for his own arguments. He borrowed freely without acknowledgment; what looks like malice is probably at times only carelessness; and

it has been argued in palliation of his unkindest cuts that he had become blunted in his own feelings. Professor Gardiner and Mr Bass Mullinger, speaking with deliberation in their *Introduction to English History*, say the *Lives of the Chancellors* is throughout 'wanting in a due sense of the obligations imposed by such a task, is disfigured by unblushing plagiarisms, and, as the writer approaches his own times, by much unscrupulous misrepresentation.' No doubt the uncomplimentary anecdotes and stinging remarks added to the vivacity of the Lives. Repeating Arbuthnot's *bon-mot* on Curll's biographies, Sir Charles Wetherell declared of Campbell that 'his noble and biographical friend had added a new terror to death.' In the supplementary volume of the *Chancellors* (vol. vii.), published after Campbell's death, his characteristic faults are seen at their worst.

The following from his Life of Brougham will show the tone which irritated the subjects of his biographies and their friends :

As a specimen of his 'Introductions,' I give an extract from that to his 'Speech at the Liverpool Election in 1812.' [In the extract a parliamentary colleague of Brougham's is said to have 'abhorred the spirit of intrigue which not rarely gave some inferior man or some busy meddling woman, probably unprincipled, a sway in the destiny of the party fatal to its success and all but fatal to its character.']

If all this were true, it surely comes very ungraciously from one who had been a member of the Whig party above twenty years, and who, within two years, had passionately wished to continue in it. The lady he so uncourteously refers to is evidently Lady Holland, the wife of his friend Lord Holland, his early patron on his first coming to London—at whose hospitable board I have often met him. Although Lady Holland certainly had considerable influence in Whig councils, I do not believe that it was ever exercised against Brougham. But he was of a different opinion, and he would never afterwards speak to her, for although he could forgive Lord Melbourne, he could not forgive her, who was supposed to have been Lord Melbourne's adviser in excluding him.

In the session of 1838 Brougham carried on very active hostilities against Lord Melbourne's Government, still showing Radical colours, but more and more sympathising and coming to an implied understanding with the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and the Tories. They accused us of a disposition to revolutionise both Church and State from the proposed measure about Church Rates, and the practical admission of Roman Catholics to a fair share of power and patronage in Ireland, whereas Brougham still denounced us as Reactionaries, Finalists, and Mock Reformers because we resisted for the present any further organic change. Being taunted by Lord Melbourne for his bitter opposition to those with whom he had so long acted, and whom he had so zealously patronised in the year 1835, when he was no longer in office and they were pursuing the same policy as at present, he insisted that they had diverged, while he was marching straight forward. . .

It is possible that he had worked himself into the belief that he was acting consistently and from purely disinterested motives; but, if so, he stood alone in this belief, for all the rest of mankind agreed that revenge was the mainspring of his conduct, and that his only consideration was how he might most spite and damage those by whom he had been ill-used. The Radicals making great play against the Government by the opposition which Ministers offered to the ballot—although he was one of the framers of the Reform Bill who had peremptorily objected to the proposal of his colleagues Lord Durham and Sir James Graham to admit the ballot, and so late as his famous Scottish 'Progress,' complaining of the unreasonable Radicals, he had intimated an opinion that rather too much had been done in the way of innovation—he now expressly recommended the ballot, and told the Lords that 'unless their Lordships made up their minds either to this measure or some measure of this sort for the protection of electors, it would be carried against them. The time appeared to him to be come when something must be done. The sooner, therefore, their Lordships made up their minds to some such measure as this, the better it would be for them.' The Tories did not *vocally* cheer, but they showed by their radiant countenances and sparkling eyes with what delight they heard observations which had such a tendency to disparage the Whigs, to deprive the Government of Liberal support, and to accelerate their own return to power. Although they and their irregular ally appeared on opposite sides of the House, there was between them during the debate a quick interchange of nods and winks and wreathed smiles, followed by much approving raillery and cordial gratulation when the debate was over.

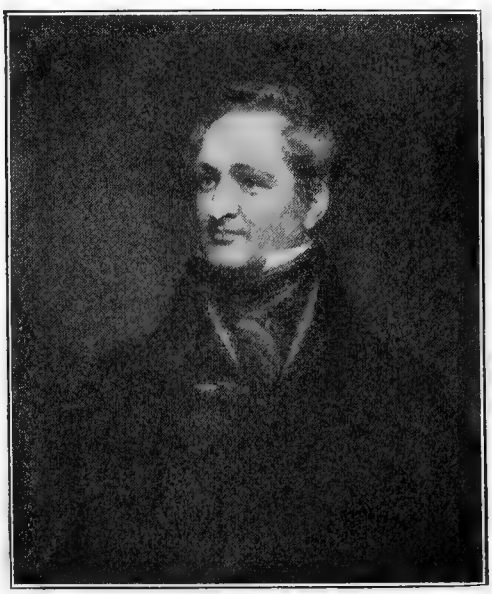
The great practical measure of this session was the Bill for the Better Government of the Canadas. There had been an open rebellion in Lower Canada, and its Legislative Assembly had thrown off allegiance to the English Crown. The insurgents had been defeated, and tranquillity had been restored; but a change in the mode of ruling the colony was universally allowed to be indispensable, and there was a necessity for conferring extraordinary powers on Lord Durham, who in the emergency had patriotically agreed to go out as Governor. Even the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst concurred in the principle of the bill, although they censured some of its details. But Brougham furiously opposed the bill, and every clause of it—his animosity on this occasion being sharpened by a special grudge fostered by him against Lord Durham, who in the year 1834 had charged him with having become a very cool Reformer, and 'little better than a Conservative.' In a great speech upon the subject which, according to his custom, he published as a pamphlet, with a Preface praising himself and vilifying others, he gave a narrative of the measures of the Government at home to meet the spirit of insubordination in Canada, and he thus censured their inaction in the summer of 1837. . . . This somewhat cumbrous jocularity may have been produced by pure patriotism, but I must confess it seems to me rather an ebullition of envy, and that the pseudo-patriot was resenting his own exclusion from the luxurious banquet spread for the famished Whigs at the accession of Queen Victoria.

The *Lives* have passed through many editions both in Britain and in America. Lord Campbell's wife, a daughter of Lord Abinger, was created Baroness Stratheden (1836). There is a Life of the Chancellor by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs Hardcastle, containing autobiographical materials, diary, and letters (1881).

Henry Hallam (1777–1859), son of the Dean of Wells, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Stamps, a well-paid office which, with his private means, secured him a sufficient income and allowed him to withdraw from legal practice and prosecute those studies on which his fame rests. 'Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek,' as Byron called him, was an early and important contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. His *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* (1818), a series of dissertations on European history from the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century, at once gave him a front rank amongst English historians, and procured for him the honours of D.C.L. and F.R.S. In 1827 he published *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.;* and in 1837–38 an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*. With vast stores of knowledge and indefatigable application, Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, though somewhat lacking in vivacity, colour, warmth, and sympathy. His *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* is a great monument of his erudition, though it is impossible for any man to be infallible on such a wide field; and his judgments on literature were less original and less permanently valuable than his epoch-making work in constitutional history. He insisted on the necessity of studying the original sources of history, and helped to found an English historical school. His works must still be consulted by the student, though they can hardly be popular with the general reader. His views of political questions were those generally adopted by the Whig party; but though stated with calmness and moderation, they provoked Southey and all Tories and High-Churchmen to wrath, and, on the other hand, secured Macaulay's enthusiastic laudation. He was peculiarly a supporter of principles, not of men, and was eminently judicial and judicious in his estimates, though somewhat insular in his sympathies and outlook. In the *Literature of Europe*, though there too we seem to deal with shades rather than with living men of like passions with ourselves, there is at times something more of feeling and imagination, a more sympathetic tone, than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpassioned tenor of Hallam's historic style. Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years 'lived in an inverted order: they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him; they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors.' His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam—the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—died in 1833; and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the Bar, in 1850. Hallam wrote a memoir of his eldest son, prefixed to a collection of his literary remains in prose and verse privately printed in 1833; the poems were republished in 1893. Sir Henry Maine wrote a memoir of the second son, ultimately published with the remains of his brother.

Italy in 1492.

All around, in Lombardy and Romagna, the lamp of liberty had long since been extinguished in blood. The freedom of Siena and Genoa was dearly purchased by revolutionary proscriptions; that of Venice was only a name. The republic which had preserved longest and with greatest purity that vestal fire had at least no relative degradation to fear in surrendering herself to Lorenzo de' Medici. I need not in this place expatiate upon what the name instantly suggests, the patronage of



HENRY HALLAM.

From an Engraving in the British Museum by S. Cousins, after Thomas Phillips, R.A.

science and art, and the constellation of scholars and poets, of architects and painters, whose reflected beams cast their radiance around his head. His political reputation, though far less durable, was in his own age as conspicuous as that which he acquired in the history of letters. Equally active and sagacious, he held his way through the varying combinations of Italian policy, always with credit, and generally with success. Florence, if not enriched, was upon the whole aggrandised during his administration, which was exposed to some severe storms from the unscrupulous adversaries, Sixtus IV. and Ferdinand of Naples, whom he was compelled to resist. As a patriot, indeed, we never can bestow upon Lorenzo de' Medici the meed of disinterested virtue. He completed that subversion of the Florentine republic which his two immediate ancestors had so well prepared. The two councils, her regular legislature, he superseded by a permanent senate of seventy persons; while the gonfalonier and priors, become a mockery and pageant to keep up the illusion of liberty, were taught that in exercising a legitimate authority without the sanction of their prince, a name now first heard at Florence, they

incurred the risk of punishment for their audacity. Even the total dilapidation of his commercial wealth was repaired at the cost of the State; and the republic disgracefully screened the bankruptcy of the Medici by her own. But, compared with the statesmen of his age, we can reproach Lorenzo with no heinous crime. He had many enemies; his descendants had many more; but no unequivocal charge of treachery or assassination has been substantiated against his memory. By the side of Galeazzo or Ludovico Sforza, of Ferdinand or his son Alfonso of Naples, of the Pope Sixtus IV., he shines with unspotted lustre. So much was Lorenzo esteemed by his contemporaries that his premature death has frequently been considered as the cause of those unhappy revolutions that speedily ensued, and which his foresight would, it was imagined, have been able to prevent; an opinion which, whether founded in probability or otherwise, attests the common sentiment about his character.

If indeed Lorenzo de' Medici could not have changed the destinies of Italy, however premature his death may appear if we consider the ordinary duration of human existence, it must be admitted that for his own welfare, perhaps for his glory, he had lived out the full measure of his time. An age of new and uncommon revolutions was about to arise, among the earliest of which the temporary downfall of his family was to be reckoned. The long-contested succession of Naples was again to involve Italy in war. The ambition of strangers was once more to desolate her plains. . . .

So long as the three great nations of Europe were unable to put forth their natural strength through internal separation or foreign war, the Italians had so little to dread for their independence that their policy was altogether directed to regulating the domestic balance of power among themselves. In the latter part of the fifteenth century a more enlarged view of Europe would have manifested the necessity of reconciling petty animosities and sacrificing petty ambition in order to preserve the nationality of their governments; not by attempting to melt down Lombards and Neapolitans, principalities and republics, into a single monarchy, but by the more just and rational scheme of a common federation. The politicians of Italy were abundantly competent, as far as cool and clear understandings could render them, to perceive the interests of their country. But it is the will of Providence that the highest and surest wisdom, even in matters of policy, should never be unconnected with virtue. In relieving himself from an immediate danger, Ludovico Sforza overlooked the consideration that the presumptive heir of the king of France claimed by an ancient title that principality of Milan which he was compassing by usurpation and murder. But neither Milan nor Naples was free from other claimants than France, nor was she reserved to enjoy unmolested the spoil of Italy. A louder and a louder strain of warlike dissonance will be heard from the banks of the Danube and from the Mediterranean gulf. The dark and wily Ferdinand, the rash and lively Maximilian, are preparing to hasten into the lists; the schemes of ambition are assuming a more comprehensive aspect; and the controversy of Neapolitan succession is to expand into the long rivalry between the houses of France and Austria. But here, while Italy is still untouched, and before as yet the first lances of France gleam along the defiles of the Alps, we close the history of the Middle Ages.

(From the *State of Europe*.)

Execution of Charles I.

The execution of Charles I. has been mentioned in later ages by a few with unlimited praise—by some with faint and ambiguous censure—by most with vehement reprobation. My own judgment will possibly be anticipated by the reader of the preceding pages. I shall certainly not rest it on the imaginary sacredness and divine origin of royalty, nor even on the irresponsibility with which the law of almost every country invests the person of its sovereign. Far be it from me to contend that no cases may be conceived, that no instances may be found in history, wherein the sympathy of mankind and the sound principles of political justice would approve a public judicial sentence as the due reward of tyranny and perfidiousness. But we may confidently deny that Charles I. was thus to be singled out as a warning to tyrants. His offences were not, in the worst interpretation, of that atrocious character which calls down the vengeance of insulted humanity, regardless of positive law. His government had been very arbitrary; but it may well be doubted whether any, even of his ministers, could have suffered death for their share in it without introducing a principle of barbarous vindictiveness. Far from the sanguinary misanthropy of some monarchs, or the revengeful fury of others, he had in no instance displayed, nor does the minutest scrutiny since made into his character entitle us to suppose, any malevolent dispositions beyond some proneness to anger and a considerable degree of harshness in his demeanour. As for the charge of having caused the bloodshed of the war, upon which, and not on any former misgovernment, his condemnation was grounded, it was as ill-established as it would have been insufficient. Well might the Earl of Northumberland say, when the ordinance for the king's trial was before the Lords, that the greatest part of the people of England were not yet satisfied whether the king levied war first against the Houses, or the Houses against him. The fact, in my opinion, was entirely otherwise. It is quite another question whether the parliament were justified in their resistance to the king's legal authority. But we may contend that when Hotham, by their command, shut the gates of Hull against his sovereign, when the militia was called out in different counties by an ordinance of the two Houses, both of which preceded by several weeks any levying of forces for the king, the bonds of our constitutional law were by them and their servants snapped asunder; and it would be the mere pedantry and chicane of political casuistry to inquire, even if the fact could be better ascertained, whether at Edgehill, or in the minor skirmishes that preceded, the first carbine was discharged by a cavalier or a roundhead. The aggressor in a war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary.

But, whether we may think this war to have originated in the king's or the parliament's aggression, it is still evident that the former had a fair cause with the nation, a cause which it was no plain violation of justice to defend. He was supported by the greater part of the Peers, by full one-third of the Commons, by the principal body of the gentry, and a large proportion of other classes. If his adherents did not form, as I think they did not, the majority of the people, they were at least more numerous, beyond comparison, than those who demanded or approved of his death. The steady,

deliberate perseverance of so considerable a body in any cause takes away the right of punishment from the conquerors, beyond what their own safety or reasonable indemnification may require. The vanquished are to be judged by the rules of national, not of municipal law. Hence, if Charles, after having by a course of victories or the defection of the people prostrated all opposition, had abused his triumph by the execution of Essex or Hampden, Fairfax or Cromwell, I think that later ages would have disapproved of their deaths as positively, though not quite as vehemently, as they have of his own. The line is not easily drawn, in abstract reasoning, between the treason which is justly punished and the social schism which is beyond the proper boundaries of law; but the civil war of England seems plainly to fall within the latter description. These objections strike me as unanswerable, even if the trial of Charles had been sanctioned by the voice of the nation through its legitimate representatives, or at least such a fair and full convention as might, in great necessity, supply the place of lawful authority. But it was, as we all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who, having forcibly expelled their colleagues from parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal. I cannot perceive what there was in the imagined solemnity of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of the forms of justice, accompanied by all unfairness and inhumanity in its circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction; and if it be alleged that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology.

In discussing each particular transaction in the life of Charles, as of any other sovereign, it is required by the truth of history to spare no just animadversion upon his faults; especially where much art has been employed by the writers most in repute to carry the stream of public prejudice in an opposite direction. But when we come to a general estimate of his character, we should act unfairly not to give their full weight to those peculiar circumstances of his condition in this worldly scene which tend to account for and extenuate his failings. The station of kings is, in a moral sense, so unfavourable that those who are least prone to servile admiration should be on their guard against the opposite error of an uncandid severity. There seems no fairer method of estimating the intrinsic worth of a sovereign than to treat him as a subject, and to judge, so far as the history of his life enables us, what he would have been in that more private and happier condition from which the chance of birth has excluded him. Tried by this test, we cannot doubt that Charles I. would have been not altogether an amiable man, but one deserving of general esteem; his firm and conscientious virtues the same, his deviations from right far less frequent than upon the throne. It is to be pleaded for this prince that his youth had breathed but the contaminated air of a profligate and servile court—that he had imbibed the lessons of arbitrary power from all who surrounded him—that he had been betrayed by a father's culpable blindness into the dangerous society of an ambitious, unprincipled favourite. To have maintained so much correctness of morality as his enemies confess, was a proof of Charles's virtuous dispositions; but his advocates are compelled also to own that he did not escape as little injured by the poisonous adulation to which he had listened. Of a temper by nature, and by want of restraint, too passionate, though not vindictive, and, though not cruel, certainly deficient in gentleness and humanity, he was entirely unfit for the very difficult station of royalty, and especially for that of a constitutional king. It is impossible to excuse his violations of liberty on the score of ignorance, especially after the Petition of Right; because his impatience of opposition from his council made it unsafe to give him any advice that thwarted his determination. His other great fault was want of sincerity—a fault that appeared in all parts of his life, and from which no one who has paid the subject any attention will pretend to exculpate him. Those indeed who know nothing but what they find in Hume may believe, on Hume's authority, that the king's contemporaries never deemed of imputing to him any deviation from good faith; as if the whole conduct of the parliament had not been evidently founded upon a distrust which on many occasions they very explicitly declared. But, so far as this insincerity was shown in the course of his troubles, it was a failing which untoward circumstances are apt to produce, and which the extreme hypocrisy of many among his adversaries might sometimes palliate. Few personages in history, we should recollect, have had so much of their actions revealed and commented upon as Charles; it is perhaps a mortifying truth that those who have stood highest with posterity have seldom been those who have been most accurately known.

(From the *Constitutional History*.)

Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstances, peculiarly teaches: these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In *Hamlet* this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In *Lear* it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in *Timon* it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: *As You Like It* being usually referred to 1600, *Timon* to the same year, *Measure for Measure* to 1603, and *Lear* to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.

(From the *Literature of Europe*.)

Blind Milton's Memories.

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traces, of older poetry which we perceive in *Paradise Lost*, it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon. His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654; and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him gave leisure for immortal occupations. Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life. (From the *Literature of Europe*.)

Hallam has not found a detailed biographer; the facts of his life must be sought for in the obituary notices of the *Times*, the Royal Society's *Transactions*, and Mignet's *Notice Historique* read to the French Academy of Sciences, Harriet Martineau's *Biographical Sketches*, and similar brief articles. There have been many editions and abridgments of his works.

Richard Whately (1787–1863), Archbishop of Dublin, was born in London, fourth son of Dr Joseph Whately of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, who was vicar of Widford, prebendary of Bristol, and lecturer at Gresham College. From a private school at Bristol, Richard in 1805 passed to Oriel College; at Oxford he gained the prize for the English essay (1810), and was elected a Fellow of Oriel (1811), where Copleston, Davidson, Arnold, Keble, and Hawkins were already Fellows, and Newman and Pusey were to be ere long. In his *Apologia* Newman has recorded that it was Whately who opened his mind and taught him how to think and reason. Become one of the college tutors (1815), he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* what he afterwards expanded into his popular treatises on Logic (1826) and Rhetoric (1828). He had married in 1821, and accepted the living of Halesworth in Suffolk; and he had already given the world the first proof of his characteristic humour in *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* (1819)—an ingenious attempt to reduce to an absurdity Hume's position that no testimony is sufficient to prove a miracle. In 1822 he delivered the Bampton Lectures at Oxford, on the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion. In 1825 he was appointed Principal of St Alban's Hall, and in 1829 Professor of Political Economy, but had only given a few lectures when in 1831 he was made Archbishop of Dublin. Whately, though a strong logician, had little of the speculative faculty, had no faith in metaphysics or dogmatic theology, read little but a few favourite authors, knew little French and no German, and contemned classical researches as much as he did modern art. But his acute intellect enlightened every subject that he touched, and his powers of exposition and illustration have hardly ever been surpassed. A Liberal in religion and in politics, he may be counted one of the founders of the Broad Church party. Broadly rational in temper, sober and impartial, he was a resolute opponent of the Tractarian movement, but to the Evangelicals he seemed little better than a Latitudinarian, for he supported Catholic emancipation and concurrent endowment, and laboured long, but in vain, to establish a system of unsectarian religious instruction. Still worse, he was more than suspected of holding unsound views on future punishment and the Sabbath question, and of being somewhat Sabellian on the nature and attributes of Christ; he was always an outspoken denouncer of Calvinism. His caustic wit, abrupt manners, and fearless outspokenness brought him no little unpopularity, but the sterling honesty of his nature, his charity, justice, and sagacity, gained him many friendships of unusual permanence and warmth, and conquered for him the respect of all men. Of his books may be named *Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion* (1825), *Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul* (1828), *Thoughts on the Sabbath* (1830), *Christian Evidences* (1837), *Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith* (1839), *The Kingdom of Christ Delineated* (1841), and his edition of Bacon's Essays, with annotations not unworthy of the text (1856), as well as Paley's *Evidences* and *Moral Philosophy*.

From the 'Historic Doubts.'

Now this is precisely the point I am tending to, for the fact exactly accords with the above supposition, the discordance and mutual contradictions of these witnesses being such as would alone throw a considerable shade of doubt over their testimony. It is not in minute circumstances alone that the discrepancy appears, such as might be expected to appear in a narrative substantially true, but in very great and leading transactions, and such as are very intimately connected with the supposed hero. For instance, it is by no means agreed whether Bonaparte led in person the celebrated charge over the bridge of Lodi (for *celebrated* it certainly is, as well as the siege of Troy, whether either event ever really took place or no), or was safe in the rear, while Augereau performed the exploit: the same doubt hangs over the charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo. It is no less uncertain whether or no this strange personage poisoned in Egypt a hospitalful of his own soldiers, and butchered in cold blood a garrison that had surrendered. But, not to multiply instances, the battle of Borodino, which is represented as one of the greatest ever fought, is unequivocally

claimed as a victory by both parties; nor is the question decided at this day. We have official accounts on both sides, circumstantially detailed, in the names of supposed respectable persons professing to have been present on the spot, yet totally irreconcilable. *Both* these accounts *may* be false; but since *one* of them *must* be false, that one (it is no matter which we suppose) proves incontrovertibly this important maxim: that *it is possible for a narrative, however circumstantial, however steadily maintained, however public and however important the event it relates, however grave the authority on which it is published, to be nevertheless an entire fabrication!*

Many of the events which have been recorded were probably believed much the more readily and firmly from the apparent caution and hesitation with which they were at first published—the vehement contradiction in our papers of many pretended French accounts, and the abuse lavished upon them for falsehood, exaggeration, and gasconade. But is it not possible—is it not indeed perfectly natural—that the publishers of known falsehood should assume this cautious demeanour and this abhorrence of exaggeration in order the more easily to gain credit? Is it not also very possible that those who actually believed what they published may have suspected mere *exaggeration* in stories which were entire *fictions?* Many men have that sort of simplicity that they think themselves quite secure against being deceived provided they believe only *part* of the story they hear, when perhaps the whole is equally false. So that perhaps these simple-hearted editors, who were so vehement against lying bulletins and so wary in announcing their great news, were in the condition of a clown who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew because he has beat down the price, perhaps from a guinea to a crown, for some article that is not really worth a groat.

With respect to the character of Bonaparte, the dissonance is, if possible, still greater. According to some he was a wise, humane, magnanimous hero—others paint him as a monster of cruelty, meanness, and perfidy; some, even of those who are the most inveterate against him, speak very highly of his political and military ability—others place him on the very verge of insanity. But, allowing that all this may be the colouring of party prejudice (which surely is allowing a great deal), there is one point to which such a solution will hardly apply. If there be anything that can be clearly ascertained in history, one would think it must be the *personal courage* of a *military man;* yet here we are as much at a loss as ever: at the very same times and on the same occasions he is described by different writers as a man of undaunted intrepidity and as an absolute poltroon.

What, then, are we to believe? If we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence not only of one, but of two or three Bonapartes; if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any.

It appears, then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Bonaparte are generally believed fail in all the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends: first, we have no assurance that they have access to correct information; secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points.

Another circumstance which throws additional suspicion on these tales is that the Whig party, as they are called—the warm advocates for liberty, and opposers of the encroachments of monarchical power—have for some time past strenuously espoused the cause and vindicated the character of Bonaparte, who is represented by all as having been, if not a tyrant, at least an absolute despot. One of the most forward in this cause is a gentleman who once stood foremost in holding up this very man to public execration—who first published, and long maintained against popular incredulity, the accounts of his atrocities in Egypt. Now, that such a course should be adopted, for party purposes, by those who are aware that the whole story is a fiction, and the hero of it imaginary, seems not very incredible; but if they believed in the real existence of this despot, I cannot conceive how they could so forsake their principles as to advocate his cause and eulogise his character.

After all, it may be expected that many who perceive the force of these objections will yet be loth to think it possible that they and the public at large can have been so long and so greatly imposed upon; and thus it is that the magnitude and boldness of a fraud become its best support: the millions who for so many ages have believed in Mahomet or Brahma lean, as it were, on each other for support, and not having vigour of mind enough boldly to throw off vulgar prejudices and dare be wiser than the multitude, persuade themselves that what so many have acknowledged must be true. But I call on those who boast their philosophical freedom of thought, and would fain tread in the steps of Hume and other inquirers of the like exalted and speculative genius, to follow up fairly and fully their own principles, and, throwing off the shackles of authority, to examine carefully the evidence of whatever is proposed to them, before they admit its truth. That even in this enlightened age, as it is called, a whole nation may be egregiously imposed upon, even in matters which intimately concern them, may be proved (if it has not been already proved) by the following instance. It was stated in the newspapers that a month after the battle of Trafalgar an English officer, who had been a prisoner of war, and was exchanged, returned to this country from France, and, beginning to condole with his countrymen on the terrible *defeat* they had sustained, was infinitely astonished to learn that the battle of Trafalgar was a splendid victory: he had been assured, he said, that in that battle the English had been totally defeated, and the French were fully and universally persuaded that such was the fact. Now, if this report of the belief of the French nation was *not* true, the British public were completely imposed upon; if it *were* true, then both nations were at the same time rejoicing in the event of the same battle as a signal victory to themselves, and consequently one or other at least of these nations must have been the dupes of their Government; for if the battle was never fought at all, or was not decisive on either side, in that case *both* parties were deceived. This instance, I conceive, is absolutely demonstrative of the point in question.

'But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose, and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes? Must they not trust their senses?' I would not disparage either the eyesight or the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Bonaparte—nay, more, that they actually rowed out into the harbour in a boat, and came alongside of a man-of-war, on whose deck they saw a man in a

cocked hat, who, *they were told*, was Bonaparte. This is the utmost point to which their testimony goes. How they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvellous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused we are not told: did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and authentic history? Truly this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions; if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumphantly show the very house which the ghost haunted, the identical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold. Jack Cade's nobility was supported by the same irresistible kind of evidence. Having asserted that the eldest son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was stolen by a beggar-woman, 'became a bricklayer when he came to age,' and was the father of the supposed Jack Cade, one of his companions confirms the story by saying, 'Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.'

Much of the same kind is the testimony of our brave countrymen, who are ready to produce the scars they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. That they fought and were wounded they may safely testify; and probably they no less firmly *believe* what they were *told* respecting the cause in which they fought; it would have been a high breach of discipline to doubt it, and they, I conceive, are men better skilled in handling a musket than in sifting evidence and detecting imposture; but I defy any one of them to come forward and declare, *on his own knowledge*, what was the cause in which he fought, under whose commands the opposed generals acted, and whether the person who issued those commands did really perform the mighty achievements we are told of.

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvellous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Bonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, *except England;* in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England;* his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, in which Achilles and the Greeks, Æneas and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Bonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendour to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced?

There are somewhat rambling *Memoirs* of Whately by W. J. Fitzpatrick (2 vols. 1864); the authoritative *Life and Correspondence* is by Miss E. Jane Whately (2 vols. 1866).

William Whewell (1794–1866) was the son of a Lancaster joiner, who intended him to follow his own trade; but he was early distinguished for intellectual aptitudes, and after passing with honour through the grammar-school at Lancaster, he qualified at Heversham School for an exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge. Entering Trinity College in 1812, he graduated as second wrangler in 1815, became a Fellow in 1817, and in 1819 published a *Treatise on Mechanics*. He was ordained priest in 1826. In 1828–32 he was Professor of Mineralogy, in 1838–55 Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistical Divinity, and from 1841 till his death he was Master of Trinity. At Cambridge, in the Royal Society, and at the British Association he was equally distinguished, while his scientific works gave him a European fame. After contributing largely to reviews, in 1833 he published his learned and eloquent Bridgewater Treatise on *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*. But his greatest work was his *History of the Inductive Sciences* (1837), followed in 1840 by *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*. In 1853 he issued anonymously *Of the Plurality of Worlds: an Essay* (doubtless one of the ablest of his works), in which he opposed the now popular belief, maintaining that the earth alone among stars and planets is the abode of intellectual, moral, and religious creatures—long cherished convictions which, he said, had gradually grown deeper. Like Chalmers and Brewster, his friend Sir James Stephen thought the plurality of worlds was a doctrine which supplied consolation and comfort to a mind oppressed with the aspect of the sin and misery of the earth. But Whewell replied: 'To me the effect would be the contrary. I should have no consolation or comfort in thinking that our earth is selected as the especial abode of sin; and the consolation which revealed religion offers for this sin and misery is, not that there are other worlds in the stars sinless and happy, but that on the earth an atonement and reconciliation were effected. This doctrine gives a peculiar place to the earth in theology. It is, or has been, in a peculiar manner the scene of God's agency and presence. This was the view on which I worked.' In opposition to Dean Mansel, who held that a true knowledge of God is impossible for man, Dr Whewell said: 'If we *cannot* know anything about God, revelation is in vain. We cannot have anything revealed to us if we have no power of seeing what is revealed. It is of no use to take away the veil when we are blind.' Works on morals were his *Elements of Morality* (1845), *Lectures on Systematic Morality* (1846),

Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England (1852), and *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers* (1859-61). And innumerable scientific memoirs, sermons, and miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse were thrown off by the versatile, polymathic, and indefatigable Master of Trinity. Probably, as Sir John Herschel said, 'a more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was never accumulated by any man.' 'Knowledge is his forte and omniscience is his foible,' was Sydney Smith's epigram on Whewell; and there are many anecdotes illustrating his claim to something more nearly approaching omniscience than is found amongst mortals once in a millennium. He died ten days after being heavily thrown from his horse.

See *William Whewell: an Account of his Writings* (2 vols. 1876), by I. Todhunter, and the *Life and Correspondence* by Mrs Stair Douglas (1881).

George Grote (1794–1871), born at Clay Hill near Beckenham in Kent, was educated at the Charterhouse, and in 1810 became a clerk in the bank founded in 1766 by his grandfather (a native of Bremen) in Threadneedle Street. He remained there thirty-two years, devoting all his leisure to literature and political studies; a 'philosophical Radical' and a friend of the two Mills, he threw himself ardently into the cause of progress and political freedom. In 1820 he married the high-spirited Harriet Lewin, of Bexley; in 1822 conceived the idea of his *History of Greece;* and in 1826 mercilessly dissected Mitford's History in the *Westminster Review*. Head of his bank by 1830, in 1832 he was returned to Parliament for the City of London. During his first session he brought forward a motion for the adoption of the ballot, and continued to advocate the measure in keenly argumentative speeches until he retired from parliamentary life in 1841. In 1843 he retired from the banking-house also, and devoted himself exclusively to literature, mainly to the great *History of Greece* (12 vols. 1846–56). He was elected Vice-Chancellor of London University (1862), foreign associate of the French Academy (1864), and President of University College (1868). In 1865 he concluded an elaborate work on *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates*, which, with his (unfinished) *Aristotle*, was supplementary to the *History*. His brilliant and accomplished wife was throughout his literary and political life a sympathetic and stimulating helpmate. Grote was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The *History of Greece* was hailed as a truly philosophical work. It commences with the early legendary history of Greece, and closes with the fall of 'free Hellas and Hellenism' under the immediate successor of Alexander the Great. The first two volumes were not published till 1846; but at least as early as 1827 Grote was engaged on the work. The primitive period of Greek history—the expedition of the Argonauts and the wars of Thebes and Troy—he treated as mere poetical inventions. Of the Homeric poems, he held that the *Odyssey* is an original unity, 'a premeditated structure and a concentration of interest upon one prime hero under well-defined circumstances;' whereas the *Iliad* 'presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions.' Both poems he fixes at the same age, and that age anterior to the First Olympiad. In the region of authentic history, Grote endeavoured to realise the views and feelings of the Greeks, and not to judge of them by a modern and English standard. His constant aim—not always attained or attainable—was to penetrate the inner life of the Greeks, and to portray their social, moral, and religious condition, passing lightly over merely picturesque and romantic episodes. He traced with elaborate minuteness the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy, of which he was an ardent admirer; and some of the Athenian institutions heretofore condemned he warmly defended. Ostracism, banishment without accusation or trial, he conceived to have been necessary for thwarting the efforts of ambitious leaders; this exceptional measure was, he held, guarded from abuse by precautions such as that the concurrence of one-fourth of all the citizens was required, and that those citizens voted by ballot. Demagogues and sophists he vindicated, comparing the former to our popular leaders of the Opposition, and the latter to our teachers and professors. Even Cleon, the greatest of the demagogues, he held to have been unfairly traduced by Thucydides and especially by Aristophanes, who indulged in all the license of a comic satirist. 'No man,' said Grote, 'thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr Fox, or Mirabeau from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them; no man will take the measure of a political Englishman from *Punch* or of a Frenchman from *Charivari*.' Even the story of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand is retold by Grote with surprising freshness; and his narrative of the Peloponnesian War contains novel and striking views of events, as well as of the characters of Pericles and Alcibiades—whom he insisted on spelling Periklês and Alkibiadês, a method somewhat pedantically applied throughout (as in Sôkratês, Aristeidês, and the like, though Dionysius and Klearchus retained the Roman -us). In the later volumes important sections deal with the career of Epaminondas, the struggles of Demosthenes against Philip, and the success of Timoleon. From the epoch of Alexander the Great, Grote dates 'not only the extinction of Grecian political freedom and self-action, but also the decay of productive genius, and the debasement of that consummate literary and rhetorical excellence which the fourth century before Christ had seen exhibited in Plato and Demosthenes.' There was, however, one branch of intellectual energy which continued to flourish

'comparatively little impaired under the preponderance of the Macedonian sword'—the spirit of speculation and philosophy. Grote's learning was sound, his research extensive and minute, but he was somewhat too confident in his capacity to discover the causes of all things, too ready to apply to Greek life and speculation his universal Benthamite standard. And his sympathies were as pronouncedly democratic as Mitford's had been aristocratic. Sydney Smith sarcastically said: 'Mr Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and if the world were a chess-board, would be an



GEORGE GROTE.
From a Photograph by Messrs Maull & Fox.

important politician.' His main historic achievement was the explanation and vindication of the Athenian democracy, which most former British historians had grossly misunderstood. In his admiration of Athens, however, he was prone to underrate other Hellenic developments, and the injustice of his treatment of Alexander the Great has been noted by later writers like Professor Mahaffy. His style, like his thought, is vigorous; his presentment lucid rather than sympathetic; and there is some lack of that geniality which draws one to a favourite author. But the *History* shed much new and clear light on Greek history, marked an epoch in the study, and superseded the recently published and scholarly work by Thirlwall; it was careful, comprehensive, accurate, and not unfair in judgment, though not without constant and obvious bias.

Constitutionalism.

The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to Aristotle impracticable; to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendency of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democracy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England respecting kingship; and it is the application, sometimes explicit and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard which renders Mr Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair.

Xenophon's Address to the Army.

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonising apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all; few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their suppers; every man lay down to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep for fear, anguish, and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact that not a single man among them had now either authority to command or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, self-kindled light and self-originated stimulus was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass paralysed for the moment, but every way capable of effort; and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher. . .

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military

costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taking up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin; but that if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze; immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver; and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued: 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands; all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan.

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in raising the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animating appeal. Repeating his assurances that the gods were on their side and hostile to their perjured enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes—how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shown themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers; and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle of what stuff the Persians were made. As for Ariæus and his troops, alike traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a loss. The enemy were superior in horsemen; but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevailing against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away. Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers: those were indeed difficult to be crossed in the middle of their course; but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the knee. Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Mysians and Pisidians. 'If,' said Xenophon, 'we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remain poor it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage-wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity. Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individuals; and let us thus show the enemy that we have ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has anything better to suggest, let him come forward and state it; for we have all but one object—the common safety.'

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction; for when Cheirisophus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed, every man held up his hand. Xenophon then moved that the army should break up immediately and march to some well-stored villages, rather more than two miles distant; that the march should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre; that Cheirisophus, as a Lacedæmonian, should lead the van; while Kleanor and the other senior officers would command on each flank; and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear-guard.

Dion.

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion his ambition was by no means purely self-seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B.C., Dion was twenty-one years of age in 387 B.C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing high in the favour of his brother-in-law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired, as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B.C. He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans; the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves. With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life.

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion; just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired

the attachment and influenced the sentiments of Epaminondas at Thebes. But Plato's power of working upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a mastery of political and social topics, and a charm of eloquence to which the Pythagoreans were strangers. The stirring effects of the Sokratic talk, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communicative aptitude of his mind; and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation; greater perhaps in 387 B.C., when he was still mainly the Sokratic Plato, than it became in later days after he had imbibed to a certain extent the mysticism of the Pythagoreans. Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius, accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment, unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion, he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him. . . .

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollected that, twenty years before, his country, Syracuse, had been as free as Athens. He learned to abhor the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subsequently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarised through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despots' instruments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his first wish to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator like Lykurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system, which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence.

Grote's minor works were published by Professor Bain in 1873, and *Fragments on Ethical Subjects* in 1876.—Mrs Grote (1792–1878) wrote a *Memoir of Ary Scheffer* (1860), a volume of *Collected Papers in Prose and Verse* (1862), books on the Philosophical Radicals of 1832 (especially Molesworth) and on the political events of 1831–32, and *The Personal Life of George Grote* (1873).

Adam Sedgwick (1785–1873), born at Dent vicarage in north-west Yorkshire, after being a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became Woodwardian Professor of Geology (1818), canon of Norwich (1834), and vice-master of Trinity (1847). His best work was on *British Palæozoic Fossils* (1854); he trenchantly attacked *The Vestiges of Creation* and Darwin's *Origin of Species*. See his *Life and Letters* by Clark and Hughes (2 vols. 1890).

Dr Thomas Arnold of Rugby (1795–1842), who in many ways influenced the thought and life of England, holds his place in literature mainly in virtue of his *History of Rome*. A native of East Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where his father was collector of customs, he was educated at Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford, being elected a scholar of Corpus in 1811 and a Fellow of Oriel in 1815. He remained at Oxford four more years, teaching pupils; and in his twenty-fifth year he settled at Laleham near Staines in Middlesex, where he took pupils, married, and spent nine years of happiness and study. He took priest's orders in 1828, and in the same year he was appointed to the headmastership of Rugby School. He longed to 'try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal,' and his exertions not only raised Rugby School to exceptional eminence and success, but introduced an inestimable change and improvement into all the public schools in England. He trusted much to the 'sixth form,' or elder boys, who exercised a recognised authority over the junior pupils, and these he inspired with love, reverence, and confidence. His interest in his pupils was that of a parent, and it was unceasing. On Sunday he preached to them; 'he was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy.' His firmness, his sympathy, his fine manly character and devotion to duty, in time bound all good hearts to him. Out-of-doors Arnold had also his battles to fight. He was a Liberal in politics, and a keen Church reformer. To the High Church party he was strenuously opposed; the Church, he said, meant not the priesthood, but the body of believers. Nothing could save the Church but a union with the Dissenters; and the civil power was more able than the clergy not only to govern but to fix the doctrines of the Church. These Erastian views, propounded with his usual zeal and earnestness, offended and alarmed many of Arnold's own friends. His liberalism shocked the mass of the devout, and his reverent religious spirit puzzled those more 'advanced' than he was. In 1841 he was nominated Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His inaugural lecture was attended by a vast concourse of students and friends, for the popular tide had now turned in his favour, and his apparently robust health promised a long succession of professorial triumphs, as well as of general usefulness. He had purchased Fox How, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Lake country, spending all his spare time there; and he was preparing to return thither in the summer of 1842, when one night he had an attack of angina pectoris, and died next morning (12th June).

Arnold's works give but a faint idea of what he accomplished—he was emphatically a man of action; but his writings are characteristic of the man—earnest, clear in conception and style, and

independent in thought. His *History of Rome*, which he intended to carry down to the fall of the Western Empire, was completed only to the end of the Second Punic War (3 vols. 1838–42); his Oxford *Lectures on Modern History*, and a history of the later Roman commonwealth (reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*), were published after his death; and he edited Thucydides. Six volumes of his *Sermons*, chiefly delivered to the Rugby boys, were also printed, with a volume of tracts on social and political topics. In the *History of Rome* —the first two volumes especially—he very closely follows Niebuhr, expanding the theory that the commonly received history of the early centuries of Rome was in great part fabulous, as being founded on popular songs or lays chanted by minstrels or recited by imaginative chroniclers at Roman banquets. His strong moral feeling and hatred of tyranny in all its shapes occasionally break forth, and he gave animation to his narrative by contrasting ancient with modern events, thereby giving later historians an example apt to prove dangerous to the historic spirit.

Scipio.

A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism; he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero-king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen—admired, reverenced, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influences of his time: the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome; the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers, were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it: they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood —crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door—it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history; characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius; a self-idolatry, natural enough when there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs; a self-dependence, which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer, the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector; of the truly noble, because unselfish, hero, who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others; who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought or desire or deed from their pledged service to his country.

Hannibal.

If Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth, and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered: his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation when he is gone is like a dead body to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty

years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilisation of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organised empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

The Siege of Genoa.

In the autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting-trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the storehouses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hillsides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hillsides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825 told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure!

An Edinburgh reviewer said all Arnold's works were 'proofs of his ability and goodness, yet the story of his life is worth them all;' and that story has been told to admirable purpose by Dean Stanley in his *Life of Arnold* (1845; 12th ed., with additions, 1881; new ed. 1900). See also Findlay's *Arnold of Rugby* (1897); Sir Joshua Fitch on *Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their Influence on English Education* (1897); and the Rugby idyll, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, by Thomas Hughes. Charles H. Pearson has somewhat trenchantly criticised the 'Arnold tradition,' and insisted on certain defects in the Rugby system; see his Life by Stebbing (1900). Matthew Arnold, the poet and critic, was Dr Arnold's eldest son; his second, Thomas, father of Mrs Humphry Ward, wrote on historical subjects and literature, and as a good Catholic helped to edit a *Catholic Dictionary*.

Connop Thirlwall (1797–1875), born at Stepney, from the Charterhouse passed in 1814 to Trinity College, Cambridge, and after a distinguished course was elected a Fellow. He was called to the Bar in 1825, but in 1827 took orders, having two years before translated Schleiermacher's *Essay on St Luke*, then regarded as alarmingly 'rationalistic.' His return to Cambridge was marked by the translation, with his friend Julius Hare, of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828–32); and their *Philological Museum* (1831–33) contained some remarkable papers, among them Thirlwall's 'On the Irony of Sophocles.' He petitioned and wrote (1834) in favour of the admission of Dissenters to degrees. The Master of Trinity, Dr Wordsworth, called on him to resign his assistant-tutorship, which he did under protest. Almost immediately he was presented by Brougham to the Yorkshire living of Kirby-Underdale. Here he wrote for *Lardner's Cyclopædia* his *History of Greece* (1835–47; improved ed. 1847–52). Scholarly, learned, and accurate, as well as dignified in style, the work marks an enormous advance on Mitford and ranks amongst English classics; but it was in large measure superseded for the general public by Grote's (published in 1846–56). In 1840 Lord Melbourne raised Thirlwall to the see of St David's. For thirty-four years—till his resignation—he laboured with the utmost diligence in his diocese, building churches, parsonages, and schools, and augmenting poor livings. His eleven Charges remain an enduring monument of breadth of view—the first a catholic apology for the Tractarians. He joined in censuring *Essays and Reviews*, but was one of the four bishops who refused to inhibit Colenso, and he was as a Latitudinarian regarded with suspicious alarm, alike by High-Churchmen and Evangelicals. He supported

the Maynooth grant, the admission of Jews to Parliament, and alone amongst the bishops the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Perowne edited his *Remains, Literary and Theological* (1877–78); Perowne and Stokes his *Letters, Literary and Theological* (1881); and Dean Stanley the beautiful series to a young lady—the *Letters to a Friend* (1881).

Aristophanes against Socrates.

Euripides, however, occupies only a subordinate place among the disciples and supporters of the sophistical school, whom Aristophanes attacked. The person whom he selected as its representative, and on whom he endeavoured to throw the whole weight of the charges which he brought against it, was Socrates. In the *Clouds*, a comedy exhibited in 423, a year after the Knights had been received with so much applause, Socrates was brought on the stage under his own name, as the arch-sophist, the master of the freethinking school. The story is of a young spendthrift, who has involved his father in debt by his passion for horses, and having been placed under the care of Socrates, is enabled by his instructions to defraud his creditors, but also learns to regard filial obedience and respect, and piety to the gods, as groundless and antiquated prejudices; and it seems hardly possible to doubt that under this character the poet meant to represent Alcibiades, whom it perfectly suits in its general outline, and who may have been suggested to the thoughts of the spectators in many ways not now perceived by the reader. It seems at first sight as if, in this work, Aristophanes must stand convicted either of the foulest motives or of a gross mistake. For the character of Socrates was in most points directly opposed to the principles and practice which he attributes here and elsewhere to the sophists and their followers. Socrates was the son of a sculptor of little reputation, and himself for some time practised the art with moderate success. But he abandoned it that he might give himself up to philosophy, though his income was so scanty that it scarcely provided him with the means of subsistence. In his youth he had made himself master of every kind of knowledge then attainable at Athens which his narrow fortune permitted him to acquire, and he purchased the lessons of several of the learned men who came to sojourn there at a price which he was never well able to spare. Yet when his own talents had attracted a crowd of admirers, and among them some of the wealthiest youths, he not only demanded no reward for his instructions, but rejected all the offers which they made to relieve his poverty. We have already seen some specimens of the manner in which he discharged the duties of a soldier and a citizen: how he braved the fury of the multitude and the resentment of the tyrants in the cause of justice. It is not my intention here to speak of the place which he holds in the history of Greek philosophy. But we have already had occasion to mention his contests with the sophists, and we have ample evidence that his discourses as well as his life were uniformly devoted to the furtherance of piety and virtue. Yet in the *Clouds* this excellent person appears in the most odious as well as ridiculous aspect; and the play ends with the preparations made by the father of the misguided youth to consume him and his school. The wrong done to him appears the more flagrant on account of its fatal consequences. The wish which the poet intimates at the close of his play, with an earnestness which almost oversteps the limits of comedy, was fulfilled, though not till above twenty years later, after the restoration of the democracy (B.C. 399), when Socrates was prosecuted and put to death on a charge which expressed the substance of the imputations cast on him in the *Clouds;* and Aristophanes was believed by their contemporaries to have contributed mainly to this result.

There are two points with regard to the conduct of Aristophanes which appear to have been placed by recent investigations beyond doubt. It may be considered as certain that he was not animated by any personal malevolence toward Socrates, but only attacked him as an enemy and corrupter of religion and morals; but, on the other hand, it is equally well established that he did not merely borrow the name of Socrates for the representative of the sophistical school, but designed to point the attention and to excite the feelings of his audience against the real individual. The only question which seems to be still open to controversy on this subject concerns the degree in which Aristophanes was acquainted with the real character and aims of Socrates, as they are known to us from the uniform testimony of his intimate friends and disciples. We find it difficult to adopt the opinion of some modern writers, who contend that Aristophanes, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of the difference between Socrates and the sophists, might still have looked upon him as standing so completely on the same ground with them that one description was applicable to them and him. It is true, as we have already observed, that the poet would willingly have suppressed all reflection and inquiry on many of the subjects which were discussed both by the sophists and by Socrates, as a presumptuous encroachment on the province of authority. But it seems incredible that if he had known all that makes Socrates so admirable and amiable in our eyes, he would have assailed him with such vehement bitterness, and that he should never have qualified his satire by a single word indicative of the respect which he must then have felt to be due at least to his character and his intentions.

But if we suppose what is in itself much more consistent with the opinions and pursuits of the comic poet, that he observed the philosopher attentively indeed, but from a distance which permitted no more than a superficial acquaintance, we are then at no loss to understand how he might have confounded him with a class of men with which he had so little in common, and why he singled him out to represent them. He probably first formed his judgment of Socrates by the society in which he usually saw him. He may have known that his early studies had been directed by Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras; that he had both himself received the instruction of the most eminent sophists, and had induced others to become their hearers; that Euripides, who had introduced the sophistical spirit into the drama, and Alcibiades, who illustrated it most completely in his life, were in the number of his most intimate friends. Socrates never willingly stirred beyond the walls of the city, and lived almost wholly in public places, which he seldom entered without forming a circle round him and opening some discussion connected with the objects of his philosophical researches; he readily

accepted the invitations of his friends, especially when he expected to meet learned and inquisitive guests, and probably never failed to give a speculative turn to the conversation. Aristophanes himself may have been more than once present, as Plato represents him, on such occasions. But it was universally notorious that wherever Socrates appeared some subtle disputation was likely to ensue; the method by which he drew out and tried the opinions of others without directly delivering his own, and even his professions—for he commonly described himself as a seeker who had not yet discovered the truth—might easily be mistaken for the sophistical scepticism which denied the possibility of finding it. Aristophanes might also, either immediately or through hearsay, have become acquainted with expressions and arguments of Socrates apparently contrary to the established religion. And, indeed, it is extremely difficult to determine the precise relation in which the opinions of Socrates stood to the Greek polytheism. He not only spoke of the gods with reverence, and conformed to the rites of the national worship, but testified his respect for the oracles in a manner which seems to imply that he believed their pretensions to have some real ground. On the other hand, he acknowledged one Supreme Being as the framer and preserver of the universe; used the singular and the plural number indiscriminately concerning the object of his adoration; and when he endeavoured to reclaim one of his friends who scoffed at sacrifices and divination, it was, according to Xenophon, by an argument drawn exclusively from the works of the one Creator. We are thus tempted to imagine that he treated many points to which the vulgar attached great importance as matters of indifference, on which it was neither possible nor very desirable to arrive at any certain conclusion; that he was only careful to exclude from his notion of the gods all attributes which were inconsistent with the moral qualities of the Supreme Being; and that, with this restriction, he considered the popular mythology as so harmless that its language and rites might be innocently adopted. The observation attributed to him in one of Plato's early works seems to throw great light on the nature and extent of his conformity to the State religion. Being asked whether he believes the Attic legend of Boreas and Orithuia, he replies that he should indeed only be following the example of many ingenious men if he rejected it and attempted to explain it away; but that such speculations, however fine, appeared to him to betoken a mind not very happily constituted; for the subjects furnished for them by the marvellous beings of the Greek mythology were endless, and to reduce all such stories to a probable form was a task which required much leisure. This he could not give to it, for he was fully occupied with the study of his own nature. He therefore let those stories alone, and acquiesced in the common belief about them.

The motives which induced Aristophanes to bring Socrates on the stage in preference to any other of the sophistical teachers are still more obvious than the causes through which he was led to confound them together. Socrates, from the time that he abandoned his hereditary art, became one of the most conspicuous and notorious persons in Athens. There was perhaps hardly a mechanic who had not at some time or other been puzzled or diverted by his questions. His features were so formed by nature as to serve with scarcely any exaggeration for a highly laughable mask. His usual mien and gait were no less remarkably adapted to the comic stage. He was subject to fits of absence which seem now and then to have involved him in ludicrous mistakes and disasters. Altogether his exterior was such as might of itself have tempted another poet to find a place for him in a comedy.

(From the *History of Greece.*)

Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1806–63) was the son of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, a Radnorshire baronet; was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; and having studied at the Middle Temple, was called to the Bar in 1831. Entering into public life, he filled various government offices, and was M.P. for Herefordshire, and afterwards for the Radnor boroughs. He served on several commissions, and in 1839 succeeded his father as Poor-Law Commissioner in a time of keen controversy on poor-law methods. He succeeded Mr Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer under Palmerston in 1855–58, when he showed much resource in meeting defects and outlays caused by the Crimean war; and in Lord Palmerston's second administration (1859) he waived his claims in favour of Mr Gladstone, becoming Home Secretary in 1859–61, and then, sore against his own wishes, War Secretary. He was for about three years (1852–55) editor of the *Edinburgh Review.* An accomplished classical and German scholar, Sir George (who succeeded to the baronetcy on his father's death in 1855) investigated the early history of Greece and Rome along with the views of the German commentators, and in reviewing the theory of Niebuhr in *An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History* (2 vols. 1855), attacked alike Niebuhr's method and its results. All attempts to extract real history from the picturesque narratives of the early centuries of Rome (largely based, as Niebuhr held, on ballad and poetised legends) he conceived to be nugatory, and he examined anew the primitive history of the nations of Italy. Dionysius, Livy, and the other ancient historians had no authentic materials for the primitive ethnology and the early national movements of Italy, and modern inquirers have still less chance of arriving at safe conclusions on the subject. Hence, with perhaps too sweeping scepticism, he dismissed the results not only of the uncritical older historians, but those of the learned and sagacious Germans, Niebuhr and Otfried Müller. 'The legends are mere shifting clouds of mythology, which may at a distance deceive the mariner by the appearance of solid land, but disappear as he approaches and examines them by a close view.' But it cannot be said that modern research accepts all Niebuhr's contentions or maintains his theory in full; and in so far at least Cornewall Lewis's criticism has been justified.

Lewis was a shrewd and sober-minded politician of great administrative ability, a laborious student, and a voluminous writer. It is difficult to realise how he found time, in the midst of official and

public duties, and within the space of a comparatively short life, for such varied and profound studies—for he was not merely acute and critical, but indefatigable in research and widely read. He was more gifted as a conversationalist than as a writer, his style being rather sensible than distinguished. Among his works are treatises on the *Romance Language*, on the *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, on the *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, on the *Method of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*, on the *Irish Church Question*, on the *Government of Dependencies*, on the *Astronomy of the Ancients*, and a *Dialogue on the Best Form of Government*. He was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Philological Museum*, the *Law Magazine*, and *Notes and Queries*. His most unlucky literary enterprise was an edition in 1846–59 of a collection of fragments palmed off on the British Museum as lost fables of the third-century Greek fabulist Babrius, almost immediately proved to be spurious. He was not a seeker after popularity, was perhaps a little paradoxical, and was the inventor of the mot that 'life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements.'

On Niebuhr.

He [Niebuhr] divides the Roman history into three periods: 1. The purely mythical period, including the foundation of the city and the reigns of the first two kings. 2. The mythico-historical period, including the reigns of the last five kings and the first fourteen years of the republic. 3. The historical period, beginning with the first secession. The poems, however, which he supposes to have served as the origin of the received history, are not peculiar to any one of these periods; they equally appear in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of the Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus and of the siege of Veii. If the history of periods so widely different was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear that the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar circumstances, and that they can afford no sure foundation for any historical inference.

For solving the problem of the early Roman history the great desideratum is to obtain some means of separating the truth from the fiction, and, if any parts be true, of explaining how the records were preserved with fidelity until the time of the earliest historians, by whom they were adopted, and who, through certain intermediate stages, have transmitted them to us.

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of the Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribunes, the adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the expedition of the Fabii and the battle of the Cremera, the siege of Veii, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and the disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Samnite wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable extent distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and encrusted with legendary additions, but that they nevertheless contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degrees: if so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends and where the fiction begins, and also what were the means by which a general historical tradition of events, as they really happened, was perpetuated. This is the question to which an answer is desired; and therefore we are not assisted by a theory which explains how that part of the narrative which is not historical originated.

See his Letters (1870), the Life of Grote (1873), Bagehot's *Literary Studies* (1879), and Mr Raleigh's edition of the *Political Terms* (1898).

Charles Merivale (1808–93) was the son of John Herman Merivale, translator, poet, and Commissioner of Bankruptcy; he was born in London, studied at Harrow, Haileybury, and St John's College, Cambridge, and was successively rector of Lawford, Essex (1848–70), chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1863–69), and Dean of Ely (from 1869). At Cambridge he was an athlete and oarsman, as well as a prize poet and one of the 'apostles' commemorated by Tennyson. He took orders in 1833, by which time he had developed a keen interest in his life-work, the study of Roman history. At this subject he worked industriously while he remained at Cambridge; but it was not till after he had settled in his country rectory that he began to publish, in 1850, a *History of the Romans under the Empire*, which he completed in 1862. 'Mr Merivale's undertaking,' said a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon. He comes, therefore, between "mighty opposites."' 'A man of infinite dry humour and quaint fancy,' according to Edward FitzGerald, he was a scholar and Churchman of the older school, and his *History* was a sound and solid piece of work. It would have been improved had its author relied less exclusively on printed documents and taken advantage of numismatics, epigraphy, and cognate aids. The main defect of the work, according to some critics, is that it is throughout too favourable to the emperors and to Imperialism, but compared with the Cæsarism of Mommsen and his school it is mild and fair. The same tendency somewhat mars the historical value of the brilliant sketch *The Fall of the Roman Republic* (1853), perhaps the most popular of all the Dean's writings, among which are also comprised a one-volume school history of Rome and some lectures on early Church history, including his two courses of Boyle Lectures (1864–65) on the conversion of the Roman Empire and of the northern nations. He edited Sallust, contributed to the *Saturday Review*, and was a most accomplished writer of Latin verse. His translation of Homer into English rhymed verse was not one of his successes.

On the Emperor Augustus.

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, and

his eyes blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness. It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured. The weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapydæ in early life; he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero: he had not the vivacity and natural spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest, therefore, with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery; but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra; he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny, and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised; he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum; which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance, as showing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were with regard to the position occupied by the Cæsar and his family from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step-son of the emperor and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes; but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterised the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. 'Well,' answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, 'but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments.' The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children; and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud: 'Another time, Cæsar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves.' Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

Dean Merivale's nephew, Herman Charles, son of the permanent Under-Secretary for India, was a successful playwright and novelist. See the Dean's privately printed Autobiography (a fragment) and letters, edited by his daughter Judith (1899).

Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868) was the third son of an eminent London physician, Sir Francis Milman, and, educated at Greenwich, Eton, and Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1812 he gained the Newdigate with his *Belvidere Apollo*, best of Oxford prize poems. In 1815 a Fellow of his college, in 1816 he became vicar of St Mary's, Reading; in 1821–31 Professor of Poetry at Oxford; in 1835 rector of St Margaret's, Westminster, and a canon of Westminster; and in 1849 Dean of St Paul's. His tragedy of *Fazio*, with a Florentine plot, was published in 1815, and was afterwards acted with success at Covent Garden. In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and to this succeeded three other dramas, *Belshazzar* (1822), *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826); but none of these was designed for the stage. For his 'heroic' or narrative poem on the defence of Britain against the Saxons, *Samor, Lord of the Bright City* (1818), he took the plot

from Holinshed and Harrison; Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, Emrys and Uther, Druids and Vikings, are amongst the characters of a poem with many fine passages. In virtue of *Nala and Damayanti and other Poems translated from the Sanskrit* (1834), he has claims to be remembered as an early interpreter of Indian thought and life to Englishmen. Dean Milman published also an edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, with notes and corrections, which remained the standard one till the publication of Mr Bury's (see Vol. II. p. 552); and as against Gibbon, the editor seemed more conservative and orthodox than in some of his own historical methods and results. Milman also produced an excellent edition of Horace, with a Life of the poet. He undertook to assist his friend Bishop Heber in arranging a series of hymns for the Christian year, and besides giving other valuable assistance, contributed several of the most admirable from his own pen, such as 'Ride on, ride on in majesty,' and 'When our heads are bowed with woe.' When Heber received the first-mentioned he wrote to Milman: 'A few more such hymns and I shall need not to wait for the aid of Scott and Southey.' In his hymns and other poems Milman showed abundance of pregnant thought, taste, dignity, tenderness, and metrical skill; but he lacks the dramatic spirit, the warmth of passion and imagination, necessary to vivify his classical or historical lore into tragedy or epic of perennial charm. His fame rests on his historical writings, the earliest of which, the *History of the Jews*, was originally published in Murray's 'Family Library' (1829; 4th edition, 1866), and created consternation among the orthodox as being rationalistic.

Milman, in his own words, had been able to follow out 'all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament as far as concerns its distinct and perpetual authority, and its indubitable meaning.' He took up ground much less usual in the first half of the nineteenth than in the first decade of the twentieth century; the *History of the Jews* was, according to Dean Stanley, the first decisive inroad of German theology, the first indication that the Bible could be studied like another book. 'If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many, I know not; how far, I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus.*' Milman's *History of Christianity to the Abolition of Paganism* (1840) was followed by the *magnum opus*, *The History of Latin Christianity to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* (6 vols. 1854–56). 'No such work,' it was truly said, 'has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature — none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research, such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation.' This high praise has been echoed by a host of critics from Prescott to Lecky. The book has been called 'a complete epic and philosophy of mediæval Christendom,' and is really a great work in most of the essentials of history, though modern research has inevitably modified many of its conclusions. Macaulay, agreeing that the matter was excellent, somewhat hypercritically voted the style 'very much the reverse.' Yet the very candour, catholicity, and frank application of honest and reverent critical method, hitherto too rare in the sphere of Church history, again provoked in some quarters the charge of 'rationalism.' The last work of Dean Milman was his *St Paul's Cathedral* (1854–56; completed by his son and published in 1868), the church over which he had presided for nearly twenty years, and in which he was buried. Articles on Erasmus, Savonarola, and other subjects contributed to the *Quarterly* were published as a volume in 1870.

The Burning of the Temple.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon; that day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part

of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasuries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where He would display His almighty power to save His people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.

(From the *History of the Jews.*)

The Emperor Henry IV. at Canossa.

On a dreary winter morning, with the ground deep in snow, the King, the heir of a long line of emperors, was permitted to enter within the two outer of the three walls which girded the castle of Canossa. He had laid aside every mark of royalty or of distinguished station; he was clad only in the thin white linen dress of the penitent, and there, fasting, he awaited in humble patience the pleasure of the Pope. But the gates did not unclose. A second day he stood, cold, hungry, and mocked by vain hope. And yet a third day dragged on from morning to evening over the unsheltered head of the discrowned King. Every heart was moved except that of the representative of Jesus Christ. Even in the presence of Gregory there were low, deep murmurs against his unapostolic pride and inhumanity. The patience of Henry could endure no more; he took refuge in an adjacent chapel of St Nicholas, to implore, and with tears, once again the intercession of the aged Abbot of Clugny. Matilda was present; her womanly heart was melted; she joined with Henry in his supplications to the Abbot. 'Thou alone canst accomplish this,' said the Abbot to the Countess. Henry fell on his knees, and in a passion of grief entreated her merciful interference. To female entreaties and influence Gregory at length yielded an ungracious permission for the King to approach his presence. With bare feet, still in the garb of penitence, stood the King, a man of singularly tall and noble person, with a countenance accustomed to flash command and terror upon his adversaries, before the Pope, a grey-haired man, bowed with years, of small unimposing stature.

The terms exacted from Henry, who was far too deeply humiliated to dispute anything, had no redeeming touch of gentleness or compassion. He was to appear in the place and at the time which the Pope should name to answer the charges of his subjects before the Pope himself, if it should please him to preside in person at the trial. If he should repel these charges, he was to receive his kingdom back from the hands of the Pope. If found guilty, he was peaceably to resign his kingdom, and pledge himself never to attempt to seek revenge for his deposition. Till that time he was to assume none of the ensigns of royalty, perform no public act, appropriate no part of the royal revenue which was not necessary for the maintenance of himself and of his attendants; all his subjects were to be held released from their oath of allegiance; he was to banish for ever from his court Rupert Bishop of Bamberg and Ulric Count of Cosheim,

with his other evil advisers; if he should recover his kingdom, he must rule henceforward according to the counsel of the Pope, and correct whatever was contrary to the ecclesiastical laws. On these conditions the Pope condescended to grant absolution, with the further provision that, in case of any prevarication on the part of the King on any of these articles, the absolution was null and void, and in that case the princes of the empire were released from all their oaths, and might immediately proceed to the election of another king.

The oath of Henry was demanded to these conditions, to his appearance before the tribunal of the Pope, and to the safe-conduct of the Pope if he should be pleased to cross the Alps. But the King's oath was not deemed sufficient; who would be his compurgators? The Abbot of Clugny declined, as taking such oath was inconsistent with his monastic vows. At length the Archbishop of Bremen, the Bishops of Vercelli, Osnaburg, and Zeitz, the Marquis Azzo, and others of the princes present, ventured to swear on the holy reliques to the King's faithful fulfilment of all these hard conditions.

But even yet the unforgiving Hildebrand had not forced the King to drink the dregs of humiliation. He had degraded Henry before men, he would degrade him in the presence of God; he had exalted himself to the summit of earthly power, he would appeal to Heaven to ratify and to sanction this assumption of unapproachable superiority.

After the absolution had been granted in due form, the Pope proceeded to celebrate the awful mystery of the Eucharist. He called the King towards the altar; he lifted in his hands the consecrated host, the body of the Lord, and spoke these words: 'I have been accused by thee and by thy partisans of having usurped the Apostolic See by simoniacal practices—of having been guilty, both before and after my elevation to the Episcopate, of crimes which would disqualify me for my sacred office. I might justify myself by proof, and by the witness of those who have known me from my youth, whose suffrages have raised me to the Apostolic See. But to remove every shadow of suspicion, I appeal from human testimony to divine. Behold the Lord's body; be this the test of my innocence. May God acquit me by His judgment this day of the crimes with which I am charged; if guilty, strike me dead at once.' He then took and ate the consecrated wafer. A pause ensued; he stood unscathed in calm assurance. A sudden burst of admiration thrilled the whole congregation. When silence was restored he addressed the King: 'Do thou, my son, as I have done! The Princes of the German Empire have accused thee of crimes heinous and capital, such as in justice should exclude thee not only from the administration of public affairs, but from the communion of the Church and all intercourse with the faithful to thy dying day. They eagerly demand a solemn trial. But human decisions are liable to error; falsehood, dressed out in eloquence, enslaves the judgment; truth, without this artificial aid, meets with contempt. As thou hast implored my protection, act according to my counsel. If thou art conscious of thy innocence, and assured that the accusations against thee are false, by this short course free the Church of God from scandal, thyself from long and doubtful trial. Take thou too the body of the Lord, and if God avouches thy innocence, thou stoppest for ever the mouths of thy accusers. I shall become at once the advocate of thy cause, the assertor of thy guiltlessness, thy nobles will be reconciled to thee, thy kingdom restored, the fierce tumult of civil war which destroys thy empire be allayed for ever.'

(From *Latin Christianity.*)

Jerusalem before the Siege.

Titus. It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crownèd hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

Summons of the Destroying Angel to Babylon.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens:
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By Him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of His holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me: thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength;
And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.

But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. O ye secret and unfathomed depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow-slaves
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates
Are open—not for banqueters in blood
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
'Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin
The work of wrath.' Upon my shadowy wings
I pause, and float a little while, to see
Mine human instruments fulfil my task
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
That live along the interminable space,
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

(From *Belshazzar*.)

A Fair Recluse.

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek star of eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garish, babbling day. . . .
But she the while from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none: nor strange if learned
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flowerets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine; nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wantoned with her brown and glossy locks;
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank; ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows: better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouched,
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

(From *Samor*.)

Apostrophe to Britain.

Land of my birth, O Britain! and my love,
Whose air I breathe, whose earth I tread, whose tongue
My song would speak, its strong and solemn tones
Most proud, if I abase not. Beauteous isle,
And plenteous! what though in thy atmosphere
Float not the taintless luxury of light,
The dazzling azure of the southern skies?
Around thee the rich orb of thy renown
Spreads stainless and unsullied by a cloud.
Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
And softer climes excel thee in the hue
And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers,
Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds;
Thou in the soul of man, thy better wealth,
Art richest: nature's noblest produce thou,
The immortal mind in perfect height and strength,
Bear'st with a prodigal opulence; this thy right,
Thy privilege of climate and of soil,
Would I assert: nor, save thy fame, invoke,
Or nymph, or muse, that oft 'twas dream'd of old
By falls of waters under haunted shades,
Her ecstasy of inspiration pour'd
O'er poet's soul, and flooded all his powers
With liquid glory: so may thy renown
Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word
The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire.

(From *Samor*.)

Reginald Heber (1783–1826), Bishop of Calcutta, was son of the rector of Malpas in Cheshire, and half-brother of Richard Heber the famous bibliophile, whose collection numbered nearly 150,000 volumes. In 1800 he went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, and in his first year won the university prize for Latin hexameters. In 1803 he secured the Newdigate by his poem of *Palestine*, pronounced the best prize-poem the university had produced; parts of it were set to music by Dr Crotch. Before reciting it in the theatre of the university Heber read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford. When Scott, praising the verses on Solomon's Temple, said he had not noted that no tools were used in building it, Heber retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the famous lines:

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!

In 1805 he gained the prize for the English essay, and was elected to a fellowship at All Souls'; soon after he went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea; and on his return in 1807 he became rector of Hodnet in Shropshire. He appeared again as a poet in 1809 with *Europe, or Lines on the Present War* (in Spain). He discharged the duties of a parish priest with unostentatious fidelity and application,

published a volume of poems in 1812, and in 1815 was Bampton Lecturer on the Personality and Office of the Comforter. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and in 1822 wrote a Life of Jeremy Taylor. Contrary to the advice of friends, he accepted in 1823 the difficult post of Bishop of Calcutta; in 1826 at Trichinopoly he died suddenly of apoplexy in his bath; but he had already had ample time to prove his enthusiasm, his energy, and his discretion and tact as administrator. The lively, witty, and lovable bishop did much to promote the use of hymns in the Church of England, which had heretofore adhered mainly to the metrical psalms, and left hymns to Methodists and Independents. With Dean Milman's help he arranged the hymns in a series adapted to the Church service of the year, and of his own hymns, which he had begun to publish in a religious journal in 1811, several are known by heart to millions of English Christians: 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' 'Lord of mercy and of might,' 'By cool Siloam's shady rill,' and 'The Son of God goes forth to war.' The pathetic elegy on his child, 'Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,' is only less well known than Heber's hymns, which are usually much more ornate in diction than those of Watts and Cowper. His works comprised fragments of a poem on *The World before the Flood*, and of a masque, *Gwendolen*, three cantos of a *Morte d'Arthur*, and (included in the first collected edition of the *Poetical Works*, 1841, but omitted in most reprints) a 'serio-comic oriental romance' in verse—practically a pantomime—on *Blue-beard*, in 1902 described in the *Edinburgh Review* as 'the best comic poem, after the *Ingoldsby Legends*, ever written by a clergyman.' It opens by Fadlallah, Fatima's ambitious father, saying:

Good neighbour, be quiet! my word is a law;
I have said that my daughter shall wed the Bashaw.

And at sight of the presents Ayesha is converted to the same side, and thus persuades her sister:

Do look at the things the Bashaw has sent!
Such silks, and such kincobs, such collars of pearl!
She looks like a Peri far more than a girl,
And I, her poor bride-maid, by all am confess'd
As sweetly though not so expensively dress'd.
Come keep up your spirits! do, Fatima, do!
I don't think his whiskers so frightfully blue.

The following is one of several 'Bow-Meeting Songs,' and was 'sung at Hawarden Castle in Flintshire, the seat of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart.':

The Bow-Meeting.

By yon castle wall, 'mid the breezes of morning,
The genius of Cambria stray'd pensive and slow;
The oak-wreath was wither'd her tresses adorning,
And the wind through its leaves sigh'd its murmur of woe.

She gazed on her mountains with filial devotion,
She gazed on her Dee as he rolled to the ocean,
And, 'Cambria! poor Cambria!' she cried with emotion,
'Thou yet hast thy country, thy harp, and thy bow!

'Sweep on, thou proud stream, with thy billows all hoary;
As proudly my warriors have rushed on the foe:
But feeble and faint is the sound of their glory,
For time, like thy tide, has its ebb and its flow.
Even now, while I watch thee, thy beauties are fading;
The sands and the shallows thy course are invading;
Where the sail swept the surges the sea-bird is wading;
And thus hath it fared with the land of the bow!

'Smile, smile, ye dear hills, 'mid your woods and your flowers,
Whose heather lies dark in the morn's dewy glow!
A time must await you of tempests and showers,
An autumn of mist, and a winter of snow!
For me, though the whirlwind has shivered and cleft me,
Of wealth and of empire the stranger bereft me,
Yet Saxon—proud Saxon—thy fury has left me
Worth, valour, and beauty, the harp and the bow!

'Ye towers, on whose rampire, all ruined and riven,
The wallflower and woodbine so lavishly blow;
I have seen when your banner waved broad to the heaven,
And kings found your faith a defence from the foe;
O loyal in grief, and in danger unshaken,
For ages still true, though for ages forsaken,
Yet, Cambria, thy heart may to gladness awaken,
Since thy monarch has smiled on the harp and the bow!'

Palestine Fallen.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ganora at Carduel.

So was she pleased herself who sought to please;
Till on a day when all the court would ride
To drink in Cattraeth's woods the cooler breeze,
And rouse the dun deer from Terwathlin's side,
It chanced the queen within her bower to bide,
As one in boisterous pastime rarely seen;
Who little loved the hunter's cruel pride,
Or maddening shout that rends the forest green,
Or their poor quarry's groan the bugle notes between.

Loth was her lord to miss, that livelong day,
Her soft sweet glances and her converse sweet;
Yet cared he not to cross her purposed stay;
And forth he fared, but still with ling'ring feet

And backward look, and 'Oh, when lovers meet
How bless'd,' he thought, 'the evening's tranquil hour,
From care and cumbrous pomp a glad retreat!'
Not since his youth first quaff'd the cup of power,
Had Arthur praised before the calm sequester'd bower.

And forth he fared; while from her turret high
That smiling form beheld his hunter crew;
Pleased she beheld, whose unacquainted eye
Found in each varying scene a pleasure new.
Nor yet had pomp fatigued her sated view,
Nor custom pall'd the gloss of royalty.
Like some gay child, a simple bliss she drew
From every gaud of feudal pageantry,
And every broider'd garb that swept in order by.

And sooth it was a brave and antic sight,
Where plume, and crest, and tassel wildly blending,
And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,
Mark'd the gay squadron through the copse descending;
The greyhound, with his silken leash contending,
Wreathed the lithe neck; and, on the falconer's hand,
With restless perch and pinions broad depending,
Each hooded goshawk kept her eager stand,
And to the courser's tramp loud rang the hollow land.

And over all, in accents sadly sweet,
The mellow bugle pour'd its plaintive tone,
That echo joy'd such numbers to repeat,
Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice-stone,
Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer moan;
While listening far from forth some fallow brown,
The swinked ploughman left his work undone;
And the glad schoolboy from the neighbouring town
Sprang o'er each prisoning rail, nor reck'd his master's frown.

Her warm cheek pillow'd on her ivory hand,
Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,
In silent thought Ganora kept her stand,
Though feebly now the distant bugle sent
Its fading sound; and, on the brown hill's bent,
Nor horse, nor hound, nor hunter's pomp was seen.
Yet still she gazed on empty space intent,
As one who, spell-bound, on some haunted green
Beholds a faëry show, the twilight elms between.

That plaintive bugle's well-remember'd tone
Could search her inmost heart with magic sway;
To her it spoke of pleasures past and gone,
And village hopes, and friends far, far away,
While busy memory's scintillating play
Mock'd her weak heart with visions sadly dear,
The shining lakelet, and the mountain grey:
And who is he, the youth of merriest cheer,
Who waves his eagle plume and grasps his hunting spear?

As from a feverish dream of pleasant sin,
She, starting, trembled, and her mantle blue,
With golden border bright, and silver pin,
Round her wet cheek and heaving bosom drew;
Yet still with heavy cheer and downcast view,
From room to room she wander'd to and fro,
Till chance or choice her careless glances threw
Upon an iron door, whose archway low,
And valves half open flung, a gorgeous sight might show.

It was a hall of costliest garniture,
With arras hung in many a purple fold;
Whose glistening roof was part of silver pure,
And silken part, and part of twisted gold,
With arms embroider'd and achievements old;
Where that rich metal caught reflected day,
As in the hours of harvest men behold
Amid their sheaves a lurking adder play,
Whose burnish'd back peeps forth amid the stubble grey.

And, in the midst, an altar richly dight
With ever-burning lamps of silver pale,
And silver cross, and chalice heavenly bright,
Before whose beam a sinful heart might quail,
And sinful eye to bear its beauty fail.
It was, I ween, that gracious implement
Of heavenly love, the three-times hallow'd Grayle
To Britain's realm awhile in mercy lent,
Till sin defiled the land, and lust incontinent.

Strange things of that time-honour'd urn were told,
For youth it wont in aged limbs renew,
And kindle life in corpses deadly cold;
Yea, palsy warmth, and fever coolness drew,
While faith knelt gazing on its heavenly hue.
For not with day's reflected beam it shone,
Nor fiery radiance of the taper's blue;
But from its hollow rim around was thrown
A soft and sunny light, eternal and its own.

And many a riven helm around was hung,
And many a shield reversed, and shiver'd spear,
And armour to the passing footsteps rung,
And crowns that paynim kings were wont to wear;
Rich crowns, strange arms, but shatter'd all and sere;
Lo! this the chapel of that table round,
And shrine of Arthur and his warriors dear;
Where vent'rous knights by secret oaths were bound,
And, bless'd by potent prayers, their foemen to confound.

Nor less the scene such solemn use became,
Whose every wall in freshest colours dight,
Display'd in form, in feature, and in name,
The lively deeds of many a faithful knight;
And told of many a hardly foughten fight
Against the heathen host in gory field;
Of those who reap renown with falchion bright,
Or list in war the ponderous axe to wield,
Or press the courser's flank with spear and shield.

(From *Morte d'Arthur.*)

Ganora is Guinevere. *Carduel* or *Caer-Luel* is Carlisle.

From Heber's Journal.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

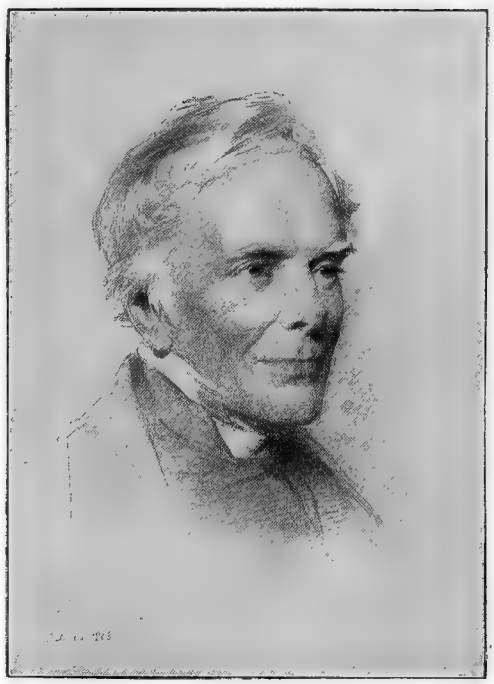
Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still ;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain ;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea ;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee !

This greeting to his wife was quoted by Thackeray with warm appreciation. Heber's wife published his *Life*, with a selection from his letters (2 vols. 1830), and a narrative of a journey from Calcutta to Bombay; and there is a shorter Life of him by Dr George Smith (1895).

John Keble (1792–1866), author of *The Christian Year*, was born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, the son of the vicar of the neighbouring parish of Coln-St-Aldwynds. At the early age of fourteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and having taken a double-first in classics and mathematics, was in 1811 elected to a fellowship at Oriel. He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate. The publication of *The Christian Year* (1827), and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. About the same time the Tractarian movement began, taking its first impulse from a sermon on national apostasy preached by Keble on the 14th July. Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble and Pusey were chief advisers and counsellors. Keble wrote some of the more important Tracts, inculcating 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition, firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real nature of the sacraments, and the danger of independent speculation.' In 1835 he became vicar of Hursley near Winchester. In 1846 he published a second volume of poems, *Lyra Innocentium*, and he was author of a *Life of Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man* (1863), and editor of an edition of Hooker's works. Keble's poetry shows great delicacy and purity of thought and expression ; prosaic sometimes and feeble, it carries with it an apostolic air and wins its way to the heart. After his death appeared a much-prized volume of *Letters of Spiritual Counsel*, twelve volumes of parochial sermons, besides collections of his papers and reviews, *Studia Sacra*, and other papers. His theory of poetry—that it is the vehicle for the expression of the poet's deepest feelings, controlled by a certain reserve—was explained in an interesting article in the *British Critic* in 1838 on Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and was worked out at length and illustrated by an examination of the chief Greek and Latin poets in his Latin lectures delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1831–41). It was only in deference to the wishes of his friends and not without much diffidence that in 1827 he published *The Christian Year, or*



JOHN KEBLE.
From a Drawing (1863) by G. Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year. The influence of this volume was not very great at first, but its excellence was recognised by true critics ; and later on, when the Tractarian movement had made its writer well known, and had stirred a deeper interest in its theme, it had an influence which can scarcely be overrated. For, though some of the poems are rather obscure and somewhat constrained and artificial, as though written to complete the series, yet the greater number have a genuine ring of inspiration in them : the love of home life and of nature, a calming, soothing sense of the ever-present love of God, a sobriety of religious feeling, and a sad undertone of grief for the moral and spiritual degeneracy of the Church are its most striking characteristics. More even than by his

works he influenced the Oxford movement by his saintly, affectionate, generous, and chivalrous character. Keble College, founded at Oxford in 1870, is a permanent monument to his memory. In the *Christian Year* we find suggested by the text, 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city' (Gen. xi. 8), the following:

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love:
With lulling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the Giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glades should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless time has wrought.

Another text (Prov. xiv. 10) suggests:

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh!

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

Second Sunday after Christmas.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.—*Isa.* xli. 17.

And wilt Thou hear the fevered heart
To Thee in silence cry?
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
Out of the restless eye,
Wilt Thou forgive the wayward thought,
By kindly woes yet half untaught
A Saviour's right, so dearly bought,
That Hope should never die?

Thou wilt: for many a languid prayer
Has reached Thee from the wild,
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an angel form was nigh,
To show soft waters gushing by
And dewy shadows mild.

Thou wilt -for Thou art Israel's God,
And Thine unwearied arm
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,
The hidden rill to charm
Out of the dry unfathomed deep
Of sands, that lie in lifeless sleep,
Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap
Their waves in rude alarm.

These moments of wild wrath are Thine—
Thine too the drearier hour
When o'er the horizon's silent line
Fond hopeless fancies cower,
And on the traveller's listless way
Rises and sets the unchanging day,
No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
On earth no sheltering bower.

Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,
To turn the bitter pool
Into a bright and breezy lake,
The throbbing brow to cool:
Till left awhile with Thee alone
The wilful heart be fain to own
That He by whom our bright hours shone,
Our darkness best may rule.

The scent of water far away
Upon the breeze is flung:
The desert pelican to-day
Securely leaves her young,
Reproving thankless man, who fears
To journey on a few lone years,
Where on the sand Thy step appears,
Thy crown in sight is hung.

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well
The weary hour of noon,
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune.
Thou from Whose cross in anguish burst
The cry that own'd Thy dying thirst,
To Thee we turn, our Last and First,
Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness, here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,
The gate of Heaven unclose?

The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—*Hab.* ii. 3.

The morning mist is cleared away,
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
Nor yet the autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,
Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chastened ear
Of her whom heaven is teaching how to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast:

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,
The appalling Future as it nearer draws:
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the eternal Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true
Waiting to see what GOD will do,
As o'er the Church the gathering twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye,
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forced from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:
There seek his answer when the world reproves:
Contented in his darkling round,
If only he be faithful found,
When from the east the eternal morning moves.

There are Lives of Keble by Sir J. Coleridge (1869) and the Rev. Walter Lock (1895); see also Principal Shairp's Essay (1866) and his *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* (1872).

George Finlay (1799–1875), the historian of Greece from the Roman conquest on, was the grandson of a well-known Glasgow merchant and nephew of Kirkman Finlay, the city's M.P., but was born at Faversham in Kent, where his father, an officer who had served in the West Indies and Holland, was inspector of the Government powder-mills. He was educated for the Scottish Bar at Glasgow, Göttingen, and Edinburgh; but, filled with Philhellenic ardour, was moved to join Lord Byron and other enthusiasts in the Greek rebellion. After the peace he bought a property near Athens, and, having vainly exhausted his means and enthusiasm on the political and agricultural regeneration of his adopted country, he devoted himself to historical studies, and as advocate and historian of the modern Greeks did more for their cause than most of the Philhellenes. His claims for compensation from the Greek Government, as well as those of Don Pacifico, were the cause of Lord Palmerston's famous demonstration against Greece in 1850. Ultimately he acted as *Times* correspondent at Athens, and there he died.

His great History was written and published piecemeal in seven volumes between 1843 and 1861 as *Greece under the Romans*, *The Byzantine Empire*, *Byzantine and Greek Empires*, *Mediæval Greece and Trebizond*, *Greece under the Othoman and Venetian Domination*, and *The Greek Revolution*. The whole was reissued by the Clarendon Press in 1877, under Mr Tozer's editorship, as a continuous *History of Greece from the Roman Conquest to the Present Time, B.C. 146 to A.D. 1864*. It was long before the great merits of his work were recognised by the world, but gradually students in all countries admitted its eminent and permanent value. The chief German authorities have praised its powerful style, its statesmanlike insight and philosophical spirit. Finlay showed throughout a vigorous, independent, and impartial mind; his great merit, according to his most recent editor, 'in tracing the course of events consists in his looking below the surface and endeavouring to discover the secret influences at work.' His disappointment at the non-realisation of the hopes for Greece he founded on the establishment of its independence—the cause for which he gave his patrimony and his life—led him at times to speak and write bitterly and sarcastically of the modern Greeks. His work, the only work of consequence in English on the vast subject with which it deals, may be regarded as the continuation of Gibbon. But Gibbon, though he dealt with some part of the period, regarded the Byzantine Empire 'rather as a peg on which to hang his general survey of the time than as deserving of study for its own sake.' Finlay did much to show that Gibbon's attitude was unfair, and to render for ever impossible the old, unsympathetic, depreciatory view of Byzantine history.

The Capture of Constantinople.

On the day before the assault the emperor rode round to all the posts occupied by the garrison, and encouraged the troops to expect victory by his cheerful demeanour. He then visited the Church of St Sophia, already deserted by the orthodox, where with his attendants he partook of the holy sacrament according to the Latin form. He returned for a short time to the imperial palace, that he might rest for a short time, and on quitting it to take his station at the great breach, he was so overcome by the certainty that he should never again behold those present that he turned to the members of his household, many of whom had been the companions of his youth, and solemnly asked them to pardon every offence he had ever given them. Tears burst from all present as Constantine mounted his horse and rode slowly forward to meet his fate.

The contrast between the city of the Christians and the camp of the Mohammedans was not encouraging. Within the walls an emperor in the decline of life commanded a small and disunited force, with twenty leaders under his orders, each at the head of an almost independent band of Greek, Genoese, Venetian, or Catalan soldiers. So slight was the tie which bound these various chiefs together that, even when they were preparing for the final assault, the emperor was obliged to use all his authority and personal influence to prevent Giustiniani and the Grand-Duke Notaras from coming to blows. Giustiniani demanded to be supplied with some additional guns for the defence of the great breach, but Notaras, who had the official control over the artillery, peremptorily refused the demand.

In the Turkish camp, on the other hand, perfect unity prevailed, and a young, ardent, and able sovereign concentrated in his hands the most despotic authority over a numerous and well-disciplined army. To excite the energy of that army to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the sultan proclaimed that he abandoned the whole plunder of Constantinople to the troops, reserving to himself only the public buildings. The day of battle was regarded as a religious festival in the Othoman camp, and on the previous night lamps were hung out before every tent, and fires were kindled on every eminence in or near the lines. Thousands of lanterns were

suspended from the flagstaffs of the batteries, and from the masts and yards of the ships, and were reflected in the waters of the Propontis, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus. The whole Othoman encampment was resplendent with the blaze of this illumination. Yet a deep silence prevailed during the whole night, except when the musical cadence of the solemn chant of a thousand voices calling the true believers to prayers reminded the Greeks of the immense numbers and strict discipline of the host which was waiting eagerly for the signal of attack.

On the 29th May [1453], long before the earliest dawn, the assault commenced both by land and sea. Column after column marched forward, and took up their ground before the portions of the wall they were ordered to assail. The galleys, fitted with towers and scaling-platforms, protected by the guns on the bridge, advanced against the fortifications of the port. But the principal attack was directed against the breach at the gate of St Romanos, where two flanking towers had fallen into the ditch and opened a passage into the interior of the city. The gate of Charsias and the quarter of Blachern were also assailed by chosen regiments of janissaries in overwhelming numbers. The attack was made with daring courage, but for more than two hours every point was successfully defended. In the port the contest appeared favourable to the besieged; and even on the land side their valour was for some time successful. But fresh columns followed one another in an incessant stream, and if one battalion fell back to reform its ranks, another rushed forward to take its place and renew the assault. The defenders were at last fatigued by their exertions, and their scanty numbers were weakened by wounds and death. Unfortunately, Giustiniani, the protostrator or marshal of the army, and the ablest officer in the place, received a wound which compelled him to retire on board his ship to have it dressed. Until that moment he and the emperor had defended the great breach with advantage, but after his retreat Sagan Pasha, observing that the energy of the defenders was relaxed, excited the bravest of the janissaries to mount to the assault. A chosen company led by Hassan of Ulubad (Lopadion), a man of gigantic frame, first crossed the ruins of the wall, and their leader gained the summit of the dilapidated tower which flanked the breach. The defenders made a desperate resistance. Hassan and many of his followers were slain, but the janissaries had secured the vantage-ground, and fresh troops pouring in to their aid, they surrounded the defenders of the breach. The emperor fell amidst a heap of slain, and a column of janissaries rushed into Constantinople over his lifeless body.

About the same time another corps of the Othomans forced an entrance into the city at the Gate Kerkos, which had been left almost without defence, for the besieged were not sufficiently numerous to guard the whole line of the fortifications, and their best troops were drawn to the points where the attacks were fiercest. The corps that forced the Gate Kerkos took the defenders of the Gate Charsias in the rear, and overpowered all resistance in the quarter of Blachern.

Several gates were then thrown open, and the victorious army entered Constantinople at several points. The cry that the enemy had stormed the walls preceded their march. Senators, priests, monks, and nuns; men, women, and children, all rushed to seek safety in St Sophia's. A prediction current among the Greeks flattered them with the vain hope that an angel would descend from heaven and destroy the Mohammedans in order to reveal the extent of God's love for the orthodox. St Sophia's, which for some time they had forsaken as a spot profaned by the emperor's attempt at a union of the Christian world, was again revered as the sanctuary of orthodoxy, and was crowded with the flower of the Greek nation, confident of a miraculous interposition in favour of their national pride and ecclesiastical prejudices.

The besiegers, when they first entered the city, fearing lest they might encounter serious resistance in the narrow streets, put every soul they encountered to the sword. But as soon as they were fully aware of the impossibility of any further opposition, they began to make prisoners. At length they reached St Sophia's, and rushed into that magnificent temple, which could with ease contain about twenty thousand persons. The men, women, and children who had sought safety in the church were divided among the soldiers as slaves, without any reference to their rank or respect for their ties of blood, and hurried off to the camp, or placed under the guard of comrades, who formed joint alliances for the security of their plunder. The ecclesiastical ornaments and church-plate were poor indeed when compared with the immense riches of the Byzantine cathedral in the time of the Crusaders; but whatever was movable was divided among the soldiers with such celerity that the mighty temple soon presented few traces of having been a Christian church. The sack of this great cathedral was marked by many deeds of rapacity and cruelty, but it was not stained by the infamous orgies and wanton insults with which the Crusaders had disgraced their victory in 1204.

While one division of the victorious army was engaged in plundering the southern side of the city, from the Gate of St Romanos to the Church of St Sophia, another, turning to the port, made itself master of the warehouses that were filled with merchandise, and surrounded the Greek troops under the Grand-Duke Notaras. The Greeks were easily subdued, and Notaras surrendered himself a prisoner.

About midday the Turks were in possession of the whole city, and Mohammed II. entered his new capital at the Gate of St Romanos, riding triumphantly past the body of the Emperor Constantine, which lay concealed among the slain in the breach he had defended. The sultan rode straight to the Church of St Sophia, where he gave the necessary orders for the preservation of all the public buildings. Even during the license of the sack, the severe education and grave character of the Othomans exerted a powerful influence on their conduct, and on this occasion there was no example of the wanton destruction and wilful conflagrations that had signalised the Latin conquest. To convince the Greeks that their orthodox empire was extinct, Mohammed ordered a moolah to ascend the bema and address a sermon to the Mussulmans, announcing that St Sophia was now a mosque set apart for the prayers of the true believers. To put an end to all doubts concerning the death of the emperor, he ordered the body of Constantine to be sought amongst the slain, and after it had been identified by the Grand-Duke Notaras, the head was exposed to the inhabitants of the capital, from whence it was afterwards sent as a trophy to be seen by the Greeks of the principal cities in the Othoman Empire.

The body was interred with due ceremony at a spot which is still pointed out, and where the Othoman sultans keep alive a striking memorial of their ancestor's victory by maintaining a lamp constantly burning over the remains of the last Christian emperor of Constantinople.

Colonel William Mure (1799–1860) of Caldwell in Ayrshire, who was educated at Westminster, Edinburgh, and Bonn, represented Renfrewshire in Parliament, commanded in the militia, and was Lord Rector of Glasgow University, was the author of a learned work, *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece* (5 vols. 1850–57, unfinished). He travelled in Greece, and in the *Journal* of his tour (1842) engaged in the Homeric controversy, especially as to the localities of the *Odyssey*. A competent scholar devoted to Greek literature for twenty years, he brought to his *Critical History* political opinions directly opposite to those of Mr Grote, maintained that both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were originally composed substantially as we still have them, and argued strenuously for the unity and authenticity of the Homeric poems.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this among his many great qualities which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception perhaps of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible. Still less credible is it that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is perhaps even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might without any concert have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolphs, Quicklys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

John Colin Dunlop (c. 1785–1842), son of a poetical Lord Provost of Glasgow (see Vol. II. p. 808), studied there and at Edinburgh for the Scottish Bar, and from 1816 till his death was Sheriff of Renfrewshire. His *History of Fiction . . . from the Earliest Greek Romances till the Novels of the Present Age*, published in 1814, could not from the nature of the case be a perfect work, nor does it stand on the higher level of literary criticism. But, improved in a second edition (3 vols. 1816), it was in the German annotated translation (1851) described as the only work of its kind; and it contains a vast amount of sensible, if at times somewhat superficial, information. He wrote also a *History of Roman Literature* (3 vols. 1823–28), *Memoirs of Spain from 1621 to 1700* (2 vols. 1834), and a volume of translations from the Latin Anthology (1838).

Sir William Francis Patrick Napier (1785–1860) was a descendant of Napier of Merchiston, brother of Sir Charles the conqueror of Sindh, and cousin of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who bombarded Acre and commanded in the Baltic in the war against Russia in 1854. Born at Celbridge, County Kildare, the son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier and his second wife, Lady Sarah Bunbury (daughter of the Duke of Richmond and at one time the object of a romantic passion on the part of the young George III.), he entered the army at fifteen, and as an officer in the famous Light Division greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, of which he was to write the splendid record, *The History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France from the year 1807 to the year 1814* (1828–40). Napier, unlike most earlier British authors, showed the same admiration for French as for English heroism; his proof-sheets were read by Marshal Soult. The book immediately gave Napier high rank amongst English writers and historians; superseded Southey's and other works on the same subject; was translated into French, Spanish, Italian, and German; and took a permanent place as an English classic. Mr Oman, in rewriting the history of the Peninsular war (1902), fully recognises the merits of 'the immortal six volumes of the grand old soldier,' but insists, with evidence, that in this all-important contemporary narrative the personal element counts for too much, and that Napier's sympathies and

enmities have coloured the whole work. He was a bitter enemy of the Tories of his own day, and is not a trustworthy guide either on the English or Spanish politics of the time. He was strongly prejudiced against Canning and Castlereagh, and cherished the hallucination 'that Bonaparte was a beneficent character thwarted in his designs for the regeneration of Europe by the obstinate and narrow-minded opposition of the British Government.' He is always unfair to the Spaniards, and invariably minimises their successes and exaggerates their defeats. But 'as a narrator of the incidents of war he is unrivalled: no one who has ever read them can forget his soul-stirring descriptions of the charge of the Fusilier brigade at Albuera, of the assault on the great breach at Badajos, or the storming of Soult's position on the Rhune. These and a hundred other eloquent passages will survive for ever as masterpieces of vigorous English prose.' Napier, who was a generous and hot-tempered man, a keen controversialist, an accomplished painter and sculptor, wrote, beside his *magnum opus*, an account of *The Conquest of Scinde* (1845), a somewhat too eulogistic and one-sided *Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier* (1857), and a history of his brother's administration of Sindh.

Albuera.

Houghton's regiments reached the height under a heavy cannonade, and the Twenty-ninth, after breaking through the fugitive Spaniards, was charged in flank by the French lancers; yet two companies, wheeling to the right, foiled this attack with a sharp fire, and then the third brigade of the second division came up on the left, and the Spanish troops under Zayas and Ballesteros at last moved forward. Hartman's artillery was now in full play, and the enemy's infantry recoiled, but soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before. The cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range; the peals of musketry were incessant, often within pistol-shot; yet the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them an inch of ground or a moment of time to open their ranks. Their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice wounded, Colonel Duckworth was slain, and the intrepid Houghton, having received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the very act of cheering on his men. Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty-two officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy who had mounted the hill, fell in the Fifty-seventh alone; the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one-third were standing in any: ammunition failed, and as the English fire slackened a French column was established in advance upon the right flank. The play of the guns checked them a moment, but in this dreadful crisis Beresford wavered! Destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. He had before brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement; he now sent Alten orders to abandon the bridge and village of Albuera, and to take, with his Germans and the Portuguese artillery, a position to cover a retreat by the Valverde road. But while the commander was thus preparing to resign the contest, Colonel Hardinge had urged Cole to advance with the fourth division; and then riding to the third brigade of the second division, which, under the command of Colonel Abercrombie, had hitherto been only slightly engaged, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die was thus cast; Beresford acquiesced, Alten received orders to retake the village, and this terrible battle was continued.

The fourth division was composed of two brigades: one of Portuguese under General Harvey; the other, under Sir William Myers, consisting of the Seventh and Twenty-third Regiments, was called the fusileer brigade: Harvey's Portuguese were immediately pushed in between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were charged by some French cavalry, whom they beat off, and meantime Cole led his fusileers up the contested height. At this time six guns were in the enemy's possession, the whole of Werlé's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground, the field was heaped with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper parts of the hill, and behind all, Hamilton's Portuguese and Alten's Germans, now withdrawing from the bridge, seemed to be in full retreat. Soon, however, Cole's fusileers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion under Colonel Hawkshawe, mounted the hill, drove off the lancers, recovered five of the captured guns and one colour, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, precisely as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded; and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships; but suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like

a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep: the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!

Badajos.

All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle commenced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal showed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming-parties of the light division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition; but then a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side; on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming-parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, the men flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped reckless of the depth into the gulf below; and at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in and descended with a like fury. There were only five ladders for the two columns, which were close together, and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad was filled with water from the inundation; into that watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed checked not, but, as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach and instantly covered with men; yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad; the two divisions got mixed; the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which feet being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but always the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen; hundreds more were dropping; still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and, sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so far from the shot that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily and who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies and the slaughter would have continued.

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such that no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, and the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other, and the wounded struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations: order was impossible! Officers of all ranks, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by sudden madness and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of a huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the Forty-third, a young man whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed; wherever his voice was heard his soldiers had gathered, and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up the fatal ruins that when one behind him in falling plunged a bayonet into his back he complained not, but, continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. Yet there was no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers until two hours passed in these vain efforts had convinced the troops the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although

less strong, was retired and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the soldiers did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked as their victims fell, '*why they did not come into Badajos.*'

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the engineers was observed by Lieutenant Shaw of the Forty-third making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw immediately collected fifty soldiers of all regiments and joined him; and although there was a deep cut along the foot of that breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers led their gallant band with a rush up the ruins; but when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! With inexpressible coolness he looked at his watch, and saying it was too late to carry the breaches, rejoined the masses at the other attack. After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for of the riflemen on the glacis, many, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and, too few in number, entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, ordered the remainder to retire and re-form for a second assault; he had heard the castle was taken, but, thinking the enemy would still resist in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion; the French fire never slackened; a cry arose that the enemy was making a sally from the distant flanks, and there was a rush towards the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move and expected to be slain increased, and many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back; some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time Picton was lying close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge: thus the town was girdled with fire, for Walker's brigade, having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river and reached the French guard-house at the barrier-gate undiscovered, the ripple of the waters smothering the sound of their footsteps; but just then the explosion at the breaches took place; the moon shone out; the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired; and the British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way. The Portuguese, panic-stricken, threw down the scaling-ladders; the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but the guiding engineer officer was killed, there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and the ladders proved too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. The fire of the enemy was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately some of the defenders had been called away to aid in recovering the castle; the ramparts were not entirely manned; and the assailants, discovering a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and drew others after him until many had won the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, their numbers augmented rapidly, and half the Fourth Regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the French from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

In the last of these combats Walker, leaping forward sword in hand at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, was covered with so many wounds it was wonderful that he could survive; and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops who had not been stopped by the strong barrier, the deep ditch, the high walls, and the deadly fire of the enemy, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising; and in this disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some men over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the Thirty-eighth as a reserve, and when the French came up, shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, two hundred strong, arose and with one close volley destroyed them; then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches. But the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield. Meanwhile the portion of the Fourth Regiment which had entered the town was strangely situated. For the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated and no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whispers were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards, while the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town. In their progress they captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches; yet the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with

lamps: a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation; they saw only an illumination and heard only low whispering around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing of thunder. Plainly, however, the fight was there raging; and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse by attacking the ramparts from the town side, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French; other parties entered; desultory combats took place. Veillande and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers and entered San Christoval, which was surrendered next morning upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset; for that officer had with great readiness pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, this noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism. All, indeed, were not alike; hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence, but madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled; the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of!

Five thousand men and officers fell in this siege, and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first four severely; six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred! And how deadly the breach strife was may be gathered from this: the Forty-third and Fifty-second Regiments of the light division lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be considered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died not all suddenly nor by one manner of death—that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water—that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking and the town was won at last. Let these things be considered, and it must be admitted a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men; the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily: shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Ninety-fifth, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the hardiness of Ferguson of the Forty-third, who, having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, his former hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, the third time wounded? Nor would I be understood to select these as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passes unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw; but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

The following outburst on Byron—intercalated in Napier's defence of his brother—shows the historian of the Peninsular war in another light:

On Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephalonia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious dullness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him mountain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the human heart, gave up their poetic secrets; and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound; and when it ceased they sorrowed.

Sir John Kincaid (1787–1862) was one among several of Wellington's soldiers who wrote picturesque memoirs of their services under him in the Napoleonic wars. Born near Falkirk, he held a lieutenant's commission in the North York Militia, but in 1809 enlisted in the old 95th—the present Rifle Brigade—as a volunteer. In the ranks at first, but afterwards as a lieutenant, he served through the Peninsular war from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, and fought also at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. After the peace he rose to be a captain in 1826 and Yeoman of the Guard in 1844, and was knighted in 1852. In 1830 appeared his *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, describing in familiar and unsystematic fashion,

but with wonderful spirit and vividness, his experiences in the Peninsular and Belgian campaigns. Kincaid had a genuine literary gift, and his book ranks first in a group of camp memoirs wherein the next best is probably the *Recollections* (1848) of 'Rifleman' Harris, a private of the 95th during the campaigns of Vimeiro and Corunna. The following glimpse of Waterloo is from Kincaid:

The Riflemen at Waterloo.

The silencing of these guns was succeeded by a very extraordinary scene on the same spot. A strong regiment of Hanoverians advanced in line to charge the enemy out of La Haye Sainte; but they were themselves charged by a brigade of cuirassiers, and, excepting one officer on a little black horse, who went off to the rear like a shot out of a shovel, I do believe that every man of them was put to death in about five seconds. A brigade of British light dragoons advanced to their relief, and a few on each side began exchanging thrusts; but it seemed likely to be a drawn battle between them, without much harm being done, when our men brought it to a crisis sooner than either side anticipated, for they previously had their rifles eagerly pointed at the cuirassiers, with a view of saving the perishing Hanoverians; but the fear of killing their friends withheld them, until the others were utterly overwhelmed, when they instantly opened a terrific fire on the whole concern, sending both sides to flight; so that, on the small space of ground within a hundred yards of us, where five thousand men had been fighting the instant before, there was not now a living soul to be seen.

It made me mad to see the cuirassiers in their retreat stooping and stabbing at our wounded men as they lay on the ground. How I wished that I had been blessed with Omnipotent power for a moment, that I might have blighted them!

The same field continued to be a wild one the whole of the afternoon. It was a sort of duelling-post between the two armies, every half-hour showing a meeting of some kind upon it; but they never exceeded a short scramble, for men's lives were held very cheap there.

For the two or three succeeding hours there was no variety with us, but one continued blaze of musketry. The smoke hung so thick about that, although not more than eighty yards asunder, we could only distinguish each other by the flashes of the pieces.

I shall never forget the scene which the field of battle presented about seven in the evening. I felt weary and worn out, less from fatigue than anxiety. Our division, which had stood upwards of five thousand men at the commencement of the battle, had gradually dwindled down into a solitary lot of skirmishers. The 27th Regiment were lying literally dead, in square, a few yards behind us. My horse had received another shot through the leg, and one through the flap of the saddle, which lodged in his body, sending him a step beyond the pension-list. The smoke still hung so thick about us that we could see nothing. I walked a little way to each flank, to endeavour to get a glimpse of what was going on; but nothing met my eye except the mangled remains of men and horses, and I was obliged to return to my post as wise as I went.

I had never yet heard of a battle in which everybody was killed; but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively impatient under the tame similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis-a-vis;* for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the 27th) and two living ones, and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views; but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears—it was Lord Wellington's long-wished-for orders to advance; it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near—we took it up by instinct, and charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him; but he called out, 'No cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!'

This movement had carried us clear of the smoke; and, to people who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Alliance; but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and everything belonging to them fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

Selections from the Memoirs of Kincaid, Harris, and others were edited by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett under the title of *Wellington's Men* (1900).

James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855), traveller and lecturer, was born, a farmer's son, at Flushing near Falmouth, and went to sea before he was ten. After years of wandering, he in 1818 started a journal at Calcutta, whose strictures on the Indian Government led to its suppression (1823). In London he established the *Oriental Herald* (1824) and the *Athenæum* (1828), which he edited for a year or two, selling his interest in it ultimately to John Sterling. From 1832 to 1837 he was member for Sheffield, and then travelled for four years in North America. He was projector of the British and Foreign Institute (1843–1846), and president of the London Temperance League (1851). Between 1822 and 1855 he published nearly a score of volumes of travel (in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Assyria, America, as well as in Western Europe) and many political treatises, besides two volumes of an Autobiography, of which the third and fourth never appeared.

James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862) was long accounted the most successful of modern tragic dramatists. Born at Cork, he was the son of a respected teacher and author of a dictionary, a first cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and the boy, after being trained mainly in his father's school, was successively an ensign in the militia, a medical student, an actor, a schoolmaster, an actor again, and from about 1844 an occasional Baptist preacher, fierce in denunciation of Catholicism. His first play, *Caius Gracchus*, was performed at Belfast in 1815; the next, *Virginius* (1820), which had a good run at Covent Garden, was based on the familiar story of Virginia and Appius. Knowles afterwards brought out *William Tell* (1825), in which Macready achieved a triumph, *The Hunchback* (1832), *The Love Chase* (1837), and other pieces. Several of his pieces are still standard acting plays. For more than a dozen years he enjoyed a civil list pension of £200. To a considerable knowledge of stage-effect he united a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring which, if at times too florid, set off familiar images and illustrations. His style was formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to extravagance; he frequently violated Roman history and classical propriety, ran into conceits and affected metaphors, and had little sense of humour; his blank verse is mostly wooden and irregular, never in very perfect rhythm, and the style is not seldom stilted. These faults were counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing situations and plots, romantic, not too improbable, though usually somewhat conventional; by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life; and by the infusion of not a little warm feeling and some real poetry. He had a happy knack of utilising commonplaces or paradoxes for his purposes—thus: 'It follows not because the hair is rough, the dog's a savage one;' 'What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill? The honour is to mount it;' 'When fails our dearest friend, there may be refuge with our direst foe.'

From 'Virginius.'

[Appius Claudius, with whom is his client Caius Claudius, ascends the tribunal as Numitorius, Icilius, Virginius with his daughter, and the rest enter.]

Appius. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?
Claudius. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment. . . .
App. There 's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!
Virginius. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know that he
Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal.
App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I 'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I 'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!
App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
Claud. Most noble Appius——
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.
Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me. Go on;
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
App. You shall have it.
Vir. Doubtless!
App. Keep back the people, Lictors!—What 's
Your plea? You say the girl 's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.
Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl——
Numitorius. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I 'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [*Retires.*
Num. Will she swear she is her child?
Vir. To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she 'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She 'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.
Virginia. Icilius!
Icilius. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.
App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?
Slave. It is my oath.
App. Your answer now, Virginius.
Vir. Here it is! [*Brings Virginia forward.*
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?
Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.
App. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!
You 're very ready for a tumult, citizens.
Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!—
We 've had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.
Vir. Troops in the Forum!
App. Virginius, have you spoken?
Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I 'll speak again.
App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.
Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. [*Aside.*
App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.
Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. [*Aside.*
App. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?
Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*
App. Nay, Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!
Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him, picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained.—Your hands! your hands! your hands!
Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.
App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.
Icilius. Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance, but upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat and leave Icilius, Virginius, and his daughter in the hands of Appius and his party.]

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.
Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis; we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App. Take Icilius hence;
Away with him!
Icil. [*Forced away.*] Tyrant! Virginia!
App. Separate
Virginius and the girl.—Delay not, slaves.
Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They 'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you 're sure of her!
App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.
Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For e'en so long a time. They that have lived
For such a space together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take

The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse ; perhaps she 'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart that, if you break it
So suddenly, my heart breaks with it.
App. Well,
Look to them, Lictors.
Virginia. Do you go from me?
Do you leave? Father! Father!
Vir. No, my child—
No, my Virginia—come along with me.
Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you! bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

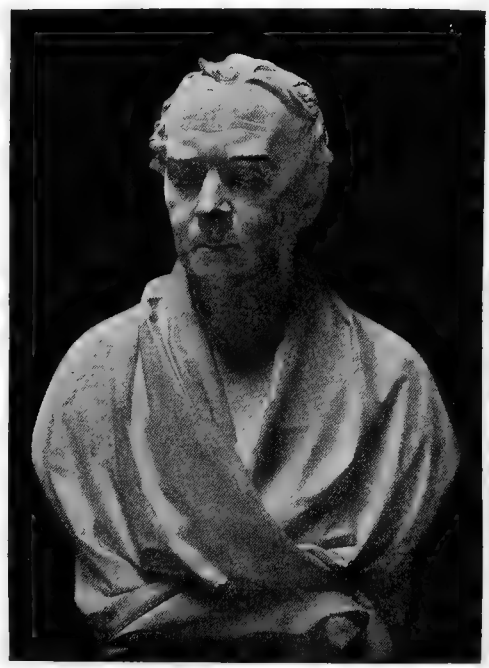
[Virginius, looking anxiously round, sees a butcher's stall.]

Vir. This way, my child—No, no ; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I 'll not leave thee.
App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—
Well, have you done?
Vir. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.
App. I hope you are satisfied.
Vir. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!
App. Take her, Lictors!
[*Virginia, shrieking, falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.*
Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you 're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!
There is only one way to save thine honour—
'Tis this. [*Stabs her.*
Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!
App. Stop him! Seize him!
Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them : thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

Knowles's *Dramatic Works* were collected (3 vols.) in 1843 ; of a Life by his son (1872) only twenty-five copies were printed.

Basil Hall (1788–1844), writer of travels, was born in Edinburgh, the son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, chemist and founder of experimental geology. Basil entered the navy in 1802, and in 1816 commanded a sloop in the naval escort of Lord Amherst's mission to Peking, visiting Corea, then a region hardly known, and described for the first time in his *Voyage of Discovery to Corea* (1818). He also wrote a *Journal on the Coast of Chili, Peru, and Mexico in 1820–22 ; Travels in North America in 1827–28*, a vivacious work whose free criticisms of things American gave great offence in the United States ; and *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* (1831–40). *Schloss Hainfeld* (1836) was a semi-romance, and *Patchwork* (1841) a collection of tales and sketches. Hall died insane in Haslar Hospital.

Bryan Waller Procter ('Barry Cornwall ;' 1787–1874) was born at Leeds, and educated at Harrow, with Byron and Peel for schoolfellows. Articled to a solicitor at Calne, about 1807 he came to London to live, and in 1815 began to contribute poetry to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1816 he succeeded by his father's death to about £500 a year, and in 1823 married Basil Montagu's step-daughter, Anne Benson Skepper. He had meanwhile published four volumes of poems, and produced a tragedy, *Mirandola* (1821), at Covent Garden, the success of which was largely due to the acting of Macready and Charles Kemble. Procter was called to the Bar in 1831, from 1832 to



BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.
From the Bust by G. J. H. Foley, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

1861 was a Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy. In 1857 a windfall came to Procter and other poets. Mr John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society and author of a *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*, bequeathed over £140,000 in legacies to friends and writers whom he admired. Thus to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a sum of £4000 was allotted ; to her husband, £6500 ; and to Procter also £6500. Procter's works, published under the pseudonym 'Barry Cornwall' (a faulty anagram of his real name), comprise *Dramatic Scenes* (1819), *A Sicilian Story* and *Marcian Colonna* (1820), *The Flood of Thessaly* (1823), and *English Songs* (1832), besides memoirs of Edmund Kean (1835) and Charles Lamb (1866). The poems are rarely more than studies or graceful exercises, harmonious echoes of bygone and contemporary singers. Yet 'Barry Cornwall' will

be remembered as the man whom every one loved—that company including a hundred of the greatest of the century. His daughter Adelaide earned an independent right to a place in such a cyclopædia as the present (see below). His *Bryan Waller Procter: an Autobiographical Fragment*, was edited in 1877 by Coventry Patmore; and the *Academy* for 17th March 1888 had a long article on Mrs Procter.

Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose; thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Marcelia.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
And widened: all its music died away,
And in the place a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal—cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar—clustered, and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death: 'twas strange, for through the day
They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To make a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disowned their natural green, and took black
And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching
His straggling arms across the rivulet,
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaves, straws, withered boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current, and with these it hid
The poor Marcelia's death-bed. Never may net
Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
And the white heifer lows, and passes on:
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there: and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequered as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
For some misdeed. The story goes that some
Neglected girl—an orphan whom the world
Frowned upon—once strayed thither and 'twas thought
Cast herself in the stream. You may have heard
Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who
Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved
A wealthy man who marked her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
And drowned herself for love.

An Invocation to Birds.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phœnix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
Until they waken. And thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouched echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth—
Epithalamium and Pindarique song—
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me.
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The Nights.

Oh, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown!

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the bird of the woods its nest;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick, the weary—rest!

Song for Twilight.

Hide me, O twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar;
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander;
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder.

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul;
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour:
But if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep for ever.

The Death of Amelia Wentworth.

Marian. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amelia. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?
Mar. O yes, but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look above! the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing: 'They said his eye'—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the midday sun was bright'——
Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.
Amel. I hearken. Now.

Song.

His eye like the midday sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far:
And yet when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth time
Float on his starry journey! Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,

Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There 's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!
Charles (*entering*). I am here. Did you not call?
Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother—now
I take that title—in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There 's one thing pains me, and I would be calm.
My husband has been harsh unto me—yet
He *is* my husband; and you 'll think of this,
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him!—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.
Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady, nay——
Ch. Indeed you must not.
Amel. Well, then, I will be silent; yet not so.
For ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.
Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me?
Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: these eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour——
Ch. Oh, no!
No, no! oh, say not so! I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?
Amel. No: I would caution it against a change
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead——
Ch. Alas, alas!
Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—— [*Wentworth enters.*
Mar. She 's pale—speak, speak.
Ch. O my lost mother!—How! You here?
Went. I am come
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.
Ch. Look!
Mar. She has left us.
Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar. It is in vain.
Ch. Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint.
O mother, mother! I—I cannot weep.
Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her! And has death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*—so beautiful;
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love?
O thou bright heaven! if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest;
For lo! the brightest of thy host has gone—
Departed—and the earth is dark below,
And now—I 'll wander far and far away.
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say, 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
From land to land I 'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past. And now—for Hindustan.

Bernard Barton (1784–1849), the Quaker poet, was born in London of Cumbrian parentage. His mother died in bearing him, his father about 1791; and Bernard, brought up by his step-mother at Tottenham, and sent to a Quaker school at Ipswich, was from 1798 to 1806 in a shop at Halstead. He then went to Woodbridge, married, turned coal and corn merchant, lost his wife (1808), and, after a year as a tutor at Liverpool, returned to Woodbridge as clerk in a bank; there he continued until two days before his death. He left a daughter, Lucy, who married Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám. Barton more than once thought of giving up business for a literary life. Byron in 1812 remonstrated: 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.' Charles Lamb, too, in 1823 wrote to him: 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash

headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's-length from them—come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? —rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not —may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship! . . . Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you.' Bernard Barton followed the advice, and managed withal to publish ten volumes of verse between 1812 and 1845—he 'would never believe there could be too much poetry.' Several hymns by him are in general use, 'Lamp of our feet' and 'Walk in the light' being the most familiar. In 1824 some Quaker friends raised £1200 for him, and in 1846 Peel procured him a pension of £100 a year. FitzGerald prefixed an exquisite Memoir to his *Remains* (1849); and there is also Mr E. U. Lucas's *Bernard Barton and his Friends* (1894).

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

To my Daughter.

Sweet pledge of joys departed! as I lay
Wrapt in deep slumber, I beheld thee led
By thy angelic mother, long since dead—
Methought upon her face such smiles did play
As gild the summer morning. A bright ray
Of lambent glory stream'd around her head.
I gazed in rapture; love had banish'd dread,
Even as light the darkness drives away.
Silent awhile ye stood—I could not move,
Such sweet delight my senses did o'erpower;
When, in mild accents of celestial love,
Thy guardian spoke—'Cherish this opening flower
With holy love; that so the future hour
Shall reunite our souls in bliss above.'

Ebenezer Elliott (1781–1849) was born of mixed moss-trooper and yeoman ancestry at Masborough, now a suburb of Rotherham, in Yorkshire. A shy and morbid boy, who proved a dull pupil at four different schools, he worked in his father's foundry from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, and threatened to become a 'sad drunken dog,' till the picture of a primrose in Sowerby's *Botany* 'led him into the fields, and poetry followed.' His *Vernal Walk*, written at sixteen, was published in 1801; to it succeeded *Night* (1818), *The Village Patriarch* (1829), *Corn-law Rhymes and the Ranter* (third ed. 1831), and other volumes. He had married early, and sunk all his wife's fortune in his father's business; but in 1821, with a borrowed capital of £100, he started on his own account as a bar-iron merchant at Sheffield, and throve exceedingly, 'making £20 a day sometimes without stirring from his counting-house, or ever seeing the goods he disposed of.' Though in 1837 he lost fully one-third of his savings, still in 1841 he was able to retire with £300 a year to a house of his own building at Great Houghton near Barnsley, and there he died. In his poems he saw the poor as miserable and oppressed, and traced most of the evils he deplores to the Corn-laws. These he affirmed to be 'the cause of all the crime that is committed;' 'agriculturists,' he maintained, 'ought not to live by robbing and murdering the manufacturers.' On the other hand, 'Capital has a right to rule the land,' and 'Competition is the great social law of God;' and he was neither anarchist nor collectivist—

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.

The Corn-laws were denounced by him with a vehemence and a harshness of phraseology which most men cannot but feel as repulsive, even when they are recognised as the outcome of the irritated and inverted sympathies of an angry poet; and he had manifestly little or no humour. But his vigorous verses helped in no small degree to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass and wolf and venomous worm
Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me.

Elliott's imperfect but real endowment largely redeemed his errors of taste: his pictures of humble worth, his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent; he wrote from genuine feeling, and often rose to indisputable eloquence. The Corn-law Rhymer was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer Lytton, and Wilson, and became for a while almost as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—of its heights, dales, and 'broad towns'—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

The Excursion.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live and two that died!
This day drink health from nature's mountain-bowl;
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
Oh, thank the Lord for all He gives or takes—
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem!
And He will bless us when the world forsakes!

Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unblessed:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could,
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears and shakes his long dark hair.

Native Genius.

O faithful love, by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile;
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before);
Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too!
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children—splinters from the mountain's side—
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
  Northumbrian vales! ye saw in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity.
Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breathed, your blue-belled paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song.
  Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Dreamful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept:
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy:
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye:
And lo! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride:
O'er grazing herds, lo! ships suspended sail,
And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale!
  The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshened lilies swam;
The bright roach took the fly below the dam;
Ramped the glad colt, and cropped the pensile spray;
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush;
When calmly seated on his panniered ass,
Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
A milk-boy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalked on the grinder's wall an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or blamed;
And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed:
  'Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece!'

Song from 'Corn-law Rhymes.'

Child, is thy father dead?
  Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
  God's will be done!
Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
  Home we have none!

Father clamm'd thrice a week,
  God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
  Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
  God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best,
  Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
  Groan'd to be gone:
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest—
  Yes, ye have one!

There are two poor Lives of Elliott, one by his son-in-law, John Watkins (1850), and another by 'January Searle' (George S. Phillips; 1850). See Carlyle's essay for the *Edinburgh* of July 1832, and Guest's *History of Rotherham* (1879).

John Clare, the peasant poet, was born at Helpstone near Peterborough, 13th July 1793; his father was a helpless cripple and a pauper. John got some education by his own extra work as a plough-boy; from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen he fell in with Thomson's *Seasons*, and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy; at daybreak on a spring morning he walked to Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait till the shops were opened. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the green glades of Burghley Park he

composed his first piece of poetry, the *Morning Walk;* and this was soon followed by the *Evening Walk* and other verses. A benevolent exciseman taught writing and arithmetic to the young poet, who continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton in Rutland, he resolved to risk publishing a volume. By hard working day and night he saved a pound to print a prospectus; and a *Collection of Original Trifles* was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s. 6d. 'I distributed my papers,' he says; 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had been still in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Seven subscribers in all proposed. But one of the prospectuses led to an acquaintance with Edward Drury, a bookseller in Stamford, and through his mediation the poems were published at London by Taylor and Hessey, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January 1820 as *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant.* The attention of the public was instantly awakened; magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour; and soon he was in possession of a little fortune. Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock; the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life; Earl Spencer a further annuity of £10; and various other contributions were received, so that the poet had a permanent yearly allowance of £45. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now successful genius—he basked in the sunshine of poetical felicity. His second venture, *The Village Minstrel and other Poems* (2 vols. 1821), raised his reputation. The first piece, in the Spenserian stanza, describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams far in the shade where poverty retires.' Clare contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals more careful and polished in diction; but the poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude: he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties sank into nervous despondency and despair. For four years he was an inmate of Dr Allen's private asylum in Epping Forest, whence he escaped only to be taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, and there he dragged on a miserable existence of twenty years—unvisited by wife, child, or friend, it is said—till May 1864.

Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country-life. He was a faithful painter of country scenes and occupations, and he noted every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His imagery, drawn straight from nature, is varied and original; there is often a fine delicacy in his pieces; and not seldom he lights on really happy thoughts.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book;

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticèd to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burden lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

From 'The Woodman.'

Far o'er the dreary fields the woodland lies,
Rough is the journey which he daily goes;
The woolly clouds, that hang the frowning skies,
Keep winnowing down their drifting sleet and snows,
And thro' his doublet keen the north wind blows;
While hard as iron the cemented ground,
And smooth as glass the glibbed pool is froze;
His nailed boots with clenching tread rebound,
And dithering echo starts, and mocks the clamping sound.

The Primrose.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He 'll pause and pick his shapèd stone and shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul 's perplexed
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
So have I marked the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight:
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

Clare's Life has been written by Frederick Martin (1865) and J. L. Cherry (1873). His books were bought from his widow, and ultimately presented to the Northampton Museum. Mr Norman Gale edited a selection from his poems in 1902.

George Darley (1795–1846), poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin, and educated there at Trinity College. Against the wishes of his family he took to literature, and launched himself on London, where in 1822 he published *The Errors of Ecstasie*, a blank-verse dialogue between a mystic and a muse. He became one of the able band of writers for the *London Magazine*, started in 1820—'the only clever hand among them,' wrote Charles Lamb in 1825—and in its pages, under the pseudonym of John Lacy, his papers on the English dramatists appeared. The same magazine published his best story, *Lilian of the Vale*, which contains the well-known song, 'I 've been roaming.' Some other tales were included in the volume of *Labours of Idleness*, issued under the pseudonym of Guy Perceval in 1826. In 1827 appeared *Sylvia, or the May Queen*, mentioned by Lamb in one of his letters as a 'very poetical poem.' Darley afterwards joined the staff of the *Athenæum*, where he showed himself a severe and captious critic, notably in a savage onslaught on Talfourd's *Ion*. Always shy and recluse in his habits, he was finally a victim of melancholy and nervous depression. His poems *Nepenthe* and *The Lammergeyer* were circulated privately, and his latter years saw the publication of two dramas, *Thomas à Becket* (1840) and *Ethelstan* (1841). Darley was a man of very various accomplishment—a respectable writer on mathematics as well as a keen and erudite critic, and, within a certain range, a true poet. A profound student of the older English literature, he

edited Beaumont and Fletcher's plays in 1840; and so greatly was his style influenced by seventeenth-century models that F. T. Palgrave inserted in the *Golden Treasury* his beautiful lines beginning, 'It is not Beauty I demand,' as the work of an anonymous writer of that age. His *Nepenthe* was edited by R. A. Streatfield in 1897.

The Loveliness of Love.

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds: nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn;
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed;
There 's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there 's nought within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit wonn'd above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

Antiquity.

Antiquity, thou Titan-born!
That rear'st thee, in stupendous scorn
At all succession, from thy bed
On prime earth's firm foundation spread,
And look'st with dim but settled eye
O'er thy deep lap, within whose span
Layer upon layer sepulchred lie
Whole generations of frail man!
That steady glare not fierce simoom,
Blasting with his hot pinion blinds,
Nor floods of dust thy corse entomb,
Heaped o'er thee by the sexton winds!
Nor temple, tower, nor ponderous town
Built on thy grave can keep thee down;
But still thou rear'st thee in thy scorn,
Antiquity, thou Titan-born,
To crush our souls with that dim frown!

(From *Nepenthe.*)

A Mystic's Monologue.

Why then, when all is still, wilt thou not rest,
My soul, and drink th' oblivion of the scene?
Is 't not the type of man's eternal state?
The symbol of futurity—that safe retreat,
Which pitiful Mercy gave for all our woes?
Why then not taste anticipative joy?

Joy!—joy!—what joy?——Is joy, defect of woe,
Such as vacuity of sense affords?——
What joy—if sleep indeed be temporal death,
Its symbol and its type? Sleep is not joy!
'Tis impercipient! Certainly. Nor woe!
What is it, then? Mental annihilation——
And death, its antitype, is nothing more.

Annihilation!—dark!—and everlasting!——
Why, this were well! I could exchange for this.
O! how I long to throw this passion off!—
And what so prompt? so near? The pilfering breeze,
That robs the scented valley of its sweets,
And ravishes the poor, defenceless flowers,
Wing'd by velleity, can scarce o'ersweep
A few poor measures of the earth, in th' hour
'Tis swift'st; while I—by a little, little step,
And shrewd addition of the coffin-sheet,
To keep me from the shivering touch of earth,
Can pass—from world to world! This is most well.

To stand—thus pinion'd, on the outside brink
Of the fool's horror, the dull cave of death,
That hides away the fleering heav'ns—the gaze
Of pitiless-hearted pitiers;—to stand—
Loaden with weighty griefs and sallow cares,
Press'd by misfortunes innate and acquired,
And ere youth's rose hath summer'd on its stalk,
Turn'd to a wretched weed, wither'd and pale,
Stung by a venomous blast that bites my core,
Sickness—which binds me with an aching crown,
Encircling with its drowsy weight my head;
Last, Poverty, upon a carrion steed,
Cheering his bleak dogs, Hunger and Nakedness,
With slaughter-red mouths, and sharp, remorseless fangs,
To tear my flesh, to strip my houseless form,
Lap my cold blood, and hunt me to my grave.—
To stand, I say—this world upon my back,
Galling my un-atlantic shoulders; these fell dogs
Close at my heels pursuing—and the next
Small fluxion of the longitude of time,
My burthen hurl'd, back to th' injurious skies,
My grim tormentors baffled in the teeth,
To rest in senseless quiet, joyless ease,
In the short compass that a corpse can measure,
Laid stretch'd upon th' eternal bed of silence,
Pent up in futile boards or chok'd with clay.
Excellent! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
I 'll do 't! I 'll do 't!——

——Why, what a fool was I
To whine, and weep, and play with tribulation,
When th' cure lies in a phial or a pill!
Now, now, ye hideous band, ye coward crew,
That bend your horrors on a wretch like me,
Where 's your dominion now? your terrors where?
Down with that sceptre, thou tyrannic fool,
That sways it o'er my health! Stand back—stand back,
Yellow-eyed Melancholy and black Despair,
The gulf is at your foot! And thou, thin Poverty,
Charm off thy dogs, and pull thy courser's neck
Down to his knee! Insatiate! what? wilt follow me
From yon dread cliff that breaks the midway air
Into yon gorge? Perdition gapes beneath,
And stretches wider its immoderate jaws
For thee and these.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Have I appall'd thee, fiend?
Dar'st thou not follow me?
'Tis well! Begone!
There is your cease. There my redemption lies.
I'll leap 't! though sooty hell should grin beneath,
Or thunder roll above, to shake the Mercy-seat!

Ha! what a chain was there! Hell—Thunder—God!—
Yes, God! God! The calculating atheist
Who reckons on the sleeping bolts of Heav'n,
Under the tremor of whose cloudy bed
Minor impiety doth walk unblasted,
Whispers 'There is no God'—and trembles.
There is a God! This truth, the gilded heav'ns,
Where numberless immensurable bodies roll,
Systems on systems, universe on universe,
Each comprehending an ubiquity,
And all, swung round the centre of infinity
By the dread impulse of Omnipotence——
Omnipotence declare! This truth, dumb Earth
Speaks out! and Ocean, o'er its undulant flood,
O'er roaring eddies swallowing the mad billows,
And hollow rocks beaten with resonant echoes,
This truth—borne on the plural voice o' the waves—
Mountain-back'd Ocean, heaving to the shout,
Prolongs in doubling thunders round its vasty shores.

(From *The Errors of Ecstasie.*)

Thomas Lovell Beddoes was born at Clifton, 20th July 1803, the eldest son of a well-known physician, by a sister of Maria Edgeworth. From Bath grammar-school he passed in 1817 to the Charterhouse, and thence in 1820 to Pembroke College, Oxford. In 1821 he published *The Improvisatore*, which he afterwards sedulously suppressed, and in 1822 *The Brides' Tragedy*, which attracted some notice, and gained him Bryan Waller Procter's friendship. In 1825 he went to Göttingen to study medicine, and thenceforth led a strange wandering life, as doctor and democrat, in Germany and Switzerland, with only three visits to England. At Basel, eight months before, he had tried to bleed himself to death, and had in consequence lost a leg, when on 26th January 1849 he poisoned himself with curari—Mr Gosse first revealed the story. From 1825 Beddoes was engaged at intervals in the composition of a drama, *Death's Jest-book*, which, with poems and a Memoir by his friend T. F. Kelsall, appeared in two posthumous volumes (1850–51). His dramas exhibit no power of characterisation, no ability in the conduct of a plot; but the fullness of thought and image, the tone of music, and the depth of colour are marvellous. 'The power of the man,' said Browning, 'is immense and irresistible.' His lyrics, 'If thou wilt ease thine heart' and 'If there were dreams to sell,' are amongst his triumphs.

Wolfram's Dirge.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And there alone, amid the beaming
Of Love's stars, thou 'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

Dream-Pedlary.

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell
Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die.
Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?

Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

Dirge.

No tears, no sighings, no despair,
No trembling dewy smile of care,
No mourning weeds,
Nought that discloses
A heart that bleeds;
But looks contented I will bear,
And o'er my cheeks strew roses.
Unto the world I may not weep,
But save my sorrow all, and keep
A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,
As the great earth and swelling sea—
* * * *

A Crocodile.

Hard by the lilied Nile I saw
A duskish river-dragon stretched along,
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl:
And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,
No bigger than a mouse; with eyes like beads,
And a small fragment of its speckled egg
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout;
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch
The baulking, merry flies. In the iron jaws
Of the great devil-beast, like a pale soul
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew
A snowy troculus, with roseate beak
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

'Bona de Mortuis.'

Ay, ay: 'good man,' 'kind father,' 'best of friends'—
These are the words that grow, like grass and nettles,
Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide,
Like toads, among them.

Mr Gosse edited Beddoes's Poems in 1890, and his Letters in 1894.

Robert Montgomery (1807–55) was even in his own time generally known as 'Satan Montgomery,' not from any reflection on his character—for he was a much-respected and beloved clergyman; nor from any presumed affinity with the Satanic school—since he stood at the literary and theological antipodes; but from the ill-omened name of his most famous poem, and an amiable desire to distinguish him from the even more universally respected James Montgomery. 'Satan' had indeed no hereditary right to the name of Montgomery, having been unfortunate in the circumstances of his birth. The natural son of a clown in the Bath theatre and of a local schoolmistress, he was originally called by his father's name of Gomery till he himself thought well to expand it, for the greater dignity, into the more aristocratic Montgomery, after having begun at a Bath school to distinguish himself by verses that brought him local credit. At seventeen he founded a short-lived weekly paper; at twenty he published *The Stage-Coach*, a poem, and *The Age Reviewed*, a satire on his own times. Next came *The Omnipresence of the Deity* (1828), which inside a year ran through eight editions. A volume containing *A Universal Prayer*, *Death*, *A Vision of Heaven*, and *A Vision of Hell* was treated by Bowles, Crabbe, and Southey as the work of a poet of promise. *The Puffiad* was accepted as smart satire; the publication of *Satan, or Intellect without God* (1830), was the crisis of his fortunes. The thesis was highly approved by pious people, and the poem ran rapidly through several editions. Then arose Macaulay in the might of his wrath, and volunteered to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to do the best satire could accomplish towards annihilating 'a wretched poetaster of the name of Montgomery, who has written some volumes of detestable verses on religious subjects,' which had had an immense sale through puffing and what we would now call log-rolling. The review undertaken in this spirit (April 1830) hardly attempted an 'appreciation' of the work; it is remarkable neither for insight nor fair-play. But as a characteristic specimen of a scathing exposure of actual demerits, Macaulay's skilful and brilliant and effective piece of destructive criticism has become an English classic; and as surely as many of the minor poets of Pope's time are remembered only as they appear in his pillory, so certainly is Robert Montgomery known to new generations by Macaulay's representation of him. But it did not at once kill Montgomery's popularity. The *Omnipresence of the Deity* reached a twenty-eighth edition before the middle of the century, and selections from his works were repeatedly reissued.

In the year of the denunciatory review Montgomery went up to Lincoln College and became duly hall-marked B.A. (1833) and M.A. of Oxford. His ordination (1835) and probation as curate were followed by a call to an Episcopal chapel in Glasgow (1836); from 1843 till his death he served a chapel in St Pancras parish. He was a popular preacher, and devoted himself mainly to pastoral and philanthropic work, the only nameworthy poems after *Oxford* (1831) being *The Messiah* (1832) and *Woman, the Angel of Life, and other Poems* (1833).

Montgomery's Devil is unlike Luther's, Milton's, Fielding's, Goethe's, Hauff's, Marie Corelli's, in many things, and amongst others in that the whole poem of over five thousand lines is one continuous monologue by Satan himself—continuous save for the formal division into three books. And the

sentiments, so far from being like what one might expect from the Prince of Darkness, are for the most part eminently worthy of a sound Christian divine; nine-tenths of the opinions put into Satan's mouth are doubtless those actually cherished by Montgomery in his own proper character. In the first book Satan takes a hasty survey of the inhabited world, from China, Babylonia, and Egypt to America, making a few suitable remarks on each country, partly descriptive, partly critical. In Spain the Inquisition is commented on unfavourably, in France the excesses of the Revolution, in the United States slavery. Only very rarely the Fallen Angel recalls the fact that he had seen better days. He somewhat more frequently hints, as in the second book, that he now finds his account in vice and crime; yet in discussing ambition, pride, envy, avarice, selfishness, vengeance, hypocrisy, and their evil consequences, he says very much what every good man with a turn for blank verse might say. The third book deals more specifically with the seamy side of English civilisation, progress, commerce, and society—with luxury, selfishness, the trampling down of the poor by those in haste to be rich, the vice of the Court, the shallowness and falseness of social circles, and 'the dark mysteries of life;' and only now and again comes a hint that this state of things is more favourable for the schemes of hell than the maintenance in England of a 'paradisal' purity. A sketch of the Creation, the fall of man, and the scheme of redemption is given incidentally. Many of the observations are shrewd, the reflections are often relevant and sensible, and the criticisms just. Occasionally there is eloquence and a certain vigour and felicity of expression and rhythmical swing. There are occasional passages distantly resembling Thomson's *Seasons*, and many much in the key of Pollok's *Course of Time*. But the plan involves inevitable tedium; there is material for many, many edifying sermons, a good deal that is (or is very like) poetry, and not a little bathos, intensified by a free use of the 'poetic diction' Wordsworth's soul abhorred, and by such locutions as 'twinkless stars' for stars that are not shining, 'sumless angels' for the innumerable host, aidless (unaided), kindless (unkind), viewless, tombless, &c. There is endless repetition; sunrise and sunset, twilight and moonlight, are described over and over again; and Montgomery rings the changes on such phrases as 'darkly wild,' 'fiercely wild,' &c. In the dedication he hopes his song may 'not unawake a gentle sigh.' Yet there are many passages that explain how *Satan* passed through many editions while the *Course of Time* was still popular.

Satan's View of England.

Heaven-favour'd land! of grandeur, and of gloom,
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound;
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charm'd by sunshine into picture-clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,—
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
And steepled cities, faint and far away,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale,
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.

Satan describes the Sunset.

But lo! the day declines, and to his throne
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage to his power!
Romance hath never hung a richer sky,—
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep
Triumphal barks of beauteous foam career,
As though the clouds held festival, to hail
Their god of glory to his western home.
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies!
While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light,
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy.
At length the Sun is throned; but from his face
A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows,
That brightens into rapturous farewell!
Then faints to paleness; for the day hath sunk
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,
And Twilight in her nun-like meekness comes;
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
While birds, day-worn, are couched in leafy bowers,
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep:
The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals,
Yet hallows it; a hush'd enchantment reigns;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade
Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night;
While field and forest, fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear.—
A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnised
The world!—

An English National Rejoicing.

How gloriously the festive bells resound!
Pealing their gladness through the azure night,
As though the triumph of ten thousand hearts
In full-voiced chorus shook the starry air,
And made it joyous music! Now they swell
Aloft, in one tempestuous wave of sound,
Then faintly die, like war-notes on the wind,
Then on again! with an ecstatic roar,
Thrilling the empire with a brave delight.

England hath laid her sceptre on the deep,
And with her thunder chased her ocean-foes
Like leaves before the breathing of a blast!
England hath rear'd her banners on the plain
Of battle, Victory waved them, and the world
Again shall echo with her haughty name.
And hence a stormy rapture shakes the isle;
Hence the loud music of her hollow fanes,
Whether in cities emulously tower'd
Among the skies, or in lone hamlets seen,—

Still pouring out the language of the land ;
With all those pageantries, and fiery pomps
That hang and glitter from her window'd piles,
Emblazed with mottoes, and triumphal scenes.

Not one to whom the name of country clings
With spelling fondness but this hour adores.
The old men feel the sunshine of far youth
Returning, fresh as when the hero glow'd.
The young,—lip, eye, and daring heart, are stirr'd ;
Their very blood seems rippled with delight,
So deep the fullness of this warlike joy.
Yea, hollow cheeks of Sadness, and the brows
Of Poverty, and lean-faced Want itself,
Forget their nature in a share of fame !

The Other Side.

Hither, thou frantic Bacchanal ! whose voice
Rings loudest, stand upon the hoof-scarr'd heath,
And say if Heaven on such a scene can smile.
Here, deep as in thine own exulting land,
Night reigns ; but not with noon-like azure crown'd,
While starry sympathies, all gaily bright,
Look down on gladness : but with sullen calm,
Where Weariness hath toned the wind, and stars
Are mournful watchers o'er the trodden dead,
In tombless havoc weltering on the plain.
Each heart that 's cold, to other hearts was chain'd,
Whose links were out of years of fondness framed.
Each eye, now darken'd with eclipsing death,
Once beam'd the sun of happiness and home ;
Each of the dead hath flung a shade o'er life,
Henceforth to be a feast for agony.
Mark where the moon her glimm'ring languor throws,
What death-romance ! what visions of the slain ! —
One calmly brow'd, as though his native trees
Had waved their beauty o'er his dying head ;
Another marred with agonising lines,
And dreams of home, yet ling'ring in his face.
Now go, and sing the splendour of the war !
Go, tell the fortress of the brave and free,
How beautiful her patriotic roar
Of Victory, shouting o'er the new-made dead,
Like Madness, when she hoots a murderous joy :
So shall a war-fame flourish ever green,
And laurell'd History be trumpet-tongued,
To fire Ambition with a bloody thirst,
And keep the world a slaughter-house for man !

Satan in London.

But hail, thou city-giant of the world !
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternal smoke
For ever rising like an ocean-steam,
Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies !
Time was, and dreary solitude was here ;
When night-black woods, unvisited by man,
In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.
But now, the storm-roll of immingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles !
Thou more than Rome ! for never from her heart
Such universe-awaking spirit pour'd
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fever'd by thy name ; a thousand years,
And silence hath not known thee ! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene
Derive ; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime, with such a thunder-crash as thou !

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees
That in unviolated forests frown ;
Myriads of streets, whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unweary sound ;
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mix'd,
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—
And there is London, England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness ; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world.

Satan describes the Opera.

The second are a sensual tribe,
Convened to hear romantic harlots sing
On forms to banquet a lascivious gaze,
While the bright perfidy of wanton eyes
Through brain and spirit darts delicious fire.

Satan sympathises.

In a lone chamber, on a tatter'd couch
A dying painter lies. His brow shows young
And noble ; lines of beauty on his face
Yet linger ; in his eye of passion gleams
A soul, and on his cheek a spirit-light
Is playing, with that proud sublimity
Of thought, that yields to death but gives to Time
A Fame that will avenge his wrongs, and write
Their history in her canonised roll
Of martyrs :—be it for his epitaph,
He lived for genius, and for genius died !
So sad and lone !—wall'd in by misery,
With none to smooth his couch, or shed the tear
That softens pain,—uncheer'd, unwept, unknown,
And famish'd by the want of many days,—
Hither, Ambition ; wisdom breathes in woe.

The Felon's Death.

To die
A malefactor's death,—to be the gaze,
The damned, hideous, and detested gaze
Of thousands, staring out their hungry eyes
To glut their wonder, while on tiptoe placed,
To see the spirit gasping from his throat,
And chronicle his agony ; to live
A ballad-hero, in the creaking rhymes
Of vagabonds, and have his felon name
From lip to lip thus vilely bandied out,
For vulgar warning,—O ye sinless days
Of childhood ; O ye hours of love and home,
And summer dreams, by haunted wood or wild,
And blessings nightly murmur'd from the lip
Of parents,—glory of remember'd days !

Of Macaulay's famous review fully a half concerns dishonest reviewers and reviewing in general. In the other he seeks rather laboriously to convict Montgomery of plagiarising from Dryden, Pope, Crabbe, Campbell, Scott, and Byron; does certainly not quote his best passages ; and contemptuously and somewhat hypercritically dissects his mixed metaphors and bombastic phrases.

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1839), author of 'We met—'twas in a Crowd,' and hundreds of other popular songs, was the son of a wealthy Bath lawyer, had earls and baronets for cousins, and, as his biographer expressly says, 'was nurtured in the lap of luxury.' From Winchester he passed into his father's office, then spent three years at Oxford with a vague view to the Church, but in 1826 married a pretty Irish wife and became a popular poet. Unhappily his own fortune and his wife's were sunk in unprofitable speculations: he had to live by literature, and wrote too much, sometimes manifestly against the grain; and spite of his popularity, misfortune and ill-health dogged his steps in his later years. 'I'd be a Butterfly' was one of his first successes; *The Aylmers* and *A Legend of Killarney* were his principal stories in prose. Of his thirty-six dramatic pieces, a few may yet be read with a little patience, but even *Perfection*, produced by Madame Vestris, is forgotten—still more *The Proof of the Pudding* and *Tom Noddy's Secret*. But most people familiar with collections of 'Standard English Songs' carry in their heads a small anthology of his lyrics—'The Soldier's Tear,' 'She wore a Wreath of Roses,' 'O no, we never mention her,' 'We met—'twas in a Crowd,' 'Gaily the Troubadour touched his Guitar,' 'Shades of Evening, close not o'er us,' 'I'm saddest when I sing,' 'Lilla's a Lady,' 'I'll hang my Harp on a Willow Tree,' and 'The Misletoe Bough.' He was probably the most successful song-writer of the age next to Moore—his songs and short poems count by hundreds; for some of his songs he composed the tunes (notably 'The Troubadour' and 'We met'). But Sir Henry Bishop set about a hundred and twenty of them to music, and other distinguished and popular composers—Balfe, Sir John Stevenson, Callcott, Barnett, J. P. Knight, C. E. Horn, T. Cooke—were glad to associate their melodies with his verse. Some of his best were translated into Latin (by Archdeacon Wrangham), French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Yet the bulk of his songs are now unsung and unread, and there are well-appointed modern libraries that have no copy of the poems of one whom a contemporary French critic pronounced the English Anacreon. In many, doubtless, spite of unmistakable deftness, metrical ease, and sprightliness, the sentiment was too sentimental, the ecstasy of joy and grief a shade conventional even when it was the expression of a real and sincere feeling. Of his innumerable society verses, the titles and subjects show that the interest was trifling, the wit forced or commonplace—'This is my eldest Daughter, sir,' 'My Wife is very musical,' 'Not at Home,' 'I must come out next Spring, Mamma,' 'The Black-ball'd Man,' 'The Old Bachelor;' and the persiflage about rouging, false teeth, elegant shoes and corns, the effect of dances and of sea-sickness on ladies' complexions, is a little tiresome, and at times not quite impeccable on the score of good taste. Prayers, elegies, verses, and other like solemnities are rarely but oddly mixed on the same page with jingles about county balls, picnics, Lord and Lady Hogsnorton, and other frivolities. But there is a vein of real and stern satire in 'The Absentee,' written against heartless Irish landlords in the time of the Famine:

> And own that Erin is too fair for thee,
> Deserter! Renegade! and Absentee!

and the pathos, tenderness, sad and serious reflection, are often, but not always, quite genuine, spontaneous, and natural, though seldom able to stir other hearts.

Old Age sits bent on his Iron-gray Steed.

Old age sits bent on his iron-gray steed,
Youth rides erect on his courser black;
And little he thinks, in his reckless speed,
Old age comes on in the very same track!
Though one seems strong as the forest tree,
The other infirm and wanting breath;
If ever youth baffles old age, 'twill be
By rushing into the arms of death.

And youth will quaff, and youth will feast,
His lagging foe he 'll still deride;
Until, when he expects him least,
Old age and he stand side by side.
He then looks into his toilet-glass,
And sees old age reflected there;
He cries, 'Alas! how quickly pass
Bright eyes, and bloom, and raven hair!'

Of what is the Old Man thinking?

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the midday pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh.
But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay:
And his gray head, moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play:
The elder around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff,
Oh! of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear;
'Tis not for his strength declining,
He sighs not to linger here.
There 's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
From the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

Lord Harry has written a Novel.

Lord Harry has written a Novel,
A story of elegant life;
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife:

No trash such as pathos and passion,
Fine feelings, expression, and wit;
But all about people of fashion.
Come look at his caps, how they fit.

Oh Radcliffe! thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night;
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
Thy heroines damsels in white.
But past are thy terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess
Convers'd with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
Of titles—'I give you my word,
My Lady, you 're looking delightful;'
'Oh dear! do you think so, my Lord?'
'You 've heard of the Marquis's marriage,
The bride with her jewels new set,
Four horses, new travelling-carriage,
And *déjeûné à la fourchette*.'

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her *inns* and her *outs*;
The *very small* talk that is spoken
By *very great* people at routs.
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the Innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.

Bayly's works were edited by his widow, with a Memoir (2 vols. 1844); and see Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little* (1891).

John Abercrombie (1780–1844), after Dr Gregory's death the chief consulting physician in Scotland, secured extraordinary credit as an author by two works on *The Intellectual Powers* (1830) and *The Moral Feelings* (1833), without psychological value or philosophical insight, but substantially 'sound' and enlivened by illustrations from pathological mental cases. The son of one of the ministers of Aberdeen, he studied there and at Edinburgh, where from 1804 onwards he rose to eminence in his profession. He wrote also books on the pathology of the brain and of the stomach, and a volume of *Essays and Tracts*.

Sir David Brewster (1781–1868), born at Jedburgh, was educated for the Church of Scotland at the University of Edinburgh; but his nervousness disqualifying him for a clerical career, he became editor in 1802 of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and in 1808 of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. He was already deep in optics; the kaleidoscope was invented by him in 1816, and in 1843 and 1844 he improved Wheatstone's cumbrous stereoscope by means of refracting lenses. One of the chief originators of the British Association (1831), in 1815 he was elected F.R.S. and Copley medallist; in 1818 the Rumford medal was awarded him for his discoveries on the polarisation of light; in 1832 he was knighted, and had a pension conferred upon him; in 1838 he was appointed Principal at St Andrews; in 1849 he was elected a foreign associate of the French Institute; and he was Principal of Edinburgh University from 1859 till the last year of his life. Among his works were an edition of Legendre's *Geometry*, translated by Thomas Carlyle (1822); the standard *Life of Newton* (1828; enlarged ed. 1855); *Letters on Natural Magic*, addressed to Sir Walter Scott (1831); *Martyrs of Science* (1841); *More Worlds than One* (1854); and treatises on the kaleidoscope and various subjects in optics. *The Home Life of Brewster*, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon (1869; 3rd ed. 1881), is a worthy monument to him.

Michael Faraday (1791–1867) was born, a blacksmith's son, at Newington Butts near London, and at thirteen was apprenticed to a bookbinder. He began early to make experiments in chemistry and electricity, and, attending Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, took notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to 'escape from trade and enter into the service of science.' By Davy he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813; in 1827 he succeeded to Davy's chair of Chemistry there; and he was made F.R.S. in 1824, D.C.L. in 1832. In 1831 the first series of his *Experimental Researches in Electricity and Physics* was read before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1856. For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, eminently popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations, in spite of the fact that the subjects were far from simple or at first sight attractive. He was not merely one of the greatest of discoverers in the realm of physics, but one of the most successful popularisers of science, and well deserved the pension granted in 1835. He was a simple, gentle, cheerful man of genius, a Sandemanian of strong religious feeling and unassuming manners. Tyndall pronounced Faraday the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen, and classified his principal discoveries under four heads—magno-electric induction, the chemical phenomena of the current, the magnetisation of light ('which,' said Tyndall, 'I should liken to the Weisshorn among mountains—high, beautiful, and alone'), and diamagnetism. Other physicists credit him with at least a dozen discoveries of the first importance in these departments of research. In Faraday's opinion, it required twenty years of work to make a man in physical science, the previous period being one of infancy. While lecturing before a private society on the element chlorine, Faraday made a memorable remark: 'Before leaving this subject I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact, "What is its use?" Dr Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist is, "Endeavour to make it useful."' Among his famous works were his lectures on *The Non-metallic Elements* and *The*

Chemical History of a Candle, and the profound treatise on *The Various Forces in Nature.*

From 'The Chemical History of a Candle.'

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place: we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion. [The figures were shown in a table.] This is indeed a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser—a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere! As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I showed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

The standard Life was that by Dr Bence Jones (2 vols. 1870); Professor Tyndall had already issued *Faraday as a Discoverer* (1868; 5th ed. 1894); Dr J. H. Gladstone produced a monograph in 1872; and there is a more recent one-volume Life of Faraday by Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson (1899).

Sir John Herschel—in full, Sir John Frederick William Herschel (1792–1871)—was the son of that Sir William Herschel who, born in Hanover, came to England as oboist in the band of the Hanoverian Guards, and settling at Bath as organist and music teacher, became a very distinguished astronomer, was made astronomer to George III., discovered Uranus and the satellites of Saturn, and added greatly to our knowledge of the nebulæ and the double stars. Sir William was assisted in his work with his monster telescope at Slough, and in his great catalogue of stars, by his sister Caroline Lucretia (1750–1848), a most remarkable woman. Sir John, born at Slough, was educated at Eton and St John's, Cambridge, where in 1813 he was senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. In 1822 he applied himself especially to astronomy, and helped to re-examine the nebulæ and clusters of stars in his father's catalogues; reporting to the Royal Society observations on 525 nebulæ, clusters of

stars, and double stars not noticed by his father. His treatises on Sound and Light appeared in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* (1830–31); his Astronomy (1831) and Natural Philosophy in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*. The Astronomy was the most successful attempt that had till then been made to simplify and popularise the study of the science, and was long the standard college manual. In 1834 he visited the Cape to examine the southern celestial hemisphere; the results (1847) completed a survey of the heavens begun in 1825. Made successively a knight, a baronet, and a D.C.L. of Oxford, he was Master of the Mint in 1850–55, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His articles on



ISAAC TAYLOR.
From the Drawing by Josiah Gilbert in the National Portrait Gallery.

Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were published separately; and his *Popular Lectures* and *Collected Addresses* made him well known to the 'general reader.' A distinguished chemist, he attained important results in photography and made valuable researches on the undulatory theory of light. He had a lively interest in poetry, and he translated from Schiller and from the *Iliad*. See Miss Clarke's *The Herschels* (1896).

Isaac Taylor (1787–1865), a copious and popular author on religious philosophy and other subjects, was the son of Isaac of Ongar (see page 174), and assisted him while he was yet an engraver. His bent, however, was literary; he read largely in patristic theology and in philosophy, by 1818 was on the staff of the *Eclectic Review*, and in 1822 published a small work on *The Elements of Thought*. He lived to be a valued contributor to *Good Words* in the second half of the nineteenth century, and published over a score of works, of which the first really successful one was *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, published anonymously in 1829. It dealt with a variety of contemporary problems in religion, social conditions, and politics, reached a tenth edition in 1845, and was followed by *The Natural History of Fanaticism* (1833), *Spiritual Despotism*, *The Physical Theory of Another Life*, *Ultimate Civilisation*, and books against the Tractarian position, against the *Essays and Reviews*, on Jesuitism, on Methodism, and on *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*. Jane Taylor and Ann were his sisters (see page 174); and his son, Canon Isaac Taylor (1829–1901), was also an industrious writer, on such subjects especially as *Words and Places* (1864), *The Alphabet* (1883), *The Origin of the Aryans* (1890), as well as on the *Memorials of the Taylor Family of Ongar* (1867).

Monkery.

The ancient monkery was a system of the most deliberate selfishness. That solicitude for the preservation of individual interests which forms the basis of the human constitution is so broken up and counteracted by the claims and pleasures of domestic life that, though the principle remains, its manifestations are suppressed and its predominance effectually prevented, except in some few tempers peculiarly unsocial. But the anchoret is a selfist by his very profession; and like the sensualist, though his taste is of another kind, he pursues his personal gratification, reckless of the welfare of others. His own advantage or delight, or—to use his favourite phrase—the good of his soul, is the sovereign object of his cares. His meditations, even if they embrace the compass of heaven, come round ever and again to find their ultimate issue in his own bosom; but can that be true wisdom which just ends at the point whence it started? True wisdom is a progressive principle. In abjuring the use of the active faculties, in reducing himself by the spell of vows to a condition of physical and moral annihilation, the insulated says to his fellows, concerning whatever might otherwise have been converted to their benefit, 'It is corban;' thus making void the law of love to our neighbour by a pretended intensity of love to God. That so monstrous an immorality should have dared to call itself by the name of Sanctity, and should have done so, too, in front of Christianity, is indeed amazing, and could never have happened if Christianity had not first been shorn of its life-giving warmth, as the sun is deprived of its power of heat when we ascend into the rarity of upper space. The tendency of a taste for imaginative indulgences to petrify the heart has been already adverted to, and it receives a signal illustration in the monkish life, especially in its more perfect form of absolute separation from the society of man. The anchoret was a disjoined particle, frozen deep into the mass of his own selfishness, and there embedded, below the touch of every human sympathy. This sort of meditative insulation is the ultimate and natural issue of all enthusiastic piety, and may be met with even in our own times, among those who have no inclination to run away from the comforts of common life.

(From *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*.)

Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856), Scottish philosopher, was born at Glasgow, where his father and grandfather held the chairs of Anatomy and Botany; in 1816 he made good his hereditary claim to the old baronetcy which Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston, the commander of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, had abandoned in 1688, rather than take the oath of allegiance to William III. After gaining high distinction at Glasgow University, he went in 1809 to Balliol College as Snell exhibitioner, and graduated in 1810. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1813, but had almost no practice; in 1820 he stood unsuccessfully for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, being defeated by Professor Wilson (see below); next year he became Professor of History. In 1829 he published in the *Edinburgh Review* a famous critique of Cousin's doctrine of the Infinite; this and other articles were collected in 1852 as *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature*. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Isaac Taylor being an unsuccessful candidate; and on these subjects he lectured in alternate years till the end of his life, gathering around him enthusiastic disciples. His lectures were published in 1859–61 by Mansel and Veitch; his principal work was his edition of Reid (1846; with notes 1862), defending what he believed to be Reid's sound philosophical doctrine of commonsense. Ill-health diminished his power of work; but he edited Dugald Stewart's works in 1854–55, and was generally able with an assistant to perform the duties of his class till his death. With Hamilton began, as Veitch said, the spring-time of a new life in Scottish philosophical thought. Vastly more learned than his predecessors, Hamilton studied with equal zeal ancient Greek and Roman, mediæval and modern German, thought and speculation. He made it his business to maintain and, as he thought, complete the traditional Scottish doctrines, derived from Reid and Dugald Stewart, with the help of the limiting or negative results of the Kantian critique of knowledge. Whether this eclectic method was capable of developing a self-consistent system may be disputed; but Hamilton gave a great impulse to philosophical thought in Britain. He made some contributions to psychology and logic—'the quantification of the predicate' one of them; but in essentials his philosophy is a strenuous assertion of the relativity of human knowledge and the impossibility of reaching a coherent metaphysical view of the universe. Scottish philosophy has never produced anything like a real or complete metaphysical system—so far is it from being the case that Scotsmen are naturally metaphysicians. In Scotland theological dogma — predestination, teleology, and the like—largely took the place of metaphysics, and philosophy remained mainly inductive, attaining many valuable results both in psychology and morals. In its recoil from the 'ideal system' of Berkeley as extended by Hume to sceptical issues, Scottish philosophy was too well content to appeal in all difficulties to 'the testimony of consciousness'—a short and easy method which neither convinced opponents nor secured continuity and completeness for the rational element in mental activity. The Scottish 'natural dualism' which rightly maintains, against subjective idealism, that the non-ego or object is given in knowledge, is apt to degenerate, and does usually 'degenerate into a crude metaphysical dualism of mind and matter as two heterogeneous substances:' Hamilton cannot be regarded as having harmonised the discrepancies of Reid or his other predecessors of the Scottish School. Dean Mansel carried Hamilton's doctrine of relativity into the theological sphere by denying the possibility of knowing God; and M'Cosh and others tried to rescue the time-honoured doctrines of the Scottish School from patent agnosticism. But Hamilton, greeted in his time as a great and original thinker, is now without a following, though he remains the most accomplished and the last notable representative of the 'Scotch philosophy.'

See Hamilton's Life by Veitch (1869); short Monographs by Veitch (1882) and Monck (1881); J. S. Mill's *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (1865); M'Cosh's *Scottish Philosophy* (1874); A. Seth's (Pringle Pattison's) *Scottish Philosophy* (1885; 3rd ed. 1899).

John Wilson, better known as Christopher North and chief of the 'Blackwood group' than as Professor of Moral Philosophy or poet, was born on the 18th of May 1785, in Paisley, where his father was a wealthy manufacturer. At thirteen the boy was entered of Glasgow University, whence, in 1803, he was transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he was distinguished for his varied intellectual gifts, but even more for his magnificent physique and unparalleled athletic accomplishments. After four years' residence at Oxford, having in 1797, on the death of his father, become master of £50,000, he purchased the estate of Elleray, overlooking Windermere, where he went to live. He married, built a house, kept a yacht and boats, enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes, wrote poetry, wrestled and jumped with the dalesmen, and cultivated the society of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. But reverses came; his fortune melted away under unjust stewardship; and, after entering himself of the Scottish Bar, he sought and obtained the Moral Philosophy chair—on the strength rather of his multifarious accomplishments and his Tory politics than for his philosophic temper or profundity (Sir William Hamilton being a defeated candidate). By far his most characteristic work was done for *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was a notable contributor from the beginning in 1817;

and after Lockhart's removal to London in 1826 he became the leading spirit and mainspring of *Maga*, though not formally called its editor. Here he had an admirable vehicle for his extraordinary and exuberant wealth of ideas on all manner of topics. As the presiding genius of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—assumed to be records of festive gatherings at Ambrose's tavern in Gabriel's Road, with the Ettrick Shepherd and others as convives—he was clearly more in his element than in the professorial desk. Of the seventy-one *Noctes*, forty-one were reprinted in his works as Wilson's own. When the series began Lockhart was often the author or part-author, sometimes Maginn, and Hogg had, or was allowed to suppose he had, a large share in them; latterly they fell more and more entirely to Wilson, who wrote with extraordinary facility and copiousness. Between 1826 and 1852 he contributed over three hundred articles to *Blackwood*. For one number in especial Mrs Oliphant reports him to have written fifty-six out of one hundred and forty-two pages.

The contrast between the professor of ethics and the gymnast and cock-fighter was not more marked than was the contrast between John Wilson, poet and romancer, and Christopher North, critic and miscellaneous writer. In *Maga* 'Kit North' was a trenchant, and even savage, reviewer and satirist, a humourist vehement, rollicking, and reckless, audacious and luxuriant in diction, at times startling with gleams of profound insight, but often utterly obtuse, perverse, defiant of courtesy, good taste, and good sense. His humour is constantly strained to burlesque and tedious extravaganza, or even degenerates into mere buffoonery. He was often generous, but could be unkind and unfair; in a single number of the *Noctes* he carped at Wordsworth (whom he had been one of the first to praise) and belittled Scott, while he not so unjustly called a less-known author a jackass. The criticisms sometimes evoked vivacious replies: Tennyson's to 'Crusty Christopher' is well known. The outstanding defect, on the other hand, of his poetry (*The Isle of Palms*, 1812; *The City of the Plague*, 1816) and of his prose tales (*The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, 1822; *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, 1823; *The Foresters*, 1825) is that he is too uniformly gentle, sweet, tender, pathetic, sentimental, or even mawkish. 'Almost the only passions,' said Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which to those who read poetry for amusement merely will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' In the twenty-four short tales called *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* we find neither the humours of the kailyard nor the characteristics of a vigorous, shrewd, and self-assertive peasantry, with all the defects of their qualities, but a too utterly Arcadian innocence, simplicity, and piety. So likewise in *Margaret Lyndsay;* the heroine is a humble maiden, whose father, adopting Tom Paine's opinions, is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, becomes an utter reprobate, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer—to the gradual ruin and distress of his innocent family, and their banishment from their country home to a city slum. Of the strongly contrasted, Bohemian *Noctes*—now to many all but unreadable—Lord Cockburn said: 'There is not so original and curious a work in the English and Scotch languages. It is a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery, of verse and prose, and maudlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the bacchanalian revel of clever men; and its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times.' But it should be added that the Scotch is that of men with a literary training, abounding in doctored English book-words never heard in the vernacular of the Lowlands. Wilson attained to extraordinary eminence in the republic of letters in his own lifetime; Hallam called him a writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence was as the rush of mighty waters. But while his personality is still remembered, even in Scotland the *Noctes* have lost their extraordinary popularity; the tales are little read, and the poetry quite forgotten. In 1837 Wilson was sore stricken by the death of his wife; in 1840 he suffered from a paralytic affection of the right hand, though he still retained his passion for angling, for Tweed and Yarrow, and for the wilder scenery of Rannoch and Loch Awe. In 1851, when his health was fairly broken, and he had resigned his professorship, he got a pension of £300 per annum; and he died in Edinburgh on the 3rd of April 1854.

From Lines 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?

What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh, vision fair, that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm:
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. . .
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half-concealed
The light of soul, and half-revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awok'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

Christopher plays and lands a Tweed Salmon.

Springs, summers, autumns, winters—each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown-up life, that slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread—pass over the curled darling's brow; and look at him now, a straight and strengthy stripling, in the savage spirit of sport, springing over rock-ledge after rock-ledge, nor heeding aught as he plashes knee-deep or waistband-high through river-feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel, after a tongue-hooked salmon, insanely seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the sea. No hazel or willow wand, no half-crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very left is dexterous; but a twenty-feet rod of Phin's, all ring-rustling, and a-glitter with the preserving varnish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and lithe to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the hiccory and the horn without twist, knot, or flaw—from butt to fly a faultless taper, 'fine by degrees and beautifully less,' the beau-ideal of a rod by the skill of cunning craftsman to the senses materialised! A fish—fat, fair, and forty! 'She is a salmon, therefore to be woo'd—she is a salmon, therefore to be won'—but shy, timid, capricious, headstrong, now wrathful and now full of fear, like any other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by lip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last; and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead, or worse than dead, fast-fading, and to be reillumined no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perishable things in a world of perishing!—But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the foam like a bar of silver bullion, and, relapsing into the flood, is in another moment at the very head of the waterfall! Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep!—Now comes the trial of your tackle—and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of cliff or cataract? Her snout is southwards—right up the middle of the main current of the hill-born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swims swift, and strong, and deep—and the line goes steady, boys, steady—stiff and steady as a Tory in the roar of Opposition. There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin—danger in the flap of her tail—and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why, the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea. All the lesser waterfalls are now level with the flood, and she meets with no impediment or obstruction—the coast is clear—no tree-roots here—no floating branches—for during the night they have all been swept down to the salt loch. *In medio tutissimus ibis*—ay, now you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right. What! another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion. Stand back out of the way, you son of a sea-cook!—you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt hanging out. Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds?—Ha! Watty Richie, my man, is that you? God bless your honest laughing phiz! What, Watty, would you think of a Fish like that about Peebles? Tam Grieve never gruppit sae heavy a ane since first he belanged to the Council.—Curse that collie! Ay! well done, Watty! Stone him to Stobo. Confound these stirks—if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels, and straight-up tail, come bellowing by between us and the river, then, 'Madam! all is lost, except honour!' If we lose this Fish at six o'clock, then suicide at seven. Our will is made—ten thousand to the Foundling—ditto to the Thames Tunnel——ha—ha—my Beauty! Methinks we could fain and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying afloat on the foam as if all further resistance now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death! No faith in female—she trusts to the last trial of her tail—sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels! and on thy smooth axle spinning sleep'st, even, as Milton describes her, like our own worthy planet. Scrope—Bainbridge—Maule—princes among Anglers—oh that you were here! Where the devil is Sir Humphrey? At his retort? By mysterious sympathy—far off at his own Trows, the Kerss feels that we are killing the noblest Fish whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed. Tom Purdie stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford. Shade of Sandy Govan! Alas! alas! Poor Sandy—why on thy pale face that melancholy smile?—Peter! The Gaff! The Gaff! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl—whitening as she nears the sand—there she has it—struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Diana, Minerva, or Venus—and lies at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demigod angling before the Flood!

(From the *Recreations of Christopher North.*)

Christopher on Wordsworth and Scott.

Tickler. How can that be?—Wordsworth says that a great poet must be great in all things.

North. Wordsworth often writes like an idiot; and

never more so than when he said of Milton, 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!' For it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion. Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man, and a bad poet.

Tickler. What!—That Wordsworth whom Maga cries up as the Prince of Poets?

North. Be it so; I must humour the fancies of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England; whereas his verses are becoming less and less known every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure.

Tickler. I never thought him more than a very ordinary man—with some imagination, certainly, but with no



JOHN WILSON.

From the Portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A. (painted in 1833), in the National Portrait Gallery.

grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his kind. My God! to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron!

North. And yet, with his creed, what might not a great poet have done?—That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion!—That in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling, common to all the race, the subject-matter of poetry is to be sought and found!—That enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate, men's hearts, are the sources of song!—And what, pray, has he made out of this true and philosophical creed?—A few ballads (pretty at the best), two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half-a-dozen narratives of common distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created—not one incident—not one tragical catastrophe. He has thrown no light on man's estate here below; and Crabbe, with all his defects, stands immeasurably above Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor.

Tickler. Good. And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold.

North. Well, well; let them have their own way awhile. I confess that the 'Excursion' is the worst poem, of any character, in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense as well as the sound. The remaining seven thousand three hundred are quite ineffectual. Then, what labour the builder of that lofty rhyme must have undergone! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babel, and all built by a single man! . . .

North. Scott's poetry puzzles me—it is often very bad.

Tickler. Very.

North. Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. His versification in general flows on easily—smoothly—almost sonorously—but seldom or never with impetuosity or grandeur. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his poetry is neither rich nor rare. The atmosphere is becoming every moment more oppressive. How stands the Therm.?

Tickler. Ninety. But then when his martial soul is up—and up it is at sight of a spear-point or a pennon—then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What care I, Kit, for all his previous drivelling—if drivelling it be—and God forbid I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or modern—for now he makes my very soul to burn within me—and, coward and civilian though I be—yes, a most intense and insuperable coward, prizing life and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loath to shed one single drop of blood either for my King or country—yet such is the trumpet-power of the song of that son of genius that I start from my old elbow-chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourishing it round my head, cry,

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'

and then, dropping my voice and returning to my padded bottom, whisper,

'Were the last words of Marmion!'

North. Bravo—bravo—bravo!

Tickler. I care not one single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Neither does the world. The world takes a poet as it finds him, and seats him above or below the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well, then—appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you—and posterity will affirm the judgment with costs.

North. How you can jabber away so, in such a temperature as this, confounds me. You are indeed a singular old man.

Tickler. Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it; for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half-canto of slumber.

North. Did you ever meet any of the Lake-Poets in private society?

Tickler. Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out-of-the-worldish look about him, that rather puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a Methodist preacher.

North. I have seen Chantrey's bust.

Tickler. The bust flatters his head, which is not

intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy.

North. Is he not extremely eloquent?

Tickler. Far from it. He labours like a whale spouting—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oracularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Cockney idolaters and his catechumens at Ambleside and Keswick.

North. Not during dinner, surely?

Tickler. Yes—during breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper—every intermediate moment—nor have I any doubt that he proses all night long in his sleep.

(From the *Noctes.*)

The Shepherd on the Poor-Laws.

North. Thank heaven for Winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother-earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel Autumn in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays. But Winter—dear, cold-handed, warm-hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine too——

Shepherd. Thine too skatin, and curlin, and grewin, and a' sorts o' deevilry amang lads and lasses at rockins and kirns. Beef and greens! Beef and greens! O, Mr North, beef and greens!

North. Yes, James, I sympathise with your enthusiasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating—serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labour—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis I feel myself immortal.

Shepherd. Butcher-meat, though, and coals, are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfec' ransom frae Martinmas to Michaelmas.

North. Paltry thought. Let beeves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole. Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot—and, Mr Ambrose, smash that half-ton lump of black diamond till the chimney roar and radiate like Mount Vesuvius.—Why so glum, Tickler?—why so glum?

Tickler. This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. I am not in the mood. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

North. Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day? Are not wages good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?

Shepherd. I never heard sic even-doun nonsense, Mr Tickler, in a' my born days. I met a puir woman ganging alang the brigg, wi' a deevil's dizzen o' bairns, ilka ane wi' a daud o' breid in the tae haun and a whang o' cheese i' the tither, while their cheeks were a' blawn out like sae many Boreases, wi' something better than wun'; and the mither hersel, a weel-faur'd hizzie, tearin awa at the fleshy shank o' a marrow-bane, mad wi' hunger, but no wi' starvation, for these are twa different things, Mr Tickler. I can assure you that puir folks, mair especially gin they be beggars, are hungry four or five times a-day; but starvation is seen at night sitting by an empty aumry and a cauld hearthstane. There 's little or nae starvation the now, in Scotlan'!

North. The people are, on the whole, well off.—Take some pickles, Timothy, to your steak. Dickson's mustard is superb.

Shepherd. I canna say that I a'thegither just properly understan' the system o' the puir-laws; but I ken this, that puir folks there will be till the end o' *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, that granted, maun there no be some kind o' provision for them, though it may be kittle to calculate the preceese amount?

North. Are the English people a dependent, ignorant, grovelling, mean, debased, and brutal people?

Shepherd. Not they, indeed—they 're a powerfu' population, second only to the Scotch. The English puir-laws had better be cut down some twa-three millions, but no abolished. Thae Political Economy creatures are a cruel set—greedier theirsels than gaberlunzies—yet grudging a handfu' o' meal to an auld wife's wallet. Charity is in the heart, not in the head, and the open haun should be stretched out o' the sudden, unasked and free, not held back wi' clutched fingers like a meeser, while the Wiseacre shakes his head in cauldrife calculation, and ties a knot on the purse o' him on principle.

North. Well said, James, although perhaps your tenets are scarcely tenable.

Shepherd. Scarcely tenable? Wha 'll take them frae me either by force or reason? Oh! we 're fa'en into argument, and that 's what I canna thole at meals. Mr Tickler, there 's nae occasion, man, to look sae doun-in-the-mouth—everybody kens ye 're a man o' genius, without your pretending to be melancholy.

Tickler. I have no appetite, James.

Shepherd. Nae appeteet! how suld ye hae an appeteet? A bowl o' Mollygo-tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—twa codlins (wi maist part o' a labster in that sass), the first gash o' the jiget—stakes—then I 'm maist sure, pallets, and finally guse—no to count jeellies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' Draught—twa lang shankers o' ale—noos an' thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin at Mrs Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*. Gin ye had an appeteet after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsel, and your stamach insatiable as the grave.

Tickler. Mr Ambrose, no laughter, if you please, sir.

North. Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Hera-

clitus been contemporaries, it would have saved the shedding of a world of tears.

Shepherd. Just laugh your fill, Mr Ambrose. A smile is aye becoming that honest face o' yours. But I'll no be sae wutty again, gin I can help it. (From the *Noctes.*)

Grewin is coursing grews or greyhounds; *stot* is ox; *daud* is lump, chunk; *whang*, large slice; *aumry*, press; *kittle*, awkward, difficult; *gaberlunzies*, professional beggars; *thole*, endure. Wilson's works were edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier (12 vols. 1855–1858). The *Recreations of Christopher North* and the *Noctes* were separately published (1842 and 1864). Sir J. Skelton published a selection from the *Noctes* as *The Comedy of the Noctes* (1876), and Dr Shelton a complete edition (5 vols., New York, 1854; 4th ed. 1857; revised ed. 1866). There was a (depreciatory) article on the *Noctes* in the *Athenæum* of 8th July 1876, believed to be by Mr Watts-Dunton. Wilson's Memoir was written by his daughter, Mrs Gordon (1862). His eldest daughter was the wife of Professor Ferrier; the youngest, of Professor Aytoun. See also Mrs Oliphant's *William Blackwood and his Sons* (1897), Saintsbury's *Essays in English Literature* (1891), Sir George Douglas's *The Blackwood Group* (1897), Lockhart's *Peter's Letters* (1819), and the articles in this work on Lockhart and Hogg.

John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854) was born in Cambusnethan manse, near Wishaw. His father (who was of gentle blood) having in 1796 been transferred to a Glasgow church, John's boyhood was spent in Glasgow, where at eleven he passed from the High School to the university, and thence at thirteen, with a Balliol Snell exhibition, he went up to Oxford. In 1813 he took a first-class in classics, reading widely the while in modern languages; then, after a visit to the Continent (to Goethe at Weimar), he studied law at Edinburgh, and in 1816 was called to the Scottish Bar. But he was no speaker; and having while still at Oxford written the article 'Heraldry' for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and soon after translated Schlegel's *Lectures on the History of Literature*, from 1817 he took more and more to literary work, and with Wilson became the chief mainstay of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In its pages he first exhibited the sharp and caustic wit that made him the terror of his Whig opponents. He had his full share in the 'vilipending' of the 'Cockney School' of which Leigh Hunt was assumed to be chief, but he afterwards relented towards Keats, and he was not responsible for the attacks on Coleridge and Wordsworth. *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (2nd ed. 1819), a clever satirical view of Scottish society, was followed by four novels—*Valerius* (1821), a romance of the times of Trajan; *Adam Blair* (1822); *Reginald Dalton* (1823), a tale of university life; and *Matthew Wald* (1824). Of these *Adam Blair* alone retains its vitality—the strong, sad story of a good man's fall and repentance: Henry James has likened it to Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. The spirited *Ancient Spanish Ballads* appeared in 1823; lives of Burns—an admirable picture on a small canvas—and of Napoleon in 1828 and 1829; and the Life of Scott, Lockhart's masterpiece and one of the greatest biographies in our or any tongue, in 1837–38. He had met Scott first in May 1818, in April 1820 had married his eldest daughter Sophia, and for five and a half years had divided his time pretty equally between Edinburgh and Chiefswood near Abbotsford. In 1825 he removed to London to assume the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* at a salary of £1000 (ultimately £1300) per annum; and this post he retained till 1853, writing more than a hundred articles on the most varied subjects—from dry-rot in timber to Mure's *Literature of Greece*, Croker's *Boswell*, Taylor's *Artevelde*, and on the lives of Theodore Hook, Maginn, Kean, Wilkie, and Southey. He severely handled Tennyson for his poems of 1833, but praised his work of 1842. He was singularly reserved and cold in manner; Miss Martineau and many others charged him with malignity; but his intimate friends were warmly attached to him. Mr Andrew Lang in summing up his 'strong and complex character,' while admitting faults of undue acerbity, especially in early years, and occasional perversity, argued from his life and his letters that 'the intensity of his affection rivalled and was partly the cause of his reserve;' and held that, despite his 'reputation for skill in satire, it must be said that in satire (save in the "chaff" about Tennyson) he is always at his worst, and is always at his best when he is most sympathetic'—as in his account of Scott's declining days and death. He wrote good verse besides the Spanish ballads: 'Captain Paton' is still chanted on festive occasions as a humorous picture of a 'fine old Glasgow gentleman,' and the memorable verses sent by Lockhart to Carlyle in bereavement are quoted below. In 1843 Lockhart became auditor of the duchy of Cornwall, a sinecure worth £400 a year. His closing years were clouded by illness and deep depression; by the secession to Rome of his only daughter, with her husband, Mr Hope-Scott; and by the loss of his wife in 1837, of his two boys in 1831 and 1853. The elder of them was the 'Hugh Littlejohn' of Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather;* the younger, Walter, was a scapegrace in the army. Like Scott, Lockhart visited Italy in search of health; like Scott, he came back to Abbotsford to die—25th November 1854. He is buried in Dryburgh at Sir Walter's feet.

Very unlike the rest of Lockhart's work in substance and temper is the following heartfelt religious lyric—which Carlyle used to quote with fervour, which Froude said no one who had read it could ever forget, and to whose consoling power for the distressed Mr Andrew Lang gives personal testimony:

When youthful faith has fled,
  Of living take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,
  The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of spring,
  How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
  No secondary May.

No earthly burst again
  Of gladness out of gloom:
Fond hope and vision vain,
  Ungrateful to the tomb!

But 'tis an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends will meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin, and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I 'll not forgo ;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so.

The Cid and the Leper.

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe ;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor ;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure ;
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful : great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear ;
In a deep slough the leper lay—none would to help come near.
With a loud voice he thence did cry, 'For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take.'—

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down ;
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion ;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man ; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully ;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrank away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept ;
Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that breathing cold ;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber gropèd he, with very anxious mind ;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexèd sore
With that which had befallen—when lo ! his face before,
There stood a man, all clothèd in vesture shining white :
Thus said the vision, 'Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight ? '—

'I sleep not,' quoth Rodrigo ; 'but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow ? '—
'I am the holy Lazarus ; I come to speak with thee ;
I am the same poor leper thou sav'dst for charity.

'Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been ;
God favours thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honour with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

'Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo ;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslem too ;
A death of honour shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven.'—

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite ;
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light :
Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

The Wandering Knight's Song.

'My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star :

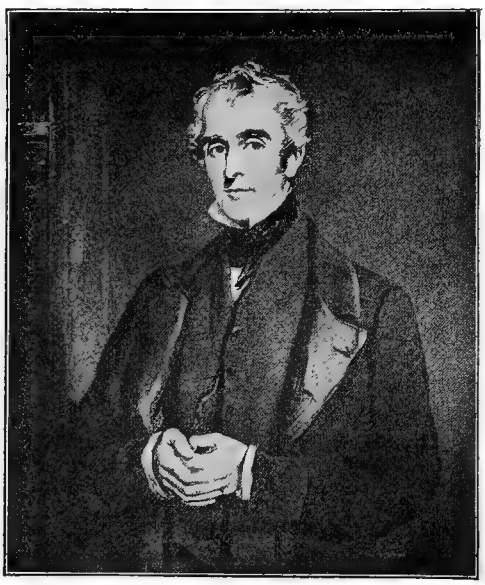
'My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken ;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

'I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea ;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.'

The Abbotsford Hunt.

The other 'superior occasion' came later in the season ; the 28th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's eldest son, was, I think, that usually selected for the *Abbotsford Hunt*. This was a coursing-field on a large scale, including, with as many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's personal favourites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country. The Sheriff always took the field, but latterly devolved the command upon his good friend Mr John Usher, the ex-laird of Toftfield ; and he could not have had a more skilful or a better-humoured lieutenant. The hunt took place either on the moors above the Cauldshields Loch, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gala, and we had commonly, ere we returned, hares enough to supply the wife of every farmer that attended with *soup* for a week following. The whole then dined at Abbotsford, the Sheriff in the chair, Adam Fergusson croupier, and Dominie Thomson, of course, chaplain. George, by the way, was himself an eager partaker in the preliminary sport ; and now he would favour us with a grace, in Burns's phrase, 'as long as my arm,' beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and expatiating on this text with so luculent a commentary that Scott, who had been

fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his Amen, could not help exclaiming as he sat down, 'Well done, Mr George! I think we've had everything but the view holla!' The company, whose onset had been thus deferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number, and sometimes they exceeded forty. The feast was such as suited the occasion—a baron of beef, roasted, at the foot of the table, a salted round at the head, while tureens of hare-soup, hotchpotch, and cockey-leekie extended down the centre, and such light articles as geese, turkeys, entire sucking-pigs, a singed sheep's head, and the unfailing haggis were set forth by way of side-dishes. Blackcock and moorfowl, bushels of snipe, *black puddings*, *white puddings*, and pyramids of pancakes, formed the second course. Ale was the favourite beverage during dinner,



JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.
After the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant.

but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they suited. The quaighs of Glenlivet were filled brim-full, and tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the hints for hot punch and toddy soon became clamorous. Two or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers—one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd—and then the business of the evening commenced in good earnest. The faces shone and glowed like those at Camacho's wedding; the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, Lowland or Highland; Fergusson and humbler heroes fought their peninsular battles o'er again; the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow-storm, the parish scandal perhaps, or the dexterous bargain of the Northumberland *tryste;* and every man was knocked down for the song that he sang best or took most pleasure in singing. Sheriff-Substitute Shortreed—a cheerful, hearty little man, with a sparkling eye and a most infectious laugh—gave us 'Dick o' the Cow' or 'Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid;' his son Thomas (Sir Walter's assiduous disciple and assistant in Border Heraldry and Genealogy) shone without a rival in 'The Douglas Tragedy' and 'The Twa Corbies;' a weather-beaten, stiff-bearded veteran, *Captain* Ormistoun, as he was called (though I doubt if his rank was recognised at the Horse-Guards), had the primitive pastoral of 'Cowden-knowes' in sweet perfection; Hogg produced 'The Women-folk,' or 'The Kye comes hame,' and, in spite of many grinding notes, contrived to make everybody delighted, whether with the fun or the pathos of his ballad; the Melrose doctor sang in spirited style some of Moore's masterpieces; a couple of retired sailors joined in 'Bould Admiral Duncan upon the high sea;'—and the gallant croupier crowned the last bowl with 'Ale, good ale, thou art my darling!' Imagine some smart Parisian *savant*—some dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidelberg—a brace of stray young Lords from Oxford or Cambridge, or perhaps their prim college tutors, planted here and there amidst these rustic wassailers—this being their first vision of the author of *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, and he appearing as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable 'Dandie' himself—his face radiant, his laugh gay as childhood, his chorus always ready. And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to insinuate that his wife and bairns would be getting sorely anxious about the fords, and the Dumples and Hoddins were at last heard neighing at the gate, and it was voted that the hour had come for *doch an dorrach*—the stirrup-cup—to wit, a bumper all round of the unmitigated *mountain dew*. How they all contrived to get home in safety, Heaven only knows—but I never heard of any serious accident except upon one occasion, when James Hogg made a bet at starting that he would leap over his wall-eyed pony as she stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of 'o'er-vaulting ambition.' One comely goodwife, far off among the hills, amused Sir Walter by telling him, the next time he passed her homestead after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door—'Ailie, my woman, I'm ready for my bed—and oh lass (he gallantly added), I wish I could sleep for a towmont [twelvemonth], for there's only ae thing in this warld worth living for, and that 's the Abbotsford hunt!'

Death of Sir Walter Scott.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th [July 1832] he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half-an-hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said -'This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk.' He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said—'Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by-and-by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the

porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me—'Sir Walter has had a little repose.'—'No, Willie,' said he—'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that 's the only place.'

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation, and I saw realised all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *nieces* of the Clerks' table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognised the Doctor; but, on hearing Mrs Ross's voice, exclaimed at once—'Isn't that Kate Hume?' These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary, and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and 'Burk Sir Walter' escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Book of Job)—or some petition in the litany—or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version), or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the Church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ;* and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite:

'Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.'

All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius. . . .

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'—He paused, and I said—'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?'—'No,' said he, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all.'—With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.—They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

(From the *Life of Scott.*)

Athanasia in Prison.

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone; and how could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alleviate hers? I took the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock; I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which showed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment, and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. 'Caius,' she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, 'why do you leave me? Stay, Valerius.' I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Cotilius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him; the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks; for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness, so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla; and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword, and my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence: 'Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!'

Aurelius, the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his lettered hand as he spake: 'Cotilius! I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr

of Jesus? I charge thee, speak; and for thy soul's sake speak truly.'

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given; and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper: 'Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—'Tis the trumpet'——

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her; but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come; but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again; and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprang from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth; but I know that ere I had said many words she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams; but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart: 'But Caius, I must not go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shall be ready anon—quite ready.'

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised; yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said: 'Take it: you must not refuse one token more; this also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.'

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop; and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

'Do you think there are any of them in Britain?' said she; 'or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion-flower—'tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops; and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in my hand too, Caius; and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.'

I had not the heart to interrupt her, but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly: 'Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.'

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only: 'Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!' And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

(From *Valerius.*)

The standard Life of Lockhart is that of Mr Andrew Lang (2 vols. 1896). See also Mrs Oliphant's *William Blackwood and his Sons* (1897), and Sir George Douglas's little book, *The Blackwood Group* (1897).

Thomas Hamilton (1789–1842) produced in *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton* (1827) what was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting novels of the day; it is full of vivid sketches of college life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures, and is not complimentary to the social manners of Glasgow citizens and Glasgow collegians (the hero is an Englishman). Son of a Glasgow professor and brother of the philosopher Sir William Hamilton, the author studied at Glasgow. As captain of the 29th Regiment he served in the Peninsula, Nova Scotia, and France, and retiring on half-pay, settled at Edinburgh and became one of the Blackwood group. He visited the United States, and wrote a lively work on the New World, entitled *Men and Manners in America* (1833). Cherishing a good deal of aristocratic and insular prejudice, he disliked the democratic government and many of the social habits of the Americans; and his criticisms, unfair rather than ill-natured, caused much irritation in America. He was also author of *Annals of the Peninsular War.*

Michael Scott (1789–1835), born at Cowlairs near Glasgow, studied at the university, and then tried his fortune in Jamaica and the West Indies as a planter. In 1822 he was in business in Glasgow. In 1829–33 he contributed to *Blackwood's* the brilliant story of West India life *Tom Cringle's Log*, showing throughout proofs of the author's personal experiences, keen observation, sprightly temper, and humorous (perhaps too systematically humorous) view of life. His next-best contribution to *Blackwood's* was *The Cruise of the*

Midge, issued in 1834 and 1835. Oddly enough Scott preserved a rigid incognito, and his authorship was unknown till after his death. Both the stories appeared first in book form at Paris in 1836; and as both have wealth of incident, abundant verve, and a bright and lively style, they have deservedly retained their popularity and been often reprinted. See Sir George Douglas's *The Blackwood Group* (1897).

Frederick Marryat, born in Westminster, 10th July 1792, the son of an M.P., in 1806 sailed as midshipman under Lord Cochrane (Dundonald), and spent some years of dangerous service off the French and Spanish coasts and in the Mediterranean. He was concerned in no less than fifty engagements, after one of which an officer, who disliked him, seeing his seemingly lifeless corpse, exclaimed, 'Here's a yōung cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!' 'You're a liar!' said Marryat faintly, raising his head. Afterwards the 'chap' served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads and in the Walcheren expedition; and in 1814, as lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, he cut out four vessels in Boston Bay, an exploit of great difficulty and daring. During the Burmese war (1824) he commanded the *Larne*, and was for some time senior officer on the station. His services were rewarded by professional promotion and honours; and he was a Companion of the Bath (1826) and an officer of the Legion of Honour (1833). He retired in 1830, having already commenced a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829 by the publication of *Frank Mildmay, the Naval Officer* (1829), a nautical tale in three volumes. This work partook rather strongly of the free spirit of the sailor, but there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for more serious faults. Next year Marryat was ready with other three volumes, presenting a well-compacted and more carefully finished story, *The King's Own. Newton Forster, or the Merchant Service* (1832), a tale of various and sustained interest, was surpassed by its immediate successor, *Peter Simple* (1834), the most amusing of all the author's works. Dealing still in the main with nautical scenes and portraits, Marryat wrote about thirty volumes—amongst them *Jacob Faithful* (1834), *Mr Midshipman Easy* (1836), *The Pacha of Many Tales* (1836), *Japhet in Search of a Father* (1836), *The Pirate, and the Three Cutters* (1836), *The Dog Fiend, or Snarleyyow* (1837), *The Phantom Ship* (1839), *Poor Jack* (1840); and some capital children's books, such as *Masterman Ready* (1841) and *The Children of the New Forest* (1847). After a trip to America in 1837, he published *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* He was no admirer of the democratic government of America; his *Diary* was as uncomplimentary as the sketches of Mrs Trollope or Captain Hall. But his notes on traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other eccentricities of the Americans were as rich as his purely fictitious work, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the novelist's creative imagination and love of drollery.

In 1830 he had purchased Langham Manor, near the Norfolk coast, and here he settled in 1843. At one time he had a hobby for making a decoy; he flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing-ground, got his decoy into full working order so as to send some five thousand birds yearly to the London market, and then—drained it again. His receipts from farming in one year were £154, 2s. 9d.; his expenditure, £1637, 0s. 6d.! Naturally, he did not die rich, though he had made over £20,000 by his writings, including £8500 during 1832–39 for the first publication of *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *The Pacha of Many Tales*, *Mr Midshipman Easy*, *Snarleyyow*, and the *Diary in America.* In 1847 he applied for service to the Admiralty; and when his request was refused he was so enraged that he burst a blood-vessel, and was seriously ill for months. The news early next year of the loss of his son in the wreck of his ship hastened his own death at Langham on 9th August 1848, and there he is buried.

Quick-tempered, extravagant, and over-eager in the pursuit of enjoyment, Marryat was an excellent officer and a generous man; his home was on the sea, unquestionably; and as a writer of sea-stories he has no superior. He cannot, it may be, bring fully home to his readers the beauty and the terror of the deep; but for invention, narrative skill, and grasp of character, and especially for richness of humour, he stands first of all those who have dealt with the sea and sailors in prose fiction. No doubt his fun often descends to farce; still, setting Dickens aside, there is no English novelist who has awakened heartier and honester laughter. His happiest creations, Mr Chucks and Terence O'Brien, Mesty and Equality Jack, and many more, would not unworthily fill places in the gallery of the greatest novelist. His own varied experiences at sea gave him a large fund of memories to draw from; many of his characters are obviously based on actual persons, and some of the episodes are manifestly autobiographical. Marryat's best books betray no sign of straining after effect; the prose is direct, clear, and vigorous, an ideal, in its way, of the narrative of adventure. Nothing, for example, could well be more vivid, yet nothing could well be simpler and more reserved in style, than such a passage as the club-hauling of the *Diomede* (in *Peter Simple*), where—as is usual in Marryat—the excitement and peril of the moment are brought home in the tersest phrase, by dramatic flashes and apt touches of dialogue. His sea-fights, his chases and cutting-out expeditions, are told with irresistible gusto, and with vastly greater artistic skill than Fenimore Cooper's. His books have been the delight of

boyhood since they first appeared; and grown men can in them renew the joy of youth. The sailors of the Great War live in his pages as vividly as do Tom Bowling and Hatchway and Pipes in Smollett's stories, as vividly as some types of Londoners live in the pages of Dickens.

The Club-hauling of the 'Diomede.'

We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore, and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double-reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sank so low as nearly to touch our mast-heads, and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvas which she was obliged to carry; for had we sea room, we should have been lying-to under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might claw off shore. The seas broke over as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle, aft, to the binnacles; and very often as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles, and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions, for we heeled over so much when we lurched that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose, it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers remained on deck during the whole of the night; and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably have been lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind, but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was that we were on a lee shore, and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm.



FREDERICK MARRYAT.
From an Engraving in the British Museum.

At last the morning broke, and the look-out man upon the gangway called out, 'Land on the lee beam.' I perceived the master dash his fist against the hammock rails, as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

'Up, there, Mr Wilson,' said the captain to the second lieutenant, 'and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the point.' The second lieutenant went up the main-rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam.

'Do you see two hillocks inland?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the second lieutenant.

'Then it is so,' observed the captain to the master, 'and if we weather it we shall have more sea room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water; do you hear, quarter-master?'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands.'

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. 'She behaves nobly,' observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle, and looking at the compass; 'if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather.' The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. 'Up with the helm: what are you about, quarter-master?'

'The wind has headed us, sir,' replied the quarter-master, coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

'We must wear her round, Mr Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready.'

'She has come up again,' cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

'Hold fast there a minute. How 's her head now?'

'N.N.E., as she was before she broke off, sir.'

'Pipe belay,' said the captain. 'Falcon,' continued he, 'if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Jump down, then, and see it double bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it.'

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. 'Luff now, all you can, quarter-master,' cried the captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words—I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance you have of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates, ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter-master, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed-to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quarter-master at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way the captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr Falcon,' said the captain. Not a word was spoken; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way we should be on shore and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would haul all the yards at once, there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr Falcon; and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain, but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock rails, holding by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the cable.' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess-tree and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

'My lads,' said the captain to the ship's company, 'you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr Falcon, splice the main-brace and call the watch. How 's her head, quarter-master?'

'S.W. by S. Southerly, sir.'

'Very well; let her go through the water;' and the captain, beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin.

(From *Peter Simple.*)

Mr Easy receives the First-Lieutenant.

In the meantime Mr Sawbridge, who was not in his uniform, had entered, and perceived Jack alone, with the dinner-table laid out in the best style for eight, a considerable show of plate for even the Fountain Inn, and everything, as well as the apartment itself, according to Mr Sawbridge's opinion, much more fit for a commander-in-chief than a midshipman of a sloop of war.

Now Mr Sawbridge was a good officer, one who had really worked his way up to the present rank—that is to say, that he had served seven-and-twenty years, and had nothing but his pay. He was a little soured in the service, and certainly had an aversion to the young men of family who were now fast crowding into it—and with some grounds, as he perceived his own chance of promotion decrease in the same ratio as the numbers increased. He considered that in proportion as midshipmen assumed a cleaner and more gentlemanly appearance, so did they become more useless, and it may therefore be easily imagined that his bile was raised by this parade and display in a lad who was very shortly to be, and ought three weeks before to have been, shrinking from his frown. Nevertheless, Sawbridge was a good-hearted man, although a little envious of luxury, which he could not pretend to indulge in himself.

'May I beg to ask,' said Jack, who was always remarkably polite and gentlemanly in his address, 'in what manner I may be of service to you?'

'Yes, sir, you may—by joining your ship immediately. And may I beg to ask in return, sir, what is the reason you have stayed on shore three weeks without joining her?'

Hereupon Jack, who did not much admire the peremptory tone of Mr Sawbridge, and who during the answer had taken a seat, crossed his legs, and played with the gold chain to which his watch was secured, after a pause very coolly replied—

'And pray, who are you?'

'Who am I, sir?' replied Sawbridge, jumping out of

his chair. 'My name is Sawbridge, sir, and I am the first-lieutenant of the *Harpy*. Now, sir, you have your answer.'

Mr Sawbridge, who imagined that the name of the first-lieutenant would strike terror to a culprit midshipman, threw himself back in the chair and assumed an air of importance.

'Really, sir,' replied Jack, 'what may be your exact situation on board, my ignorance of the service will not allow me to guess, but if I may judge from your behaviour, you have no small opinion of yourself.'

'Look ye, young man, you may not know what a first-lieutenant is, and I take it for granted that you do not, by your behaviour; but depend upon it, I'll let you know very soon. In the meantime, sir, I insist upon it, that you go immediately on board.'

'I'm sorry that I cannot comply with your very moderate request,' replied Jack, coolly. 'I shall go on board when it suits my convenience, and I beg that you will give yourself no further trouble on my account.'

Jack then rang the bell; the waiter, who had been listening outside, immediately entered, and before Mr Sawbridge, who was dumb with astonishment at Jack's impertinence, could have time to reply—

'Waiter,' said Jack, 'show this gentleman downstairs.'

'By the god of war!' exclaimed the first-lieutenant, 'but I'll soon show you down to the boat, my young bantam; and when once I get you safe on board, I'll make you know the difference between a midshipman and a first-lieutenant.'

'I can only admit of *equality*, sir,' replied Jack; 'we are all born equal—I trust you'll allow that.'

'Equality—damn it, I suppose you'll take the command of the ship. However, sir, your ignorance will be a little enlightened by-and-by. I shall now go and report your conduct to Captain Wilson; and I tell you plainly that, if you are not on board this evening, to-morrow morning, at daylight, I shall send a sergeant and a file of marines to fetch you.'

'You may depend upon it, sir,' replied Jack, 'that I also shall not fail to mention to Captain Wilson that I consider you a very quarrelsome, impertinent fellow, and recommend him not to allow you to remain on board. It will be quite uncomfortable to be in the same ship with such an ungentlemanly bear.'

'He must be mad—quite mad,' exclaimed Sawbridge, whose astonishment even mastered his indignation. 'Mad as a March hare—by God!'

'No, sir,' replied Jack, 'I am not mad, but I am a philosopher.'

'A *what?*' exclaimed Sawbridge. 'Damme, what next?—Well, my joker, all the better for you; I shall put your philosophy to the proof.'

'It is for that very reason, sir,' replied Jack, 'that I have decided upon going to sea: and if you do remain on board, I hope to argue the point with you, and make you a convert to the truth of equality and the rights of man.'

'By the Lord that made us both, I'll soon make you a convert to the thirty-six articles of war—that is, if you remain on board; but I shall now go to the captain and report your conduct, sir, and leave you to your dinner with what appetite you may.'

'Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; but you need not be afraid of my appetite; I am only sorry, as you happen to belong to the same ship, that I cannot, in justice to the gentlemanly young men whom I expect, ask you to join them. I wish you a very good morning, sir.'

'Twenty years have I been in the service,' roared Sawbridge, 'and, damme, —— but he's mad—downright, stark, staring mad.' And the first-lieutenant bounced out of the room.

Jack was a little astonished himself. Had Mr Sawbridge made his appearance in uniform it might have been different, but that a plain-looking man, with black whiskers, shaggy hair, and old blue frock-coat and yellow casimere waistcoat, should venture to address him in such a manner was quite incomprehensible. 'He calls me mad,' thought Jack; 'I shall tell Captain Wilson what is my opinion about his lieutenant.' Shortly afterwards the company arrived, and Jack soon forgot all about it.

In the meantime Sawbridge called at the captain's lodgings, and found him at home: he made a very faithful report of all that had happened, and concluded his request by demanding, in great wrath, either an instant dismissal or a court-martial on our hero, Jack.

(From *Mr Midshipman Easy.*)

Cheeks and his Captain.

'Well, Mr Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.'

'Well?'—'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom.'

'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'—'He has finished the spare leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second-lieutenant.'

'A job for the second-lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!'—'His standing bed-place is broken, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two.'

'Mr Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the bye, sir, I understand you were not sober last night.'—'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.'

'Take you care, Mr Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'—'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib-boom; I've saved the heel to return.'

'Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?'

'No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealousees* to he painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural.'—'Mrs Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?'—'Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the bye—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'—'Only the one carried away, sir.'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?'

'Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.'—'Mrs C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first-lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.'

'Who dares say that?'—'The first-lieutenant, sir.'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up.'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care. Send the boatswain to me.'

(From *The King's Own.*)

Marryat's *Life and Letters* (2 vols. 1872) was published by his daughter Florence, successively Mrs Ross Church and Mrs Lean, and herself a prolific novelist. See also the sketch by Mr D. Hannay in the 'Great Writers' series (1889).

William Nugent Glascock (1787–1847) served with credit in the navy from 1800 till the year of his death, with long intervals of half-pay, during which he produced many good pictures of maritime life and adventures, based largely on his varied experiences afloat in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, off Portugal, Newfoundland, and the West Indies. *The Naval Sketch-Book* (1826), *Sailors and Saints* (1829), *Tales of a Tar* (1836), *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls* (1838), are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour, a rich phraseology, and a cordial contempt for regularity of plot. Captain Glascock's *Naval Service, or Officer's Manual*, passed through several editions, and translated was used in the French, Russian, Swedish, and Turkish services.

Edward Howard, a naval lieutenant who died still a comparatively young man in 1841, was a shipmate of Marryat's, and his sub-editor on the *Metropolitan Magazine;* and was the author of *Rattlin the Reefer* (1836), a capital sea-story sometimes published with Marryat's works, and wrongly attributed to Marryat, who was said to have edited it. It was very well received, and was followed by *Outward Bound*, *Jack Ashore*, *Sir Henry Morgan the Buccaneer*, and other stories. Several of these are better managed as to fable, particularly *Outward Bound*, but have not the same breadth of humour as Captain Glascock's novels. He ventured also on a poem, *The Centiad* (1841). Tom Hood, on whose staff in the *New Monthly* he served, spoke warmly of his work, and said Howard 'had just felt the true use of his powers when he was called to resign them.'

Frederick Chamier (1796–1870) served in the navy from 1809 till 1827, and then produced, in imitation of Marryat, *The Life of a Sailor* (1832), *Ben Brace*, *The Arethusa*, *Jack Adams*, and *Tom Bowling* (1841), stories which for a time were very popular, and were mostly reprinted as recently as 1881–90. *Count Königsmark* (1845) was a historical romance. Captain Chamier continued James's *Naval History*, recorded his experiences of the French Revolution of 1848, and published in 1855 a painfully facetious book of travels in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789–1864), editor of the *Athenæum*, served twenty years in the Navy Pay-Office, and on retiring with a pension devoted himself wholly to literary occupations. He had long been a zealous student of literature, had in 1814–16 edited a continuation of Dodsley's 'old plays,' and had contributed much to the magazines and reviews, especially to the *Retrospective*. In 1829 he became part-proprietor of the *Athenæum* (founded by Silk Buckingham in 1828, and owned for a few months by John Sterling and others), and speedily became its supreme and highly effective editor. He soon had Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, Leigh Hunt, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Chorley, and George Darley on his staff or amongst his contributors, and from abroad—an innovation in English journalism—he enlisted the services of Sainte-Beuve and Jules Janin. To ensure perfect impartiality, the editor withdrew from general society, saw as little as possible of authors and publishers, and so long as he edited the paper did not himself contribute to its columns. He resigned the editorial charge in 1846, for three years edited the *Daily News*, and now began to contribute to the *Athenæum* the famous articles on Junius, Pope Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Burke, Wilkes, and Peter Pindar, which were published as *The Papers of a Critic* by Dilke's grandson, Sir Charles, in 1875. Dr Carruthers, who did not wholly agree with him, said that 'the personal history of Pope was never properly understood till it was taken up by Mr Dilke;' and his views were substantially adopted by Mr Elwin and Mr Courthope in the magistral edition. Dilke's contribution to the Junius controversy, mainly destructive of current theories, was the most important that had been made.

Thomas Keightley (1789–1872), born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, settled in London in 1824 as a writer of books, and published a series of histories of Greece, Rome, and England, long used as school manuals; books on the Greek War of Independence and on the Crusades; notes to Virgil and Horace; a Life of Milton and an edition of his works. His *Fairy Mythology* (1850) is, however, by far his most important work, and is still useful, though, like all books of that date dealing with folklore, it must be read with a certain caution.

William Maginn (1793–1842) was one of the wittiest, most accomplished, and versatile writers of his time in prose and verse, but has left little permanent memorial of his genius or acquirements. He was born at Cork, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, assisted his father in conducting an academy in his native city, and in 1816 (not in 1819, as is usually said) was made LL.D. by his *alma mater*. It was in 1819 that he began to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*. His papers were lively, learned, often abusive, and sometimes libellous; he was a keen political partisan, a Tory of the old Orange stamp, who gave no quarter to an opponent. At the same time there was so much scholarly wit and literary power about Maginn's contributions that all parties read and admired him. For nine years he was one of the most constant writers in *Blackwood*, and his Odoherty papers (prose and verse) were eagerly welcomed. He had removed to London in 1823, and adopted literature as a profession. In 1824 John Murray the publisher commenced a daily newspaper, *The Representative;* and Maginn was engaged as Paris correspondent. His residence in France was short; the *Representative* soon collapsed, and Maginn returned to London to 'spin his daily bread out of his brains.' He was associated with Dr Stanley Lees Giffard in conducting the *Standard* newspaper, and when *Fraser's Magazine* was established in 1830, he became one of its chief literary supporters, contributing thereto the famous 'Gallery of Literary Characters,' illustrated by Maclise; probably neither Thackeray nor Carlyle did as much for the popularity of *Fraser* as Maginn did. One article in this periodical (1836), a review of the poor novel of *Berkeley Castle*, led to a hostile meeting between Maginn and its author, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Mr Berkeley had brutally assaulted Fraser, the publisher of the offensive criticism, when Maginn wrote to him, declaring that he was the author—hence the challenge and the duel. The parties exchanged shots thrice, Maginn being slightly wounded. Maginn's life, literary and personal, became very irregular; intemperance gained upon him; the indisputable original of Thackeray's 'Captain Shandon,' he was often arrested and in jail; but his good-humour seems never to have forsaken him. His burlesque review of Southey's *Doctor* was called 'a farrago of Rabelaisian wit and learning'—a description that applies to a good deal of his work. He wrote a series of really admirable Shakespeare papers for *Blackwood* in 1837, and in the following year he commenced a series of sixteen Homeric ballads. In 1842 he was again in prison, and his health gave way. One of his friends wrote to Sir Robert Peel, describing the lamentable condition of the decayed wit, and the minister sent him £100, which Maginn did not live to receive. He died a discharged but insolvent debtor at Walton-on-Thames. The esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries may be gathered from the so-called epitaph on him by Lockhart—or, rather, the genial elegy:

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of Lynn—
He turned author while yet was no beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,'
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin—
All the same to the doctor from claret to gin—
Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein.
It was much when the bones rattled loose in his skin,
He got leave to die here out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN.

Even at his best he had more copiousness, cleverness, and wit than judgment or good feeling, and some of his work was in execrable taste—his treatment of *Christabel* and of *Adonaïs*, for example. The parodies of Carlyle and Disraeli in the 'Gallery,' on the other hand, are brilliant and blameless. The 'Story without a Tail' and 'Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady,' both for *Blackwood*, were reckoned his masterpieces. Some of his Latin verse, classical as well as doggerel, was brilliant. His 'Homeric Ballads' are very good ballads, but are not in the least Homeric; his blank verse reconstruction of Lucian's dialogues as comedies did not preserve much of Lucian's spirit. Wit and humour he always had at command, and he was an extraordinary improvisator. 'The Maxims of Odoherty' vary from pointed apophthegms such as 'The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one,' and 'The next worst thing to a really bad man (in other words, a knave) is a really good-natured one (in other words, a fool),' to disquisitions—some of them tedious—on the impropriety of mixing your liquors or of taking lobster sauce with salmon, the best method of discomfiting a punster during dinner, and facetious literary criticism somewhat of the *Noctes* order. 'The Vision of Purgatory' is not solemnising. The value or entertainment to be derived from Maginn's Latin versions of 'Chevy Chase' and 'Back and side go bare' may be guessed from a verse of the former:

Persaeus ex Northumbria
Vovebat dîs iratis,
Venare inter dies tres
In montibus Cheviatis,
Contemtis forti Douglaso
Et omnibus cognatis.

Byron and Campbell are treated only less contemptuously in several articles than are Keats and Shelley, as types of the Cockney school; the

'Adonaïs' is ridiculed as mere trash. 'Mazeppa' is proved to be a version of 'John Gilpin.' Moore is more playfully dealt with by parody, thus:

The last lamp of the alley
  Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
  Are shivered and gone.

No lamp of her kindred,
  No burner is nigh,
To rival her glimmer,
  Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To vanish in smoke;
As the bright ones are shattered,
  Thou too shalt be broke.

Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
  Thy fragments shall meet.

In a not unjustified protest against the acceptance of Irish songs manufactured for the English market, he comments on the rhyming of 'girls' and 'bells:' 'The rhyme here marks this brute [the author] to be a bestial Cockney.' The *Berkeley Castle* review not merely calls the novel 'in conception the most impertinent, in execution about the stupidest it has ever been our misfortune to read,' and comments on its 'horribly vulgar and ungrammatical writing;' but on the moral side speaks of 'looseness and dirt' and 'these bestialities towards the ladies of England;' asks (by name) the peer to whose wife the novel was dedicated if he could not borrow a horsewhip to avenge such an insult; and to emphasise the bad taste of the author's family pride in naming the novel, dwells on the fact that the author's mother lived with his father as his mistress before she was married to him.

From 'Bob Burke's Duel.'

'The day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Brady. He was a long, straddling, waddle-mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros. He was mounted on a showy-enough-looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootiman, the horse-doctor, and though "a good 'un to look at, was a rum 'un to go;" and before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady after dinner for fifty pounds, she being not worth twenty in her best day, and Brady giving his bill at three months for the fifty. My friend the ensign was no judge of a horse, and the event showed that my cousin Lanty was no judge of a bill—not a cross of the fifty having been paid from that day to this, and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Brady having since twice taken the benefit of the Act. So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure, which must do them instead of profit.

'She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Brady but he must run her at a little gap which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to show his gallantry and agility; and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare *on* the gap, which was no small feat, but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into as fine a pool of stagnant green mud as you would ever wish to see. He was ducked regularly in it, and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colours, of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose. But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut, for before he could well get up, who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Tom the Devil, having cleared the gap and a yard beyond the pool in fine style. Brady ducked, and escaped the horse, a little fresh daubing being of less consequence than the knocking out of his brains, if he had any; but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unlucky accuracy as to hit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye-teeth (which I do not recollect). Brady clapped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud that Miss Dosy checked Tom for a minute, to turn round, and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming blood, and himself painted green from head to foot with as pretty a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster. "That's the gentleman you just leapt over, Miss Dosy," said I, for I had joined her, "and he seems to be in some confusion." "I am sorry," said she, "Bob, that I should have in any way offended him or any other gentleman by leaping over him, but I can't wait now. Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea at six o'clock this evening, in a different suit." Off she went, and I rode back with her message (by which means I was thrown out), and, would you believe it, he had the ill manners to say "the h——;" but I shall not repeat what he said. It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profane, but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances. There is no knowing what even Job himself might have said immediately after having been thrown off his horse into a green pool, with his eye-tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea-party.

'He—Brady, not Job—went, nevertheless—for, on our return to Miss Dosy's lodgings we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her not to think of the slight accident which had occurred. How it happened, he added, he could not conceive, his mare never having broken down with him before—which was true enough, as that was the first day he ever mounted her—and she having been bought by himself at a sale of the Earl of Darlington's horses last year, for two hundred guineas. She was a great favourite, he went on to say, with the Earl, who often rode her, and ran at Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell. All this latter part of the note was not quite so true, but then it must be admitted that when we talk about horses we are not tied down to be exact to a letter. If we were, God help Tattersal's!

'To tea, accordingly, the ensign came at six, wiped clean, and in a different set-out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the ancient Latin into the modern Greek, togged up in the most approved style of his Majesty's Forty-eighth foot. Bright was the scarlet of his coat—deep the blue of his facings.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Antony Harrison, here interrupting the speaker; 'the Forty-eighth are not royals, and you ought to know that no regiment but those which are royal sport blue facings. I remember, once upon a time, in a coffee-shop, detecting a very smart fellow, who wrote some clever things in a Magazine published in Edinburgh by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be anything of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the fusileers –all the world knowing that in the fusileers there are no ensigns, but in their place second lieutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob; the facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea-table must have been buff—pale buff.'

'Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick-dust, no matter what they were,' continued Burke, in no wise pleased by the interruption, 'they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress—as you know is done in country quarters—and being not a bad plan and elevation of a man, looked well enough. Miss Dosy, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped, for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible, and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck—and, by Jupiter! it was fair as a swan's, and as majestic too—and no mistake. Yes! Dosy Macnamara looked divine that evening.

'Never mind! Tea was brought in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other *teas* have been and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer-sliced and hot-watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting *soirées* and *conversaziones* in this good and bad city of London. The tea was congou or souchong, or some other of these Chinese affairs, for anything I know to the contrary; for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs Macnamara begged me not to disturb myself; and she being a lady for whom I had a great respect, I complied with her desire; but there was a potato-cake, an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which Mrs Macnamara informed me in a whisper was made by Dosy after the hunt.

'"Poor chicken," she said, "if she had the strength, she has the willingness; but she is so delicate. If you saw her handling the potatoes to-day."

'"Madam," said I, looking tender and putting my hand on my heart, "I wish I was a potato!"

'I thought this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz, but it was scarcely out of my mouth when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dosy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer, but Miss Dosy laughed so loud that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The ensign followed up his victory without mercy.'

See the Life by R. W. Montagu, prefixed to Maginn's *Miscellanies* (2 vols. 1885). The *Gallery* was republished in 1874 and, edited by Bates, in 1883.

Francis Sylvester Mahony (1804–66), the creator of Father Prout and the Oliver Yorke of *Fraser's Magazine*, was, like Maginn, a native of Cork, and even more scholarly, accomplished, versatile, witty, and gifted with facile and felicitous utterance in prose and verse. He was educated at St Acheul, the Jesuit college at Amiens, and in Paris; among the Jesuits he lived, as he said, in an atmosphere of Latin, and became a first-rate Latin scholar. He was admitted to the Society, taught in an Irish college, but for extraordinarily unconventional irregularities in a seminarist (including coursing and deep drinking) was pronounced to be no longer a Jesuit in 1830, and, obtaining with some difficulty priest's orders in 1832, officiated at Cork. But erelong he quarrelled with his bishop, and, settling in London, became one of the writers in *Fraser's Magazine;* and during 1834–36 he contributed a series of papers, afterwards collected as *The Reliques of Father Prout.* From the gay tavern life of the 'Fraserians,' Mahony went abroad and travelled, 1837–41, in Hungary, Greece, and Asia Minor. He became in 1846 Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, and his letters were in 1847 collected and published as *Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk.* For the last eight years of his life –quite Bohemian, though latterly his wit became more caustic and his ways less sociable—he lived chiefly in Paris, and was the correspondent of the *Globe*, his letters forming the chief attraction of that journal. He died reconciled to the Church. A volume of *Final Memorials of Father Prout*, published in 1876 by Blanchard Jerrold, sufficiently illustrated Mahony's wonderful facility in Latin composition, his wit, quaint sayings, genial outbursts of sentiment, pathos, absurdity and satire jumbled together, and a certain reverence for religion among all his convivialities. James Hannay said of him: 'Mahoney's fun is essentially Irish—fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque than Northern fun. In one of his own phrases, he is an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt.'

Much of the fun of the *Reliques* arises out of Father Prout's regretful proof that the best songs of some of the most admired modern authors are the merest plagiarisms or translations from ancient Greek, mediæval Latin, or old French originals, which he solemnly produces with dates and all necessary particulars to authenticate them—the poems and the facts all alike out of his own head. And he often pursued his jest beyond the limits prescribed by piety to the dead and by good taste, and the fun evaporates in tedium or annoyance. Father Prout declares himself to have been the son of Dean Swift by Stella, to whom the Dean had been privately married; and the Dean's madness was wholly occasioned, not by the causes usually alleged, but by the kidnapping of this (purely supposititious) son by William Wood, the halfpenny hero whom Swift denounced. In the

article Wolfe (Vol. II. p. 788) we have given a verse of Father Prout's French original for 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.' 'John Anderson, my jo,' was a mere translation by Burns into Scotch of the Latin original, duly produced by the Admirable Crichton—the Scotch version is even extended to seven verses. The good Father had special joy in proving Moore's 'Irish Melodies' to be the merest translations from Greek, Latin, or French, as the case might be. This is part of a chapter of the *Reliques:*

From 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore.'

The Blarney-stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the 'Irish Melodies.' Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot-tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called ὕστερον πρότερον; others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; 'for, d'ye see, old Prout,' the rogue would say,

> 'The best of all ways
> To lengthen our *lays*,
> Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, "my dear."'

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these 'Melodies' have obtained for him; but his last treachery to my round-tower friend [a bogus plagiarism from an Irish antiquary] has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies:

> 'Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ
> Cœlo ostendentur.'

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his 'Bard's Legacy.' Even on his dying bed this 'dying bard' cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his 'heart' to his 'mistress dear,' and recommending her to '*borrow*' balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marot, who thus disposes of *his* remains:

> 'Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entère
> Dans la cave où est le vin;
> Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère,
> Et la bouche sous le robin.'

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered spoil; for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection, 'Go where glory waits thee,' is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting 'ladye,' Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491, and the favourite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her; indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

Chanson de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand à François I.

> Va où la gloire t'invite;
> Et quand d'orgueil palpite
> Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi!
> Quand l'éloge enflamme
> Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,
> Pense encore à moi!
> Autres charmes peut-être
> Tu voudras connaître,
> Autre amour en maître
> Regnera sur toi;
> Mais quand ta lèvre presse
> Celle qui te caresse,
> Méchant, pense à moi! . .

Tom Moore's Translation of this Song in the 'Irish Melodies.'

> Go where glory waits thee;
> But while fame elates thee,
> Oh, still remember me!
> When the praise thou meetest
> To thine ear is sweetest,
> Oh, then remember me!
> Other arms may press thee,
> Dearer friends caress thee—
> All the joys that bless thee
> Dearer far may be:
> But when friends are dearest,
> And when joys are nearest,
> Oh, then remember me! . . .

A page or two later he gives the Latin original of 'Lesbia hath a beaming eye,' as written originally by himself, and sung by him to Moore in his parsonage of Watergrasshill ('Lesbia semper hic et inde Oculorum tela movit').

Mahony either in his own character or as Father Prout made really brilliant and melodious verse renderings from the classics and from the French and Italian; his renderings from Horace are in a wonderful and apt variety of rhyme and measure. Thus he renders the first verse of the Second Ode:

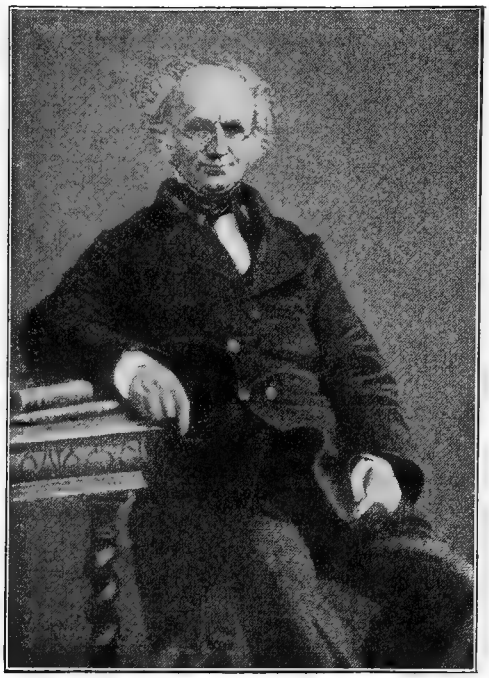
> Since Jove decreed in storms to vent
> The winter of his discontent,
> Thundering o'er Rome impenitent
> With red right hand,
> The flood-gates of the firmament
> Have drenched the land.

And Ode Ninth begins thus:

> See how the winter blanches
> Soracte's giant brow!
> Hear how the forest branches
> Groan from the weight of snow!
> While the fixed ice impanels
> Rivers within their channels.

And he translated English songs, as we have seen, into most plausible Latin and French His

translation of Gresset's *Vert-Vert, the Parrot*, reads wonderfully like an Ingoldsby Legend. His chapter on 'Modern Latin Poets' contains articles on and translations from Vida, Sarbiewski, Beza, Sannazar, Fracastoro, George Buchanan, and others. It is not always easy to know whether the Father is citing historical fact or giving pure imagination with circumstantial details, as in the case of 'the celebrated poem, *De Connubiis Florum*,' by Diarmid M'Encroe from Kerry, published at Paris in 1727, which was the sole original of Erasmus Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. 'The Groves of Blarney' would seem to exist in Greek, Latin, French, and old Irish MSS.,



FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.
From a Photograph

if we believe this veracious authority. He may, like one of his protégés, be said 'to have defied the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned.' 'The Shandon Bells' was one of the songs sung by Father Prout to Tom Moore, and on it, we are told, the ungracious guest, without acknowledgment, rings the changes in his 'Evening Bells.'

The Shandon Bells.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly—
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia,
The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Besides the volume of *Final Reliques*, there is an edition of *The Works of Father Prout* by Charles Kent (1881).

Pierce Egan (1772–1849), a Londoner by birth, and the most popular sporting journalist of his day, is remembered as the author of *Life in London, or the Days and Nights of Jerry Hawthorne and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom*, a tale, or rather

a series of sketches, which is said to have taken town and country by storm when it appeared in 1821. Thackeray has immortalised it in one of the best of his *Roundabout Papers*, where, however, he very fairly indicates its literary worth by confessing that on reperusal he found it 'a little vulgar,' and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the Regency days, 'more curious than amusing.' Not a little of its interest is due to Cruikshank's illustrations. Its author, who spent his life in frequenting and reporting all the more notable races, prize-fights, cock-fights, cricket-matches, and executions in England, produced many other ephemeral works of a similar kind, among which *Boxiana* (1818) and *The Loves of Florizel and Perdita* (the Prince Regent and Mary Robinson, 1814) may be mentioned. He also published in 1828 a continuation of *Life in London* (republished in 1871), moralising its theme and killing off or converting its characters. His son, **Pierce Egan** the younger (1814–80), an etcher who illustrated his own and his father's works, was also a diligent journalist, and wrote more than twenty indifferent novels, one of which, *The Snake in the Grass*, published first in 1858, was reprinted in 1887.

George Combe (1788–1858), phrenologist, was born, a brewer's son, in Edinburgh, and, bred a Writer to the Signet, practised till 1837, when he devoted himself to popularising his views on phrenology and education. A disciple of Spurzheim, he wrote two works on phrenology (1819 and 1824), one of which passed through a dozen editions; but his most important was *The Constitution of Man* (1828; 12th ed. 1900), which was violently opposed as materialist, subversive of the belief in immortality, and inimical to revealed religion. He laboured earnestly to reform education on rational and scientific principles; travelled and lectured at home, on the Continent, and in the United States; and published books on popular education, moral philosophy, criminal legislation, currency questions, and the relation between science and religion. Combe's ideas on popular education, anticipating modern methods, were carried out for some years in a secular school which he founded in Edinburgh in 1848, where the sciences were systematically taught, including physiology—and, as was inevitable, phrenology. He was an intimate friend of Robert Chambers, Richard Cobden, and George Eliot; and his wife was a daughter of the great Mrs Siddons. There is a Life by Charles Gibbon (1878); and Combe's views and articles on *Education* were collected by Jolly (1879). George Combe wrote also a Life of his brother Andrew (1797–1847), physician to the king of the Belgians and to Queen Victoria, and author of a successful work on physiology. A Combe lectureship seeks to awaken public interest in the importance of physiology and hygiene in education and morals.

Thomas Erskine (1788–1870) of Linlathen was admitted advocate in 1810, but ceased to practise after his elder brother's death gave him the estate of Linlathen near Dundee. He was a man of a warmly devotional religious temperament, and the main aim of his half-dozen theological works, next to the promotion of pure religion and undefiled, was to insist on the ultimate universal salvation of mankind, and to argue that the conscience, and not miracle, was the chief evidence for a divine revelation. He strongly supported Macleod Campbell, deposed by the Church of Scotland for his doctrine of universal pardon and atonement through Christ; and amongst his intimate friends were men so unlike in their theological sympathies as F. D. Maurice, Dean Stanley, Carlyle, Prévost-Paradol, Vinet, and the Monods. See Erskine's *Letters*, edited by Dr Hanna (1877–78).

Sir Francis Palgrave (1788–1861) was long deputy-keeper of the Public Records, and an indefatigable student of our early history. He was the son of Meyer Cohen, a Jewish stockbroker in London; but at his marriage (1823), having become a Christian, he assumed his mother's maiden name of Palgrave. He was articled to a solicitor; in 1827 was called to the Bar, pleading mainly in pedigree cases before the House of Lords; was a frequent contributor to the reviews; and in 1831 contributed to Murray's 'Family Library' a *History of England* in the Anglo-Saxon period. Next year appeared his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*—a work which contains a mass of information regarding the most obscure part of our annals, with original records concerning the political institutions of ancient Europe. He afterwards wrote a more elaborate history, the last two volumes of which were published after his death—*The History of Normandy and England* (4 vols. 1851–64), which brings down the history to the death of Rufus. England owes him a debt of gratitude for the light he threw on the origin of its people and institutions. Hallam and Freeman, though dissenting from some of his conclusions, both highly praised his great achievement—that of making mediæval history intelligible. He insisted, rightly, as Freeman says, that European society and civilisation depended on the influence of Rome long after the fifth century, even when she had fallen and was 'tattered, sordid, and faded as was her imperial robe;' the chiefs of the barbarian dynasties assumed the semblance of the Cæsars, and employed their titles and symbols. Sir Francis, who was knighted in 1832 and was F.R.S., carefully arranged heretofore inaccessible piles of national documents, reported on them as deputy-keeper, and edited for the Record Commission *Calendars of the Treasury*, *Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland*, &c., wrote on the feudal system, *Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages*, and a *Hand-book for Travellers in*

Northern Italy. His style was sometimes too discursive. — **William Gifford Palgrave,** Jesuit, traveller, consul, and author of books of travel, and **Professor F. T. Palgrave,** poet and critic, were his sons.

John Lewis Burckhardt (1784–1817), though he spent but a year or two in England, ranks almost as an English author in virtue of his books of travel, written by him in English and revised by English friends. Born at Lausanne, he was educated at Neuchâtel, Leipzig, and Göttingen. In 1806 he brought an introduction from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, of the African Association, and in 1809 was sent to explore the interior of Africa. At Aleppo he studied more than two years; then, disguised as an Oriental, he visited Palmyra, Damascus, Lebanon, Nubia, and thence in 1814 as 'Sheikh Ibrahim' made the pilgrimage to Mecca, where, one of the first European Christians to enter the sacred city, he was accepted not only as a true believer but as a great Moslem scholar. In 1815 he returned to Cairo, and in 1816 ascended Mount Sinai. When at last on the point of joining the Fezzan caravan, the opportunity for which he had waited so long, he was carried off by dysentery at Cairo. The records of his journeys (three series), with volumes on Bedouins and Wahabis and on Arabic proverbs, were published in 1819–30.

William Scoresby (1789–1857), Arctic explorer, born at Cropton near Whitby, sailed to the Greenland seas as a boy with his father, a whaling captain, and himself made several voyages to the whaling-grounds. He attended Edinburgh University, carried on investigations in natural history, botany, meteorology, and magnetism, and published the results in *The Arctic Regions* (1820) and *Magnetical Investigations* (2 vols. 1839–52). In 1822 he surveyed four hundred miles of the east coast of Greenland. After a course of study at Cambridge he was ordained (1825), and laboured at Liverpool, Exeter, and Bradford; but failing health compelled him to retire to Torquay in 1849. He was D.D., and was elected F.R.S. in 1824. There is a Life of him by his nephew (1861).

Charles Knight (1791–1873), author and publisher, was the son of a Windsor bookseller; and with his father he in 1811 established the *Windsor and Eton Express*, editing it until 1821, and at the same time printing the *Etonian*. The *Plain Englishman* (1820–22), a first attempt to produce good cheap literature, was jointly edited by Knight and Commissioner Locker of Greenwich Hospital. In London from 1822 on, Knight, now a general publisher, founded *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. For the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge he published many works and serials, including the *Penny Magazine* (1832–45). The *Penny Cyclopædia* was begun in 1838, and was followed by the *English Cyclopædia* (1854–61), the *British Almanac*, and its *Companion*. He edited a *Pictorial Shakespeare*, and wrote a Life of Shakespeare. Other works were *The Land We Live In*, *Once Upon a Time*, and *Knowledge is Power*. In 1862 he completed his *Popular History of England*. *Half-hours with the Best Authors*, *Half-hours of English History*, and *Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers* were compilations by himself; and from 1860 he was publisher of the *London Gazette*. He wrote autobiographical *Passages of a Working Life* (1863–65); and there is a Life of him by Alice Clowes (1892).

Dionysius Lardner (1793–1859), after serving for four years as clerk to his father, a Dublin solicitor, studied at Trinity College. He attracted attention by works on algebraic geometry (1823) and the calculus (1825), but is best known as the originator and editor of *Lardner's Cyclopædia* (132 vols. 1830–44). This was followed by the historical *Cabinet Library* (12 vols. 1830–32) and *Museum of Science and Art* (12 vols. 1854–56). In 1828 Lardner had been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London; but in 1840, married man though he was, he ran away with the wife of an army officer, and went to the United States, where he made £40,000 by lecturing. He lived in Paris from 1845 to 1859, and died at Naples. He was not related to Nathaniel Lardner (Vol. II. p. 247).

Sir Francis Bond Head (1793–1875), born of Portuguese-Jewish ancestry at Higham in Kent, was educated at Rochester and Woolwich Academy, and served 1811–25 in the Engineers, being present at Waterloo. Manager then of the unsuccessful La Plata Mining Company, he published *Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes* (1827). The work was exceedingly popular, and the reputation of 'Galloping Head,' as the gay captain was termed, was increased by his *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau* (1834). Governor of Upper Canada 1835–37, and created a baronet in 1836, he published a narrative of his not very successful administration, which was more amusing than convincing. Turning again to purely literary pursuits, Sir Francis wrote *The Emigrant* (1852), and a series of essays in the *Quarterly Review*, afterwards republished as *Stokers and Pokers—Highways and Byways*. He wrote a Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, for the 'Family Library.' The national defences of this country appearing to Sir Francis lamentably deficient, he issued a note of warning, *The Defenceless State of Great Britain* (1850). Visits to Paris and Ireland produced *A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in 1851*, and *A Fortnight in Ireland* (1852). In 1869 he produced a practical work, *The Royal Engineer*.— His brother, **Sir George Head** (1782–1855), a Peninsular veteran, wrote *Forest Scenery in the Wilds of North America* (1829), *Home Tours in England, 1835–37*, and some other works.

Tawell the Murderer.

Whatever may have been his fears, his hopes, his fancies, or his thoughts, there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words: 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h. 42 m. P.M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage.' And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster; indeed, at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment-seat of heaven!

On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger and putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow-passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the Bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage-door, descended the steps; paid his fare; crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments, anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee-house, thence over London Bridge to the Leonard Coffee-house in the Borough, and finally to a lodging-house in Scott's Yard, Cannon Street. He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee-houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an *alibi;* but, whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening the door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him—'Haven't you just come from Slough?' The monosyllable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt. The policeman made him his prisoner; he was thrown into jail, tried, found guilty of wilful murder, and hanged.

A few months afterwards we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen miles no one had uttered a single word, until a short-bodied, short-necked, short-nosed, exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud: 'Them 's the cords that hung John Tawell!'

(From *Stokers and Pokers.*)

John Edmund Reade (1800–70), son of the squire of Barton Manor in Berkshire, published in 1825 *The Broken Heart and other Poems*, followed by a series of epics, tragedies, and novels, including *Cain the Wanderer* and the *Revolt of the Angels* (1830), *Italy* (1838), and *Catiline* (1839). In much of his verse he modelled himself closely on Byron, not hesitating to plagiarise pretty extensively; passages and phrases can also be traced directly to Scott and Wordsworth, as well as to many other English authors ancient and modern.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792–1871) was born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, and educated at Durham and the Military College, Great Marlow; he served in Spain and Portugal, and was present at Vimeiro and Corunna. Quitting the army in 1816, he devoted himself to geology; and erelong his establishment of the Silurian system won him the Copley Medal and European fame, increased by his exposition of the Devonian, Permian, and Laurentian systems. He explored parts of Germany, Poland, and the Carpathians; and in 1840–45, with others, carried out a geological survey of the Russian Empire. It was now that, struck with the resemblance between the Ural Mountains and some Australian ranges, he startled the world by foreshadowing (1844) the discovery of gold in Australia. In 1855 he was made director-general of the Geological Survey and director of the Royal School of Mines. His investigations into the crystalline schists of the Highlands led him to a theory (not free from important error) of regional metamorphism on a large scale. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society, and President of the Geological Society and of the British Association (1846); a K.C.B. from 1846, he was made a baronet in 1863. His principal works were *The Silurian System* (1839) and *The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Urals* (1845; 2nd ed. 1853). There is a Life of him by Sir Archibald Geikie (1875).

Albany William Fonblanque (1793–1872), son of a London Commissioner of Bankruptcy and great-grandson of a naturalised Huguenot, was bred a lawyer, but soon became a journalist, writing for the *Times* and other papers. As editor from 1830 of the *Examiner*, he exercised great influence on public opinion; his best articles were reprinted as *England under Seven Administrations* (1837). In 1847 he became Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade. There is a Life of him (1874).

William Hamilton Maxwell (1792–1850), the first conspicuous writer of the roistering, rollicking military novels Lever was afterwards identified with, was a Newry Ulsterman, Scottish both on the father's and the mother's side. He studied—or enjoyed life—at Trinity College, Dublin, and as captain fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Country sports exhausted his finances, and in 1820 he took orders and was presented to the rectory of Ballagh in Connemara. His novel of *O'Hara* was followed by his *Wild Sports of the West* (1832), and that by *Stories from Waterloo*. Though his congregation was practically non-extant and his duties were nominal, he was ultimately deprived for non-residence. Having produced a score of works, including a Life of the Duke of Wellington and a history of the Irish rebellion, but none of them bearing remotely on theology, he died at Musselburgh in Midlothian. Dr Maginn prefixed a Life of him to an edition of his *Erin-go-Bragh, or Irish Life Pictures* (2 vols. 1859).

John Hamilton Reynolds (1796–1852) was born at Shrewsbury, educated at St Paul's, and practised law in London pretty regularly till about 1840, when he accepted a post as clerk to the County Court at Newport in the Isle of Wight. Devotion to literature interfered with his professional success; as early as 1814 he had published poems, and these were followed by several volumes of poetry—*The Naiad* (1816); *The Garden of Florence*, from Boccaccio (1821)—in which he showed successively the influence of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley. He produced also several farces, a burlesque of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, and some humorous poems. He is best remembered as the intimate friend of Keats, who wrote many letters to him and a poetical epistle. One of Reynolds's best sonnets is addressed to Keats; and Reynolds was for a time associated with his brother-in-law, Thomas Hood, in some of his literary ventures. He latterly wrote for the magazines, and till 1831 was one of the proprietors of the *Athenæum*.

John Abraham Heraud (1799–1887), an author of curious and varied erudition, was born in London of Huguenot stock, studied in Germany, and sought to make Schelling's philosophy known in England. He had begun writing for the magazines, and in 1820 published his first poem. Later he made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems, *The Descent into Hell* (1830) and *Judgment of the Flood* (1834). He was also a contributor to the drama, having written several tragedies, one of which, *Videna*, was successfully acted in 1854. Mr Heraud was in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His *Descent* and *Judgment* are psychological curiosities, displaying much misplaced intellectual and poetic power. Mr Heraud published also books on Savonarola and Shakespeare, books of travel and history, an historical romance, lyrical ballads, sonnets, and *The War of Ideas*, a poem on the Franco-Prussian war, and *The Sibyl among the Tombs* (1886). He did much editorial and magazine work, and was dramatic critic for the *Athenæum* and for the *Illustrated London News*.

Edward Irving (1792–1834) came at thirteen from Annan to the Edinburgh University, and after graduating in 1809 did school work for some years. He had been Carlyle's schoolfellow at Annan, and the two friends were teachers in Kirkcaldy at the same time; and everybody knows how ultimately Carlyle married the pupil to whom Irving had lost his heart when teaching at Haddington. Licensed to preach, in 1819 he was appointed assistant to Dr Chalmers in Glasgow. In 1822 he was called to the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, London; his success as a preacher there was such as had never been known. De Quincey thought him 'the greatest orator of his times;' Coleridge was an intimate; Canning heard the Scotch minister preach the 'most eloquent sermon he ever listened to;' Scott, meeting him at a dinner-table, 'could hardly keep his eyes off him;' Hazlitt and Wordsworth were more or less attracted by this meteor; and around him in London, as Carlyle said, were 'mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indifference and neglect.' In 1825 he began to announce his convictions in regard to the imminent second advent of Christ; this was followed by the translation of *The Coming of the Messiah* (1827), by 'Aben Ezra'—really the work of a Spanish Jesuit. Before 1828, when his *Homilies on the Sacraments* appeared, he had begun to elaborate his views of the Incarnation, and he was charged with heresy as maintaining the sinfulness of Christ's nature. He was now deep in the prophecies, and when in the beginning of 1830 he heard of extraordinary manifestations of prophetic power in Dumbartonshire, he gladly believed them. He was arraigned before the (Scottish) Presbytery of London in 1830 and convicted of heresy, ejected from his new church in Regent's Square in 1832, and finally deposed in 1833 by the Presbytery of Annan, which had licensed him. The majority of his congregation adhered to him, and a new communion, the Catholic Apostolic Church, was developed, commonly known as Irvingite, though Irving had little to do with the establishment of its doctrine, ritual, or hierarchy. Shortly after his health failed, and soon after returning to Scotland he died of consumption. Irving's works hardly betray the secret of his power, which was partly due to his imposing figure and commanding personality. His books are almost all written in a rhetorical and exalted style, not without really majestic and noble passages. Their titles are significant of his eschatological monomania—*For the Oracles of God, For Judgment to Come, The Last Days*, and the like.

True Political Reformation.

Almost all the high genius and enterprise of this age, at home and abroad, calculate that these effects which we claim for divine government will result from political reformation; and they have drawn after them the sympathies of by far the most disinterested part of

our nation, with whom the watchword of domestic and foreign renovation is well-balanced and well-administered political institutions. Now, from all I can understand and learn of the nature of civil polity, it will stretch no farther than to protect and defend us in our several rights; and when it would enter farther in, to take an oversight of our private, our domestic, our personal conduct, it then becomes tyranny. Why, then, should there be any dispute between us and the politicians; or why should they scowl on us, and we look scowling back on them? Let them mind the outworks and defences of each man's encampment, guard the craft of priests and the power of governors from coming in to molest it; we will in the meantime set all things in order within the poor man's cottage, which their good endeavours have made to be revered as 'the poor man's castle.' Let them keep the king from daring to enter it; we will endeavour to keep the devil from daring to enter it. And in our turn we will do them as good a service as they have done us; for we will touch the lethargic bosoms of the sluggish people with the Promethean spark of religion, which persecution and power cannot quench, and which will light and feed the lamp of freedom when need be; we will give them a people fearful of no one save God, armed in religion and virtue, which alone are incorruptible by the bribes, reckless of the power, and more terrible to the measures of wicked governors than an army with banners—a people who will stand for liberty on the earth and shape themselves for glory in heaven. And we will satisfy the legislators no less than the reformers; we will give them a people obedient to wholesome laws, and examples of peaceable conduct to all around, but as refractory against conscientious bonds or arbitrary measures as the Puritans and Covenanters were of old. And we will satisfy the economists no less; for we will give them a people industrious upon principle, independent upon principle, and who will refrain their natural instincts rather than cover a country with pauperism and misery.

The Day of Judgment.

Imagination cowers her wing, unable to fetch the compass of the ideal scene. The great white throne descending out of heaven, guarded and begirt with the principalities and powers thereof—the awful presence at whose sight the heavens and the earth flee away, and no place for them is found—the shaking of the mother elements of nature, and the commotion of the hoary deep to render up their long-dissolved dead—the rushing together of quickened men upon all the winds of heaven down to the centre, where the Judge sitteth on His blazing throne. To give form and figure and utterance to the mere circumstantial pomp of such a scene no imagination availeth. Nor doth the understanding labour less.

The Archangel, with the trump of God, riding sublime in the midst of heaven, and sending through the widest dominions of death and the grave that sharp summons which divideth the solid earth, and rings through the caverns of the hollow deep, piercing the dull, cold ear of death and the grave with the knell of their departed reign; the death of Death, the sprouting of the grave with vitality, the reign of life, the second birth of living things, the reunion of body and soul—the one from unconscious sleep, the other from apprehensive and unquiet abodes—the congregation of all generations over whom the stream of time hath swept. This outstretches my understanding no less than the material imagery confuses my imagination. And when I bring the picture to my heart, its feelings are overwhelmed; when I fancy this quick and conscious frame one instant reawakened, the next reinvested, the next summoned before the face of the Almighty Judge—now begotten, now sifted through every secret corner, my poor soul possessed with the memory of its misdeeds, submitted to the scorching eye of my Maker, my fate depending upon His lips, my everlasting, changeless fate—I shriek and shiver with mortal apprehension; and when I fancy the myriads of men all standing thus explored and known, I seem to hear their shiverings like the aspen leaves in the still evening of autumn. Pale fear possesseth every countenance, and blank conviction every quaking heart. They stand like men upon the perilous edge of battle, withholden from speech and pinched for breath through excess of struggling emotions—shame, remorse, mortal apprehension, and trembling hope.

There was a collected edition of Irving's works (5 vols. 1864–65); his 'prophetical works' were separately edited (2 vols. 1867–70); and there was a volume of *Miscellanies* (1867). The standard Life is that by Mrs Oliphant (1862); Carlyle's *Life, Essays*, and *Reminiscences* give an even more vivid picture of his fascination and his aberrations.

Augustus and Julius Hare, joint authors of the *Guesses at Truth*, were the sons of the impoverished squire of Hurstmonceaux, who made a romantic marriage with the brilliant cousin of the Duchess of Devonshire, and lived mainly abroad, writing dramas, a novel, and histories of the Helvetic republics and of Germany during the Thirty Years' War. Augustus William (1792–1834), born in Rome, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and became rector of Alton Barnes near Devizes. Besides his share in the *Guesses* he left two volumes of sermons. Julius Charles (1795–1855), born near Vicenza, from the Charterhouse passed in 1812 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow in 1818, and in 1822 classical lecturer. He took orders in 1826, and succeeded his uncle in the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, in 1832; in 1844 married Frederick Denison Maurice's sister; became Archdeacon of Lewes in 1840, and in 1853 chaplain to the Queen. His annual charges awakened Englishmen to the fact that they had much to learn in theology from Germany, and helped to mark him out as a leader of the Broad-Church party. In 1820 he translated Fouqué's *Sintram;* in 1827 he and his brother Augustus published anonymously *Guesses at Truth* —a volume of reflections, suggestions, and short essays on a great variety of subjects, varying in length from brief aphorisms like, 'Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth poetry,' to disquisitions of twenty pages on art, religion, literature, and philosophy. In so far as they dealt with theological questions, they, like some of their other works, gave to many the impression that the brothers were dangerously liberal. Unitarianism, Calvinism, and popery are

equally condemned; Shakespeare, Bacon, Coleridge, and Byron are commented on; Schleiermacher and Kant furnish matter for meditation; South and Voltaire are contrasted; and pregnant thoughts often relieve what now seem rather trite or commonplace elucubrations. The next work of Julius was the translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828–32) in collaboration with Thirlwall, and his own *Vindication of Niebuhr's History* (1829). In 1848 he published the *Essays and Tales* of his friend and somewhile curate, John Sterling, with a Memoir to which Carlyle's masterpiece was meant to be a corrective—Carlyle holding that Hare made too much of Sterling as a doubting theologian and clergyman. Hare wrote also a *Vindication of Luther* (1854) and several volumes of sermons. The quotations are all from the *Guesses*.

Wastefulness of Moral Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts 'which wander through eternity,' and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever.

Age lays open the Character.

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiselled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

Loss of the Village Green.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of our English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide-spreading oak or elm or ash; its gray church-tower; its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest; its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayworn traveller, wearied by the interminable hedge walls with which 'restless ownership'—to use an expression of Wordsworth's—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon.

The main loss, however, is that to the moral beauty of our landscapes—that to the innocent, wholesome pleasures of the poor. The village green was the scene of their sports, of their games. It was the playground for their children. It served for trapball, for cricket, for manly humanising amusements, in which the gentry and farmers might unite with the peasantry. How dreary is the life of the English husbandman now! 'Double, double toil and trouble,' day after day, month after month, year after year, uncheered by sympathy, unenlivened by a smile; sunless, moonless, starless. He has no place to be merry in but the beer-shop, no amusements but drunken brawls, nothing to bring him into innocent, cheerful fellowship with his neighbours. The stories of village sports sound like legends of a mythical age, prior to the time when 'Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb has so happily termed him, set up his throne in the land.

For the Hares see the *Memorials of a Quiet Life* (1872), largely a life of Mrs Augustus Hare, by Mr A. J. C. Hare, a nephew of the brothers; and also the same author's stupendous Autobiography (6 vols. 1896–1900). This Mr Hare is well known by his *Walks in Rome* and many other charming topographical works, his *Two Noble Lives*, and *The Gurneys of Earlham*.

John Sterling (1806–43), born at Kames Castle, Bute, was the son of Captain Edward Sterling, at that time a farmer, but by-and-by, settled in London, to be known as the 'thunderer' of the *Times*—not the editor, but a very influential contributor to the great journal. At sixteen John went to Glasgow University, and at nineteen to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself at the Union; he left without a degree in 1827, and soon was busy on the *Athenæum*, which he partly owned and with F. D. Maurice largely edited and wrote for a few months. Influenced by Coleridge, and liberal in sympathies, he was nearly sailing on that crazy expedition to overthrow the tyrant, Ferdinand of Spain, which ended in the execution at Malaga of his friend General Torrijos and his own cousin Boyd. He married in November 1830, but soon fell dangerously ill, and spent fifteen months in St Vincent. In 1833 he published anonymously a novel, *Arthur Coningsby*, containing the ballad quoted below. In 1833 he took orders, and served eight months as Julius Hare's curate at Hurstmonceaux. His health again giving way, he resigned, and never advanced to priest's orders; the divergence between his opinions and the Church's soon widened beyond even Coleridgean accommodation. He contributed to *Blackwood's* and the *Westminster*, planned tragedies (*Strafford* one of them,

printed in 1843), and wrote poems, one of which, *The Election*, humorous or even comic rather than Crabbean, was published in 1841. An earlier poem was *The Sexton's Daughter;* a later one, a serio-comic or Bernesque piece, unfinished, on Richard Cœur de Lion. For *Maga* he wrote *The Palace of Morgana*, a singular prose poem. There were also remarkable essays on Montaigne and on Carlyle, which showed he had drifted farther from Broad-Church semi-orthodoxy. He ultimately accepted some of the main positions of D. F. Strauss; and it is significant that the intimate of his later years, to whom he confided the guardianship of his son, was Francis William Newman. In August 1838 he founded the (later so-called) Sterling Club, among whose members were Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, G. C. Lewis, Malden, Mill, Milnes, Spedding, Tennyson, Thirlwall, W. H. Thompson, and Venables. Julius Hare edited his *Essays and Tales* (1848), with a Memoir, which seemed to Carlyle so inadequate, and as dealing with Sterling mainly as theologian and Christian clergyman, so misleading, that he himself undertook that masterpiece of biography which, more probably than any of Sterling's own writings, will preserve the memory of an interesting and significant personality.

Ballad.

A maiden came gliding o'er the sea,
In a boat as light as boat could be,
And she sang in tones so sweet and free,
'O, where is the youth that will follow me?'

Her forehead was white as the pearly shell,
Her form was finer than tongue can tell,
Her bosom heaved with a gentle swell,
And her voice was a distant vesper bell.

And still she sang, while the western light
Fell on her figure so soft and bright,
'O, where shall I find the brave young sprite
That will follow the track of my boat to-night?'

To the strand the youths of the village run,
When the witching song has scarce begun,
And ere the set of that evening's sun,
Fifteen bold lovers the maid has won.

They hoisted the sail, and they plied the oar,
And away they went from their native shore,
While the damsel's pinnace flew fast before,
But never, O never! we saw them more.

(From *Arthur Coningsby.*)

Robert Vaughan (1795–1868), born in England but of Welsh descent, was Independent minister at Worcester and Kensington, Professor of History in London University 1830–43, and president of the Independent College at Manchester 1843–57. He founded the *British Quarterly* in 1845, and edited it till 1867. Among his score of books are, besides works in devotional and polemical theology, a *Life of Wycliffe* (1828), a *History of England under the Stuarts* (1840), and *Revolutions in History* (1859–63); and he edited an edition of Milton, with a Life.

Sir John Bowring (1792–1872) was born in Exeter, and on leaving school entered a merchant's office, where he pursued that course of polyglot study that enabled him ultimately to boast he knew two hundred languages and could speak a hundred. The national poetry of different peoples had special attractions for him, and he translated folk-songs of most of the languages of Europe, including not merely Dutch and Spanish, but Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, and Hungarian (some of them by help of German 'cribs'). In 1821 he formed a close friendship with Bentham, and in 1824 became the first editor of his Radical *Westminster Review.* After visiting Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and the countries of the Zollverein, he prepared valuable government reports on their commerce; and he sat in Parliament for Kilmarnock (1835–37) and for Bolton (1841–49), actively promoting the adoption of Free Trade. From 1849 to 1853 he was British consul at Hong-kong; in 1854 he was knighted and made Governor. His active policy in the 'affair of the lorcha *Arrow*,' involving the bombardment of Canton (1856), nearly upset the Palmerston Ministry. In 1855 he concluded a commercial treaty with Siam, in 1858 made a tour through the Philippines; and his accounts of those two visits are about the most readable of thirty-six works. His own poems were accounted of less consequence than his translations (not merely the folk-songs, but from Goethe, Schiller, and Heine). But some of his religious poems and hymns found wide acceptance; and though in not a few his Unitarian theology repels the orthodox, the hymn 'In the cross of Christ I glory' is Catholic enough to have been written by Watts or Wesley, and is actually sung by Christians of all denominations. His *Autobiographical Reminiscences* (1877) are hardly so entertaining as might have been expected.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847), author of 'Abide with me' and some others of the best-known English hymns, was born at Ednam near Kelso, in Scotland, but was the son of an English officer, a member of a very ancient Somersetshire family. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and for twenty-four years laboured faithfully, in spite of feeble health, at Lower Brixham in Devonshire. His best-known hymn was written on the evening of the Sunday on which he for the last time administered the communion to his congregation before starting for that sojourn at Nice whence he never returned. 'Jesus, I my cross have taken,' is another of his hymns; many of them are paraphrases of the Psalms, such as 'Pleasant are thy courts above,' 'Sweet is the solemn voice that calls,' 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,' and 'God of mercy, God of grace.' His *Poems, chiefly Religious* (1833), were reprinted as *Miscellaneous Poems* (1868). There is a Life prefixed to the *Remains* (1850).

Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795–1854), son of a brewer at Reading, was educated at its grammar-school under the famous Dr Valpy, was called to the Bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk gown. As Serjeant Talfourd he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and his Liberalism, and was Whig member for his native town 1835–41 and 1847–49; in 1849 he became a Justice of Common Pleas, and was knighted. He wrote much for the reviews, was dramatic critic to a monthly, and produced books or long articles on Greek and Roman history and Greek poetry. In 1835 he printed privately his tragedy of *Ion*, which was next year performed at Covent Garden Theatre. His next tragedy, *The Athenian Captive* (1838), was almost equally successful, as was also *The Massacre of Glencoe* (1840); *The Castilian* (1853) was only privately printed. He died of apoplexy while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stafford. *Ion*, his highest effort, aims (somewhat ineffectively) at reproducing the grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is a story embodying the Greek conception of destiny. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the punishment of pestilence drawn down on the people by the misrule of the royal race could only be stayed by the destruction of the royal stock. Ion dedicates himself to the business of slaying the tyrant, who falls by another hand; and Ion, discovered to be himself the son of the king, recognises his doom and patriotically accepts it. The play is not without poetry or power, but is, like the author's prose, too copious and rhetorical. Not even *Ion* has lived on. Talfourd is remembered as the admirer and the faithful friend and literary executor of Charles Lamb (see page 72), and as having published in two sections Lamb's *Memoir* (*Letters*, 1837; *Final Memorials*, 1848). This work—the standard and authoritative life—appeared in one volume in 1875, and again in 1892. Talfourd helped Bulwer to edit Hazlitt's works; and he deserves honour for introducing in 1837 the Copyright Bill, which, amended, passed in 1842.

Ion.

Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,
To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong!
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When in the evening stillness lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If in the earnestness of childish sports
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
As if it feared to break its being's law,
And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Ion acclaimed King.

Ion. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.—
Must I sit here?
Medon. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.
Ion. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustained
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.—
[*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.
Agenor. I await thy will.
Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people; thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.
Agenor. Pardon me——
Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.
Agenor. Die! Ere that hour,
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!
Ion. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his; exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumbed at noontide.—Let me see
The captain of the guard.
Crythes. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.
Ion. I cannot mark thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,

Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.
Crythes. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?
Ion. No, Crythes; in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands,
Will be our safeguard; while we do not use
Our power towards others so that we should blush
To teach our children; while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason; while their sinews grow
Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,
One selfish passion or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee; but thy valiant troop—
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.
Crythes. My lord——
Ion. No more—my word hath passed.—
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.
Medon. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.
Ion. Prithee, no more.—Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could you know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty, tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!
Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long; the paleness of thy face,
Which late seemed death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.
Ion. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Swear that if I die
And leave no issue ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.
Medon and others. We swear it!
Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven, to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*
Clemanthe [*rushing forward*]. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.
Ion. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.
Bend thine eyes on me!
Clem. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee! Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?
Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?
Clem. I will treasure all.
Irus [*entering*]. I bring you glorious tidings——
Ha! no joy
Can enter here.
Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?
Irus. The pestilence abates.
Ion [*springing to his feet*]. Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well! [*Dies.*

Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808–72), born of Quaker stock near Wigan in Lancashire, was educated at Liverpool, and became musical critic on the staff of the *Athenæum*, which he joined in 1833. He was also a literary critic, a verse-writer, a playwright, and a novelist, producing three dramas and four or five artificial and long-forgotten romances, the earliest of which were *Conti* (1835) and *The Lion* (1839), and the latest *Roccabella* (1859). His best work, and that by which he is remembered, is found in his *Music and Manners in France and Germany* (1841) and his charming *Thirty Years' Musical Recollections* (1862). He was a keen but rather acrid critic

of music and literature, and a strenuous foe of Berlioz and Wagner. His Autobiography was edited by H. G. Hewlett in 1873.

Eliot Warburton (1810–52), born at Aughrim, County Galway, was the son of the Inspector-General of Constabulary in Ireland. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar, but soon devoted himself to literature, travel, and the improvement of his Irish estates. In 1843 he made the tour in the East of which the record, first printed in the *Dublin University Magazine* (then edited by Charles Lever) in that year and the next, was issued at the end of 1844 in its finished form as *The Crescent and the Cross*. Singularly enough it was in 1844 also that Warburton's friend and fellow-pupil, Kinglake, published *Eöthen*, the book with which it is naturally compared and which it in many ways resembles—a book rather of impressions and experiences and opinions than of objective description and detail. From the first it was greeted with acclamation for 'its glowing descriptions of the East,' was by contemporary criticism voted equal to Beckford at his best, and was soon declared (by Sir Archibald Alison) to be 'indelibly engraven on the national mind.' Modern critics have said that it might well be used as a (glorified) guide-book to Egypt, and have found in it clear suggestions of improvements put into practice under the British occupation. The style is elaborate and eloquent, with too many purple patches and too much 'fine writing.' By the end of the century it had gone through a score of editions, and was still being from time to time reprinted. Warburton published in 1849 *The Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers;* in 1850 an unsuccessful novel, *Reginald Hastings*, dealing with the same period; and in 1851, shortly before starting on his last and fatal voyage, another historical romance, *Darien*, dealing with Paterson and his Scots fellow-adventurers, and, ominously, describing a fire at sea. He edited the *Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries*, by N. F. Williams; and *Hochelaga, or England in the New World*, a brightly written description of Canada by his brother, Major George Warburton, who was also the author of *The Conquest of Canada* and of a Memoir of the famous Earl of Peterborough. In 1851 Eliot Warburton (whose full name was Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton, though he used the abridged form as *nom de guerre*) had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to visit the Indians of the Isthmus of Darien, establish a friendly understanding with them, and make himself thoroughly acquainted with their country. He sailed in the *Amazon* steamer, and was among the passengers who perished by fire on board that ill-fated ship.

Woman in the Hareem.

The Eastern woman seems as happy in her lot as her European sister, notwithstanding the plurality of wives that her lord indulges in or ventures upon. In her 'public opinion's law' there is no more disparagement in occupying the second place as a wife than there is in Europe as a daughter. The manners of patriarchal ages remain in Egypt as unchanged as its monuments; and the people of Cairo think as little of objecting to a man's marrying a second wife as those of Memphis of questioning the legitimacy of Joseph. The Koran, following the example of the Jewish doctors, allows only four wives to each Mussulman, and even of this limited allowance they seldom avail themselves to its fullest extent. Some hareems contain two hundred females, including wives, mothers-in-law, concubines, and the various slaves belonging to each; but these feminine barracks seem very different from what such establishments would be in Europe; in the hareem there is as much order and decorum as in an English Quaker's home: it is guarded as the tiger guards his young; but its inmates consider this as a compliment, and fancy themselves neglected if not closely watched. This cause for complaint seldom occurs, for the Egyptian has no blind confidence in the strength of woman's character or woman's love. He holds to the aphorism of Mahomet in this matter, 'If you set butter in the sun, it will surely melt,' and considers it safer, if not more glorious, to keep her out of the reach of temptation than to run the chance of her overcoming it when exposed to its encounter.

Born and brought up in the hareem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment: like cage-born birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their aviaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. To them in their calm seclusion the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost hushed; they only hear the far-off murmur of life's stormy sea; and if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Let them laugh on in their happy ignorance of a better lot, while round them is gathered all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasantness: his wealth is hoarded for them alone; and the time is weary that he passes away from his home and his hareem. The sternest tyrants are gentle there; Mehemet Ali never refused a woman's prayer; and even Ali Pasha was partly humanised by his love for Emineh. In the time of the Mamelukes criminals were led to execution blindfolded, because if they had met a woman and could touch her garment they were saved, as by a sanctuary, whatever was their crime. Thus idolised, watched, and guarded, the Egyptian woman's life is nevertheless entirely in the power of her lord, and her death is the inevitable penalty of his dishonour. No piquant case of *crim. con.* ever amuses the Egyptian public; the injured husband is his own judge and jury; his only 'gentlemen of the long robe' are his eunuchs, and the knife or the Nile the only damages. The law never interferes in these little domestic arrangements.

Poor Fatima! shrined as she was in the palace of a tyrant, the fame of her beauty stole abroad through Cairo. She was one amongst a hundred in the hareem of Abbas Pasha, a man stained with every foul and loathsome vice; and who can wonder, though many may condemn, if she listened to a daring young Albanian who risked his life to obtain but a sight of her? Whether she *did* listen or not, none can ever know; but the eunuchs saw the glitter of the Arnaut's arms as he

leaped from the terrace into the Nile and vanished in the darkness. The following night a merry English party dined together on board Lord Exmouth's boat as it lay moored off the Isle of Rhoda; conversation had sunk into silence as the calm night came on; a faint breeze floated perfumes from the gardens over the star-lit Nile, and scarcely moved the clouds that rose from the chibouque; a dreamy languor seemed to pervade all nature, and even the city lay hushed in deep repose—when suddenly a boat, crowded with dark figures among which arms gleamed, shot out from one of the arches of the palace; it paused under the opposite bank, where the water rushed deep and gloomily along, and for a moment a white figure glimmered amongst that boat's dark crew; there was a slight movement and a faint splash, and then—the river flowed on as merrily as if poor Fatima still sang her Georgian song to the murmur of its waters.

I was riding one evening along the banks of the Mareotis; the low land, half swamp, half desert, was level as the lake: there was no sound, except the ripple of the waves along the far extended shore, and the heavy flapping of the pelican's wings as she rose from the water's edge. Not a palm-tree raised its plumy head, not a shrub crept along the ground; the sun was low, but there was nothing to cast a shadow over the monotonous waste, except a few Moslem tombs with their sculptured turbans: these stood apart from every sign of life, and even of their kindred dead, like those upon the Lido at Venice. As I paused to contemplate this scene of desolation, an Egyptian hurried past me with a bloody knife in his hand; his dress was mean and ragged, but his countenance was one that the father of Don Carlos might have worn; he never raised his eyes as he rushed by. My groom, who just then came up, told me he had slain his wife, and was going to her father's village to denounce her.

My boat was moored in the little harbour of Assouan, the old Syene, the boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia; opposite lies Elephantina, the 'Isle of Flowers,' strewed with ruins and shaded by magnificent palm-trees; the last eddies of the cataract of the Nile foam round dark red granite cliffs, which rise precipitously from the river, and are piled into a mountain crowned by a ruined Saracenic castle. A forest of palm-trees divides the village from the quiet shore on whose silvery sands my tent was pitched. A man in an Egyptian dress saluted me in Italian, and in a few moments was smoking my chibouque, by invitation, and sipping coffee by my side: he was very handsome; but his faded cheek and sunken eye showed hardship and suffering, and he spoke in a low and humble voice. In reply to my question as to how a person of his appearance came into this remote region, he told me that he had been lately practising as a surgeon in Alexandria; he had married a Levantine girl, whose beauty was to him as 'la faccia del cielo:' he had been absent from his home, and she had betrayed him. On his return he met her with a smiling countenance; in the evening he accompanied her to a deep well, whither she went to draw water, and as she leant over it he threw her in. As he said this he paused and placed his hands upon his ears, as if he still heard her dying shriek. He then continued: 'I have fled from Alexandria till the affair is blown over. I was robbed near Siout, and have supported myself miserably ever since by giving medical advice to the poor country people. I shall soon return, and all will be forgotten. If I had not avenged myself, her own family, you know, must have done so.' And so this woman-murderer smoked on, and continued talking in a low and gentle voice till the moon was high; then he went his way, and I saw him no more.

The Egyptian has no home—at least, in the English sense of that sacred word; his sons are only half brothers, and generally at enmity with each other; his daughters are transplanted while yet children into some other hareem; and his wives, when their beauty is gone by, are frequently divorced without a cause, to make room for some younger rival. The result is, that the Egyptian—a sensualist and slave—is only fit to be a subject in what prophecy foretold his country should become—'the basest of all kingdoms.'

The women have all the insipidity of children without their innocence or sparkling freshness. Their beauty, voluptuous and soulless, appeals only to the senses; it has none of that pure and ennobling influence

> 'That made us what we are—the great, the free—
> And bade earth bow to England's chivalry.'

The Moslem purchases his wife as he does his horse: he laughs at the idea of honour and of love: the armed eunuch and the close-barred window are the only safeguards of virtue that he relies on. Every luxury lavished on the Odalisque is linked with some precaution, like the iron fruit and flowers in the madhouse at Naples, that seem to smile round those whom they imprison. Nor is it for her own sake, but that of her master, that woman is supplied with every luxury that wealth can procure. As we gild our aviaries and fill them with exotics native to our foreign birds in order that their song may be sweet and their plumage bright, so the King of Babylon built the Hanging Gardens for the mountain girl who pined and lost her beauty among the level plains of the Euphrates. The Egyptian is quite satisfied if his Nourmahal be in 'good condition:' mindless himself, what has he to do with mind?

The Egyptian woman, obliged to share her husband's affection with a hundred others in *this* world, is yet further supplanted in the next by the Houris, a sort of she-angel, of as doubtful a character as even a Moslem paradise could well tolerate; nay, more, it is a very moot point among Mussulman D.D.s whether women have any soul at all, or not. I believe their chance of immortality rests chiefly on the tradition of a conversation of Mahomet with an old woman who importuned him for a good place in paradise. 'Trouble me not,' said the vexed husband of Cadijah; 'there *can* be no old women in paradise.' Whereupon the aged applicant made such troublous lamentation that he diplomatically added, 'because the old will then all be made young again.' I can find no allusion to woman's immortality in all the Koran, except incidentally, as where 'all men and women are to be tried at the last day,' and this is but poor comfort for those whom 'angels are painted fair to look like.'

Women are not enjoined to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, but they are permitted to do so. They are not enjoined to pray; but the Prophet seemed to think that it could do them no harm, provided they prayed in their own houses and not in the mosques, where they might interfere with or share the devotion of those who had real business there.

In fine, women receive no religious education; they seldom, if ever, pray; and their heaven, if they have one, is some second-hand sort of paradise, very different from that of their husbands—unless, as I have observed, 'by particular desire.'

Nothing can be more hideous than the Arab woman of the street; nothing more picturesque than her of the hareem. The former presents a mass of white, shroud-like drapery, waddling along on a pair of enormous yellow boots, with one brilliant eye gleaming above the veil which is drawn *across* the face. The lower classes wear only a very loose, long blue frock, and appear anxious to conceal nothing except their faces, in which they consider that identity alone consists. As these women cannot spare the hands to the exclusive use of their veils, they wear a sort of snout, or long, black, tapering veil, bound over the cheek-bones, and supported from the forehead by a string of beads.

Take one of these, an ugly, old, sun-scorched hag, with a skin like a hippopotamus and a veil-snout like an elephant's trunk; her scanty robe scarcely serving the purposes of a girdle; her hands, feet, and forehead tattooed of a smoke-colour; and there is scarcely a more hideous spectacle on earth. But the Lady of the Hareem, on the other hand—couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet strewn with soft pillowy cushions—is as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are nevertheless perfect in their kind, and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full—brimful of life; dark, yet very lustrous; liquid, yet clear as stars, they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond and the bright timidness of the gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the gold-fringed turban, the most becoming head-dress in the world; the long, black, silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang wavily on each side of the face, falling behind in a glossy cataract, that sparkles with such golden drops as might have glittered upon Danaë after the Olympian shower. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crape is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slippered little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers. Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cachemire shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle; and an embroidered jacket or a large silk robe with loose open sleeves completes the costume. Nor is the fragrant water-pipe, with its long variegated serpent and its jewelled mouthpiece, any detraction from the portrait.

Picture to yourself one of Eve's brightest daughters in Eve's own loving land. The woman-dealer has found among the mountains that perfection in a living form which Praxiteles scarcely realised when inspired fancy wrought out its ideal in marble. Silken scarfs, as richly coloured and as airy as the rainbow, wreathe her round, from the snowy brow to the finely rounded limbs, half buried in billowy cushions: the attitude is the very poetry of repose—languid it may be; but glowing life thrills beneath that flower-soft exterior, from the varying cheek and flashing eye to the henna-dyed, taper fingers that capriciously play with her rosary of beads. The blaze of sunshine is round her kiosk, but *she* sits in the softened shadow so dear to the painter's eye. And so she dreams away the warm hours in such a calm of thought within, and sight or sound without, that she starts when the gold-fish gleams in the fountain or the breeze-ruffled roses shed a leaf upon her bosom.

The mystery, the seclusion, and the danger that surround the Odalisque may be perilously interesting to the romantic; but to matter-of-fact people like myself an English fireside, a Scottish mountain, or an Irish glen has more attractions in this respect than any Zenana in Arabia; and the women who inhabit them, with purity in the heart and intellect on the brow, and a cottage-bonnet on the head, are better worth risking life (nay, liberty) for than all the turbaned voluptuous beauty of the East. (From *The Crescent and the Cross.*)

Frances Trollope (1780–1863) was born at Stapleton, Bristol (the birthplace also of Hannah More), but brought up at Heckfield vicarage, North Hampshire. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister and Fellow of New College, Oxford; in 1827, on his falling into the direst embarrassment, she went out to Cincinnati with her second boy and her two little girls. There was a scheme for starting a European fancy bazaar there, which swallowed up £2000, but ended in absolute ruin; her three years' residence and travels in the States bore fruit, however, in her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. It appeared in 1832, when its author was over fifty, and at once excited attention. She drew so uncomplimentary a picture of American ways and American faults and foibles that the whole republic was—not without reason, for her representations, even when based on fact, were grossly overcharged—incensed at their English satirist. A novel, *The Refugee in America*, published in the same year, had much in common with the earlier work, and showed little art in the construction of the fable. Mrs Trollope now tried new ground. In 1833 she published *The Abbess*, a novel; and in 1834 a book on *Belgium and Western Germany*, countries where she travelled in better humour, the most serious grievance she had against Germany being the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance. In 1836 she renewed her war with the Americans in *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*, in which she gives touching pictures of the miseries of the coloured population of the Southern States. *Paris and the Parisians* belongs to the same year. *The Vicar of Wrexhill* (1837), *The Widow Barnaby* (1839), and its sequel *The Widow Married* (1840) are among her best novels, and contain amusing sketches of manners and eccentricities. *Vienna and the Austrians* (1838) was of the same cast as *Belgium and Germany*, but unhappily showed much more unreasonable prejudice. Between 1838 and 1843 Mrs Trollope threw off seven or eight novels and an account of a *Visit to Italy*. Her smart caustic style was not so well suited for sketching classic scenes and the antiquities of Italy as for satirising the eccentricities of national life and character, and this work was hardly so successful as her previous publications. Her later books are decidedly

inferior: the old characters are reproduced, and coarseness is too often substituted for strength. Her husband having died near Bruges in 1835, she settled in Florence in 1843, and here she died in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She published in all a hundred and fifteen volumes, of which twelve were travels and the remainder novels.

Mrs Trollope was an acute and observant writer, but was overweeningly and self-complacently English, cherishing a profound belief in the inestimable blessings of the British constitution, of the English Church, and English culture generally, with an equally frank abhorrence of the manifest and inevitable consequences of democracy. She constantly returns to her maxim that common-sense revolts at the mischievous sophistry of the false and futile axiom, due, she believes, to her *bête noire* Jefferson, that 'all men are born free and equal.' She admits that many of her remarks apply to the Wild West rather than to the long-settled States; but the eccentricities of the pioneers in the Mississippi valley coloured her judgments of Washington and New York. She does not approve of slavery: 'I conceive it to be essentially wrong; but so far as my observation has extended, I think its influence is far less injurious to the manners and morals of the people than the fallacious ideas of equality which are so fondly cherished by the working-classes of the white population of America.' And nothing excited her 'horror and disgust' so much as what she saw of revivals and camp meetings. The dialect she makes her Americans speak, though it abounds with admitted Americanisms, seems even to an English eye impossible; and while her observations are, to say the least, highly coloured, many of the stories she reports as having reached her about the enormities of representative Americans are quite incredible. No doubt she did note a vast number of things deserving amendment; but the most convinced Tory cannot believe she saw so little worth commendation, and would disapprove the sneering and censorious tone in which many of her tales are told.

The Fourth of July.

To me the dreary coldness and want of enthusiasm in American manner is one of their greatest defects, and I therefore hailed the demonstrations of general feeling which this day elicits with real pleasure. On the 4th of July the hearts of the people seem to awaken from a three hundred and sixty-four days' sleep; they appear high-spirited, gay, animated, social, generous, or at least liberal in expense; and would they but refrain from spitting on that hallowed day, I should say that, on the 4th of July at least, they appeared to be an amiable people. It is true that the women have but little to do with the pageantry, the splendour, or the gaiety of the day; but, setting this defect aside, it was indeed a glorious sight to behold a jubilee so heartfelt as this; and had they not the bad taste and bad feeling to utter an annual oration with unvarying abuse of the mother-country, to say nothing of the warlike manifesto called the Declaration of Independence, our gracious king himself might look upon the scene and say that it was good; nay, even rejoice that twelve millions of bustling bodies, at four thousand miles distance from his throne and his altars, should make their own laws and drink their own tea after the fashion that pleased them best.

American Freedom.

Cuyp's clearest landscapes have an atmosphere that approaches nearer to that of America than any I remember on canvas; but even Cuyp's *air* cannot reach the lungs, and therefore can only give an idea of half the enjoyment; for it makes itself felt as well as seen, and is indeed a constant source of pleasure.

Our walks were, however, curtailed in several directions by my old Cincinnati enemies, the pigs; immense droves of them were continually arriving from the country by the road that led to most of our favourite walks; they were often fed and lodged in the prettiest valleys, and worse still, were slaughtered beside the prettiest streams. Another evil threatened us from the same quarter that was yet heavier. Our cottage had an ample piazza (a luxury almost universal in the country houses of America), which, shaded by a group of acacias, made a delightful sitting-room; from this favourite spot we one day perceived symptoms of building in a field close to it; with much anxiety we hastened to the spot, and asked what building was to be erected there.

''Tis to be a slaughter-house for hogs,' was the dreadful reply. As there were several gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, I asked if such an erection might not be indicted as a nuisance.

'A what?'

'A nuisance,' I repeated, and explained what I meant.

'No, no,' was the reply; 'that may do very well for your tyrannical country, where a rich man's nose is more thought of than a poor man's mouth; but hogs be profitable produce here, and we be too free for such a law as that, I guess.'

During my residence in America little circumstances like the foregoing often recalled to my mind a conversation I once held in France with an old gentleman on the subject of their active police and its omnipresent gens-d'armerie; 'Croyez moi, Madame, il n'y a que ceux à qui ils ont à faire qui les trouvent de trop.' And the old gentleman was right, not only in speaking of France, but of the whole human family, as philosophers call us. The well disposed, those whose own feeling of justice would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraints of the law. All the freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly; and were I a stout knight, either of the sword or of the pen, I would fearlessly throw down my gauntlet, and challenge the whole republic to prove the contrary; but, being as I am, a feeble looker-on, with a needle for my spear and 'I talk' for my device, I must be contented with the power of stating the fact, perfectly certain that I shall be contradicted by one loud shout from Maine to Georgia.

On a Mississippi Steamer.

The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table; the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured; the strange uncouth phrases and

pronunciation ; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses ; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth ; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket-knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the Old World, and that the dinner-hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment.

Her sons, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, are elsewhere noticed. See *Frances Trollope* (2 vols. 1895), by Frances Eleanor Trollope, the second wife of Thomas Adolphus, and herself a novelist.

The Countess of Blessington (1789–1849), long known in the world of fashion and light literature, was born at Knockbrit near Clonmel. Her father, Edmund Power, was an Irish 'squireen,' who forced his daughter, when only fourteen, into a marriage with a drunken Captain Farmer. The marriage was unhappy ; Marguerite soon left her husband, who was killed in 1817 by a fall from a window. Four months later she was promoted from mistress to be countess of an Irish peer, Charles Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. Her acquired rank, her beauty, and literary tastes now rendered her the centre of a brilliant circle, and she revelled in every species of extravagant display. In 1822 the pair set out on a Continental tour. They visited Byron in Genoa ; and Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron* (1834 ; new ed. 1894) present on the whole a faithful—though inevitably incomplete—picture of the noble and then notorious poet. In May 1829 Lady Blessington was again left a widow—this time with a jointure of about £2000 a year. A daughter of the deceased earl, by a former marriage, became the wife of Count Alfred d'Orsay, the famous dandy of the day. This marriage also proved unfortunate ; the pair separated, and while Madame d'Orsay remained in Paris, the count accompanied Lady Blessington to England. This close association, broken only by death, gave rise to scandalous rumours, yet the countess and her friend maintained a conspicuous place in society. D'Orsay, accomplished both as painter and sculptor, was the acknowledged leader of fashion ; but a career of gaiety and splendour soon involved the countess in debt. She made a considerable income by writing, yet her expenditure greatly exceeded her resources. Her first novel, *Grace Cassidy, or the Repealer*, appeared in 1833, and was followed by nearly a dozen others, including *Strathern's Life at Home and Abroad* (1843) and *Marmaduke Herbert* (1847). There were also tales in verse and innumerable contributions to magazines and annuals. Perhaps Lady Blessington's best book was her *Idler in Italy ;* but she was better known as the editor for years of the annual *Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake*. Finally D'Orsay had to flee to the Continent (April 1849), and the countess followed, having broken up her establishment in Gore House, Kensington ; everything was sold off, and Lady Blessington and D'Orsay settled in Paris, where she died the same year, while the count survived her just three years. The friendliest—perhaps the truest—estimate of this brilliant creature is given in the epitaph written for her tomb by Barry Cornwall : 'In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science in distant lands sought her friendship ; and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits and painters, of her own country found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel ; and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest.' Her Life has been written by Madden (3 vols. 1855) and Molloy (1896). Her poems were verses at most, often not quite that ; in a collection of her *Maxims, Thoughts, and Reflections*, separately published in 1839, these are as characteristic as any :

Deceivers.

We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered ; but our self-respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment ; for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible to its ignominy ! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high-minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception ; though the cunning and artful resent it as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

Society.

'Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends.' This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts.

The Poetry of Life.

The poetry of our lives is, like our religion, kept apart from our every-day thoughts : neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if, instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.

Virtue.

Horne Tooke said of intellectual philosophy that he had become better acquainted with it, as with the country, through having sometimes lost his way. May not the same be said of virtue ? for never is it so truly known or appreciated as by those who, having strayed from its path, have at length regained it.

Infirmities of Genius.

The infirmities of genius are often mistaken for its privileges.

Love.

Love in France is a comedy, in England a tragedy, in Italy an *opera seria*, and in Germany a *melodrame*.

Mrs Bray, born Anne Eliza Kempe (1790–1883), a Londoner, was intended for the stage, but in 1818 married Stothard the artist, who died in 1821. In 1825 she married the Rev. E. A. Bray, vicar of Tavistock; and after his death in 1857 she settled in London. Between 1820 and 1874 she published a score of romances, books of travel, and other works, the best being *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy* (1836; 2nd ed. 1879), the *Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A.* (1851), and *A Peep at the Pixies* (1854). Her Autobiography and also a twelve-volume edition of her romances were published in 1884.

Catherine Grace Frances Gore (1799–1861) was born the daughter of Charles Moody, a wine-merchant at East Retford in Nottingham. She was already known as a poetess when in 1823 she married Captain Charles Arthur Gore of the Life Guards. She was able to support her family by her voluminous literary labours; and she continued to supply the circulating libraries with one or two novels a year till, quite blind, she after 1850 retired from work and from society, having produced some two hundred volumes of novels and shorter tales, with comedies and poems. Her first publications were two or three volumes of poems; her first novel, *Theresa Marchmont*, was published in 1823; the two tales, *The Lettre de Cachet* and *The Reign of Terror*—one of the times of Louis XIV., and the other of the French Revolution—in 1827. Next appeared a series of *Hungarian Tales. Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day* (3 vols. 1830), was an easy, sparkling tale of modern society, with much lady-like writing on dress and fashion, and some rather misplaced contempt for 'excellent wives' and 'good sort of men.' Pictures of gay life—balls, dinners, and fêtes—with clever sketches of character and amusing dialogues, make up the three volumes of *Mothers and Daughters* (1831). *The Fair of May Fair* (1832) was hardly so well received; and thereafter the authoress lived in France for some years. *Mrs Armytage* appeared in 1836; and in the next years (1837–38) *Mary Raymond, Memoirs of a Peeress, The Heir of Selwood*, and *The Book of Roses, or Rose-fancier's Manual*, a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture, based on Mrs Gore's knowledge of French gardening. *Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb* (1841), and *The Banker's Wife* (1843) are among her more notable works. She had seen much of the world both at home and abroad, and was never at a loss for character or incident. The worst of her works must be pronounced clever; their interest consists in their lively and caustic pictures of fashionable society; but the want of passion and simplicity in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations—though not unknown in modern fashionable novels—usually weary and repel readers nowadays. Thackeray caricatured her manner in one of the 'Novels by Eminent Hands.'

A Worldly Lady.

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her *début*—the 'best match' to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June; and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high-sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest 'good sort of man' extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world; but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society; nor, from her youth upwards—'Content to dwell in decencies for ever'—had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties. She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic, to the fraction of a course or an *entrée*, the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighbourhood—the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family-coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality, nor procrastinated by half-a-second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday-school as she sailed majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squire-archical pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task—true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret-clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford to command the services of a first-rate steward and butler and housekeeper, and thus ensure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was 'the excellent wife' of 'a good sort of man'!

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its duplicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the vapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham, against whose claims Kemp Town pleaded, and Spa and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to prose, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance, her court-dress, her dinner-parties, and her refusal to

visit the Duchess of ——; while, during the reign of her London importance, she made it equally her duty to bore her select visiting list with the history of the new Beech Park school-house, of the Beech Park double dahlias, and of the Beech Park privilege of uniting, in an aristocratic dinner-party, the abhorrent heads of the rival political factions—the *Bianchi e Neri*—the houses of Montague and Capulet of the county palatine of Durham. By such minute sections of the wide chapter of colloquial boredom, Lady Lilfield acquired the character of being a very charming woman throughout her respectable clan of dinner-giving baronets and their wives, but the reputation of a very miracle of prosiness among those 'Men of the world who know the world like men.' She was but a weed in the nobler field of society.

(From *Women as they Are.*)

London Life.

A squirrel in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had forgotten the gay green-wood and glorious air of liberty, is not condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fashionable world in the unvarying routine of its amusements; and when a London beauty expands into ecstasies concerning the delights of London to some country neighbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely alluding to the 'countless' pleasures and 'diversified' amusements of London, the country neighbour may be assured that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minutely monotonous than the recreations of the really fashionable; monotony being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Tigers may amuse themselves in a thousand irregular diverting ways; but the career of a genuine exclusive is one to which a mill-horse would scarcely look for relief. London houses, London establishments, are formed after the same unvarying model. At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds, hears the same trivial observations; and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies, might find it difficult to point out the slightest difference between the fête of the countess on the first of June and that of the marquis on the first of July. But though twenty seasons' experience of these desolating facts might be expected to damp the ardour of certain dowagers and dandies who are to be found hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it is not wonderful that the young girls their daughters should be easily allured from their dull schoolrooms by fallacious promises of pleasure.

(From *Women as they Are.*)

Catherine Crowe (1800–76), born Stevens at Borough Green in Kent, in 1822 married Lieut.-Colonel Crowe, and spent great part of her after-life in Edinburgh, where she came under George Combe's influence. Her mind was morbid and despondent, ever hovering on the border-line of insanity, which it crossed once in one violent but brief attack. Her translation of Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst* (1845) prepared the way for her well-known *Night-side of Nature* (1848), a collection of well-told stories of the supernatural by an uncritical believer. She wrote also tragedies, juvenile books, and novels—the best *Susan Hopley* (1841) and *Lilly Dawson* (1847).

Mrs S. C. Hall (1800–81) was born in Dublin and brought up at Wexford, though on her mother's side she was of Swiss descent. Her maiden name, Anna Maria Fielding, was unknown in the literary world; her first work was not published till after her marriage to Samuel Carter Hall in 1824. At fifteen she had come with her mother to England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child had made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches showed so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might well imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is partly at least to be traced one noteworthy characteristic of all her writings—the absence of party feeling on politics or religion. Mrs Hall's *Sketches of Irish Character* (1828) are much liker Miss Mitford's tales than they are to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin; no doubt it was Miss Edgeworth that gave Mrs Hall her impulse to set forth the indefeasible traits of Irish character. The *Sketches* have much fine description, and are instinct not merely with sound and kindly feeling but true and delicate humour; the coquetry of her Irish girls is admirably given. A second series of *Sketches of Irish Character* (1831) was quite equal to the first; some of the satirical presentations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 Mrs Hall ventured on a historical romance, *The Buccaneer*, the scene being laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself appearing among the characters. The plot is well managed, and some of the characters—notably that of Barbara the Puritan—are excellent; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. Her *Tales of Woman's Trials* (1834) are short stories in her happiest style. *Uncle Horace* (1835) was a novel. *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life* (3 vols. 1838), originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, were extraordinarily popular; the principal story, 'The Groves of Blarney,' was dramatised and played with eminent success. *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes* (1840), makes full use again of Mrs Hall's knowledge of Irish character; Katey Macane, the cook who adopts the foundling Marian and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any Irish portraiture after those of Miss Edgeworth. *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, were afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840 Mrs Hall aided her husband in an elaborately illustrated work in three volumes, *Ireland, its Scenery and Character*, skilfully blending topographical and statistical information with the poetical and romantic features of the country, the legends of the peasantry, and scenes and characters of humour or pathos. *The Whiteboy* (1845) is usually reckoned her best novel. Other works were a fairy tale, *Midsummer Eve*

(1845), *A Woman's Story* (1857), *Can Wrong be Right?* (1862), *The Fight of Faith* (1868–69). To her husband's *Art Journal* Mrs Hall contributed many picturesque sketches, some of which were reissued as *Pilgrimages to English Shrines* and *The Book of the Thames*. She also produced some pleasing children's books. Her humour is not so broad or racy as Lady Morgan's, nor her observation so acute and profound as Miss Edgeworth's. Her husband, **Samuel Carter Hall** (1800–89), who was born near Waterford, the son of an English officer, came to London in 1831, reported and wrote for various papers, sub-edited the *John Bull*, and founded (1839) and edited the *Art Journal*. The works written and edited by him and his wife, alone or often conjointly, exceed five hundred volumes; of these his *Retrospect of a Long Life* (2 vols. 1883) is a series of jottings, not a set autobiography. Both husband and wife are buried at Addlestone, Surrey.

From 'Sketches of Irish Character.'

Shane Thurlough [is] 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife as 'clane-skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good-morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and won't ye step in and rest?—it 's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days.' 'Sure it 's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och! 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground—saving your presence—for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.' 'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She 's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I 'm not in the faut this time anyhow. The child 's taken the smallpox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, becase the boy 's her bachelor; but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it nataral, and the woman 's in heart trouble—to say nothing o' myself—and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.' 'That 's a true word, my lady; only she 's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane.' 'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. "But where 's the good?" says I; "sure he 'll bring it next time."' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself.' 'Och, ma'am dear, don't mintion it; sure it 's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: "Shane, you 've an eye to squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I 'm yer man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I 'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I 'll spake to the squire for you my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it—and, *depinding* on him, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle.' 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr Clurn.' 'That 's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it 's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on.'

Miss Agnes Strickland (1796–1874) was a daughter of Thomas Strickland of Reydon Hall in Suffolk, originally a dock manager at Norwich, who after his retirement from business took entire charge of his daughters' education. Agnes soon took to writing, producing a poetical narrative, *Worcester Field, or the Cavalier;* a series of historic scenes and stories for children; and in 1835 *The Pilgrims of Walsingham*, somewhat on the plan of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. She then, aided by her sister Elizabeth (1794–1875), entered upon her copious and elaborate *Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest* (12 vols. 1840–48; new ed., 6 vols., 1864–1865). The *Times* said this work possessed 'the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of a history,' while other critics more justly complained of its feebleness of thought and poverty of style. The method is wholly uncritical; but the volumes give, nevertheless, vivid pictures of court ceremonial and domestic life, and were largely based on unpublished documents in the public offices and in private mansions. More than a dozen of the Lives were the sole work of the elder sister, who preferred not to have her share in the enterprise acknowledged on the title-page of any of the joint-works. The English history was followed by *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain* (8 vols. 1850–59), also written by the sisters jointly. Miss Strickland was a strong partisan of the Stuarts; and her Life of Mary Queen of Scots (originally in the *Queens*, but separately published in 1873) is written with great fullness of detail and illustration, many new facts having been added by study of the papers in the Register House, Edinburgh, and

documents in the possession of the Earl of Moray and the representatives of other ancient families. Other works by Agnes (in some cases with help from Elizabeth) were *Lives of the Seven Bishops*, *Lives of the Tudor Princesses*, *The Last Four Stuart Princesses*, and *Bachelor Kings of England*. It need hardly be said that the following story of Moray's deceit and Lindsay's ferocity, from the *Queens of Scotland*, must not be accepted as historical truth.

Mary of Scotland at Lochleven.

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23rd of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, 'that, being in infirm health and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland.' In the second, 'her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant.' The third appointed a provisional council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return; or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself. Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her 'to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger.' Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, who loved her Majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock-trial among themselves.' Finding the queen impatient of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her 'he had concealed it there at peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her'—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity, telling her, as if in confidence, 'that it was the queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power by refusing the only concession that could save her life, and observing that nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom.' Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds; declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. 'What!' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, 'that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes.' Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his rapier reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage; but, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yea, the very power of injuring her, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. 'I am not yet five-and-twenty,' she pathetically observed; somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force.'

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there,' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely as to leave the prints of his mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines:

> 'And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
> That saw fair Mary weep in vain.'

George Douglas, the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present, indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother-in-law, Lindsay, for his misconduct; and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he

became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present; entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof; and besought the queen to give him a letter of exoneration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it, and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him.

William and Mary Howitt, like-minded helpmates and fellow-labourers, were amiable, earnest, and industrious compilers and authors, with a sincere love for letters, and the secret of a charm which secured them popularity in their own days, though now little of their work is remembered but a few of Mary's verses. William Howitt (1792–1879) was born at Heanor, Derbyshire, and educated at Ackworth and Tamworth; and he served a four years' apprenticeship to a builder and carpenter, but meanwhile wrote poems and an account of a country excursion. In 1821 he married Mary Botham (1799–1888; born at Coleford, Gloucestershire, and brought up at Uttoxeter); they settled at Hanley to conduct a chemist's business, whence they removed in 1823 to Nottingham for twelve years of successful literary industry. Later places of abode were Esher in Surrey, London, Heidelberg, and Rome. In 1852–54, at the height of the gold-fever, William Howitt, with two sons, spent two years in Australia. Husband and wife quitted the Society of Friends in 1847, and later became believers in spiritualism; Mary in 1882 joined the Catholic communion. Both died at Rome. The widow enjoyed a public pension of £100 a year from the time of her husband's death. Mary Howitt wrote from her earliest years, translated Frederika Bremer and Hans Andersen, and contributed poems, stories, essays, to the *People's Journal*, *Howitt's Journal*, *Chambers's Journal*, &c. Joint productions of husband and wife were *The Forest Minstrel* (poems, 1827), *Desolation of Eyam* (1827), *The Book of the Seasons* (1831), *Stories of English Life* (1853), and *Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain.* Among Mary's works (over a hundred, if translations and books edited by her are included) were *Wood Leighton, or a Year in the Country;* a history of the United States; a three-volume novel called *The Cost of Caergwyn;* and several volumes of poetry, 'tales in verse,' and books for children. Of the husband's fifty works, among the chief were a *History of Priestcraft* (1833); *Rural Life in England* (1837); *Visits to Remarkable Places* (1838–41); *Colonisation and Christianity* (1838); *The Boy's Country Book* (1839); *The Student Life of Germany* (1841); *Homes and Haunts of the Poets* (1847); *Land, Labour, and Gold* (1855); *Illustrated History of England* (1856–61); *History of the Supernatural* (1863); *Discovery in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand* (1865); and *The Mad War Planet and other Poems* (1871). His books on Germany and German life were regarded by Germans as about the most intelligent and sympathetic written by any foreigner. See Mary's Autobiography, edited by her daughter (1889).

Mountain Children.

By Mary Howitt.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in His spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons,
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

From 'The Rural Life of England.'

By William Howitt.

When you leave [the shepherds of Salisbury Plain], plunge into the New Forest in Hampshire. There is a region where a summer month might be whiled away as in a fairy-land. There, in the very heart of that old forest, you find the spot where Rufus fell by the bolt of Tyrell, looking very much as it might look then. All around you lie forest and moorland for many a mile. The fallow and red deer in thousands herd there as of old. The squirrels gambol in the oaks above you; the swine rove in the thick fern and the deep glades of the forest as in a state of nature. The dull tinkle of the

cattle-bell comes through the wood; and ever and anon, as you wander forward, you catch the blue smoke of some hidden abode, curling over the tree-tops; and come to sylvan bowers and little bough-overshadowed cottages, as primitive as any that the reign of the Conqueror himself could have shown. What haunts are in these glades for poets! what streams flow through their bosky banks, to soothe at once the ear and eye enamoured of peace and beauty! What endless groupings and colourings for the painter! At Boldre you may find a spot worth seeing, for it is the parsonage once



MARY HOWITT.
From a Photograph.

inhabited by the venerable William Gilpin—the descendant of Barnard Gilpin, the apostle of the north—the author of *Forest Scenery;* and near it is the school which he built and endowed for the poor from the sale of his drawings. Not very distant from this stands the rural dwelling of one of England's truest-hearted women, Caroline Bowles; and not far off you have the woods of Netley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and the open sea.

But still move on through the fair fields of Dorset and Somerset, to the enchanted land of Devon. If you want stern grandeur, follow its north-western coast; if peaceful beauty, look down into some one of its rich vales, green as an emerald, and pastured by its herds of red cattle; if all the summer loveliness of woods and rivers, you may ascend the Tamar or the Tavy, or many another stream; or you may stroll on through valleys that for glorious solitudes, or fair English homes amid their woods and hills, shall leave you nothing to desire. If you want sternness and loneliness, you may pass into Dartmoor. There are wastes and wilds, crags of granite, views into far-off districts, and the sounds of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight. . . .

But even there you need not rest; there lies a land of gray antiquity, of desolate beauty, still before you—Cornwall. It is a land almost without a tree. That is, all its high and wild plains are destitute of them, and the bulk of its surface is of this character. Some sweet and sheltered vales it has, filled with noble wood, as that of Tresillian near Truro; but over a great portion of it extend gray heaths. It is a land where the wild furze seems never to have been rooted up, and where the huge masses of stone that lie about its hills and valleys are clad with the lichen of centuries. And yet how does this bare and barren land fasten on your imagination! It is a country that seems to have retained its ancient attachments longer than any other. The British tongue here lingered till lately—as the ruins of King Arthur's palace still crown the stormy steep of Tintagel; and the saints that succeeded the heroic race seem to have left their names on almost every town and village.

Hugh Miller (1802–56), a self-taught man of science with a marvellous command of a good English style, surpassed all his predecessors as an expositor of geology. A native of Cromarty, he came of a race of seafaring men, of Scandinavian descent and well-to-do in the world, who owned coasting-vessels and built houses in their native town. One of them had done a little in the way of buccaneering on the Spanish Main; most of them perished at sea, including Hugh's father, lost in a storm in 1807. His mother was great-granddaughter of a Celtic seer, Donald Ross. From boyhood Hugh was a keen observer, given to collecting shells and stones, and at first self-willed, wild, and somewhat intractable. By the aid of two maternal uncles he received the common education of a Scottish country-school, and at seventeen was by his own desire apprenticed to a stone-mason. In the opening chapters of his work on the Old Red Sandstone he has vividly recorded his geological discoveries made while toiling at his craft in the Cromarty quarries; 'the necessity that had made him a quarrier taught him also to be a geologist.' Towards the end of 1822 his apprenticeship was completed; and he went to Edinburgh for a year (1824–25), where the strongest impression he experienced was from the preaching of Dr Thomas M'Crie. Back in the north again, Miller ventured on the publication of a volume of *Poems, written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason* (1829); but though the pieces contain many passable things, his prose has more real poetry than his verse. About this time he made the acquaintance of his lifelong friend, Dr Carruthers, collaborator with Robert Chambers in the first edition of this work, who had printed in the *Inverness Courier* some admirably written letters of his on the fisherman's life at sea. Miller had been a diligent student of the best English authors, and was already nice in his choice of language.

This very remarkable mason was now too conspicuous to be much longer employed in hewing jambs, or even cutting inscriptions on tombstones, a department in which (like Telford the engineer in his early days) he greatly excelled. He

carried on his geological studies and researches on the coast-lines of the Moray Firth; and the ancient deposits of the lias, with their mollusca, belemnites, ammonites, and nautili, involved a study of nomenclature very different from poetical diction. Theological controversy also claimed his attention; and as Miller was always a stout polemic, and quite sufficiently pugnacious, he mingled freely in local Church disputes, forerunners of the great national ecclesiastical struggle in which he was also to take a prominent part. The Reform Bill gave fresh scope for activity, and Miller was zealous on the popular side. Even before this he had become deeply attached to an accomplished girl in a higher social circle than his own; the course of true love was not quite smooth, but the devotion of the lovers triumphed, and they were married in 1837. Meanwhile Miller had been drawn away from his handicraft; in 1834 he began work as accountant in a Cromarty bank; and the year after he published *Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty*—a book as remarkable for the variety of its traditional lore as for its admirable style. He was also a contributor to 'Tales of the Borders' and *Chambers's Journal*, producing stories almost always of a pensive or tragic cast.

Fifteen years a stone-mason and about six years a bank-accountant, Miller was next moved into the post in which he spent the rest of his life. The ecclesiastical party in Scotland then known as the 'Non-Intrusionists' or Free Church party projected a newspaper to advocate their views; Miller's sympathies drew him in the same direction, and he had sufficiently shown his literary talents and his zeal in the cause by his letter to Lord Brougham on the Auchterarder case in 1839. By Dr Candlish and other leaders he was now invited to Edinburgh, and in 1840 he entered upon his duties as editor of *The Witness*, a twice-a-week paper. Diffident at first, he soon stamped his personality upon his paper, and made a deep and permanent impression upon the Scottish people. As Dr Chalmers put it, Miller took a long time to load, but was a great gun when he did go off. He elaborated his leading articles with great care, so that they have been described as 'complete journalistic essays, symmetrical in plan, finished in execution, and of sustained and splendid ability.' Sir Archibald Geikie described Miller as he knew him at this time as 'a man of good height and broad shoulders, clad in a suit of rough tweed, with a shepherd's plaid across his chest and a stout stick in his hand. His locks of sandy-coloured hair escaped from under a soft felt hat; his blue eyes, either fixed on the ground or gazing dreamily ahead, seemed to take no heed of their surroundings. His rugged features wore an expression of earnest gravity, softening sometimes into a smile and often suffused with a look of wistful sadness, while the firmly compressed lips betokened strength and determination of character. The springy, elastic step with which he moved swiftly along the crowded pavement was that of the mountaineer rather than that of the native of a populous city.'

During the remaining fifteen years of his life, besides contributing largely to his paper Miller wrote his work on *The Old Red Sandstone* (1841), part of which appeared originally in *Chambers's Journal* and part in the *Witness*. Professor Huxley wrote twenty years afterwards: 'The more I study the fishes of the "Old Red" the more I am struck with the patience and sagacity manifested in Hugh Miller's researches and by the natural insight, which in his case seems to have supplied the place of special anatomical knowledge.' A long-projected visit to England in 1845 furnished material for his *First Impressions of England and its People* (1847). Then followed *Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness* (1850), a reply to the *Vestiges of Creation*, and a strenuous denial of the development theory; *My*



HUGH MILLER.
After the Painting by William Bonnar, R.S.A.

Schools and Schoolmasters, an autobiography (1854); and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, completed by him but not published till after his death (24th December 1856). He had overtasked his brain, and for some time suffered from visions and delusions combined with paroxysms of acute physical pain. In one of those moments of disordered reason, awaking from a hideous dream, he shot himself through the heart. Several posthumous works appeared—*The Cruise of the*

Betsey, or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides (1858); the *Sketch-Book of Popular Geology* (1859); *The Headship of Christ* (1861); *Essays*, reprinted from the *Witness* (1862), and *Leading Articles* (1870); *Tales and Sketches* (1863); *Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood* (1864). Sir Archibald Geikie has declared that the debt which geology owes to Miller in deepening the interest in geological study by his writings has never been adequately repaid; and has insisted that for elegance of narrative, combined with clearness and vividness of description, he knew no writing in the whole of scientific literature superior or perhaps equal to Miller's. In *The Old Red Sandstone* Miller was a discoverer, adding to our knowledge of organic remains various members of a great family of fishes, one of which bears now the name of *Pterichthys Milleri*. He illustrated also the less-known floras of Scotland—those of the Old Red Sandstone and the Oolite. But Miller's peculiar gift was his power of vivid description, which threw a sort of romantic splendour over the fossil remains, and gave life and beauty to the geological landscape.

In *The Testimony of the Rocks* (1857) he sought to reconcile his admission of the antiquity of the globe with the Mosaic account of the Creation. He once believed with Buckland and Chalmers that the six days of the Mosaic narrative were simply natural days of twenty-four hours each, but he was compelled by his geological researches to hold that the days of creation were not natural but prophetic days—unmeasured eras of time stretching far back into the bygone eternity. The revelation to Moses he supposed to have been optical—a series of visions seen in a recess of the Midian desert, and described by the prophet in language fitted to the ideas of his times. The hypothesis of the Mosaic vision is old—as old as the time of Whiston, who had propounded it a century and a half before this; but in Miller's hands the vision became a splendid piece of sacred poetry.

The Mosaic Vision of Creation.

Such a description of the creative vision of Moses as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or sober theologian. Let us suppose that it took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A 'great darkness' first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror;' and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

The light again brightens—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic, life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam or gray, smoke-like fog is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday, and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against the low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet further fiat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees—of palms and tree-ferns and gigantic club-mosses on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken

cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas; or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great *tanninim* tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers or scour the flat, rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

> 'The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
> In the beginning how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos;'

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

(From *The Testimony of the Rocks.*)

Beginnings of a Working-Man in Geology.

It was eighteen years last February since I set out from my mother's cottage a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint; and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and I was now going to work as a mason's apprentice in one of the Cromarty quarries. Bating the passing uneasinesses occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious little books, a gleaner of old traditionary stories. I had written bad verses, too, without knowing they were bad, and indulged in unrealisable hopes, without being in the least aware that they were unrealisable; and I was now going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil. The time I had so long dreaded had at length arrived, and I felt that I was going down into a wilderness more desolate than that of Sinai, with little prospect of ever getting beyond it, and no hope of return.

The quarry in which my master wrought lies on the southern side of the bay of my native town, about an hundred yards from the shore, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It has been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and is overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rises over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which was at this time rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments which had fallen from above blocked up the face of the quarry, and the first employment assigned me by my master was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe; and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented us with so unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved insufficient, however, and we had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one; it had the merit, too, of being attended by some such degree of danger as a boating excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots; the fragments flew in every direction, and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock-goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum; the other, a somewhat rarer bird of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a greyish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green

summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard my master bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious 'blink of rest' which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the grass was white and crisp as we passed onward through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed as it advanced into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. We all rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretches half-way across the firth there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose as straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben-Weavis [Wyvis] rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law by giving him, as a subject for his pencil, a flower piece composed of only white flowers, the one-half of them in their proper colour, the other half of a deep purple, and yet all perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

(From *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 1839.)

The National Intellect of England and Scotland.

There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained: our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged—great captains who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or 'who lifted up the spear against three hundred men at once, and prevailed'—they attained not, with all their greatness, to the might of the first class. Scotland has produced no Shakespeare; Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. A Scotch poet has been injudiciously named as not greatly inferior, but I shall not do wrong to the memory of an ingenious young man [Pollok], cut off just as he had mastered his powers, by naming him again in a connection so perilous. *He* at least was guiltless of the comparison; and it would be cruel to involve him in the ridicule which it is suited to excite. Bacon is as exclusively unique as Milton, and as exclusively English; and though the grandfather of Newton was a Scotchman, we have certainly no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke: there is as much solid thinking in the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, greatly as it has become the fashion of the age to depreciate it, and notwithstanding his fundamental error, as in the works of all our Scotch metaphysicians put together. It is, however, a curious fact, and worthy certainly of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first-class men—belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy and crushed the opening mind of the country; and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprang up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and literati of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakespeares, Bacons and Newtons, of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men—the tallest, however, of their age anywhere; and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place.

Mrs Hugh Miller (Lydia Falconer Fraser; 1811–76), besides writing prefaces to several of her husband's books and helping him with *Witness* articles, wrote books for young people and an anonymous novel, *Passages in the Life of an English Heiress* (1847). The eldest daughter published several stories; the eldest son became Lieutenant-Colonel and Commandant of the 17th Madras Infantry; another, Hugh, was a member of the Scottish Geological Survey. See the somewhat too copious *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller* (2 vols. 1871), by Peter Bayne; the *Life and Times of Hugh Miller*, by J. N. Brown (1858); *Hugh Miller*, by W. Keith Leask (1896); Mrs Hugh Miller's Journal, in *Chambers's Journal* (1902); and the Memorial volume containing speeches and proceedings at centenary celebrations at Cromarty (1902), especially Sir Archibald Geikie's glowing tribute.

Sir Archibald Alison (1792–1867), author of the *History of Europe*, was the eldest son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the *Essay on Taste* (Vol. II. p. 639); and his mother was a daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh. He was born at his father's parsonage of Kenley in Shropshire; but Mr Alison having in 1800 removed to Edinburgh, Archibald studied at Edinburgh University, was admitted to the Bar in 1814, was advocate-depute (public prosecutor) in 1822–30, and in 1834 was appointed Sheriff of Lanarkshire, thenceforward living at Possil House near Glasgow. He was an industrious and prosperous advocate, and a hard-working and independent judge, who systematically so economised his time as never to allow his constant literary labours to encroach on his often harassing judicial

work. In earlier days he made several long Continental tours. He had distinguished himself in the literature of his profession by his *Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland* (1832), long a standard work, and his *Practice of the Criminal Law* (1833). But his *magnum opus* was his famous *History of Europe*. Amongst the multitudes drawn from every part of Europe to Paris to witness the meeting of the allied sovereigns in 1814 after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars was 'one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events, and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history.' The work thus characteristically referred to by its author was *The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* (10 vols. 1839–42), which had by 1853 passed through nine editions, brought the fortunate author fame and large sums of money, and been translated into French, German, and even Arabic. A work so popular must have substantial merits, or must supply a want universally felt. The author visited most of the localities described, and was able to add many interesting minute touches and graphic illustrations from personal observation, or the statements of eye-witnesses on the spot; and he appears to have been diligent and conscientious in consulting written authorities. The work is one of immense industry, and is fairly accurate, and meant to be candid; but the high Tory prejudices of the author and his strong opinions on the currency question—the influence of which he greatly exaggerates—render him a rather unsafe guide. His moral and political reflections and deductions are mostly superfluous and generally tedious. The style is careless, never picturesque, and verbose to a degree. Beaconsfield is plainly hitting at Alison when Rigby advises Coningsby to make himself master of Mr Wordy's *History of the Late War* in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories. No doubt much of the extraordinary success of the history was due to the fact that Alison chose a good subject at a happy moment, and was the first to occupy the field. In describing the causes which led to the French Revolution, he enumerates fairly enough the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the people laboured; but inconsistently proves also that the immediate source of the convulsion was the spirit of innovation which overspread France. Some of the features of the Revolution are well and fairly described and recorded. Alison subsequently wrote a continuation—*The History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852* (8 vols. 1852–59), which was, however, not well received by the critics even of his own party. It was hastily written, and was disfigured by blunders, omissions, and inconsistencies. Some of the author's political opinions and economical crotchets are pushed to a ridiculous extreme; and the diffuse style of narrative, felt as a drawback in the earlier history, was still more conspicuous in the sequel. Other writings—exclusive of pamphlets on Free Trade and the Currency—were a work on population; an ineffective criticism of Malthus (1840); Lives of Marlborough and Castlereagh; and three volumes of *Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which Alison was a frequent contributor; and a highly self-complacent but interesting *Autobiography* (2 vols. 1883). Sir Archibald was successively Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and of Glasgow University; was D.C.L. of Oxford; and in 1852 was created a baronet by Lord Derby's administration. Two of his sons were distinguished soldiers.

The French Revolutionary Assassins.

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said that with two hundred assassins at a louis a day he would govern France and cause three hundred thousand heads to fall; and the events of the 2nd September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred; and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irresolute in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind, and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above fifty thousand men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2nd September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times it may

exhibit an imposing array and be adequate to the repression of the small disorders; but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

The Reign of Terror.

This terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust: the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sank under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude; such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

Nobles,	1,278	
Noble women,	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans,	1,467	
Religieuses,	350	
Priests,	1,135	
Common persons, not noble,	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendée,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendée,		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,		32,000
Of whom: Children shot,	500	
Of whom: Children drowned,	1,500	
Of whom: Women shot,	264	
Of whom: Women drowned,	500	
Of whom: Priests shot,	300	
Of whom: Priests drowned,	460	
Of whom: Nobles drowned,	1,400	
Of whom: Artisans drowned,	5,300	
Victims at Lyon,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2; the victims of the Glacière of Avignon; those shot at Toulon and Marseille; or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable, in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160; while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so widespread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow-citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men; their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable; yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow-citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickedness produces; such the ascendency which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence; terror crushed every attempt at combination; the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair of effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character; the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world as invariably attending a state of extreme and long-continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

Patrick Fraser Tytler (1791–1849), author of a *History of Scotland*, was the son of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, who wrote *Elements of General History* (1801), and grandson of William Tytler, who, as author of the *Inquiry into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots* (1759), was hailed by Burns as the 'revered defender of beauteous Stuart.' Patrick Fraser Tytler was, like his father, bred mainly at Edinburgh for the Scottish Bar, and wrote Lives of the Admirable Crichton (1819), Sir Thomas Craig (1823), the *Scottish Worthies* (1831–33), Sir Walter

Raleigh, and Henry VIII. (1837). His *History of Scotland* (1828–43), from the accession of Alexander III. to the union of the crowns in 1603, was an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments.' The author claimed to have anxiously examined the most authentic sources of information, and conveyed a true picture of the times, without prepossession or partiality. By his conscientious study of original authorities he, like Pinkerton, Chalmers, and M'Crie, threw fresh light on many periods of Scottish history; and though he took up a few doubtful opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio), his work is in large departments of the subject still well worthy of study, and has by no means been superseded by his successors—in some respects his history is better proportioned and better written than Hill Burton's. It was at Sir Walter Scott's suggestion that he undertook the task, and he devoted to it twenty years of hard work. In 1839 he edited two volumes of original documents illustrating the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary Tudor, a praiseworthy contribution to the study of historical records. Dean Burgon wrote a Life of Tytler (1859).

Cosmo Innes (1798–1874), most learned and accomplished of Scottish legal antiquaries, came up from Deeside to the Edinburgh High School, and graduated both at Glasgow and at Oxford. Having passed as advocate in 1822, he became Sheriff of Moray in 1840, then an official of the Court of Session, and in 1846 Professor of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh. He is best known as the author of an eminently suggestive book on *Scotland in the Middle Ages* (1860) and of interesting *Sketches of Early Scotch History* (1861). He helped to edit some of the early *Acts of the Scottish Parliament;* was a member of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Spalding Clubs; and edited for them several register-books of the old religious houses of Scotland. His lectures (practically a manual) on Scottish *Legal Antiquities* (1872) have never been superseded; and he wrote several memoirs, including one of Dean Ramsay. A Memoir of him was prepared by his daughter, Mrs Hill Burton (1874).

David Laing (1793–1878), a learned, laborious, and accurate antiquary, was the son of an Edinburgh bookseller, for thirty years followed his father's trade, and from 1837 till his death was librarian of the Signet Library. Honorary secretary of the Bannatyne Club, he edited many of its issues; and his contributions to the *Transactions* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland were innumerable. An LL.D. of Edinburgh, he bequeathed many rare MSS. to the university. His more important works were his editions of Baillie's *Letters and Journals* (1841–42), of John Knox's works (1846–64), and of the Scottish poets, Sir David Lyndsay, Dunbar, and Henryson.

Mark Napier (1798–1879), son of an Edinburgh lawyer sprung from the Merchiston stock, was educated at the High School and university of his native town, and having practised as advocate for near quarter of a century, was appointed Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway. He published some legal works, but is best known for his *Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose* (2 vols. 1856) and *Memorials of Graham of Claverhouse* (1859–60), both written in a vehemently anti-Presbyterian, Cavalier, and Jacobite temper, and, though conspicuously without the judicial and historical spirit, by no means lacking in historical value. He raised a fierce controversy by attempting to prove that the 'Wigtown Martyrs' were pardoned, although they had certainly been condemned to be (and according to tradition were) drowned for refusing the abjuration oath in 1685.

George Lillie Craik (1798–1866), a Fife man from Kennoway, studied for the Church at St Andrews, but went to London in 1826, and in 1849 became Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Among his works were *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties* (1831); a *History of British Commerce* (3 vols. 1844); books on famous English trials, on Spenser, Bacon, the romance of the peerage, Shakespeare's English; and his best-known work, the *History of English Literature and the English Language* (2 vols. 1861), which passed through nine or ten editions. It was a modified form of a six-volume work, a *History of Literature and Learning in England*, issued in 1844. He wrote much for the *Penny Magazine* and the like, prepared a number of manuals, and was joint-author with another of *The Pictorial History of England.* —His youngest daughter, **Georgiana Marion Craik** (1831–95), born in London, married Mr A. W. May, and from 1857 published over thirty novels—*Lost and Won* (1859) the most popular.—Miss Mulock (Mrs Craik) the novelist married his nephew.

Joseph Train (1779–1852), son of a farm-grieve in the upland Ayrshire parish of Sorn, became a weaver in Ayr, then served in the militia, and from 1806 was an excise officer in Ayrshire. Here and later at Newton-Stewart he read industriously, collected traditions, and wrote verses. *Strains of the Mountain Muse* (1814), incorporating local traditions of the south-west of Scotland, supported by acute notes, secured Scott's esteem; and for many years Train sent all the scraps of song or folklore he could collect direct to Scott. Thus Scott got very valuable materials for poems and novels—for *Red Gauntlet*, *Wandering Willie's Tale*, and *The Tales of my Landlord* amongst others, as well as the characters of Old Mortality, Edie Ochiltree, and Madge Wildfire. Train was ultimately supervisor of revenue at Castle-Douglas till his retirement in 1850. He was a contributor to *Chambers's Journal*, and wrote a history of the Isle of Man and of the Buchanite sect.

James Hogg (1770–1835), 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' was sprung of shepherd stock, and born in the parish of Ettrick; the date of his birth is unknown, but it is certain that he was baptised on the 9th of December 1770. When a mere child he was put out to service as cow-herd, until he could take care of a flock of sheep; and he had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent himself as an uninstructed prodigy of nature. At twenty he entered the service of a neighbouring sheep-farmer, already an eager reader of poetry and romances, as of all the miscellaneous contents of a circulating library in Peebles to which he subscribed. Till an illness brought on by over-exertion injured his good looks



JAMES HOGG.
From a Drawing by S. P. Denning in the National Portrait Gallery.

he was an exceptionally fine-looking young fellow, with a profusion of light-brown hair, coiled up under his blue bonnet. The reading of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* and a modernised Blind Harry's *Wallace* had kindled poetic impulses; his first literary effort was in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of verse. Introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son, Willie Laidlaw, he assisted in the collection of old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy*. These he soon imitated with great felicity; and in 1807 he published another volume of songs and poems, *The Mountain Bard*. Meanwhile he wrote a successful book on the diseases of sheep. Bent on being a sheep-farmer, he proposed in 1803 to migrate to Harris. The scheme fell through, but in a later venture (1808) in Dumfriesshire he lost the £300 he had saved as a shepherd and made by his book. He then settled in Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, *The Forest Minstrel* (1810), was followed by a periodical called *The Spy;* but it was *The Queen's Wake* (1813) that established his reputation. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order that the fair queen might prove 'the wondrous powers of Scottish song.' Its design and execution both helped to rank Hogg among the first of modern Scottish poets. The imaginary lays of the local minstrels are strung together by an ingenious and often surprisingly graceful thread of narrative—in English, like the bulk of his longer poems, whereas his best-known songs are in vernacular Scotch. Other works followed—*Mador of the Moor*, in Spenserian stanza; *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, in blank verse; *The Hunting of Badlewe*, *The Poetic Mirror* (imitations of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, and others), *Queen Hynde*, *Dramatic Tales;* also several novels, including *Winter Evening Tales*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of Woman*, *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. The last, also called *Confessions of a Fanatic*, is a powerful fragment, the authorship of which has sometimes been attributed to Lockhart, but on inadequate evidence. Hogg collected two volumes of *Jacobite Relics* (1819–20); and some of the songs contributed by his own pen are among the best known of the so-called Jacobite lyrics ('Cam ye by Athol,' 'Flora Macdonald's Lament'). Mr Henderson credits Hogg with the authorship of 'Auld Maitland' and parts of other fine ballads in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. A really valuable contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, he was partly idealised, partly caricatured by Wilson as one of the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. He never was the 'half-inspired, delightful talker of the *Noctes;*' but he was one of the most characteristic of the figures that brought 'Maga' its fame. His vanity and desire for notoriety were indeed portentous; his head was turned by his success, and his familiarity in society went beyond the bounds of good breeding. The suggestion of the famous *Chaldee MS.* (October 1817) was his; he claimed, indeed, to have written most of it (specifically the first two chapters, part of the third and of the last), though much of the best is certainly Lockhart's. On the other hand, Hogg complained, and with reason, that ballads and verses of all kinds which he had never seen were in 'Maga' put in his mouth. An illustration of the Shepherd of the *Noctes* will be found in the article on Professor Wilson (page 249). Later prose works were *Lay Sermons*, *Montrose Tales*, and his sadly ill-judged book on *The Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in character-drawing. He is often vulgar and extravagant;

some of his stories are utter failures, yet some have many happy touches. In 1817 he was back in the Border country. Three years later he married the daughter of an Annandale farmer, who was twenty years his junior; and their married life was very happy. He lived in a cottage he had built at Altrive, also called Mossend and Eldinhope, on a piece of moorland—seventy acres—granted to him at a nominal rent by the dying bequest of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Though he had failed as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took another large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here too he was unsuccessful; and his sole support for the latter years of his life was what he earned by writing. In the end of 1831 he visited London to arrange for a complete edition of his works, and had the satisfaction of being lionised there. In the autumn of 1835 he fell ill, and he died on the 21st of November.

The truly amazing thing about the Shepherd is that, with his rollicking, boisterous, and almost coarse humour, and his notorious defects of taste, he nevertheless sustained unbroken flights in almost pure ether. He could abandon himself entirely to the genius of local and legendary story; he certainly proved himself at home in scenes of visionary splendour and unimaginable purity and bliss. His *Kilmeny* is one of the finest of fairy tales; passages in the *Pilgrims of the Sun* have much of the same ethereal beauty. Akin to this feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of many of his songs—a lyrical flow that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical, and is withal spontaneous and natural. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to make the most of his fertility in ideas and imagery; but few poets impress us more with the feeling of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'

Jeffrey greeted Hogg as 'a poet in the highest acceptation of the term;' Professor Ferrier described him, in accordance with the accepted opinions, as the greatest poet next to Burns that had ever sprung from the bosom of the common people. And speaking of *Kilmeny* and contemporary work of Hogg's, Professor Saintsbury has said that there is no such poetry in Crabbe or Rogers, little in Southey, and not much in Moore.

The following is a bit of Hogg's *Autobiography*:

For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the poeter.'

I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well pleased with them. But then the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write save by following the italic alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing. My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the A B C. When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half-daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and, to amuse me, repeated 'Tam O'Shanter.' I was delighted. I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him: how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August. This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns. . . .

The enthusiasm with which he [Scott] recited and spoke of our ancient ballads during that first tour of his through the Forest inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated *The Mountain Bard* to him.

The Poet's Nurture.

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.

O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell!
When doors were barred, and eldern dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone—
The bleat of mountain-goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb!
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that 's without a name.

Sir Walter's first Counsels.

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlit halls were seen
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.
Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.
But when, to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I 'gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Bonny Kilmeny.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing, yellowhammer
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye, raspberry
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa', mother
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame! weep
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane; alone
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme, fire blazed—weird gleam
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree, waterfall
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen? jupe, skirt—bright
That bonny snood of the birk sae green? head-band
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell and the wind never blew,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been. . . .
In yon greenwood there is a waik, glade
And in that waik there is a wene, recess
And in that wene there is a maike mate, person
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane!
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay; covered
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye,
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life. . . .
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair, combed
And round came many a blooming fere, comrade
Saying, 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye 're welcome here!' . . .
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by;
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung, knew
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
'Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,

A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ; gleam
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away ; vanished
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !' . . .
Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
And when she awakened she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame ! at dusk
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee ;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there ;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower, cymar, smock
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen, wander through
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion ;
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame, pens and folds
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
The corby left her houf in the rock ; raven—haunt
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ; fox
The hawk and the hern attour them hung, heron—above
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ; forsook
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled : drawn
It was like an eve in a sinless world !
When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen !

(From *The Queen's Wake.*)

To the Comet of 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew !

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky !
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity ?

Stranger of heaven ! I bid thee hail !
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled ?
Art thou the standard of His wrath
Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world ?

No ; from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years ?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scal'st the Milky-way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide !
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea !

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole ;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of heaven ! oh, let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn !

When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I 'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken ;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame. cows

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, dusk and dark
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest builds
For the mate he lo'es to see, loves
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl, speedwell
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan marsh-marigold
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift lark
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd shrewd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld, ewes
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed, may not
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn star
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be.
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

See Hogg's own *Autobiography;* the Memoir prefixed by Professor Wilson to an 1850 edition of Hogg's *Works;* the Memoir by T. Thomson prefixed to the 1865 ed.; Hogg's daughter Mrs Garden's *Memorials of James Hogg* (1885); *James Hogg*, by Sir George Douglas in the 'Famous Scots' series (1899). There are side-lights in Lockhart's *Scott* and *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, in Mrs Gordon's *Christopher North*, in Smiles's *Life of John Murray*, in Dr William Chambers's *Memoir* of his brother Robert, in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, and in Mrs Oliphant's *House of Blackwood.*

John Galt, author of *The Annals of the Parish*, was born 2nd May 1779 at Irvine in Ayrshire, where his father commanded a West India vessel; and when the boy was in his eleventh year his people went to live at Greenock. He got a berth in the custom-house of the port, and continued at the desk, contributing verses to local papers and writing a good deal, till about the year 1804, when, without any appointment or definite prospects, he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written what he called an 'epic poem' on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press; but he did not prefix his name, and almost immediately suppressed the production. An unlucky commercial connection embarrassed him for three years, and next he became a student of Lincoln's Inn. On a visit to Oxford he conceived, while standing in the quadrangle of Christ Church, the design of writing a Life of Cardinal Wolsey. He set about the task with ardour; but his health failing, he went abroad with a commission to see if and how British goods might be exported to the Continent in spite of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees. At Gibraltar he met Byron and Hobhouse, then on their way to Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt stayed some time in Sicily, then from Malta went to Greece, where he again met Byron, and interviewed Ali Pasha. After rambling for some time in Greece he reached Constantinople, Nicomedia, and the Black Sea. Quarantined for a time during these eccentric wanderings, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his *Voyages and Travels* and *Letters from the Levant*,

which contain much interesting and debatable matter, and his Life of Wolsey, a poor book both in matter and style. Galt next settled at Gibraltar, apparently to superintend the smuggling of goods into Spain, but the design was defeated by Wellington's success in the Peninsula. Back again in England, he contributed dramatic pieces to the 'New British Theatre,' designed mainly for the stage, but not produced. One of his plays, *The Appeal*, was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue and some other friend (perhaps Wilson or Lockhart) a prologue. Among Galt's innumerable compositions may be mentioned a *Life of Benjamin West*, *Historical Pictures*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *The Earthquake*, a novel in three volumes. For *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820 he wrote *The Ayrshire Legatees*, a series of letters containing an entertaining and typical Scottish narrative, which was his first marked success. *The Annals of the Parish* (1821), which instantly became popular, had been written twelve years earlier, before the appearance of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, but was rejected by the publishers of those same works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public. Mackenzie and Scott both praised *The Annals*, and it was thence that Bentham adopted the word *utilitarian*, of Galt's coining. Galt had now found where his strength lay, and *Sir Andrew Wylie*, *The Entail*, *The Steam-boat*, and *The Provost* were successively published—the first two with decided success. These were followed by *Ringan Gilhaize*, a story of the Scottish Covenanters; by *The Spaewife*, a tale of the times of James I. of Scotland; and *Rothelan*, a historical novel on the reign of Edward. Galt's fertility was enormous, but his faculty intermittent, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad in his own work. His strength unquestionably lay in depicting the humours of Scottish provincial life. *The Provost* and *The Annals* are his masterpieces; *The Entail* and *Sir Andrew Wylie* being the best of the others.

We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a labyrinth of troubles. After a brief visit to Canada in this connection, Galt wrote the little imaginative tale, *The Omen* (anonymously, 1825), reviewed by Scott with hearty commendation in *Blackwood*, and *The Last of the Lairds*, a novel descriptive of Scottish life. He returned to America in 1826, a million of capital having been entrusted to his management. On the 23rd of April (St George's Day) 1827 Galt founded the town of Guelph, in Upper Canada, with much ceremony, taking himself the first stroke in the felling of a large maple-tree; 'the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.' The city prospered, houses rising as fast as building materials could be prepared; but before the end of the year the founder was embroiled in difficulties. He was accused of lowering the Company's stock, and his expenditure was complained of; and the Company sent out an accountant to act as cashier. Feeling himself superseded, Galt returned to England disappointed and depressed, but resolved to battle with his fate; and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life. In six months he had six volumes ready. His first work was another novel in three volumes, *Lawrie Todd*, in which he utilised his Canadian experiences. *Southennan* illustrates the manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary. For a short time in the same



JOHN GALT.
After the Portrait by Hastings.

year (1830) Galt conducted the *Courier* newspaper, but he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a *Life of Byron*. The brevity of this memoir (one small volume), Galt's name, and the interesting subject soon sold three or four editions; but it was indifferently executed, and was sharply assailed by critics. He produced next a series of *Lives of the Players*, an amusing compilation; and *Bogle Corbet*, another novel, the object of which was, he said, to give a view of society generally, and of the *genteel* persons sometimes found among emigrants. Ill-health sapped the robust frame of the novelist; but he wrote on, and in 1832–33 four other works of fiction issued from his pen—*Stanley Buxton*, *The Member*, *The Radical*, and *Eben Erskine*, besides two volumes of *Stories of the Study* and a volume of *Poems*. In 1832 a paralytic ailment prostrated him, but next year he was again at the press with a tale, *The*

Lost Child. He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes—a curious but ill-digested melange. In 1834 he published *Literary Life and Miscellanies*, in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV., who sent him £200. He returned to Scotland a wreck, but continued to write for the periodicals and edited other people's books. After much suffering he died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of Galt's works, the greater part are already forgotten. Several of his novels, however, have taken a permanent place in literature. In virtue of *The Annals of the Parish* Galt has been ranked as the father of 'the kailyard school'—though in some degree he was anticipated by Mrs Hamilton with her *Cottagers of Glenburnie*. *The Annals* is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency, and gives, with many amusing and touching incidents, a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by a pious, simple-minded man, imbued with old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices. This Presbyterian Parson Adams, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, in spite of his improbable name, is a fine representative of the Scottish pastor; diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk-filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. He is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world, and chronicles among memorable events the arrival of a dancing-master, the planting of a pear-tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, and the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country-side—incidents he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, and the spread of French revolutionary principles. An altogether admirable piece of narrative gives the story of a widow's son from his first setting off to sea till his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French. The book is admirable for its truth to nature, its quiet humour and pathos, its faithfulness as a record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely Scottish phrase and expression.

The Ayrshire Legatees, a story of the same cast as *The Annals*, describes (chiefly by means of correspondence on the plan of *Humphrey Clinker*) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. *The Provost* illustrates the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and 'jobbery' of a small Scottish burgh in the olden time. *Sir Andrew Wylie* and *The Entail* are more ambitious performances, thrice the length of the others. The 'pawkie' Ayrshire laird is humorous, hardly natural, and often merely vulgar; but the character of Leddy Grippy in *The Entail* was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron were said to have read this novel three times. In *Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers*, there is no little *vraisemblance*, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of invention. The history of a real person named Grant Thorburn supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe; but Galt's own experience is stamped on almost every page. In his earlier stories Galt drew from his recollections of the Scotland of his youth; the mingled worth, simplicity, shrewdness, and enthusiasm he had seen or heard of about Irvine or Greenock: in *Lawrie Todd* his observations in the New World present a different phase of Scottish character as displayed in the history of a nailmaker who emigrates with his brother to America, and from small beginnings becomes a prosperous settler, speculator, and landholder.

Galt's poems are of no importance—unless, indeed, he prove to be the author of a famous 'Canadian Boat-Song' imbued with the 'Celtic spirit' which was printed in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' in *Blackwood* for 1829 as 'received from a friend in Canada.' As the Messrs Blackwood have recently (1902) suggested, Galt was at that time writing to them from Canada. But this particular poem (long absurdly attributed to Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton, 1739–1819) is so unlike Galt's other verse that direct evidence would be required to prove it his. The poem has often been quoted, almost always inaccurately, and was rewritten (not for the better) by Sir John Skelton in *Blackwood* in 1889. The original first verse ran:

> From the lone sheiling on the distant island
> Mountains divide us and the waste of seas;
> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

The Settlement of an Unpopular Minister.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl,

the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an oustrapolous [obstreperous] people. Mr Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: 'This will do well enough—timber to timber;' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: 'Here's the feckless Mess-John;' and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it!—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night-cap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: 'Come in, sir, and ease yoursel'; this will never do: the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together; and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's Day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'

(From *The Annals of the Parish.*)

An Execution.

The attainment of honours and dignities is not enjoyed without a portion of trouble and care, which, like a shadow, follows all temporalities. On the very evening of the same day that I was first chosen to be a bailie, a sore affair came to light, in the discovery that Jean Gaisling had murdered her bastard bairn. She was the daughter of a donsie mother that could gie no name to her gets, of which she had two laddies, besides Jean. The one of them had gone off with the soldiers some time before; the other, a douce well-behaved callan, was in my lord's servitude, as a stable-boy at the castle. Jeanie herself was the bonniest lassie in the whole town, but light-headed, and fonder of outgait and blether in the causey than was discreet of one of her uncertain parentage. She was, at the time when she met with her misfortune, in the service of Mrs Dalrymple, a colonel's widow, that came out of the army and settled among us on her jointure.

This Mrs Dalrymple, having been long used to the loose morals of camps and regiments, did not keep that strict hand over poor Jeanie and her other serving-lass that she ought to have done, and so the poor guideless creature fell into the snare of some of the ne'er-do-weel gentlemen that used to play cards at night with Mrs Dalrymple. The truths of the story were never well known, nor who was the father, for the tragical issue barred all inquiry; but it came out that poor Jeanie was left to herself, and, being instigated by the Enemy after she had been delivered, did, while the midwife's back was turned, strangle the baby with a napkin. She was discovered in the very fact, with the bairn black in the face in the bed beside her.

The heinousness of the crime can by no possibility be lessened; but the beauty of the mother, her tender years, and her light-headedness had won many favourers; and there was a great leaning in the hearts of all the town to compassionate her, especially when they thought of the ill example that had been set to her in the walk and conversation of her mother. It was not, however, within the power of the magistrates to overlook the accusation; so we were obligated to cause a precognition to be taken, and the search left no doubt of the wilfulness of the murder. Jeanie was in consequence removed to the tolbooth, where she lay till the lords were coming to Ayr, when she was sent thither to stand her trial before them; but from the hour she did the deed she never spoke.

Her trial was a short procedure, and she was cast to be hanged—and not only to be hanged, but ordered to be executed in our town, and her body given to the doctors to make an atomy. The execution of Jeanie was what all expected would happen; but when the news reached the town of the other parts of the sentence, the wail was as the sough of a pestilence, and fain would the council have got it dispensed with. But the Lord Advocate was just wud at the crime, both because there had been no previous concealment, so as to have been an extenuation for the shame of the birth, and because Jeanie would neither divulge the name of the father nor make answer to all the interrogatories that were put to her—standing at the bar like a dumbie, and looking round her, and at the judges, like a demented creature, and beautiful as a Flanders baby. It was thought by many that her advocate might have made great use of her visible consternation, and pled that she was by herself; for in

truth she had every appearance of being so. He was, however, a dure man, no doubt well enough versed in the particulars and punctualities of the law for an ordinary plea, but no of the right sort of knowledge and talent to take up the case of a forlorn lassie, misled by ill example and a winsome nature, and clothed in the allurement of loveliness, as the judge himself said to the jury. On the night before the day of execution she was brought over in a chaise from Ayr between two town-officers, and placed again in our hands, and still she never spoke. Nothing could exceed the compassion that every one had for poor Jeanie, so she wasna committed to a common cell, but laid in the council-room, where the ladies of the town made up a comfortable bed for her, and some of them sat up all night and prayed for her; but her thoughts were gone, and she sat silent.

In the morning, by break of day, her wanton mother, that had been trolloping in Glasgow, came to the tolbooth door, and made a dreadful wally-waeing, and the ladies were obligated, for the sake of peace, to bid her be let in. But Jeanie noticed her not, still sitting with her eyes cast down, waiting the coming on of the hour of her doom. The wicked mother first tried to rouse her by weeping and distraction, and then she took to upbraiding; but Jeanie seemed to heed her not, save only once, and then she but looked at the misleart tinkler, and shook her head. I happened to come into the room at this time, and seeing all the charitable ladies weeping around, and the randy mother talking to the poor lassie as loudly and vehement as if she had been both deaf and sullen, I commanded the officers, with a voice of authority, to remove the mother, by which we had for a season peace, till the hour came.

There had not been an execution in the town in the memory of the oldest person then living; the last that suffered was one of the martyrs in the time of the persecution, so that we were not skilled in the business, and had besides no hangman, but were necessitated to borrow the Ayr one. Indeed, I being the youngest bailie, was in terror that the obligation might have fallen on me.

A scaffold was erected at the Tron, just under the tolbooth windows, by Thomas Gimblet, the master-of-work, who had a good penny of profit by the job, for he contracted with the town-council, and had the boards after the business was done to the bargain; but Thomas was then deacon of the wrights, and himself a member of our body.

At the hour appointed, Jeanie, dressed in white, was led out by the town-officers, and in the midst of the magistrates from among the ladies, with her hands tied behind her with a black riband. At the first sight of her at the tolbooth stairhead a universal sob rose from all the multitude, and the sternest e'e couldna refrain from shedding a tear. We marched slowly down the stair, and on to the foot of the scaffold, where her younger brother, Willy, that was stable-boy at my lord's, was standing by himself, in an open ring made round him in the crowd; every one compassionating the dejected laddie, for he was a fine youth, and of an orderly spirit.

As his sister came towards the foot of the ladder he ran towards her, and embraced her with a wail of sorrow that melted every heart, and made us all stop in the middle of our solemnity. Jeanie looked at him (for her hands were tied), and a silent tear was seen to drop from her cheek. But in the course of little more than a minute all was quiet, and we proceeded to ascend the scaffold. Willy, who had by this time dried his eyes, went up with us, and when Mr Pittle had said the prayer and sung the psalm, in which the whole multitude joined, as it were with the contrition of sorrow, the hangman stepped forward to put on the fatal cap, but Willy took it out of his hand, and placed it on his sister himself, and then kneeling down, with his back towards her, closing his eyes and shutting his ears with his hands, he saw not nor heard when she was launched into eternity.

When the awful act was over, and the stir was for the magistrates to return and the body to be cut down, poor Willy rose, and, without looking round, went down the steps of the scaffold; the multitude made a lane for him to pass, and he went on through them hiding his face, and gaed straight out of the town. As for the mother, we were obligated, in the course of the same year, to drum her out of the town for stealing thirteen choppin bottles from William Gallon's, the vintner's, and selling them for whisky to Maggy Picken, that was tried at the same time for the reset.

(From *The Provost.*)

See Galt's Autobiography (1833); Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1881); the Memoir of Galt prefixed to D. S. Meldrum's edition of his works (8 vols. 1895–99), with introductions by S. R. Crockett; Sir G. Douglas, *The Blackwood Group* (1897); Mrs Oliphant, *The House of Blackwood* (1897).

Susan Edmondstone Ferrier (1782–1854) is known as the authoress of *Marriage* (1818), *The Inheritance* (1824), and *Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter* (1831). She was the youngest of the ten children of an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, who was factor or agent for the Duke of Argyll's estates at Inveraray and Rosneath. Miss Ferrier, who spent most of her life in her native city, often stayed at Inveraray Castle; and it was in conjunction with Miss Clavering, a niece of the duke's, that before 1810 she undertook her first novel. The 'History of Mrs Douglas' (Chap. XIII.) was Miss Clavering's sole contribution, but she read the MS., and wrote letters of counsel and encouragement, from which it appears that many of the characters were drawn from the Inveraray circle. *Marriage*, like its successors, was published anonymously; and Miss Ferrier got for them £150, £1000, and £1700. Scott was a friend of her father's, and she visited Ashestiel in 1811, Abbotsford in 1829 and 1831. At the conclusion of the *Tales of My Landlord* the great novelist alludes to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled *Marriage*,' as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction. In his diary he mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready of repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.' This is high praise, but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once

recognise it as characteristic. She was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; with a conscious design to cherish sound morality and the courtesies and charities of life. Sometimes there is a vein of edifying religious feeling, not unlike Hannah More's; but for the most part she is concerned with the foibles and oddities of mankind about her, and few have drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often recall our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original creations to our comic literature. There is a touch of caricature in some of the many portraits of Scottish ladies, even if we grant Miss Ferrier's proviso that their Scotland was not ours, when the education even in families of rank left much to be desired, and there was indisputably a raciness as of the soil in manners and ideas we should now seek in vain. It is not only in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier shows her humour. Dr Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, looks upon bad dinners as the source of much of the misery of married life, and compares a woman's reputation to a beefsteak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work; thus we are told that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. The three aunts contrived to soothe their sorrow for the death of their brother, the old laird: 'They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?'

Aware, doubtless, of the defective plan or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of *The Inheritance*, whose heroine, born in France, is heiress to a splendid estate in Scotland and peerage, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well developed; but its chief attraction consists in the delineation of characters like Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids. *Destiny*, though set amidst Highland scenery and Highland manners, is far from romantic, in spite of a sweet and gentle heroine and scenes of feeling and passion. The chief, Glenroy, proud and irascible, is spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister is an admirable creation, though by no means a prepossessing specimen of the country pastor.

In the following extract from *Marriage*, Mrs Violet Macshake, tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in the most antiquated style, is visited in her lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh by her grand-nephew, Mr Douglas, and his niece Mary:

A Scotch Lady of the Old School.

As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction, and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

'And wha thought o' seein' ye enoo?' said she, in a quick gabbling voice. 'What 's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he 's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?'

Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

'Health!' repeated she, with a sardonic smile; 'it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that 's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye 're a' made o',' grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand —'a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa' to England for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lassies i' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sud like to ken, 'll e'er leive to see ninety-sax, like me? Health! he, he!'

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

'Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?' Then, after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: 'Weel, it 's ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits [ankles] o' the Douglases. I kenna whuther your faither had them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss, by a' accounts.'

'You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,' said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

'Time eneugh—wull ye let me draw my breath, man? —fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu; a Scotch lass wadna ser' ye. An' yer wean, I 'se warran' it 's ane o' the warld's wonders—it 's been unco lang o' comin'—he, he!'

'He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!' said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

'An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o' it, to hae the bairn kirsened an' its grandfaither deein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du—awthing 's changed.'

'You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes!' observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes!—weel a wat I sometimes wonder if it's the same warld, an' if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoothers.'

'But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?' said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

'Impruvements!' turning sharply round upon her; 'what ken ye about impruvements, bairn? A bonny impruvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leivin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, an' the bits o' bairnies rowin' an' tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'. Impruvements, indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Mainers!' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; 'what ca' ye mainers noo? for I dinna ken. Ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoose, an' bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoose; an' as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunkey ahint his chyre. I' my grandfaither's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoose; ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an' keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an' servants, reteeners an' childer, a' trummelt i' the presence o' their heed.'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,' laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak' a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or maybe,' turning to Mary, 'ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

'Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for? It'll no bite ye. Here's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it's had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.'

The wine being drunk and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa at the peels an' the drogs [pills and drugs]—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o' them 'll run a race wi' me whan they're near fivescore.'

Mr Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

'Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin': poor dry fissinless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they're no worth the carryin'; they're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' guid mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would hae been some sense in't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that 'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents; it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I'se warran' ye're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.'

Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back: 'So I see ye're just the auld man, Archie—aye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a'thing your ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tanker o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye're a cumstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bedchamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond earrings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; 'they belanged to your faither's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wuss ye nae waur fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient haet wad ye hae gotten frae me. Noo had your tongue, an' dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'an' sin ye're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare-ye-weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye maunna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

'Well, how do you like Mrs Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she, with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

'That is always the case with those that Mrs Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr Douglas: 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my roebuck?—Faith, I 've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her.

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs Gawffaw or Mrs Macshake,' said she, laughing.

'I hope you won't carry away the impression that these two *lusus naturæ* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil; the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; consequently the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement.'

A Memoir is prefixed to the 1881 edition of Miss Ferrier's novels; and a Life, with Correspondence, was edited by her grand-nephew in 1899. There was an American illustrated edition of the novels in 1893–94, which was reprinted in London; and another edition is by R. Brimley Johnson (6 vols. 1894).

Allan Cunningham (1784–1842), born at Blackwood, near Thornhill in Dumfriesshire, was the son of the gardener on the estate of Blackwood, who in 1787 became factor or land-steward to Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland; and in his father's cottage Allan in his sixth year heard Burns read *Tam o' Shanter*. An elder brother was a country mason and builder, and Allan was apprenticed to him in 1795; but in 1810, at the invitation of Cromek, on whom he had palmed off some of his own songs for old ones, he removed to London. Robert Hartley Cromek (1770–1812) was a speculative English engraver and picture publisher, who visited Scotland in 1808 and 1809 to collect the materials he published in his *Reliques of Burns* and *Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern*. Cunningham furnished almost the whole of what Cromek issued, without any proper account of their *provenance*, as *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. The literary mason got the present of a book from Cromek and a promise of something further on, but had now to support himself and his wife mainly by writing. He produced both prose and verse; he reported for the newspapers; and in 1814, through Cromek's introduction, he became superintendent of works to Chantrey the sculptor, in whose studio he continued till the year before his own death. Some of his lyrics in Cromek's collection are warlike and Jacobite, some amatory, some are devotional, and some are on Covenanting themes; but all of them illustrate Scottish country life and manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular; but these pseudo-antique strains have a curious natural grace and tenderness, a certain Doric simplicity and fervour. In Chantrey's studio 'honest Allan' spent his days, serving also as secretary, while in the evenings he produced a large mass of literary work. In 1822 he published *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and also two volumes of *Traditional Tales*. Three novels on like themes followed, even more diffuse and improbable—*Paul Jones* (1826), *Sir Michael Scott* (1828), and *Lord Roldan* (1836). In 1833 appeared a 'rustic epic' in twelve parts, *The Maid of Elvar*. He edited a collection of Scottish Songs in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight, with a Life (1834). To Murray's Family Library he contributed *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* (6 vols. 1829–33; new ed. 1879), which proved on the whole the most important of his books. His last work—completed just two days before his death—was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*, in three volumes. 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' from the *Traditional Tales*, an admirable sea-song by an utter landsman, is not merely a remarkable *tour de force*, but is perhaps Allan's highest triumph in verse. His prose style was universally admired for its force and freedom: Southey said he was the best stylist next to Hume born north of the Tweed. There is a Life of him by David Hogg (1875).

The Young Maxwell.

'Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?'
'I 'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he;
'I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye show the way to me?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side;
'Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray steed,
An' lightly down he sprang:
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my ee!

'Draw out yer sword, thou vile Southron!
Red-wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

'There 's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father !
There 's twa for my brethren three !
An' there 's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

Hame, Hame, Hame.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyalty 's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a' ;
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

Oh, there 's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
'I 'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

Fragment.

Gane were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear ;
I 'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

'O for a soft and gentle wind !'
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners—
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

My Nanie O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I 'll gang and see my Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do 't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonny O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
The world 's in love with Nanie O ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
The flower o' Nithsdale 's Nanie O ;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, 'I dwell with Nanie O.'

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O ;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O ;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie O ;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O !

The first four lines of the third stanza are from Allan Ramsay's *Nanie O.*

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

Oh, my love 's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run ;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon ;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower—
Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that 's not divine.

Allan Cunningham's sons were an exceptional instance of hereditary talent in one family: (1) Joseph Davey Cunningham (1812–1851), captain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a *History of the Sikhs* (1849; 2nd ed. 1853); (2) Major-General Sir Alexander Cunningham (1814–93), appointed Archæological Surveyor-General of India in 1870, Companion of the Star of India in 1871, wrote *The Bhilsa Topes or Buddhist Monuments of Central India* (1854), *Arian Architecture* (1846), *Ladàk, Physical, Statistical, and Historical* (1854), *The Ancient Geography of India* (1871), &c.; (3) Peter Cunningham (1816–69), clerk in the Audit Office 1834–60, wrote a *Life of Nell Gwynn* (1852), *Handbook of London* (1849), besides editing *Walpole's Letters, Drummond of Hawthornden, Goldsmith, Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, &c.; (4) Francis Cunningham (1820–75), lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army, edited Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Jonson.

Thomas Mounsey Cunningham (1776–1834) was the senior of his brother Allan (see the preceding article), and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the *Lives of British Painters* was known. He attended Dumfries Academy, became a wheelwright near Cambridge, and was ultimately chief clerk to Rennie, the civil engineer. His first poem was *The Har'st Kirn* (1797); he wrote also satires such as *The Cambridgeshire Garland* and *The Unco Grave*.

David Vedder, a native of Burness, Orkney (1790–1854), obtained some reputation by a volume of *Orcadian Sketches*, published in 1842; and his Scottish songs and Norse ballads were popular in the north. Dr Chalmers was fond of quoting to his students a piece on 'The Temple of Nature.'

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder (1784–1848) wrote two novels of Scottish life and history, *Lochandhu* (1825; new ed. 1891) and *The Wolfe of Badenoch* (1827), of which the latter, with the turbulent son of Robert II. for its hero, is still popular, and often reprinted. In 1830 he wrote a vivid *Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire* in 1829. The son of a Haddingtonshire baronet, he had in 1808 married the heiress of Relugas in Moray, and was then living in the neighbourhood. In the story of the flood he showed, according to Dr John Brown, 'his descriptive power, his humour, his sympathy for suffering, his sense of the picturesque.' Sir Thomas also published a series of *Highland Rambles*, with a sequel, *Legendary Tales of the Highlands*. He wrote on natural history, and edited Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* and Sir Uvedale Price's *Essays on the Picturesque*; and he was commissioned to write a memorial of Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. One of his best works was a descriptive account of *Scottish Rivers* for *Tait's Magazine*, left incomplete at his death and edited by Dr John Brown in 1874.

William Thom, the 'Inverurie Poet' (1799–1848), wrote some sweet and pathetic verses. He worked as a handloom-weaver at Aberdeen and Inverurie, and traversed the country as a pedlar, accompanied by his wife and children. This unsettled life induced careless and dissipated habits. His first poem that attracted notice, *The Blind Boy's Pranks*, appeared in the *Aberdeen Herald*. In 1844 he published a volume of *Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver*. He visited London, and was warmly received; but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee in great penury.

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame, active
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn, iron
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn. hard-bed

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there, such
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid; mould
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn. kindly

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

William Nicholson, the 'Galloway Poet' (1782–1849), was the son of a carrier, and was born near Borgue in Kirkcudbright. He became a pedlar in boyhood, but not before he was master of all the available chapbooks, ballads, and lore of the country-side. He also composed and recited songs, published a volume of verse-tales and poems in 1814 (2nd ed. in 1828; 3rd ed. 1878, with Memoir), and was ultimately a professional piper at fairs and weddings, and occasionally a cattle-drover. Unluckily tippling kept him unsettled and unprosperous, even after he became an advocate of universal redemption. Some of his songs are tuneful and tender: his *Brownie of Blednoch*, in celebration of a kindly local sprite, is his most successful piece, and is known to readers of Dr John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

The Brownie of Blednoch.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken; devil a one
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben knocked
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast; gray
Or the struggling moon when she 's sair distrest.
O sirs, 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack, ears
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
'Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?'

O, had ye seen the bairns's fright
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, 'Aiken-drum!' . . .

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail; swooned
Rob's lingle brak as he mendit the flail, thong
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green, rushes
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between— knocked together
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet, wizened
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain; bless
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean, child
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath, cheery
And she thocht the Bible might ward aff scaith, harm
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

'His presence protect us!' quoth the auld gudeman;
'What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!'
What a grane gae Aiken-drum! groan gave

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
But I 'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

'I 'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune, fold
I 'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon, thresh
An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenned tune, lull
If ye 'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

'I 'll loup the linn when ye canna wade, waterfall
I 'll kirn the kirn, an' I 'll turn the bread; churn
An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
I 'se tame 't,' quoth Aiken-drum.

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell, fox
To gather the dew frae the heather-bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

'I 'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark; shirt
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark, dish of stirabout
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife: 'The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal; wealth
Gif he 'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we 'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirled: 'He 's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear; elvish—swoon
An' the fient a ane will the house come near, devil
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.'

'Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit; impudent girls
Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?' crop
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum. . . .

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks, neat
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve; weep
For, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum!'

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the 'sponsible voice o' a hail country-side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum!

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet 's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean child
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that gibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

William Laidlaw (1780–1845) was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse, and is well known to all who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. He was Scott's companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad moments. After Scott's death Laidlaw became factor on an estate in Ross-shire, where he died. One song of his is exceptionally well known:

Lucy's Flittin'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year, sad
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her;
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin 't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin 't the brown leaves amang.

'Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better, intended
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I 'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

'Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me; gave
Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I 'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

'The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it 's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie;'—she turned and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.

[Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!]

The last four lines were, somewhat superfluously, added by Hogg to 'complete the story.'

William Tennant (1785–1848) published in 1812 a singular mock-heroic poem, *Anster Fair*—written in an *ottava rima* almost the same as that used in 1817 by Hookham Frere, and afterwards made so popular by Byron in his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, a rude, rustic heroine of Scottish song; but the author exalted Maggie to higher dignity, and wrote rather for the admirers of that conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Pulci, Berni, and many other Italians. Classic imagery was lavished on familiar subjects; supernatural machinery was (as in the *Rape of the Lock*) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. Exuberance of animal spirits lifted the author over perilous obstacles, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a sprightly volume, in a style then unhackneyed, was sure of success; *Anster Fair* sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author, William Tennant, a native of Anstruther, or Anster, in Fife, was a cripple from birth, and, whilst clerk to a corn-dealer, studied Eastern and Western tongues and ancient and modern literature. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, at a salary of £40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.' Tennant was afterwards (1835) appointed teacher of classics in an academy at Dollar, and finally (1835) professor of Oriental languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews. But the Orientalist produced still a couple of tragedies on the story of Cardinal Beaton (1823) and on John Baliol (1825); and two poems, *The Thane of Fife* and *Papistry Stormed; or Dinging Down of the Cathedral*. It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living persons in his native county of Fife; it is obvious that Tennant's poems are in like manner grounded on Fife men and things, racy of the soil, and indeed their eminently local colour has probably told against their wider popularity. *Anster Fair*, the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, is the author's only real success, and is a distinctly animated, witty, and entertaining poem.

Summer Morning.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many-fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

On the Road to the Fair.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Loch Fyne from her prolific sand
Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
Or foray on the banks of Fortha's firth;
Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and cold tongue.

Nor stayed away the Islanders, that lie
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
And from that Isle whose abbey, structured high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,
Where St Columba oft is seen to waddle,
Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where
Are night-caps made, the cheapest and the best—
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapped nag,
Or humbly riding ass's backbone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
To purchase Dutch lint-seed at Anster Fair—
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
Of virtuous industry and talents rare;
The accomplished men o' the counting-room confessed,
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle;
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill;
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
Come from North Berwick harbour sailing out;
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,
Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhymer's tongue.

See the Memoir of Tennant by Conolly (1861).

Andrew Picken (1788–1833) was the son of a Paisley manufacturer, and was for a time in business in the West Indies. He failed as a bookseller in Liverpool, and went to London to pursue literature as a profession. His first work, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, gave offence by its satirical portraits. His novel of *The Sectarian; or the Church and the Meeting-house* (1829), by the representation it gave of the Dissenters as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers. *The Dominie's Legacy* (1830) was warmly welcomed for its sketches of Scottish life, somewhat akin to Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic; Minister Tam and Mary Ogilvy almost rival the happiest efforts of Galt. Picken partly succeeded in conciliating the

evangelical Dissenters by interesting *Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries* (1830). In 1831 he issued *The Club-Book*, a collection of original tales by different authors; G. P. R. James, Galt, Moir, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, and others contributed each a story, and the editor himself wrote two—'The Deer-stalkers' and the 'Three Kearneys'—the latter of which was dramatised. Picken planned his *Traditionary Stories of Old Families* as the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. He had just completed what he thought his best work, *The Black Watch* (on the gallant 42nd Regiment), when he succumbed to the apoplexy that carried him off. Picken was, according to one of his friends, 'the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.'—An earlier Paisley author of the same name, **Ebenezer Picken** (1769–1816), wrote two volumes of poems, mostly in the vernacular, and published a pocket dictionary of the Scottish dialect (1818).

William Glen (1789–1826), born in Glasgow, was for a time in the West Indies, failed as a Glasgow merchant, and sank into poverty, dissipation, and ill-health. His poems—'The Battle Song,' 'The Maid of Oronsey,' and the rest—are mostly forgotten; but the Jacobite lament, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie,' remains one of the most popular of Scottish songs.

'Wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'
Oh, when I heard the bonny soun',
The tears cam' happin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: 'My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?'
'Oh, no, no, no!' the wee bird sang;
'I've flown since mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

'On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's pressed by want—
On every side is danger:
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

'Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Hieland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
'Oh, this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer.'
He hovered on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

William Motherwell (1797–1835) was born in Glasgow, went to school in Edinburgh, and after his eleventh year was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. Having studied one session at Glasgow University, he was, at the age of twenty-one, appointed depute to the sheriff-clerk at Paisley; but he early showed a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. A taste for antiquarian research, 'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,' divided with the muse the empire of his genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of Scottish traditionary poetry. The results appeared in *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a very able historical introduction, the basis of most later investigations. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine to which he contributed some of his happiest verses. His editorial skill and vigour advanced him in 1830 to the more important charge of the *Glasgow Courier*, which he retained till his death. In youth a Radical reformer, he early became a rather pronounced Tory. In 1832 he collected and published his poems in one volume. He joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns, and was collecting materials for a Life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. He was highly successful in versifying the Scandinavian folk-songs, and in imitating those of his own land; but he is chiefly remembered by his lyrics. His best songs show imagination, warmth, and tenderness.

Jeanie Morrison.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!

They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears, salt
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne. . . .

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun, deafening—noisy
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear its water croon? murmur
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood dusk
The throssil whusslit sweet. whistled

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn, knoll—above
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat! grat

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek, trickled
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit great, heavy
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
I 've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young, sundered
I 've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

From 'The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.'

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!
Fame-giver! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness thou 'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battlefield,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.
Death-giver! I kiss thee.

See the Life by M'Conechy prefixed to the edition of 1846, re-edited in 1848 and reprinted in 1881.

James Hyslop (1798–1827), a shepherd poet, was born in the Dumfriesshire parish of Kirkconnel. Mainly self-taught, he began amidst farm-work to contribute prose and verse to the provincial newspapers; and while serving as shepherd near Airdsmoss, Ayrshire, the scene of Richard Cameron's death, he wrote 'The Cameronian's Dream.' He taught a school at Greenock for a year or two, through the influence of Lord Jeffrey was appointed tutor on a man-of-war, and died cruising off the Cape Verd Islands. His poems, nearly a hundred in number, were collected by the Rev. P. Mearns in 1887; but only one is really well known. It was made the foundation of a cantata in the last year of the century by Mr Hamish MacCunn, and so became known out of Scotland. Cameron, the field-preacher, published an extravagant 'Declaration' in 1680 against the Government of Charles II., and a month afterwards fell, with many of his sixty armed followers, in a skirmish with the royal dragoons.

The Cameronian's Dream.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, ah! there were hearts cherished far other feelings
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.
Their dark eyes flashed lightning as, proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its door bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

Henry Scott Riddell (1797–1870), born in Eskdale, was bred a shepherd, but contriving to make out a course at Edinburgh University, served for a few years a chapel in the Roxburghshire parish of Cavers. He wrote on sheep-farming, *Lays of the Ark*, and many songs, some of which are still sung in Scotland—'Scotland Yet' (beginning 'Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair'), a version of 'The Crook and Plaid,' and one or two others. Christopher North warmly praised 'When the Glen is all still;' a pithier lyric begins, 'Ours is the land of gallant hearts.'

Robert Gilfillan (1798–1850), the son of a Dunfermline weaver, was clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates there. His *Songs* passed through three editions in his lifetime; and an edition of his *Works*, with a Life by Anderson, appeared in 1851. The songs are marked by kindly feeling and smooth versification, and several of them have been well set to music.

The Exile's Song.

Oh, why left I my hame?
  Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
  Where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,
  And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
  O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
  And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
  The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
  Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
  O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
  Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
  Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
  And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
  In my ain countrie!

There 's a hope for every woe,
  And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
  Come never back again.
There 's a track upon the deep,
  And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
  To their ain countrie!

David Macbeth Moir (1798–1851) was, above the signature of 'Delta' (rather the actual Δ), a frequent poetical contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, while he practised as a surgeon in his native town of Musselburgh, beloved by all who knew him. His best pieces are grave and tender; but he also wrote some lively *jeux d'esprit* and a humorous Scottish tale of the kailyard, *The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch*, which was reprinted from *Blackwood* in 1828, and is still constantly reissued and read in Scotland. Besides the *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine* (1831), a pamphlet on cholera, and memoirs of his friend Galt and some other notables, his other works are *The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems* (1824), *Domestic Verses* (1843), and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century* (1851). He edited Mrs Hemans, and contributed some four hundred articles to *Blackwood*. His Poetical Works, edited with a Memoir by Thomas Aird, were published in two volumes in 1852. Even his friend Aird admitted that in much of Delta's work fancy, feeling, and musical rhythm are more conspicuous than power or new thought.

When thou at Eve art Roaming.

When thou at eve art roaming
  Along the elm-o'ershadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming
  And falling down—a cataract,
  'Twas there with thee I wont to talk;
Think thou upon the days gone by,
  And heave a sigh.

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in her light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,
Then be thou melancholy too,
While pausing on the hours I proved
With thee, beloved.

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
As soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,
Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,
And then its flight remembrance wings
To bypast things.

To me, through every season, dearest;
In every scene, by day, by night,
Thou, present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright;
My solitary, sole delight;
Where'er I am, by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

Thomas Aird (1802–76) produced some poems showing a weird and powerful imagination, and some descriptive sketches of Scottish rural scenery and character. Born at Bowden in Roxburgh, he was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1826 produced a tragedy, *Martzoufle*, with some other poems. He formed the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, 'Delta' Moir, and other contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine;* and in that periodical he published many of the poetical pieces collected into one volume in 1848. *The Captive of Fez* (1830) was a long narrative poem. Two volumes of prose sketches were called *Religious Characteristics* (1827) and *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village* (1848). The editing of a Conservative weekly newspaper, *The Dumfries Herald*, for over a quarter of a century (1835–63), carried on with zeal and vigour, left time for the writing of not a few poems, usually published in the *Herald*. He edited D. M. Moir's works, and prefixed a biography. And till ill-health came on him after 1852, his life glided on in a simple and happy tranquillity rare among poets. George Gilfillan's first *Gallery of Literary Portraits* took shape at his suggestion, and appeared for the most part in his paper; Christopher North, writing on Spenser, was largely guided by his judgment as a critic, often adopting Aird's very phrases. After a reading of the MS. of the *Life of Sterling*, submitted to him by his friend Carlyle, Aird said: 'It is very able and interesting; but it might have been as well to let the poor forlorn sheet-lightning die away in its cloud.' He retained Carlyle's friendship till his death, and Carlyle said that in Aird's poetry he 'found everywhere a healthy breath as of mountain breezes: a native manliness, geniality, and veracity.' The longer poems are admittedly defective in construction. Aird's memory was revived in 1902 by centenary celebrations and memorials at Bowden and at Dumfries.

From 'The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck.'

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

'Twas not the obedient seraph's form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign:

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There, in the sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory came;
And light outflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow.
One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and raised his startled form,
And up he drew his swelling skirts, as if to meet the storm.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of Night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout
the sable bust.
The idol and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and
white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the
shining hill;
For less his flight was easy strength than proud uncon-
quered will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the
holy law
Of impulse whence the archangel forms their earnest
being draw.

There is a Life of Aird by Jardine Wallace prefixed to the fifth edition of his works (1878). Many of Aird's letters to George Gilfillan have been printed in Watson's *Memoir* of Gilfillan (1892). The centenary of his birth was observed at Bowden and at Dumfries, where a portrait bust was erected.

Charles Neaves (1800–76), as Lord Neaves, maintained on the Scottish Bench the old alliance between law and literature. The son of a Forfar lawyer, he studied at Edinburgh, and rose through various professional appointments to be Lord Cockburn's successor as one of the judges of the Court of Session. He was a constant contributor to *Blackwood* in prose and verse; and some of his wittiest and most satirical poems, republished in *Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific* (1868), make good-humoured fun of Darwinism, Teetotalism, 'Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter,' and innumerable other questions of larger or smaller import. He also contributed articles on philological science, and published a volume on the Greek anthology, illustrated with verse translations.

Henry Cockburn (1779–1854), as a Scottish judge called Lord Cockburn, was born perhaps at Cockpen, but more probably in the Parliament Close of old Edinburgh. He entered the High School in 1787, and the University of Edinburgh in 1793. 'We were kept,' he says, 'about nine years at two dead languages, which we did not learn.' But Dugald Stewart's lectures 'were like the opening of the heavens;' and a debating club brought him in contact with Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham, from whom he imbibed Whig opinions. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1800; and in 1807 his uncle, the all-powerful Lord Melville, appointed him an advocate depute—a non-political post, from which, on political grounds, he 'had the honour of being dismissed' in 1810. He rose, however, to share with Jeffrey the leadership of the Bar, and with Jeffrey was counsel for three prisoners charged with sedition (1817–19). A zealous supporter, by pen as well as by tongue, of parliamentary reform, he became Solicitor-General for Scotland under the Grey Ministry in 1830; had the chief hand in drafting the Scottish Reform Bill; in 1834 was made, as Lord Cockburn, a judge of the Court of Session, and in 1837 a lord of justiciary. He died at Bonally Tower, his beautiful home at the base of the Pentlands since his marriage in 1811, and was buried near Jeffrey in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. He contributed articles—on legal subjects mainly—to the *Edinburgh Review*, and was author of the admirable *Life of Jeffrey* (1852), and of four posthumous works—*Memorials of his Time* (1856); *Journal, 1831–44* (2 vols. 1874); *Circuit Journeys* (1888); and *Trials for Sedition in Scotland* (2 vols. 1888). The *Memorials* has from the first been accepted as the most authentic, vivid, genial, and entertaining account of Edinburgh life, manners, and personages in the early nineteenth century.

Edinburgh Society.

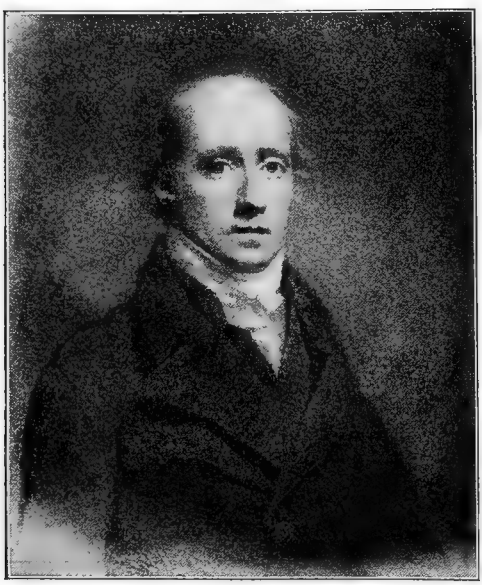
There was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended, consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman. And, tried by this test, nobody who had not seen them could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse-tempered then than now. They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors because it made them listen to him; and Braxfield [the Scottish judge] apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers, and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.

The prevailing dinner was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays 'between sermons'—that is, between one and two. The hour in time, but not without groans and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary; and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as 'the good old hour.' At last even they were obliged to give in, but they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half-past four. Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half-an-hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the furthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer.

The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was formerly arranged on a different principle from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two hooking together. This would have excited

as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never showed itself without denunciations of Continental manners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in single file; so that when they reached the dining-room the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority; and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.

The dinners themselves were much the same as at present. Any difference is in a more liberal adoption of the cookery of France. Healths and toasts were



HENRY COCKBURN.
After the Portrait by Raeburn.

special torments—oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. This prandial nuisance was horrible, but it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of toasts, and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments.' These were short epigrammatic sentences expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed: 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning,' or 'May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age,' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,' &c.

Early dinners begat suppers. But suppers are so delightful that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed, this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. How many are the reasons, how strong the associations, that inspire the last of the day's friendly meetings! Supper is cheaper than dinner; shorter, less ceremonious, and more poetical. The business of the day is over; and its still fresh events interest. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun or heart or spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

As to the comparative religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition, of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion which was considered to be so by their devout fathers.

(From the *Memorials*.)

Dean Ramsay, unofficially Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsay (1793–1872), was born in Aberdeen, the fourth son of Alexander Burnett, Sheriff of Kincardineshire, who in 1806, succeeding to an uncle's estates, took the surname Ramsay, and was created a baronet. Educated at Durham and St John's College, Cambridge, he held two Somerset curacies 1816–24, and then removed to Edinburgh. In 1830 he became incumbent of St John's, in 1846 dean also of his diocese. The book with which his name will be always identified is the delightful *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* (1857; 22nd ed., with Memoir by Cosmo Innes, 1874). It forms a curious record of old times and manners fast disappearing; it furnishes a direct reply to jests such as those of Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb to the effect that the Scottish people have no humour; and, next perhaps to the Waverley Novels, has done more than any one book to make Scottish customs, phrases, and traits of character familiar to Englishmen at home and abroad. Spite of his association with what is practically the national jest-book, Dean Ramsay was an energetic, revered, and beloved clergyman, as much esteemed by Presbyterians as in his own communion; and he wrote a Life of the great Presbyterian preacher Dr Chalmers, as well as books on *Faults in Christian Believers*, *Pulpit Table-talk*, and *The Christian Life*.

Scottish Nationality.

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. Men return after long absence in this respect unchanged; whilst absent, Scotchmen never forget their native home. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots.' Scottish festivals are kept with Scottish feeling on 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'India's coral strand.' I received an amusing account of an ebullition of this patriotic feeling from my late noble friend the Marquis of Lothian, who met with it when travelling in India. He happened to

arrive at a station upon the eve of St Andrew's Day, and received an invitation to join a Scottish dinner-party in commemoration of old Scotland. There was a great deal of Scottish enthusiasm. There were *seven* sheep-heads (singed) down the table; and Lord Lothian told me that after dinner he sang with great applause 'The Laird o' Cockpen.'

Love of country must draw forth good feeling in men's minds, as it will tend to make them cherish a desire for its welfare and improvement. To claim kindred with the honourable and high-minded, as in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an appreciation of great and good qualities. Whatever, then, supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct—whatever advances in them a kindly benevolence towards fellow-countrymen in distress, will always exercise a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people; and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national happiness with its own.

I desire to preserve peculiarities which I think should be recorded, because they are national, and because they are reminiscences of genuine Scottish life. No doubt these peculiarities have been deeply tinged with the quaint and quiet humour which is more strictly characteristic of our countrymen than their wit. And, as exponents of that humour, our stories may often have excited some harmless merriment in those who have appreciated the real fun of the dry Scottish character. That, I trust, is no offence. I should never be sorry to think that, within the 'limits of becoming mirth,' I had contributed, in however small a degree, to the entertainment and recreation of my countrymen. I am convinced that every one, whether clergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyment of human life has joined in a good work, inasmuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgence. God knows there is enough of sin and of sorrow in the world to make sad the heart of every Christian man.

(From the Preface to the *Reminiscences*.)

Robert Carruthers (1799–1878), one of the authors of the first edition of this work, was a Dumfriesshire farmer's son, and was apprenticed to a bookseller in Dumfries, the town where he was born; but after his apprenticeship he became a teacher at Huntingdon, and for the corporation wrote a *History of Huntingdon* (1824). He had also published a selection from Milton's prose when in 1828 he was appointed editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and showed how liberal principles, northern news, and local interests might be satisfactorily dealt with and yet leave room for a long and frequent series of articles of literary, antiquarian, and social importance; he 'brought out' Hugh Miller in his columns. In 1853 Carruthers issued his principal book—an edition of Pope's works, with a fuller Life than had yet appeared. A new edition of the Life, issued in 1857, incorporated Dilke's discoveries and corrections, and remained the standard one till the publication of that by Mr Courthope in the great edition begun by Mr Elwin (1871–89). Dr Robert Chambers and Mr Carruthers were between them responsible for the first edition of this *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, planned and edited by Dr Robert Chambers, and published in 1842–44. Carruthers, who was specially entrusted with the articles on the poets in the first edition, took entire charge of the revised editions in 1858 and 1876; and many of the articles in the present new edition are based on his. For the same publishers Carruthers edited a 'Household' Shakespeare (1861–63). He contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, the *North British Review*, and the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* and he wrote Lives of Falconer, Gray, and James Montgomery for editions of their poetry. His scholarly work earned him an Edinburgh LL.D. in 1871.

William and Robert Chambers, the publishers of this work, were the sons of a Peebles cotton manufacturer, whose commercial unsuccess early threw the boys on their own resources. William, the elder brother, had keen business instincts, and was incidentally also a writer of books; Robert, who became also a publisher, had strong literary impulses, varied intellectual sympathies and accomplishments, and by his strenuous life-work proved a pioneer in more than one department of research.

William Chambers (1800–83) was in 1814 apprenticed to a bookseller in Edinburgh, and in 1819 started business for himself, to bookselling afterwards adding printing. From childhood he was an industrious reader. Between 1825 and 1830 he wrote the *Book of Scotland*, and, in conjunction with his brother Robert, a *Gazetteer of Scotland*. In 1832 he started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, six weeks in advance of the *Penny Magazine* published by Charles Knight for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and soon thereafter he united with Robert in founding the business of W. & R. Chambers, the best known of whose many publications are, besides the *Journal* and a numerous series of educational works, a *Miscellany* (20 vols.), *Papers for the People* (12 vols.), the *Information for the People* (2 vols. 1833; new editions in 1857, &c.), the *Cyclopædia of English Literature* (2 vols. 1842–44; new ed. 1901–3), and *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, 'a dictionary of universal knowledge' (10 vols. 1859–68; new ed. 1888–92). Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1865–69, he was associated with important civic improvements; and he carried out at his own cost a restoration of St Giles' Cathedral. He was made LL.D. of Edinburgh, and just before his death had been offered a baronetcy. Besides many contributions to the *Journal*, he wrote about a dozen separate works, of which a *History of Peeblesshire* (1864) and an autobiographical *Memoir* of his brother and himself (1872) were the most important. In receiving from his hands the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in 1867, Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr Disraeli) said, after speaking of the promotion of sound literature, 'I do not think that

the name of Chambers will ever be mentioned in the future without a sentiment of gratitude.'

Robert Chambers (1802–71), after an education at the local Peebles schools, began business as a bookseller in Edinburgh in 1818, but found time for extensive study and a great deal of miscellaneous writing. In 1824 he produced the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, a work in which Sir Walter Scott took a lively interest, assisting its young author with valuable memoranda; and between 1822 and 1834 he had written some twenty-five volumes. The success of the *Journal* was materially promoted by his essays, his wide and varied interests, and his literary insight. In 1844 he published anonymously the *Vestiges of Creation*, a then revolutionary and startling work, which holds an important place in the history of evolution between Lamarck and Darwin; it prepared the way for the *Origin of Species*, and for fifteen years stimulated speculation in Britain and bore the brunt of orthodox criticism. The authorship, ascribed to him in the *Athenæum* of 2nd December 1854, was first announced in Mr Ireland's introduction to the twelfth edition (1884). In the 'Historical Introduction' prefixed to the later editions of the *Origin of Species*, Darwin says of the *Vestiges:* 'The work, from its powerful and brilliant style, though displaying in the earlier editions little accurate knowledge and a great want of scientific caution, immediately had a very wide circulation. In my opinion it has done excellent service in this country in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudice, and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views.' By his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1847) he gave an impulse to the study of Scottish folklore. His *History of the Rebellions in Scotland*, praised by Scott in his Journal as a clever book and a really lively work, and the *Domestic Annals of Scotland* (3 vols. 1859–61) were serious contributions to history, as his *Ancient Sea Margins* (1848) was to the geology of Scotland. His Life of Smollett (1867) had the good fortune to please Carlyle greatly, and to be pronounced by him 'vastly superior to anything that had ever been written about him before.' In 1829 he published a collection of *Scottish Ballads and Songs;* and he wrote a startling dissertation on Scottish ballads which suggested that very many of them were of as recent origin as Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw's *Hardyknute* (see Vol. II. p. 312). He made further a collection of the *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns* (1862); *The Life and Works of Robert Burns* (4 vols. 1851; new ed. by W. Wallace, 1896) became practically the standard work on the subject, the poems and letters being arranged throughout the Life in approximately chronological order; and among his works were also a *Life of James I.*, a *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, and *The Book of Days* (2 vols. 1863)—his last undertaking. He spent his last years in St Andrews, whose university had made him LL.D.

Out of a brief *History of the English Language and Literature* for senior pupils in schools, written by Dr Chambers in 1835, sprang the idea of this *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, which, as has been said in the preface in the first volume of this edition, was planned by Dr Chambers in 1841, carried through mainly with the assistance of Dr Carruthers—who was specially charged with the poets—and published in parts between the end of 1842 and the later months of 1843 (complete in two volumes in 1844). It was the first work of the kind on such a comprehensive plan. His essays contributed to the *Journal* (some of which were republished in volumes) probably endeared Dr Robert Chambers to a larger circle of readers than his separately published works, many of which are not here enumerated. Dr Chambers was not merely a conscientious, sympathetic, and versatile writer, but had an exceptional gift of popularity in the best sense of the word, to which a large measure of kindly and spontaneous native humour greatly contributed.

From 'The English Girl.'

Her favourite seat is under a laburnum, which seems to be showering a new birth of beauty upon her head. There she sits in the quiet of nature, thinking thoughts as beautiful as flowers, with feelings as gentle as the gales which fan them. She *knows* no evil, and therefore she *does* none. Untouched by earthly experiences, she is perfectly happy—and the happy are good. Affection remains in her as a treasure, hereafter to be brought into full use. As yet she only spends a small share of the interest of her heart's wealth upon the objects around her; the principal will, on some future and timely day, be given to one worthy, I hope, to possess a thing so valuable. Meanwhile, she loves as a daughter and a sister may do. Every morning and evening she comes to her parents with her pure and unharming kiss; nor, when some cheerful brother returns from college or from counting-house to enliven home for a brief space, is the same salutation wanting to assure him of the continuance of her most sweet regards. Often, too, she is found intertwining her loveliness with that of her sisters—arm clasping waist, and neck crossing neck, and bosom pressed to bosom—till all seems one inextricable knot of beauty. No jealousy, no guile, no envy—no more than what possesses a bunch of lilies growing from the same stem. She has some spare fondness, moreover, for a variety of pets in the lower orders of creation. There are chickens which will leave the richest morsels at the sound of her voice, and little dogs which will give up yelping, even at the most provoking antagonists, if she only desires them. Her chief favourite, however, is a lamb, which follows her wherever she goes, a heaven-sent emblem of herself. To see her fondling this spotless creature on the green—innocence reposing upon innocence—you might suppose the golden age had returned, and that there was to be no more wickedness seen on earth.

From 'The Man who Sang when Asked.'

Our friend was what is called a good but not a brilliant or perfect singer. He had a stout gentlemanly voice, calculated to be of great service as a bass in a trio

or duet, but not by any means a fine voice. Nevertheless he sang with so much spirit and appropriate expression that in general his performances were much admired, not to speak of the additional approbation which he always secured by his being so willing to contribute to the amusement of the company. Smith had just one fault, as far as singing was concerned. When once he was set agoing there was no getting him to stop. When one of his songs was done, it would perhaps become the subject of conversation. 'Capital song that—first-rate old fellow Dibdin.' 'Yes, sir: but did you ever hear his "Tom Bowling"?—that is better still.' And then, without further preface, he would commence—

'Here a sheer hulk'—

and so forth; after which another could be tacked as slightly on to that, and another to that again, till you could almost echo his words, and wish that 'death had brought him to.' Smith estimated the pleasantness of a party, the hospitality of the landlord and landlady, and the worldly worth and amiability of the whole company by the number of songs he was asked or permitted to sing. 'A deuced nice affair we had last night at Atherton's. I sang two-and-twenty of my very best. Though I would have got in the twenty-third; but an old jade in a pink cap broke us up at only twenty-five minutes past twelve, just as I was about to begin.' It was told of Smith that he once stuck a song for want of the words (a most astonishing occurrence), and was so overwhelmed with shame on the occasion as to leave the room abruptly and walk away home. He had gone more than a mile on his way when he suddenly recollected the missing stanza. Back he turned, crying with the transport of Archimedes himself, 'I have it, I have it.' Re-entering the room, he found the company just on their feet to depart. 'Stop, stop,' he cried, in the tone of a man arresting an execution with a reprieve; 'stop, here it is!' And though almost breathless, he immediately resumed the song at the exact point where he had left off, with all the proper gesticulation and expression, as if no hiatus had taken place.

See the above-mentioned *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers* (1872; 13th ed., with supplementary chapter, 1884).

Sir Charles Lyell (1797–1875) was the eldest son of the mycologist and Dante student, Charles Lyell (1767–1849) of Kinnordy in Forfarshire; and, brought up in the New Forest and educated at Ringwood, Salisbury, and Midhurst, he was in 1816 sent to Exeter College, Oxford. At Oxford in 1819 he attended the lectures of Buckland, and acquired a taste for the science he afterwards did so much to promote. Having taken his degree in 1819, he studied law and was called to the Bar; but devoting himself to geology, made European tours in 1824 and 1828–30, and published the results in the *Transactions of the Geological Society* and elsewhere. His *Principles of Geology* (1830–33) may be ranked next after Darwin's *Origin of Species* among the books which exercised the most powerful influence on scientific thought in the nineteenth century; strenuously denying the necessity of stupendous convulsions, and insisting that the greatest geological changes might have been produced by forces still at work. *The Elements of Geology* (1838) continued the same argument. It was subsequently divided into two works, *The Principles* (12th ed. 1876) and *The Elements of Geology;* and a great part of Lyell's life-work consisted in supplementing and supporting by evidence his main thesis, and so maintaining and developing the contentions of his predecessors Hutton and Playfair. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man* (1863) startled the public by its unbiassed attitude towards Darwin, at this time still regarded as a revolutionary and a heretic. Lyell also published *Travels in North America* (1845) and *A Second Visit to the United States* (1849). In 1832–33 he was Professor of Geology at King's College, London. Repeatedly President of the Geological Society, and in 1864 President of the British Association, he was knighted in 1848, and created a baronet in 1864. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A heroic example of Lyell's open-mindedness was given, as Sir Joseph Hooker said, by his frank acceptance of Darwin's doctrine of natural selection, after nine editions of his own *Principles* had carried his name and fame over the civilised world. He had done much to prepare the way for Darwin, but had till the production of the *Origin of Species* maintained a doctrine of special creations. He now abandoned, 'late in life, a theory which he had for forty years regarded as one of the foundation-stones of a work that had given him the highest position attainable among contemporary scientific writers.' The eminent men whose memorial secured for Lyell a place in Westminster Abbey were agreed that for twenty-five years he was the most prominent geologist in the world, equally eminent for the extent of his labours and the breadth of his philosophical views; and he possessed the gift, often denied to great scientific thinkers, of a luminous, effective, and simple style.

Lyell and Darwin.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of your important work on the *History of Creation*, and especially for the chapter entitled 'On Lyell and Darwin.' Most of the zoologists forget that anything was written between the time of Lamarck and the publication of our friend's *Origin of Species*.

I am therefore obliged to you for pointing out how clearly I advocated a law of continuity even in the organic world, so far as possible without adopting Lamarck's theory of transmutation. I believe that mine was the first work (published in January 1832) in which any attempt had been made to prove that while the causes now in action continue to produce unceasing variations in the climate and physical geography of the globe, and endless migration of species, there must be a perpetual dying out of animals and plants, not suddenly and by whole groups at once, but one after another. I contended that this succession of species was now going on, and always had been; that there was a constant struggle for existence, as De Candolle had pointed out, and that in the battle for life some were always increasing their numbers at the expense of others, some advancing, others becoming exterminated.

But while I taught that as often as certain forms of animals and plants disappeared, for reasons quite intelligible to us, others took their place by virtue of a causation which was beyond our comprehension, it remained for Darwin to accumulate proof that there is no break between the incoming and the outgoing species; that they are the work of evolution, and not of special creation.

It was natural, as you remark, that Cuvier's doctrine of sudden revolutions in the animate and the inanimate world should lead not only to the doctrine of catastrophes, such as Elie de Beaumont's sudden formation of mountain chains, but to a similar creed in regard to the organic world. A. D'Orbigny gave us twenty-seven stages or groups of living beings, all the species in each of which were so distinct that none of them passed from one to the other stage. Agassiz still inclined to the same notion, the sudden annihilation of one set of inhabitants of the globe, and the coming upon the stage in the next geological period of a perfectly distinct set. I had certainly prepared the way in this country, in six editions of my work before the *Vestiges of Creation* appeared in 1842, for the reception of Darwin's gradual and insensible evolution of species, and I am very glad that you noticed this, and also the influence of Cuvier's work, which in an English dress, translated by Professor Jamieson, went through almost as many editions in this country as in France, and exercised great authority long after my *Principles* began to be popular.

(From a letter to Haeckel in 1868.)

Mansel on the Limits of Religious Thought.

Have you looked at Mansel's 'Bampton Lectures' on the 'Limits of Religious Thought'? There were many fruitless discussions among the dons of Oxford how to force the young men by various pains and penalties to attend the University church, which was nearly empty, but there were no precedents for such proceedings. At last some original thinker suggested that possibly if they named some good preacher it might remedy the evil. So they made inquiries for some young men of ability, and found this Mansel, who forthwith filled St Mary's to overflowing, and when the lectures were printed they soon reached a second edition. A friend of mine, Huxley, who will soon take rank as one of the first naturalists we have ever produced, begged me to read these sermons as first rate, 'although, regarding the author as a Churchman, you will probably compare him, as I did, to the drunken fellow in Hogarth's "Contested Election," who is sawing through the signpost of the other party's public-house, forgetting that he is sitting at the outer end of it. But read them as a piece of clear and unanswerable reasoning.' Soon after I had seen them, I was recommended by Sir Edward Ryan to read a powerful article in the last *National*, in answer to Mansel, by Martineau; and certainly it is worth reading, and shows among other things, in an episode devoted to Butler's *Analogy*, how much more comfortable and consolatory is the system of creation, or the divine dispensation, when viewed from a Unitarian than from an orthodox point of view. At length, after expending much admiration and adulation on their new defender of the faith, the Oxonians have become alarmed, and Milman told me that one of them had written to Hampden, 'You are avenged;' while Dr Jeune had exclaimed, 'To think that I should have lived to hear Atheism preached from the University pulpit, and the member for Oxford recommend the worship of Jupiter!'

You will understand, I dare say, the last hit better than me, for I have not read Gladstone's Homeric lucubrations.

(From a letter to George Ticknor.)

See Lyell's *Life, Letters, and Journals* (1881), and Professor Bonney's *Charles Lyell and Geology* (1895).

Sir Richard Owen (1804–92) came from Lancaster to study medicine at Edinburgh, and continued his professional preparation at St Bartholomew's; became curator in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, where he produced a marvellous series of descriptive catalogues; and lectured as Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Bartholomew's (for two years) and at the College of Surgeons. Meanwhile he helped to give new life to the Zoological Society of London. In 1856 he became superintendent of the natural history department of the British Museum, but continued to teach at the Royal Institution and elsewhere. F.R.S., President of the British Association (1857), Associate of the French Institute, C.B., K.C.B. (1883), and holder of scientific medals, degrees, and honorary titles from many nations, he gained the immortality of a true worker; his anatomical and palæontological researches number nearly four hundred, and deal with almost every class of animals from sponge to man. He greatly advanced morphological inquiry by his clear distinction between analogy and homology, and by his concrete studies on the nature of limbs, on the composition of the skull, and on other problems of vertebrate morphology; while his essay on *Parthenogenesis* was a pioneer work. A pre-Darwinian, he maintained a cautious attitude to detailed evolutionist theories. There is a Life of him by his grandson (1894).

Earl Russell (1792–1878), better known to the English people as Lord John Russell, was a younger son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and gained distinction after his entrance into the House of Commons as the champion of parliamentary reform in 1819. As a member of Earl Grey's Government he moved the introduction of the first Reform Bill in 1831, and was thenceforth one of the leaders of the Liberal party, holding the office of Prime Minister in two administrations, and being raised to the House of Lords in 1865. He dabbled for a while in the belles-lettres, producing a tale entitled *The Nun of Arrouca*, a tragedy on Don Carlos, and a translation of part of the *Odyssey;* but most of his works were more in the statesman's way. The list of them includes a *Life of William Russell* (1819); an *Essay on the English Constitution* (1821); *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe* (1824); *The Life and Times of Fox* (1859–67); editions of the memoirs and letters of Tom Moore the poet, and of the correspondence of the fourth Duke of Bedford; and a volume of *Recollections and Suggestions*, published in 1875 after his retirement from public life. From the last of these we give the extract which follows:

A Scene in Parliament in 1831.

Upon this event [the defeat of the first Reform Bill] it became the duty of Lord Grey and his colleagues to consider seriously their position. They had brought forward a great measure affecting the constitution of the country and the course of legislation for generations to come. They could neither tamely abandon their situation nor allow their measure to be frittered away, and rest contented with the fragment of a plan, the whole of which had been enthusiastically accepted by the country. It was manifest that the existing House of Commons would endeavour to destroy in detail that which they had sanctioned in the bulk. It was evident that the country was ready to follow Lord Grey, and to adopt his measure as a satisfactory settlement of a question which, since 1780, had always been in the minds of Liberal politicians, and which was now rooted in the heart of the people.

Lord Grey therefore prepared the King for the decision to which the Cabinet arrived, to advise His Majesty to have recourse to an immediate dissolution of Parliament. The King, though averse to the adoption of such a proceeding little more than six months after the general election, was disposed at this time to trust implicitly to Lord Grey, and I am inclined to believe the popular story that when it suddenly appeared necessary, in order to prevent remonstrance from the House of Lords, that the King should appear in person to dissolve Parliament, and some trifling difficulty of plaiting the horses' manes in time was interposed as an objection, the King said at once, 'Then I'll go down to Parliament in a hackney-coach.' Had such been the spirit of Louis XVI. he might have been the leader instead of the victim of the French Revolution.

The scenes which occurred in the two Houses of Parliament, so far as I was a witness of them, were singular and unprecedented. Before the King arrived the House of Commons was assembled, and Sir Robert Peel and Sir Francis Burdett rose at the same time to address the House. Lord Althorp, amid the confusion and clamour of contending parties, following the precedent of Mr Fox, moved that Sir Francis Burdett be now heard. Sir Robert Peel, on the other hand, imitating a precedent of Lord North, said, 'And I rise to speak to that motion.' But instead of saying a few words, as Lord North had done, to put an end to all further debate, Sir Robert Peel quite lost his temper, and in tones of the most violent indignation attacked the impending dissolution. As he went on the Tower guns began to fire, to announce the King's arrival, and as each discharge was heard a loud cheer from the Government side interrupted Sir Robert Peel's declamation. Sir Henry Hardinge was heard to exclaim, 'The next time those guns are fired they will be shotted!' Presently we were all summoned to the House of Lords, where the King's presence had put a stop to a violent and unseemly discussion. The King in his speech announced the dissolution and retired to unrobe. The scene that followed was one of great excitement and confusion. As I was standing at the bar Lord Lyndhurst came up to me and said, 'Have you considered the state of Ireland? Do not you expect an insurrection?' or words to that effect. It so happened that in going into the House of Commons I had met O'Connell in the lobby. I asked him, 'Will Ireland be quiet during the general election?' and he answered me, 'Perfectly quiet.' He did not answer for more than he was able to perform. But of course I said nothing of this to Lord Lyndhurst, and left him to indulge his anger and his gloomy foreboding.

Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville (1794–1865), who comes near being the St Simon of the early Victorian age, was a descendant of the fifth Lord Warwick, and of kin, therefore, to Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the Elizabethan poet and dramatist. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he became successively page to George III., private secretary to Earl Bathurst, and secretary of Jamaica — the last appointment a comfortable sinecure, which he enjoyed at home. In 1821 he was made Clerk of the Privy Council, and held the post for thirty-eight years, sacrificing the chances of political distinction which his connections and abilities had promised him, but using his opportunities for the composition of a work which ranks among the most important of English historical memoirs. His *Journal of the Reigns of King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria*, edited by Henry Reeve of the *Edinburgh Review*, and published posthumously in 1874–87, covers the forty years between 1820 and 1860, which closed with his retirement from office. Greville's official position had brought him in touch with politicians of both parties; and as a man of the world he was familiar alike on the racecourse and in the drawing-room. These advantages, combined with a native keenness of observation, a cultured versatility, and the accomplishment of an easy and gentleman-like style, enabled him to enrich our literature with a singularly valuable picture of the politics and society of his time.

Queen Victoria in 1837.

August 30th.—All that I hear of the young Queen leads to the conclusion that she will some day play a conspicuous part, and that she has a great deal of character. It is clear enough that she had long been silently preparing herself, and had been prepared by those about her (and very properly), for the situation to which she was destined. The impressions she has made continue to be favourable, and particularly upon Melbourne, who has a thousand times greater opportunities of knowing what her disposition and her capacity are than any other person, and who is not a man to be easily captivated or dazzled by any superficial accomplishments or mere graces of manner, or even by personal favour. Melbourne thinks highly of her sense, discretion, and good feeling; but what seem to distinguish her above everything are caution and prudence, the former to a degree which is almost unnatural in one so young, and unpleasing, because it suppresses the youthful impulses which are so graceful and attractive.

On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see 'the Queen.' They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as

soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired. She lost no time in giving notice to Conroy of her intentions with regard to him; she saw him, and desired him to name the reward he expected for his services to her parents. He asked for the Red Riband, an Irish peerage, and a pension of £3000 a year. She replied that the two first rested with her Ministers, and she could not engage for them, but that the pension he should have. It is not easy to ascertain the exact cause of her antipathy to him, but it has probably grown with her growth, and results from divers causes. The person in the world she loves best is the Baroness Lehzen, and Lehzen and Conroy were enemies. There was formerly a Baroness Spaeth at Kensington, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and Lehzen and Spaeth were intimate friends. Conroy quarrelled with the latter and got her dismissed, and this Lehzen never forgave. She may have instilled into the Princess a dislike and bad opinion of Conroy, and the evidence of these sentiments, which probably escaped neither the Duchess nor him, may have influenced their conduct towards her, for, strange as it is, there is good reason to believe that she thinks she has been ill-used by both of them for some years past. Her manner to the Duchess is, however, irreproachable, and they appear to be on cordial and affectionate terms. Madame de Lehzen is the only person who is constantly with her. When any of the Ministers come to see her, the Baroness retires at one door as they enter the other, and the audience over, she returns to the Queen. It has been remarked that when applications are made to Her Majesty, she seldom or never gives an immediate answer, but says she will consider of it, and it is supposed that she does this because she consults Melbourne about everything, and waits to have her answer suggested by him. He says, however, that such is her habit even with him, and that when he talks to her upon any subject upon which an opinion is expected from her, she tells him she will think it over, and let him know her sentiments the next day.

The day she went down to visit the Queen Dowager at Windsor, to Melbourne's great surprise she said to him that as the flag on the Round Tower was half-mast high, and they might perhaps think it necessary to elevate it upon her arrival, it would be better to send orders beforehand not to do so. *He* had never thought of the flag, or knew anything about it, but it showed her knowledge of forms and her attention to trifles. Her manner to Queen Adelaide was extremely kind and affectionate, and they were both greatly affected at meeting. The Queen Dowager said to her that the only favour she had to ask of her was to provide for the retirement, with their pensions, of the personal attendants of the late King, Whiting and Bachelor, who had likewise been the attendants of George IV.; to which she replied that it should be attended to, but she could not give any promise on the subject.

She is upon terms of the greatest cordiality with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments: her occupations, her pleasures, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child.

Macaulay's Conversation.

January 21st.—I dined with Lady Holland yesterday. Everything there is exactly the same as it used to be, excepting only the person of Lord Holland, who seems to be pretty well forgotten. The same talk went merrily round, the laugh rang loudly and frequently, and, but for the black and the mob-cap of the lady, one might have fancied he had never lived or had died half a century ago. Such are, however, affections and friendships, and such is the world. Macaulay dined there, and I never was more struck than upon this occasion by the inexhaustible variety and extent of his information. He is not so *agreeable* as such powers and resources ought to make any man, because the vessel out of which it is all poured forth is so ungraceful and uncouth; his voice unmusical and monotonous, his face not merely inexpressive but positively heavy and dull, no fire in his eye, no intelligence playing round his mouth, nothing which bespeaks the genius and learning stored within, and which burst out with such extraordinary force. It is impossible to mention any book in any language with which he is not familiar; to touch upon any subject, whether relating to persons or things, on which he does not know everything that is to be known. And if he could tread less heavily on the ground, if he could touch the subjects he handles with a lighter hand, if he knew when to stop as well as he knows what to say, his talk would be as attractive as it is wonderful. What Henry Taylor said of him is epigrammatic and true, 'that his memory has swamped his mind;' and though I do not think, as some people say, that his own opinions are completely suppressed by the load of his learning so that you know nothing of his mind, it appears to me true that there is less of originality in him, less exhibition of his own character, than there probably would be if he was less abundantly stored with the riches of the minds of others. We had yesterday a party well composed for talk, for there were listeners of intelligence, and a good specimen of the sort of society of this house—Macaulay, Melbourne, Morpeth, Duncannon, Baron Rolfe, Allen and Lady Holland, and John Russell came in the evening. I wish that a shorthand writer could have been there to take down all the conversation, or that I could have carried it away in my head; because it was curious in itself, and curiously illustrative of the characters of the performers. Before dinner some mention was made of the portraits of the Speakers in the Speaker's House, and I asked how far they went back. Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. 'Sir Thomas More?' said Lady Holland. 'I did not know he had been Speaker.' 'Oh, yes,' said Macaulay; 'don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?' and then he told the whole of that well-known transaction, and all More had said. At dinner, amongst a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical, which were discussed—for Melbourne loves all sorts of theological talk—we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's *Life of Warren Hastings*, which Macaulay said was the worst book

that ever was written; and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished; when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done, written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. It would be impossible to follow and describe the various mazes of conversation, all of which he threaded with an ease that was always astonishing and instructive, and generally interesting and amusing. When we went upstairs we got upon the Fathers of the Church. Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers. He said, not a great deal. He had read Chrysostom when he was in India; that is, he had turned over the leaves and for a few months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast; and he had read some of Athanasius. 'I remember a sermon,' he said, 'of Chrysostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch;' and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro, and with a sort of derision, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, 'Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll?* When were dolls first mentioned in history?' Macaulay was, however, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older; and quoted Persius for

'Veneri donatæ a virgine puppæ;'

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll.

The conversation then ran upon Milman's *History of Christianity*, which Melbourne praised; the religious opinions of Locke, of Milman himself; the opinion of the world thereupon; and so on to Strauss's book and his mythical system, and what he meant by mythical. Macaulay began illustrating and explaining the meaning of a *myth* by examples from remote antiquity, when I observed that in order to explain the meaning of 'mythical' it was not necessary to go so far back; that, for instance, we might take the case of Wm. Huntington, S.S.: that the account of his life was historical, but the story of his praying to God for a new pair of leather breeches and finding them under a hedge was mythical. Now, I had just a general superficial recollection of this story in Huntington's *Life*, but my farthing rushlight was instantly extinguished by the blaze of Macaulay's all-grasping and all-retaining memory, for he at once came in with the whole minute account of this transaction: how Huntington had prayed, what he had found, and where, and all he had said to the tailor by whom this miraculous nether garment was made.

Sir Thomas Munro, soldier and K.C.B., was Governor of Madras from 1819 to his death in 1827. William Huntington, S.S. (i.e. 'Sinner Saved'), from tramp and coalheaver became an eccentric preacher and prophet of rather dubious ways, who published some twenty volumes of sermons, epistles, and controversial tracts, often largely autobiographical and recording many divine interpositions on his own behalf.

Sir John Gardner Wilkinson (1797–1875) took a prominent part in the study of Egyptian antiquities. Son of the rector of Hardendale in Westmorland, he studied at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1821 he went to Egypt, practically made (1821–33) a survey of the country, and brought back large collections of inscriptions and objects of great archæological value. In 1828 he published *Materia Hieroglyphica*, and in 1830–35 two works on the topography of Thebes. But his great work is his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* (6 vols. 1837–41; new ed. by Birch, 1879; abridged ed. 1854). About nine hundred woodcuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the earliest elaborate illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation. Wilkinson gathered together and systematised a vast mass of information drawn from ancient writers and the researches of the new school of Egyptologists; he corrected and expanded the work of his predecessors, and brought to light many new facts. And the literary gift with which he expounded the whole subject and made it accessible and attractive to a wide circle of readers gives him an eminent and permanent place in an international series which includes Erman, Brugsch, Maspero, and Flinders Petrie. He insisted, as was natural, that 'the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every inquiry respecting it an additional interest; and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times.' Knighted in 1839, he made four subsequent visits to Egypt; travelled in Dalmatia, Sicily, Turkey, and Syria; wrote books on Dalmatia and Egyptian architecture and a guide-book to Egypt; and helped Rawlinson with the Egyptian part of his *Herodotus*.

An Ancient Egyptian Repast.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in Eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected; but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes; and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand; and in a tomb below the Pyramids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy-four rams are brought to be registered by his scribes, as part of the stock of the deceased; implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs.

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt; and by a prudent foresight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture-lands nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus

the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table, and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such meats as beef and goose; though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich; and consequently the Israelites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt (Num. xi. 4, 5).

Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo and throughout the East; each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign made by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed, with the same view of having it tender which makes Northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning; and this explains the order of Joseph to 'slay and make ready' for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table; and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at midday may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren; but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt—a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed; but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg, which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any linen, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table; though, from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph 'sat before him, the first-born according to his youth'—Joseph eating alone at another table where 'they set on for him by himself.' But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt.

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; nor did the Jews (1 Sam. ii. 14) and Etruscans, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons were of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze, and other metals; many were ornamented with the lotus flower.

The Egyptians washed after as well as before dinner, an invariable custom throughout the East, as among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during or after their repasts, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris, from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect or lying on a bier, and to show it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like that figure; that men ought to 'love one another, and avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life long, when in reality it is too short;' and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious, and that death, which all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus, while the guests were permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the pleasures of the table, and the mirth so congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to put a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct; and though this sentiment was perverted by other people, and used as an incentive to present excesses, it was perfectly consistent with the ideas of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life was only a lodging or inn on their way, and that their existence here was a preparation for a future state.

After dinner music and singing were resumed; hired men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within-doors were odd and even, *mora*, and draughts. The game of *mora* was common in ancient as well as modern times, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin *micare digitis*, and this game, still so common among the lower order of Italians, existed about four thousand years ago in the reigns of the Osirtasens.

Richard Ford (1796–1858), who has the credit of making a practical guide-book as lively and literary as a book of travels, was the son of a Sussex M.P.; he passed from Winchester to Trinity College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar, but never practised. He spent 1830–34 in riding tours in Spain; and in 1845 appeared his delightful *Handbook for Travellers in Spain*. His *Gatherings from Spain* (1846) is mainly made up of matter crowded out of the second edition of the *Handbook*, the first having been found rather too encyclopædic. But the two divisions were again combined in 1855, not without abridgment. Ford wrote largely for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the other reviews. His famous article on Velazquez in the *Penny Encyclopædia* did more than any other thing to make the great Spanish artist known to Englishmen; and he followed up this by many articles on other Spanish artists and on Spanish art and architecture. He was himself an accomplished artist and picture-lover.

Baden Powell (1796–1860), born in London, studied at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1821 became vicar of Plumstead, in 1824 F.R.S., and in 1827 Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. He published a history of natural philosophy, treatises on the calculus, optics, and the undulatory theory of light, but was best known by his 'Evidences of Christianity' in *Essays and Reviews*, and by other theological works then thought dangerously 'liberal'—*On the Plurality of Worlds* (1856), *Christianity without Judaism* (1857), *Natural and Divine Truth* (1857), and *The Order of Nature* (1859). The famous soldier, the defender of Mafeking, was one of his sons.

George Robert Gleig (1796–1888) was the son of the Bishop of Brechin, but was born at Stirling. Having entered the army, he served in Spain and in America. He took orders in 1820, and became chaplain-general of the army (1844) and inspector-general of military schools (1846). *The Subaltern* (1825), founded on incidents of the Peninsular war, is the best-known of his many novels; besides, he wrote several volumes of military history and biography, including narratives of the campaigns of New Orleans and Waterloo, a Life of Wellington, and a Life of Warren Hastings, which Macaulay pronounced (in superlatives; see above on page 320) 'the worst book that ever was written.'

Alaric Alexander Watts (1797–1864), a Londoner born, was an usher at Fulham and elsewhere, and a conspicuous editor at Leeds and Manchester; he contributed to many periodicals, and founded the *United Service Gazette* (1833); and made a hit by his annual, the *Literary Souvenir* (1824–37), the prototype of innumerable annuals and pocket-books, which collapsed finally owing to witty but libellous critiques by Maginn. Later he (unsuccessfully) tried to float various Conservative newspapers, and was ruined financially; whereupon he accepted a small post in the inland revenue office, and ultimately enjoyed a civil list pension. One piece alone in his several volumes of poetry (collected as *Lyrics of the Heart* in 1850) is universally remembered—the alliterative *jeu d'esprit*, 'An Austrian army awfully arrayed,' &c. He wrote some miscellaneous prose also. In 1856 he edited the first issue of *Men of the Time*. There is a Life by his son (1844).

John Moultrie (1799–1874), a minor poet in youth associated with Praed, Macaulay, and others in the *Etonian* and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, was born in London of Scoto-American ancestry, from Eton passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was rector of Rugby from 1828. An amiable and accomplished man, a writer of graceful and meditative verse, he published *My Brother's Grave, and other Poems* (1837; the principal poems written long before); *The Dream of Life, and other Poems* (1843); and a volume of sermons preached in his church at Rugby. 'Godiva,' one of his earliest things, was praised by Croker and Wordsworth and admired by Praed and Tennyson. Many of his later poems—some of them included in *Altars, Hearths, and Graves* (1854)—were admittedly tedious. He wrote 'lays' against the errors of Popery, and many hymns. To his intimate friend Dr Arnold, and to Macaulay, he dedicated some of his best sonnets. An edition of his poems appeared in 1876, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. His son Gerald (1829–85), for some time master of Shrewsbury School, wrote also several collections of hymns and devotional poems.

My Brother's Grave.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare;
Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there:
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent—rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around;
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell
From neighbouring fort or citadel—
No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid 'in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.'
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath-day;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thought of heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone?
What form, in priestly meek array,
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed;

That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.
My brother, these were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!

My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath-day!
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine. . . .

And years have passed, and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye has lost its gloom;
And years have passed, and death has laid
Another victim by thy side;
With thee he roams, an infant shade;
But not more pure than thou he died.
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best;
And that dear home which saw your birth
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirit wanders o'er?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality?

Alexander Dyce (1798–1869), critic, born at Edinburgh, was educated at the High School there, graduated from Exeter College, Oxford, and took orders, but in 1825 settled in London as a man of letters. With rare learning and sagacity he edited Peele (1828–39), Webster (1830; new ed. 1857), Greene (1831), Shirley (1833), Middleton (1840), Beaumont and Fletcher (1843–46), Marlowe (1850; new ed. 1861), Shakespeare (1857; new ed. 1864–67), &c., besides writing *Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers* (1856).

Mary Martha Sherwood (1775–1851), daughter of Dr Butt, chaplain to George III., was born at Stanford, Worcestershire; was carefully trained at the Abbey School in Reading; and before she was twenty-three had got fifty pounds for two stories (published 1798). In 1803 she married her cousin, Captain Henry Sherwood, and sailed for India, where they spent some twenty years, keenly interested in mission work and charities. And there she wrote *Little Henry and his Bearer*, like all her work strongly didactic and earnestly evangelical, which nevertheless had a success comparable to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, passed through a hundred editions, and was translated into all manner of tongues, European and Asiatic. Their last years husband and wife spent in England, studying Hebrew with a view to writing concordances and Bible dictionaries. *The Nun* and *The Lady of the Manor* were amongst Mrs Sherwood's longer tales—professedly religious and moral novels, but at times closely resembling sermons. Better remembered is *The Little Woodman; The Fairchild Family* (Part I. 1818), described on its title-page as 'The Child's Manual, being a collection of stories calculated to show the importance and effects of a religious education,' had a second part added in 1842, a third in 1847, and, spite of its somewhat formidable sub-title, was frequently reprinted down to the end of the century, and again in 1902. *The Indian Pilgrim*, reprinted in the twentieth century, like several of Mrs Sherwood's works (in all, including tracts, nearly a hundred in number), was a sort of Indian adaptation of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. There is a Life of her by her daughter, Mrs Kelly (1854).

Louisa Stuart Costello (1799–1877), daughter of an Irish army captain born in the barony of Costello, County Mayo, went with her widowed mother to Paris in 1814, and there and subsequently in London defrayed the family expenses by her skilful work as a miniature-painter. From time to time she published collections of poems, the first, in 1815, being *The Maid of the Cyprus Isle, and other Poems*. In 1835, with the help of her brother Dudley (1803–65), a journalist, she published *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*. But it was her bright descriptions of travel in Auvergne, Béarn and the Pyrenees, North Wales, Venice, and the Tyrol that made her really popular. Her half-dozen semi-historical novels on Catherine de' Medici, Mary of Burgundy, and Anne of Brittany were much read in their day. In 1852 she had a civil list pension bestowed on her.

Sir Henry Taylor (1800–86) was the son of a gentleman-farmer of unusual culture at Bishop-Middleham in Durham. At fourteen he went to sea as midshipman, rejoiced to obtain his discharge after nine miserable months, and two years later obtained a clerkship in the Storekeeper-General's Department. After four years' service, including a few months in Barbadoes, he lost his post in consequence of some official rearrangements, and returned to his father's house, Witton Hall, to spend two years of uninterrupted quiet and study. He began to write for the *Quarterly*, and in 1823 settled in London, having been appointed through Sir Henry Holland's influence to a clerkship in the Colonial Office. Here he laboured for forty-eight years under as many as twenty-six Secretaries of State, retiring only in 1872. He declined in 1847 the post of permanent under-secretary in succession to Sir James Stephen, and in 1869 was made K.C.M.G. His services to the republic of letters Oxford had in 1862 recognised by giving him a D.C.L. His last days were spent at Bournemouth, and there he ended a long and happy life.

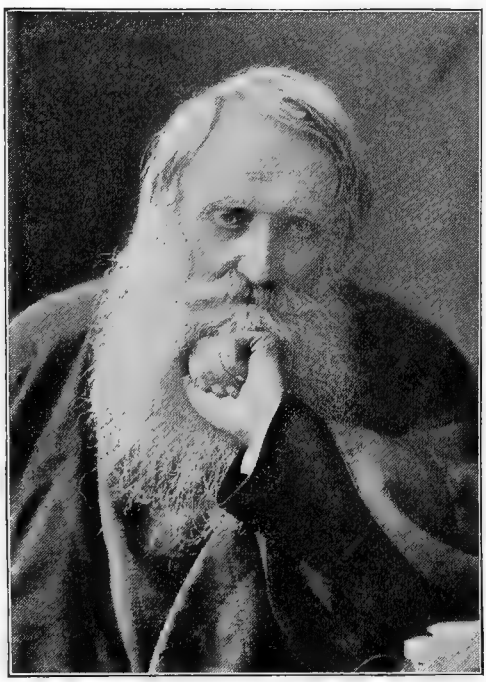
Taylor wrote four tragedies in 'the Shakespearian manner:' *Isaac Comnenus* (1827), *Philip van*

Artevelde (1834—an immediate success), *Edwin the Fair* (1842), and *St Clement's Eve* (1862); and one romantic comedy, *The Virgin Widow*, afterwards renamed *A Sicilian Summer*. In 1845 he published a small volume of lyrical poetry, and in 1847 *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*. His work in prose embraced *The Statesman* (1836), a collection of Baconian discourses on official life and the methods of managing men, for which, as he himself said, 'Pragmatic Precepts' would have been a better title; *Notes from Life* (1847)—one of its essays, 'The Life Poetic,' mainly a eulogy of Southey; and *Notes from Books* (1849), half made up of two articles on Wordsworth. Last came, in 1885, his interesting *Autobiography*, admirably written, full of genial observation, and not marred by the pardonable egotism of age, experience, and universal popularity.

Southey said Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own that he had taken into his heart of hearts. He was a magnificent-looking man, a most perfect and kindly gentleman, and every way a man of distinction, said Lord Coleridge, who, however, lamented that if Taylor 'gave you a thought or a memory worth having, it was in a prodigious number of words, not poured out but dropped down deliberately one by one.' This has some relevance also to a good deal of his literary work. Professor Palgrave, commenting on the plays, said: 'There is so much in them that one wonders all the time what one thing *is* wanting.' A comparison with Joanna Baillie's plays was more than once suggested. Of the *Statesman*, dealing, as Taylor put it, with such topics as experience rather than inventive meditation had suggested to him, Maginn profanely (and unfairly) said it was 'the art of official humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.' Taylor's name is most closely associated with his *Philip van Artevelde*, a play in two parts, which he himself spoke of as a historical romance cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form. The subject—the story of the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, 'citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death'—was suggested by Southey. The first extract deals with the death of one of the captains of Ghent.

The Death of Launoy.

Second Dean. Beside Nivelle the Earl and Launoy met,
Six thousand voices shouted with the last: [Blancs!'
'Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons
But from that force thrice-told there came the cry
Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!'
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,
When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The earl waxed wrothful, and bade fire the church.
First Burgher. Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed!
Was't done?
Second Dean. 'Twas done—and presently was heard
And after that the rushing of the flames! [a yell,
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud
'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled, but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying, 'Come amongst us, John,
And we will give thee welcome; make a leap—
Come out at window, John.' With that the flames
Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,



SIR HENRY TAYLOR.
From a Photograph by W. J. Hawker, Bournemouth.

And shouting, 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.
First Burgher. A brave end.
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us.
Van Artevelde. I never looked that he should live so long.
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there 's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed

Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have passed
But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges. [for great,
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There 'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.
Van Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be bright
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion ; [again.
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned : a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo !
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the reilluminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.
Father John. The worse for us !
He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life !
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all ;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st. (From *Philip van Artevelde*, Part I.)

The Lay of Elena.

A bark is launched on Como's lake,
A maiden sits abaft ;
A little sail is loosed to take
The night-wind's breath, and waft
The maiden and her bark away,
Across the lake and up the bay.
And what doth there that lady fair
Upon the wavelet tossed ?
Before her shines the evening star,
Behind her in the woods afar
The castle lights are lost. . . .

It was not for the forms—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.
It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance. . . .

Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life ; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame ;
A soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, showed
Life was to him a summer's road—
Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts betrayed a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder part.

First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called ; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone ;
Love early marked her for his own ;
Soon as the winds of heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough ;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength ; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree, and singleness of aim ?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined ;
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread ;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentred all the scattered fire ;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er earth below and heaven above—
And then it took the name of love.
(From *Philip van Artevelde*, Part I.)

A collected edition of Taylor's works appeared in five volumes in 1878. The *Autobiography* (2 vols. 1885) contains a fine series of pen-portraits of such contemporaries as Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Sydney Smith, Mill, Sir James Stephen, Spedding, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Aubrey de Vere. It was supplemented by his only less delightful *Correspondence* (1888), a selection of two hundred and two letters, edited by Professor Dowden, including also letters to Taylor from Wordsworth, Southey, Stephen, Mrs Norton, Macaulay, Spedding, Tennyson, Aubrey de Vere, Gladstone, Dr John Brown, and Swinburne.

Leitch Ritchie (1800–65) came from Greenock to a Glasgow merchant's office, and at eighteen began writing for the magazines. By 1820 he had fairly begun in London his literary life as a diligent compiler, editor, and author, writing books of travel, editing a library of romance, preparing the text for books of pictures (such as Turner's *Liber Fluviorum*), and contributing to innumerable magazines. In his later years he edited *Chambers's Journal* and did other work for its publishers. Of his original novels the most important were *Schinderhannes*, *The Robber of the Rhine*, *The Magician*, and *Wearyfoot Common*.

Edward William Lane (1801–76), Arabic scholar, the son of a clergyman in Hereford, began life as an engraver; but delicate health took him to Egypt, and he became one of the most accomplished Orientalists of his time, who did probably more than any contemporary to interest Britain and Europe in the Arabic and Moslem East. The result of his first (1825–28) and second (1833–35) visits to Egypt was his *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians* (1836; 5th ed. 1871; reprints in 1890, 1894, &c.), still a standard authority. This was followed by the annotated translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* (1838–40), really the first accurate rendering, and by *Selections from the Koran* (1843). Lane's third visit to Egypt (1842–49) was devoted to laborious preparation for the great work of his life, the *Arabic Lexicon* (5 vols. 1863–74), completed (1876–90) by his grand-nephew, Professor Stanley Lane Poole, who also wrote his Life (1877).

Abraham Hayward (1802–84), of an old Wiltshire house, was articled to a country lawyer, but entered himself at the Inner Temple in 1824, and was called to the Bar in 1832. He founded and edited the *Law Magazine*, and was made a Q.C. in 1845. In 1833 he published his prose translation of the first part of *Faust*, and soon became a busy contributor to the newspapers and magazines, especially the *Quarterly*. His tongue was sharp, his temper was not improved by his missing the professional success he aimed at, and his later years were devoted to literature and social relaxations. He was rather a marvellously well-informed man and an admirable teller of anecdotes than a brilliant talker; but his stories and good sayings, his whist-playing, and his genial and artistic interest in 'the art of dining' delighted society almost down to his death. Many of his best articles were reprinted in his *Biographical and Critical Essays* (1858–73) and *Eminent Statesmen and Writers* (1880). Other books, besides many legal ones, were on whist, on Junius, and on Goethe; Lives of George Selwyn and Lord Chesterfield; an edition of Mrs Piozzi's autobiography, letters, and literary remains; an edition of *The Diaries of a Lady of Quality;* and his famous *Art of Dining*. His *Selected Essays* appeared in 1878, his *Select Correspondence* in 1886.

George Payne Rainsford James (1801–60), the son of a well-known London physician, was educated at Putney and in France, and by seventeen had written some Eastern tales which found favour with Washington Irving. He soon thereafter began to write romances, and became one of the most prolific and popular novelists of the period; in all he produced something like a hundred novels and other works, and many of the romances, mostly of historical type and after the style of Scott, have been frequently reprinted. He was British consul at Richmond, Virginia, from 1852 till 1856, and then at Venice until his death. 'G. P. R. James's' best stories were among the earliest—*Richelieu* (1829) and *Henry Masterton* (1832). Among the others may be mentioned, *Philip Augustus* (1831), *Mary of Burgundy* (1833), *Darnley* (1833), *The Man-at-Arms* (1840), *Consi de Léon* (1841), *Agincourt* (1844), *The Smugglers* (1845). A few poems from his pen are of no importance. He also undertook a good deal of historical work, and published a *Life of the Black Prince* (1836), *Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen* (1838–40), *Life and Times of Louis XIV.* (1838), and *Dark Scenes of History*. William IV. appointed him historiographer royal, and he produced a *History of the United States Boundary Question* (1839), a disquisition on the Corn Laws (1841), and several other works bearing on political questions. Though his specifically literary talent was not great and his style was melodramatic and grandiloquent, he had an indisputable faculty for ready and picturesque writing, and of so employing historical incidents as to make his romances eminently attractive, especially to young people. He may be classed as a hybrid—a productive hybrid—between Dumas and Mrs Ann Radcliffe. Leigh Hunt writes kindly of him, and Sir Archibald Alison could 'revert with pleasure to his varied compositions,' which even yet may be safely recommended to the 'young person.' But the 'two horsemen' who so frequently opened his novels will be remembered best, if not indeed solely, by Thackeray's parody, *Barbazure*.

An Opening.

On the morning of the 24th day of March 1520 a traveller was seen riding in the small rugged cross-road which, traversing the eastern part of Kent, formed the immediate communication between Wye and Canterbury. . . . The rider was a man of about five or six and twenty, perhaps not so old; but the hardy, exposed life which had dyed his florid cheek with a tinge of deep brown had given also to his figure that look of set, mature strength which is not usually concomitant with youth. But strength with him had nothing of ungracefulness, for the very vigour of his limbs gave them ease of motion. Yet there was something more in his aspect and in his carriage than can rightly be attributed to the grace induced by habits of martial exercise, or to the dignity derived from consciousness of skill or valour; there was that sort of innate nobility of look which we are often weakly inclined to combine in our minds with nobility of station, and that peculiar sort of grace which is a gift, not an acquirement. . . . In those days, when, as old

Holinshed assures us, it was not safe to ride unarmed, even upon the most-frequented road, a small bridle-path, such as that which the traveller pursued, was not likely to afford much greater security. However, he did not appear to have furnished himself with more than the complement of offensive arms usually worn by every one above the rank of a simple yeoman—namely, the long straight double-edged sword, which, thrust through a broad buff belt, hung perpendicularly down his thigh, with the hilt shaped in form of a cross, without any further guard for the hand; while in the girdle appeared a small dagger, which served also as a knife: added to these was a dag or pistol, which, though small, considering the dimensions of the arms then used, would have caused any horse-pistol of the present day to blush at its own insignificance. In point of defensive armour he carried none, except a steel cap, which hung at his saddle-bow, while its place on his head was supplied by a Genoa bonnet of black velvet, round which his rich chestnut hair curled in thick profusion. . . . Very different, however, were his mental sensations, if one might believe the knitted look of thought that sat upon his full broad brow, and the lines that early care seemed to have busily traced upon the cheek of youth. Deep meditation, at all events, was the companion of his way; for, confident in the surefootedness of his steed, he took no care to hold his bridle in hand, but suffered himself to be borne forward almost unconsciously, fixing his gaze upon the line of light that hung above the edge of the hill before him, as if there he spied some object of deep interest; yet, at the same time, with that fixed intensity which told that, whilst the eye thus occupied itself, the mind was far otherwise employed. (From *Darnley*.)

A Mêlée.

In an instant Sir Osborne's visor was down, his spear was in the rest, and his horse in full gallop. 'Darnley! Darnley!' shouted he, with a voice that made the welkin ring. 'Darnley to the rescue! Traitor of Shoenvelt, turn to your death!'

'Darnley! Darnley!' shouted Longpole, following his lord.

'St George for Darnley! Down with the traitors!'

The shout was not lost upon either Shoenvelt or the traveller. The one instantly turned, with several of his men, to attack the knight; the other, seeing unexpected aid at hand, fell back towards Darnley, and with admirable skill and courage, defended himself with nothing but his sword against the lances of the marauders, who—their object being more to take him living than to kill him—lost the advantage which they would have otherwise had by his want of armour.

Like a wild beast, raging with hatred and fury, Shoenvelt charged towards the knight, his lance quivering in his hand with the angry force of his grasp. On, on, bore Sir Osborne at full speed towards him, his bridle in his left hand, his shield upon his breast, his lance firmly fixed in the rest, and levelled in such manner as to avoid its breaking. In a moment they met. Shoenvelt's spear struck Sir Osborne's shield, and, aimed firmly and well, partially traversed the iron; but the knight, throwing back his left arm with vast force, snapped the head of the lance in twain. In the meanwhile his own spear, charged at the marauder's throat with unerring exactness, passed clean through the gorget-piece and the upper rim of the corslet, and came bloody out at the back. You might have heard the iron plates and bones cranch as the lance rent its way through. Down went Shoenvelt, horse and man borne over by the force of the knight's course. 'Darnley, Darnley!' shouted Sir Osborne, casting from him the spear which he could not disengage from the marauder's neck, and drawing his sword. 'Darnley, Darnley! to the rescue! Now, Wilsten, now!' And turning, he galloped up to where the traveller, with Longpole and Frederick by his side, firmly maintained his ground against the adventurers. (From *Darnley*.)

Douglas Jerrold (in full, Douglas William Jerrold; 1803–57) was a Londoner born, youngest son of an actor who was from 1807 lessee of the theatre at Sheerness. Even as a child he began to manifest a voracious appetite for books; in 1809 he was at school in Sheerness; in 1813 he went on board the *Namur* guardship as a midshipman, not a little proud of his uniform. At the close of the war his ship was paid off; and in 1816, settled with the rest of the family in London, the eager book-loving boy started life anew as a printer's apprentice. He was diligent in business, but seized every moment of his leisure time for self-instruction. In 1819, a compositor on the *Sunday Monitor*, he had been to see *Der Freischütz*, and, having written a criticism on it, dropped it into his employer's letter-box. Next morning he had his own copy handed to him to set up, with an editorial note to the anonymous correspondent requesting further contributions. Jerrold was not yet fairly launched on literature. His capacity for study was enormous, and his perseverance indefatigable; night and morning he worked at Latin, French, and Italian, besides getting through a vast amount of English reading; and erelong he was dramatic critic, as well as compositor, on the *Monitor*. Before his marriage in 1824 he had made a start as a dramatist; four of his pieces had been produced, the first of which, *More Frightened than Hurt* (written when its author was about fifteen), came out in 1821. In 1825 he was engaged at a weekly salary to write dramas, farces, and other 'entertainments' for the Coburg Theatre. Four years later he was engaged at five pounds a week in a like capacity at the Surrey Theatre, where in 1829 *Black-eyed Susan* was acted for the first time. From this date up to 1854, when *The Heart of Gold* came out at the Princess's Theatre, a long series of plays (including *Bubbles of the Day*, 1841, and *Retired from Business*, 1851) was produced, every one of them characterised by Jerrold's sprightly style and sparkling dialogue. His contributions to periodical literature began soon after he commenced life in London, with occasional verses and sketches in the various magazines of the day; as his position became more assured he contributed to the *Monthly*, the *New Monthly*, the *Athenæum*, *Blackwood*, and other periodicals. To *Punch* he was a constant and important contributor from its second number in 1841 up to the time of his death. Between 1843 and 1848 he edited one after another two magazines

and a weekly paper of his own, and in these and in *Punch* much of his best work appeared. In politics a Liberal, in 1852 he accepted the editorship of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper;* 'he found it in the street, and annexed it to literature.' For his peculiar kind of wit, for his 'flashing insight,' Jerrold stands alone. The conversations in his novels are perhaps too witty, too much like dramatic dialogue. The incidents and characters in his plays are well managed and arranged for dramatic effect, but lack breadth and simplicity. In social conversation Jerrold was brilliant and unique, and from keen sarcasm could pass lightly to touching pathos. As a journalist he was a zealous advocate of reform, a passionate hater of cant, given to speaking at times unadvisedly with his pen as with his lips, and nowise infallible, but an honest man and a generous friend. His humour was spontaneous and overflowing, if some of his fun was farther fetched; he was a genial wit rather than an intentional satirist, though it must be admitted that some of his brightest sayings seem acrid and rude, if not cruel. But, as has been justly said, 'there are men who can and do say the sharpest things without wounding. The look, the manner, the twinkle in the eye, the known character of the man—these turn bitterness to merry banter in the very utterance.' A collected edition of Jerrold's works, in eight volumes, was published during his lifetime; it contains his principal writings, *St Giles and St James*, *A Man made of Money*, *The Story of a Feather*, *Cakes and Ale*, *Punch's Letters to his Son*, *Punch's Complete Letter-writer*, *Chronicles of Clovernook*, and the inimitably funny and enormously popular *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, and fewer than half of Jerrold's dramatic works. It is said that he tired of making professional fun: confessedly he would greatly have preferred to see one of his more considerable stories, or of his most successful plays, accounted his masterpiece rather than *Mrs Caudle.*

Fancy Fair for Painting St Paul's.

Sir Phenix Clearcake. I come with a petition to you—a petition not parliamentary but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall; its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable.

Lord Skindeep. Benevolence and respectability! Of course, I'm with you. Well, the precise object?

Sir P. It is to remove a stain—a very great stain—from the city; to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution; to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay; to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coal-smoke atmosphere of London; in a word, my lord—but as yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St Paul's! To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

Lord Skin. A gigantic effort!

Sir P. The fancy fair will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall; and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions.

Lord Skin. But you don't want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

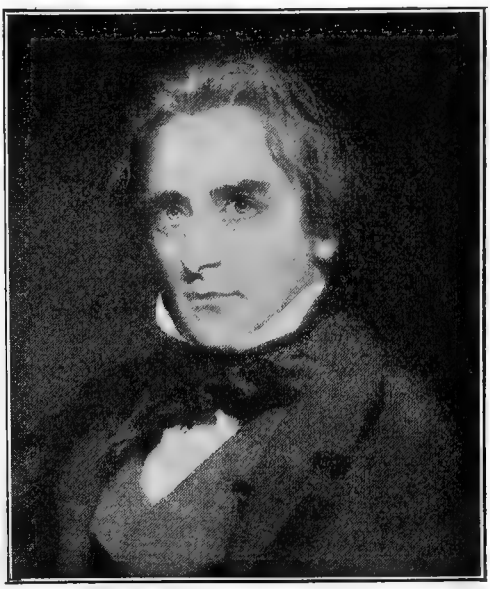
Sir P. Certainly not, my lord. And yet your philanthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything.

Lord Skin. Well, well; command me in any way; benevolence is my foible.

(From *Bubbles of the Day*—a drama.)

Brilliant Speculative Companies.

Captain Smoke. We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer-matches.



DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD.
From the Portrait by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Sir P. A stupendous speculation! I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

Smoke. Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—(*Aside to Chatham:* We shall make it all right about the shares)—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer-match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured to the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission.

Chatham. Truly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

Smoke. Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

Lord Skin. Smoke, never say humbug; it's coarse.

Sir P. And not respectable.

Smoke. Pardon me, my lord, it *was* coarse. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage that now it 's quite classic.

Chat. But why not embark his lordship in the lucifer question?

Smoke. I can't: I have his lordship in three companies already. Three. First, there 's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from asafœtida. The second is a company for a trip all round the world. We propose to hire a three-decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families. We 've already advertised for wet-nurses and maids-of-all-work.

Sir P. A magnificent project! And then the fittings-up will be so respectable. A delightful billiard-table in the ward-room; with, for the humbler classes, skittles on the orlop-deck. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap-ball and cricket for the children, whilst the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. Weippert's quadrille band is engaged, and——

Smoke. For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson.

Chat. And the object?

Smoke. Pleasure and education. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer: 'twill occupy only three years, and we 've forgotten nothing to make it delightful—nothing from hot rolls to cork jackets.

Brown. And now, sir, the third venture?

Smoke. That, sir, is a company to buy the Serpentine River for a Grand Junction Temperance Cemetery.

Brown. What! so many watery graves?

Smoke. Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here 's the prospectus. Look here; surmounted by a hyacinth—the very emblem of temperance—a hyacinth flowering in the limpid flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the lucifers—I know his lordship's goodness—he 'll give you up the cemetery. (*Aside to Chatham:* A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.)

Sir P. What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water-lilies and aquatic plants gemming the translucent crystal, shells of rainbow brightness, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling secured to shareholders. The extent of the river being necessarily limited, will render lying there so select, so very respectable.

(From *Bubbles of the Day.*)

Time's Changes.

Florentine. O sir, the magic of five long years! We paint Time with glass and scythe—should he not carry harlequin's own wand? for, oh, indeed Time's changes!

Clarence. Are they, in truth, so very great?

Flor. Greater than harlequin's; but then Time works them with so grave a face that even the hearts he alters doubt the change, though often turned from very flesh to stone.

Clar. Time has his bounteous changes too, and sometimes to the sweetest bud will give an unimagined beauty in the flower.

(From *Time Works Wonders.*)

Retirement.

Tackle. Kitty, see what you 'll get by waiting! I 'll grow you such a garland for your wedding.

Kitty. A garland, indeed! A daisy to-day is worth a rose-bush to-morrow.

Puffins. But, Mr Pennyweight, I trust you are now, in every sense, once and for ever, retired from business?

Gunn. No; in every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better, than a manly disregard of false distinctions, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and then only, may it be said of us, retired from business.

(From *Retired from Business.*)

Winter in London.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes; and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, looked in the eyes of many a wretch a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance, and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such widespread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting, all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand thousand starving creatures; in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities, but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions, all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around; when the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house: when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shows its true divinity, and, with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

(From *St Giles and St James*, Chap. I.)

Emigrants and the Empire.

Some dozen folks, with gay, dull, earnest, careless, hopeful, wearied looks, spy about the ship, their future abiding-place upon the deep for many a day. Some dozen, with different feelings, shown in different emotions, enter cabins, dip below, emerge on deck, and weave their way among packages and casks, merchandise and food, lying in labyrinth about. The ship is in most seemly confusion. The landsman thinks it impossible she can be all taut upon the wave in a week; her yards are all so up and down, and her rigging in such a tangle, such disorder, like a wench's locks after a mad game at romps. Nevertheless, Captain Goodbody's word is as true as oak. On the appointed day, the skies permitting, the frigate-built *Halcyon*, with her white wings spread, will drop down the Thames—down to the illimitable sea.

She carries a glorious freightage to the antipodes—English hearts and English sinews—hope and strength to conquer and control the waste, turning it to usefulness and beauty. She carries in her the seeds of English cities, with English laws to crown them free. She carries with her the strong, deep, earnest music of the English tongue—a music soon to be universal as the winds of heaven. What should fancy do in a London dock? All is so hard, material, positive. Yet there, amid the tangled ropes, fancy will behold—clustered like birds—poets and philosophers, history-men and story-men, annalists and legalists—English all—bound for the other side of the world, to rejoice it with their voices. Put fancy to the task, and fancy will detect Milton in the shrouds, and Shakespeare looking sweetly, seriously down, pedestaled upon yon main-block. Spenser, like one of his own fairies, swings on a brace; and Bacon, as if in philosophic chair, sits soberly upon a yard. Poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged pate of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to night-capped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all; ay, from the long-dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria; sees them all gathered aloft, and with fine ear lists the rustling of their bays.

(From *A Man made of Money*.)

Puns and Sayings of Jerrold.

'Call that a kind man,' said an actor of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.

Some member of 'Our Club,' hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold.

A friend said to Jerrold: 'Have you heard about poor R—— [a lawyer]? His business is going to the devil.' Jerrold answered: 'That's all right: then he is sure to get it back again.'

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would meet and dine somewhere just to celebrate the event.

Of a man who had pirated one of his jests, and who was described in his hearing as an honest fellow, he said, 'Oh yes, you can trust him with untold jokes.'

A selection from Jerrold's political writings in *Lloyd's* was published in 1868 as *Other Times*. His *Life and Remains*, by his son, W. Blanchard Jerrold, was published in 1859. William Blanchard Jerrold (1826–84) succeeded his father as editor of *Lloyd's*. A facile and voluminous author, he wrote *Children of Lutetia*, *Cent. per Cent.*, *George Cruikshank*, *Napoleon III.*, *Doré*, *Bragebeaker with the Swedes* (1854), &c. Of his dramatic writings the best known is *Cool as a Cucumber* (1851).

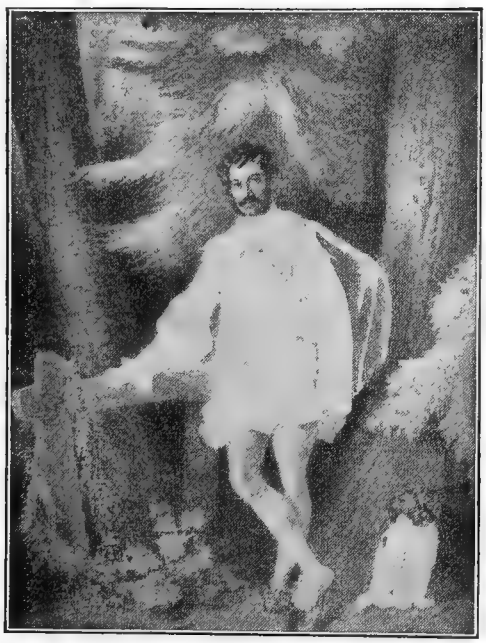
William John Thoms (1803–85), born at Westminster, after twenty years spent as a clerk in Chelsea Hospital became a clerk to the House of Lords, to which he served as deputy-librarian in 1863–82. F.S.A. and secretary of the Camden Society 1838–73, he was the founder of *Notes and Queries* (1849), and its editor down to 1872. He it was who in 1846 devised—as a 'good Saxon compound'—the now universally accepted word 'folk-lore.' His books include, besides collections of early romances and of lays and legends of many nations, *The Book of the Court* (1838), *Anecdotes illustrative of Early English History and Literature* (Camden Soc., 1838), a work on *Human Longevity* (1873), and an edition of Stow's *London* (1875).

Laman Blanchard (in full, Samuel Laman Blanchard; 1804–45), born at Yarmouth, became a journalist in London in 1831, and wrote for, or edited, a long series of papers, being mainly connected from 1841 on with the *Examiner*. He was an industrious and popular writer of light literature in prose and verse, and along with *vers de société* he published sonnets, now all alike forgotten. He died by his own hand. His prose essays were collected in 1846, with a Memoir by Bulwer Lytton, as *Sketches of Life*; and his poetry in 1876, with a Memoir by Blanchard Jerrold. —Another Blanchard, **Edward Laman Blanchard** (1820–89), the son of a popular London comedian, was a journalist and pantomime writer; there is a Life of him by Clement Scott (2 vols. 1891).

John Doran (1807–78), a Londoner born, of Irish parentage, began life as tutor on the Continent of the heir to the dukedom of Athole and other young noblemen, and, after bringing out a melodrama, *Justice, or the Venetian Jew*, at the Surrey Theatre in 1824, settled down as a journalist and miscellaneous author. His *Sketches and Reminiscences* appeared in 1828, and in 1835 a History of the town of Reading. In 1854 he published *Habits and Men*, followed by *Table Traits*, *Queens of England of the House of Hanover* (1855), *Monarchs retired from Business* (1857), *History of Court Fools* (1858), *The Princes of Wales* (1860), a *Memoir of Queen Adelaide* (1861), and *Their Majesties' Servants* (1864; new ed. by Lowe, 1887), a useful and popular history of the stage from Betterton to Kean. *A Lady of the Last Century* (1873) contains an interesting account of Mrs Montagu and the other blue-stockings of her day. *Mann and Manners* (1876) is an edition of the letters of Sir Horace Mann to Horace Walpole; *London in Jacobite Times* (1877) and *Memories of our Great Towns* (1878) were followed by *In and About Drury Lane* (1885), a posthumous work. Dr Doran (he was Ph.D.) was repeatedly acting-editor of the *Athenæum*, edited the *Church and State Gazette* (1841–52), and at his death was editor of *Notes and Queries*.

Lord Lytton,

for the first thirty-five years of his life to be known as Edward Bulwer, and for twenty as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, was born at 31 Baker Street, London, on 25th May 1803. He was the third and youngest son of General Earle Bulwer of Heydon and Dalling in Norfolk, by Elizabeth Barbara Lytton, the heiress of Knebworth in Hertfordshire. As a child a devourer of books, his favourites *Amadis de Gaul* and the *Faerie Queene*, he took early to rhyming, and went to school at nine, though not, it may be unluckily, to a public one, but to six private tutors in succession (1812–21). In 1820 he published *Ismael and other Poems*, and about the same time 'was changed for life' by a hopeless, tragic first love. At Trinity Hall, Cambridge (1822–25), he read English history, political economy, metaphysics, and early English literature; spoke much at the Union; carried off the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem upon 'Sculpture,' but took only a pass degree. Meanwhile, in a long-vacation walking-tour (1824), he had visited the grave of his lost love in the Lake Country; and there, in Scotland, and in the north of England had strange adventures with cut-throats and most impossible Gypsies. His college life ended, he now alternated awhile between Paris and London; and in London in 1825 he met Rosina Wheeler (1802–82), a beautiful Irish girl, whom he married in 1827, despite his mother's strenuous opposition. It was a most unhappy marriage; his wife bore him a daughter and a son, the future Earl of Lytton; in 1836 they separated. But his marriage may fairly be said to have called forth in him a marvellous literary activity, for the temporary estrangement from his mother threw him almost wholly on his own resources. He had only £200 a year, and he lived at the rate of £3000; the deficiency was supplied 'out of his well-stored portfolio, his teeming brain, and his indefatigable industry.' During the next ten years he produced twelve novels, two poems, one political pamphlet, one play, the whole of *England and the English;* three volumes of *Athens, its Rise and Fall*, of which only two ever were published; and all the essays and tales collected in the *Student*, to which must be added his untold contributions to the *Edinburgh*, the *Westminster*, the *New Monthly* (of which he became editor in 1831), the *Examiner*, and other serials. His Wertherian *Falkland*, published anonymously in 1827, gave little promise of the brilliant success, both at home and abroad, of *Pelham* (1828), the clever persiflage of whose dandy hero is still delightful. No two readers agree on the relative merit of his books, and it may be argued that this very divergency of opinion as to which is really his masterpiece only illustrates his amazing versatility. Certainly *Pelham* is better than *Paul Clifford* (1830), an idealisation of the highwayman, as *Eugene Aram* (1832) is of the murderer; many, no doubt, rank it as inferior to the fanciful *Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1834) or to one or another of his four famous historical novels—*The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), *Rienzi* (1835), *The Last of the Barons* (1843), and *Harold* (1843). His unique domestic trilogy, *The Caxtons* (1850), *My Novel* (1853), and *What will he do with it?* (1859), Sterne-like yet strangely unlike Sterne, surpasses Thackeray for peasants and Dickens for gentlemen, and both in knowledge of the world of politics. *Zanoni* (1842), *A Strange Story* (1862), must not be forgotten, or, shorter but stronger than either, *The Haunted and the Haunters* (*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1859). No English story of the supernatural quite resembles this, for a very sufficient reason—the author was writing as a believer, as a serious student of astrology, chiromancy, occult lore generally.



EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, FIRST BARON LYTTON.

From the Drawing by Alfred E. Chalon, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

In 1831, at the age of twenty-eight, Bulwer had entered Parliament as member for St Ives, and attached himself to the Reform party; but Lincoln next year returned him as a Protectionist Liberal, and that seat he held till 1841. At this time he was not merely still on most points a Radical, but, according to Cooper the Chartist poet, openly professed that he would prefer to see England under a Republican Government. In 1838 the Melbourne administration conferred on him a baronetcy for his brilliant services as a pamphleteer; in 1843 he succeeded, by his mother's death, to the Knebworth estate, and assumed the additional surname of Lytton. Sir Edward Bulwer

Lytton now sought to re-enter Parliament, in 1847 contesting Lincoln unsuccessfully; and in 1852 he was returned as Conservative member for Hertfordshire. Deafness hindered him from shining as a debater, but he made himself a successful orator. In the Derby Government (1858–59) he was Colonial Secretary, and signalised his brief tenure of office by calling into existence the two vast colonies of British Columbia and Queensland. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died at Torquay on 18th January 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His son, the first Earl Lytton, was also distinguished in literature and statesmanship.

Lord Lytton's works in all exceed sixty, and fill more than a hundred and ten volumes. To those already mentioned may be added *The Disowned* (1829), *Devereux* (1829), *Godolphin* (1833), *Ernest Maltravers* (1837), *Alice* (1837), *Leila and Calderon* (1838), *Night and Morning* (1841), *Poems and Ballads, chiefly from Schiller* (1844), *Lucretia* (1846), *Caxtoniana* (1863), *The Coming Race* (anonymously, 1870), *Kenelm Chillingly* (1873), *The Parisians* (1874), and *Pausanias the Spartan* (unfinished; 1876).

Lytton's novels give examples of the art of fiction in its most widely differing divisions, and, taken together, display a surprising range of powers. His knowledge was wide, though not accurate or profound; he had wit but not much humour, a luxuriant fancy rather than a high imagination, a lively interest in all aspects of life, a skill of florid description and fluent narrative. His evident faults are a lack of sincerity, artificiality, over-ambition in straining after effect. The abiding impression is one rather of brilliant talent and cleverness than of genius. Lytton's popularity was always rather with the public than with the critics, and it must be admitted that he does not now hold the place in literary history he at one time seemed likely to secure.

Of his plays it must suffice to say that *The Lady of Lyons* (1838), *Richelieu* (1838), and *Money* (1840), all three of which owed something to hints from Macready, still hold the stage as firmly as the masterpieces of Goldsmith and Sheridan; of his poems, that *King Arthur* (1848), and even *St Stephen's* (1860) and *The Lost Tales of Miletus* (1866), will all be forgotten when *The New Timon* (1846) is still kept in remembrance by the savage answer it provoked in *Punch* from Tennyson. Lytton's comment on Tennyson was sufficiently pointed and uncomplimentary to provoke reprisals: 'The jingling melody of purloined conceits Outbabying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,' sneered Lytton; and one cannot wonder that Tennyson replied:

> We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
> And those fine curses which he spoke—
> The Old Timon with his noble heart,
> That strongly loathing, greatly broke.
>
> So died the Old; here comes the New:
> Regard him—a familiar face;
> I thought we knew him. What! it's you,
> The padded man that wears the stays;
>
> Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
> With dandy pathos when you wrote:
> O Lion, you that made a noise,
> And shook a mane *en papillotes*. . . .
>
> What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt—
> A dapper boot—a little hand—
> If half the little soul is dirt? . . .
>
> A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
> It looks too arrogant a jest—
> That fierce old man—to take his name,
> You bandbox! Off, and let him rest.

It was not Tennyson, however, that sent the lines to *Punch*, but John Forster; nor did their author ever republish them—they were too bitter, he said.

Death of Gawtrey the Coiner.

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices. 'Open, in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Gawtrey. 'One way yet—the window—the rope.'

Morton opened the casement—Gawtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton; 'I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark! hark!—are you mad? *You* keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me; it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And, now straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtrey was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtrey seemed wounded, for he staggered forward and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'*Le voilà! le voilà!*' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtrey; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they

had burst into the room—an officer sprang upon the parapet, and Gawtrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtrey arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of the law shuddered as they eyed him; his hair bristling, his cheek white, his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed, so intense, so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired; and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtrey's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage and despair and agony appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass: the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty would be for ever and for ever if there were no God!

(From *Night and Morning*.)

From 'The Last Days of Pompeii.'

At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initia of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewed with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.

'A splendid *mappa* that of yours,' said Clodius; 'why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle!'

'A trifle, my Clodius; a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome; but Glaucus attends to these things more than I.'

'Be propitious, O Bacchus!' said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the salt-holders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation.

This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.

'May this cup be my last!' said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—'May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!'

'Bring hither the amphora,' said Glaucus, 'and read its date and its character.'

The slave hastened to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years.

'How deliciously the snow has cooled it!' said Pansa. 'It is just enough.'

'It is like the experience of a man who has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest,' exclaimed Sallust.

'It is like a woman's "No," added Glaucus: 'it cools but to inflame the more.'

'When is our next wild-beast fight?' said Clodius to Pansa.

'It stands fixed for the ninth ide of August,' answered Pansa: 'on the day after the Vulcanalia;—we have a most lovely young lion for the occasion.'

'Whom shall we get for him to eat?' asked Clodius. 'Alas! there is a great scarcity of criminals. You must positively find some innocent or other to condemn to the lion, Pansa!'

'Indeed I have thought very seriously about it of late,' replied the ædile gravely. 'It was a most infamous law that which forbade us to send our own slaves to the wild beasts. Not to let us do what we like with our own, that 's what I call an infringement on property itself.'

'Not so in the good old days of the Republic,' sighed Sallust.

'And then this pretended mercy to the slaves is such a disappointment to the poor people. How they do love to see a good tough battle between a man and a lion; and all this innocent pleasure they may lose (if the gods don't send us a good criminal soon) from this cursed law!'

'What can be worse policy,' said Clodius sententiously, 'than to interfere with the manly amusements of the people?'

'Well, thank Jupiter and the Fates! we have no Nero at present,' said Sallust.

'He was indeed a tyrant; he shut up our amphitheatre for ten years.'

'I wonder it did not create a rebellion,' said Sallust.

'It very nearly did,' returned Pansa, with his mouth full of wild boar.

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.

'Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?' cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes.

Sallust was only twenty-four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others; yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.

'I know its face, by Pollux!' cried Pansa. 'It is an Ambracian Kid. Ho!' (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves,) 'we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new-comer.'

'I had hoped,' said Glaucus in a melancholy tone, 'to have procured you some oysters from Britain; but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters.'

'Are they in truth so delicious?' asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease his ungirdled tunic.

'Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour; they want the richness of the Brundusium oyster. But at Rome no supper is complete without them.'

'The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all,' said Sallust. 'They produce an oyster!'

'I wish they would produce us a gladiator,' said the ædile, whose provident mind was musing over the wants of the amphitheatre.

From 'The Caxtons.'

'Sir—sir, it is a boy!'

'A boy,' said my father, looking up from his book, and evidently much puzzled; 'what is a boy?'

Now my father did not mean by that interrogatory to challenge philosophical inquiry, nor to demand of the honest but unenlightened woman who had just rushed into his study a solution of that mystery, physiological and psychological, which has puzzled so many curious sages, and lies still involved in the question, 'What is a man?' For, as we need not look further than Dr Johnson's Dictionary to know that a boy is 'a male child'—i.e. the male young of man—so he who would go to the depth of things, and know scientifically what is a boy, must be able to ascertain 'what is a man.' But, for aught I know, my father may have been satisfied with Buffon on that score, or he may have sided with Monboddo. He may have agreed with Bishop Berkeley—he may have contented himself with Professor Combe—he may have regarded the genus spiritually, like Zeno, or materially, like Epicurus. Grant that boy is the male young of man, and he would have had plenty of definitions to choose from. He might have said, 'Man is a stomach—*ergo*, boy a male young stomach. Man is a brain—boy a male young brain. Man is a bundle of habits—boy a male young bundle of habits. Man is a machine—boy a male young machine. Man is a tailless monkey—boy a male young tailless monkey. Man is a combination of gases—boy a male young combination of gases. Man is an appearance—boy a male young appearance,' &c., &c., and et cetera, *ad infinitum!* And if none of these definitions had entirely satisfied my father, I am perfectly persuaded that he would never have come to Mrs Primmins for a new one.

But it so happened that my father was at that moment engaged in the important consideration whether the *Iliad* was written by one Homer, or was rather a collection of sundry ballads, done into Greek by divers hands, and finally selected, compiled, and reduced into a whole by a Committee of Taste, under that elegant old tyrant Pisistratus; and the sudden affirmation, 'It is a boy,' did not seem to him pertinent to the thread of the discussion. Therefore he asked, 'What is a boy?' vaguely, and, as it were, taken by surprise.

'Lord, sir!' said Mrs Primmins, 'what is a boy? Why, the baby!'

'The baby!' repeated my father, rising. 'What! you don't mean to say that Mrs Caxton is—eh?'

'Yes, I do,' said Mrs Primmins, dropping a curtsey; 'and as fine a little rogue as ever I set eyes upon.'

'Poor dear woman!' said my father with great compassion. 'So soon, too—so rapidly,' he resumed in a tone of musing surprise. 'Why, it is but the other day we were married?'

'Bless my heart, sir!' said Mrs Primmins, much scandalised, 'it is ten months and more.'

'Ten months!' said my father, with a sigh. 'Ten months! and I have not finished fifty pages of my refutation of Wolf's monstrous theory! In ten months a child! and, I'll be bound, complete—hands, feet, eyes, ears, and nose!—and not like this poor Infant of Mind (and my father pathetically placed his hand on the treatise), of which nothing is formed and shaped—not even the first joint of the little finger! Why, my wife is a precious woman! Well, keep her quiet. Heaven preserve her, and send me strength—to support this blessing!'

'But your honour will look at the baby? Come, sir!' and Mrs Primmins laid hold of my father's sleeve coaxingly.

'Look at it—to be sure,' said my father kindly; 'look at it—certainly; it is but fair to poor Mrs Caxton; after taking so much trouble, dear soul!'

Therewith my father, drawing his dressing-robe round him in more stately folds, followed Mrs Primmins upstairs into a room very carefully darkened.

'How are you, my dear?' said my father with compassionate tenderness, as he groped his way to the bed.

A faint voice muttered, 'Better now, and so happy!' And, at the same moment, Mrs Primmins pulled my father away, lifted a coverlid from a small cradle, and, holding a candle within an inch of an undeveloped nose, cried emphatically, 'There—bless it!'

'Of course, ma'am, I bless it,' said my father rather peevishly. 'It is my duty to bless it—*Bless it!* And this, then, is the way we come into the world!—red, very red—blushing for all the follies we are destined to commit.'

My father sat down on the nurse's chair, the women grouped round him. He continued to gaze on the contents of the cradle, and at length said musingly, 'And Homer was once like this!'

At this moment—and no wonder, considering the propinquity of the candle to his visual organs—Homer's infant likeness commenced the first untutored melodies of nature.

'Homer improved greatly in singing as he grew older,' observed Mr Squills, the accoucheur, who was engaged in some mysteries in a corner of the room.

My father stopped his ears. 'Little things can make a great noise,' said he philosophically; 'and the smaller the thing the greater noise it can make.'

So saying, he crept on tiptoe to the bed, and clasping the pale hand held out to him, whispered some words that no doubt charmed and soothed the ear that heard them, for that pale hand was tenderly drawn from his own, and thrown tenderly round his neck. The sound of a gentle kiss was heard through the stillness.

'Mr Caxton, sir,' cried Mr Squills in rebuke, 'you agitate my patient—you must retire.'

My father raised his mild face, looked round apologetically, brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, stole to the door, and vanished.

'I think,' said a kind gossip seated at the other side of my mother's bed—'I think, my dear, that Mr Caxton might have shown more joy—more natural feeling, I may say—at the sight of the baby; and *such* a baby! But all men are just the same, my dear—brutes—all brutes, depend upon it.'

'Poor Austin!' sighed my mother feebly; 'how little you understand him!'

'And now I shall clear the room,' said Mr Squills. 'Go to sleep, Mrs Caxton.'

'Mr Squills,' exclaimed my mother, and the bed-curtains trembled, 'pray see that Mr Caxton does not set himself on fire;—and, Mr Squills, tell him not to be vexed and miss me—I shall be down very soon—shan't I?'

'If you keep yourself easy, you will, ma'am.'

'Pray, say so;—and, Primmins'——

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Every one, I fear, is neglecting your master. Be sure'—(and my mother's lips approached close to Mrs Primmins' ear)—'be sure that you—air his nightcap yourself.'

'Tender creatures those women,' soliloquised Mr Squills, as, after clearing the room of all present save Mrs Primmins and the nurse, he took his way towards my father's study. Encountering the footman in the passage, 'John,' said he, 'take supper into your master's room, and make us some punch, will you—stiffish?'

O'Connell.

But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, Time's large apology;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes;
Hate, at St Omer's into caution drill'd,
In Dublin law-courts subtilised and skill'd;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere.
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt—
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt.
Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,
No blander Pollio whom our Bar affords
Had graced the woolsack and cajoled 'my Lords.'
Pass by his faults, his art be here allow'd,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;
Sought he to shine, then certain to displease;
Tawdry yet coarse-grain'd, tinsel upon frieze:
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth;
Hear him to mobs, and on his mother earth!

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flow'd into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of the hosts around;
And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
It glided, easy as a bird may glide;
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It play'd with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirr'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
And sobs or laughter answer'd as it will'd.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,
To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice;
Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes,
Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

(From *St Stephen's*.)

The *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Lord Lytton* (vols. i.–ii. 1883), by his son, comes down only to 1832, and must be supplemented by the political Memoir, also by the Earl of Lytton, prefixed to the *Speeches of Lord Lytton* (2 vols. 1874).

Henry Lytton Bulwer (1801–72), Lord Lytton's elder brother, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge for diplomatic service, and was attaché at Berlin, Brussels, and the Hague. During 1830–37 he sat in Parliament as an Advanced Liberal, and in 1837 became secretary of embassy at Constantinople. In 1843–48 he had a difficult task as minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, and at the time of the 'Spanish marriages' made protests, and was ordered to quit Madrid, but at home was made K.C.B. and G.C.B. As Sir Henry Bulwer—long a famous name—he was sent in 1849 to Washington, where he concluded the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; in 1852 to Florence; and in 1856 to Bucharest. From 1858 to 1865 he was ambassador to the Porte, ably carried out Palmerston's policy on the Eastern Question, and was created Lord Dalling and Bulwer in 1871. He published a series of admirable works, including *An Autumn in Greece* (1826); *France, Social, Literary, and Political* (1834–36); a *Life of Byron* (1835); *Historical Characters* (1868–70), sketches of Talleyrand, Canning, Cobbett, and Mackintosh; sketches also of Peel and Melbourne; and an unfinished *Life of Palmerston* (1870–74).

Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800–82), son of a Bouverie (son of Viscount Folkestone) who had assumed the name of Pusey when the Pusey estates were bequeathed to him, was born at Pusey in Berkshire. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; in 1823 was elected a Fellow of Oriel; and in 1825–27 studied theology in Germany—then a rare enterprise for an Oxford graduate. In 1828 he was appointed regius professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and this post he retained until his death. His first work was an essay on the causes of Rationalism in recent German theology; and the aim of his life was to prevent the spread of Rationalism in England. When in 1833 Newman began the issue of the *Tracts for the Times*, Pusey soon joined him, and they, with Keble, became leaders of the movement. Pusey's chief contributions to the *Tracts* were those on Baptism and the Holy Eucharist; in 1836 he began the *Oxford Library of the Fathers*. Newman's celebrated Tract 90 was condemned in 1841, and in 1843 Pusey was suspended for three years from preaching in Oxford for a university sermon on the Holy Eucharist; at the first opportunity he reiterated his teaching, but before his suspension was over Newman, with several of his leading disciples, had joined the Roman communion. Pusey and Keble now strove to reassure Churchmen staggered by the secession; it was Pusey's moral weight mainly that prevented a much greater catastrophe to the Church of England when the encroachments of the civil courts in the Gorham case, and the attacks of bishops and others upon the Oxford movement, brought about the secession to the Roman Church of Manning with another band of distinguished

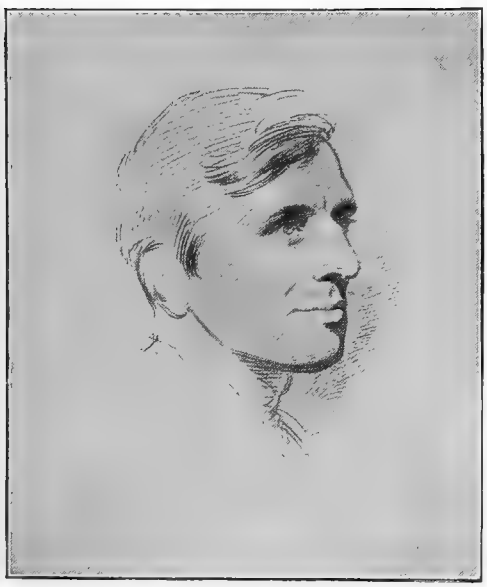
men. Pusey loyally laboured on in his increasingly anxious and responsible task. His numerous writings during this period included a letter on the practice of confession (1850), a general defence of his own position (1851), *The Doctrine of the Real Presence* (1855–57), and the *Eirenicon* (1865–70), designed to prepare the way for reunion between the Church of England and that of Rome. Pusey took a very keen interest in all Oxford University affairs, and was much disturbed by changes which tended to destroy the intimate bond between the university and the Church. By 1860 the tide had turned, and the teaching for which the Tractarians had laboured was beginning to be recognised. And for the rest of his life Pusey was mainly busied in the struggle against growing religious indifference and Rationalism; therefore it was that he prosecuted Professor Jowett for his commentary on St Paul's Epistles, and that he took so prominent a part in the later controversy about the Athanasian Creed. His chief works in this connection are *Lectures on Daniel* (1863), defending the early date of the book, and *What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?* For six years he toiled at the drudgery of completing *A Catalogue of the Arabic Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library* (1835). The *Commentary on the Minor Prophets* (1860–77) was his contribution to a projected commentary on the whole Bible. His work in literature is incommensurate with the influence he and it exerted on the life and thought of England. He was rather a patristic antiquary than a theologian, acute rather than profound or brilliant in polemic; his vast correspondence was mainly with the multitudes who appealed to him as spiritual director; his sermons are unquestionably heavy. And though perhaps he made the best of the case for Daniel's authorship of the prophecy, his views were antiquated even when he set them down.

The *Life* of Pusey, left unfinished by Canon Liddon at his death in 1890, was completed by the Rev. J. O. Johnston and the Rev. R. J. Wilson (4 vols. 1893–97).

John Henry Newman (1801–90) was the son of a London banker of Cambridgeshire family, Dutch in origin; his mother, who was of Huguenot stock and French name (Fourdrinier), deeply influenced his early religious views. From a private school at Ealing he went up to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1817; and though the stoppage of his father's bank (1819) compelled him to graduate next year, he was in 1822, in spite of his second-class, elected a Fellow of Oriel, where he formed his close intimacy with Pusey and Hurrell Froude. In 1824 he was ordained, in 1828 he became vicar of St Mary's, and in 1830 he broke definitely with Evangelicalism. His first book, *The Arians of the Fourth Century* (1833), argued that Arianism was a Judaising heresy which sprang up in Antioch. In 1832–33 he accompanied Hurrell Froude and his father on a Mediterranean tour; on this voyage were written most of the smaller poems, many of them very remarkable for their power, published in his *Lyra Apostolica* (1834). In Sicily he fell ill of malarial fever; and it was while becalmed in the Strait of Bonifacio on his passage in an orange-boat to Marseilles that he wrote 'Lead, kindly Light.' He was present at Keble's Oxford assize sermon on National Apostasy (July 1833), the beginning of the Tractarian movement; into this he threw himself with energy from the first, contributing himself some of the more important of the *Tracts for the Times*. It was, indeed, Newman who began the *Tracts*, which were all intended to assert the authority of the Anglican Church, to claim apostolical descent for the Anglican episcopate, to advocate the restoration of a stricter discipline and the maintenance of a stricter orthodoxy, to insist on the primary importance of the sacraments, and to guard the divine ritual of the Church. In Tract 90 (1841), the most famous of them all, Newman contended that the intention of the Thirty-nine Articles was Catholic in spirit, and that they were aimed at the supremacy of the pope and the popular abuses of Catholic practice, and not at Catholic doctrine. But Tract 90 provoked an explosion which was the end of this stage of the Tractarian movement, and brought about the conversion to Rome of the most logical of the Tractarians. Newman, whose sermons were perhaps almost as influential a part of the movement as the *Tracts*, struggled for two years longer to think his position tenable; but in 1843 he resigned the vicarage of St Mary's, which he had held since 1828, and retired to Littlemore. The magnificent sermon on 'Development in Christian Doctrine' was the last he preached in the university pulpit (2nd February 1843), and was the first draft of a famous book on the same subject, published in 1845, which recognised that the great dogmas were many of them not primitive, but grew naturally and inevitably, under Divine Providence. In October 1845 he invited the Passionist Father Dominic to his house at Littlemore in order that he might be received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Henceforward his life was, on the literary side, much more free and natural than under the repressions and limitations of the Anglican period. He went to Rome for a year and a half, and on his return in 1848 he published *Loss and Gain*, the story of an Oxford conversion very different from his own, full of delicate and happy sketches of Oxford life and manners. Shortly afterwards he began *Callista*, the story of a third-century martyr in Africa, instinct with literary genius as with religious devotion—the story of the conversion and death of a fair Greek girl sculptor of idols, prepared for Christianity, but also at first steeled against it by passionate Greek idealism; the pictures of the devastation of locusts and of demoniacal possession are marvellously vivid and impressive. In 1847 Newman obtained a papal brief to establish in England the congregation of St Philip Neri, and

in 1848 planted at Edgbaston the community of which he was elected the Superior; and there in the same year he devoted himself with the utmost zeal to the sufferers from cholera. The lectures on *Anglican Difficulties* (1850) drew public attention to Newman's great power of irony and the singular delicacy of his literary style, and were followed by the lectures on *Catholicism in England* (1851), the book which gave occasion to the famous action for libel by Dr Achilli, an apostate Dominican whose character Newman had exposed. Newman's justification, put into court, was a scathing and terrible document, magnificent in its invective; but it failed to ward off a verdict in Achilli's favour.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
From the Drawing by George Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery. (Drawn about 1840.)

Newman's long series of Oxford sermons contain some of the noblest ever preached from an Anglican pulpit; and the Roman Catholic series—*Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations* (1849) and *Sermons on Various Occasions* (1857)—though less restrained, less severe in taste, and less remarkable for their tender pathos, are even fuller of powerful rhetoric, often vehement, almost always singularly dignified. In 1864 a casual remark by Canon Kingsley in *Macmillan's Magazine* on the indifference of the Roman Church to the virtue of truthfulness, an indifference which he asserted that Dr Newman approved, led to a correspondence which contained on Newman's side the most triumphant and finished irony, and resulted in the publication of the ever-memorable *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*, afterwards more than once slightly recast and described as 'A History of My Religious Opinions,' perhaps the most significant and impressive religious autobiography of the nineteenth century. To many Englishmen less directly hostile than Kingsley, Newman's subtlety seemed often to become sophistry, to make him lose breadth and proportion; from their point of view he split hairs and magnified trifles; unsympathetic critics, like Carlyle, were accordingly led grossly to undervalue Newman's intellectual gifts. Ruskin was at Oxford during the critical stage of the 'movement;' but, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said, while his ablest contemporaries were undergoing the 'Newman fever,' Ruskin seemed never to have known that such a person as Newman existed. Towards those of very opposite schools of thought Newman was himself somewhat unsympathetic; he too judged those harshly whose beliefs he disliked. In him, as always, high idealism involved too great disdain for the humbler and more prosaic temperament, and lofty theological theories sometimes made him blind to the truly religious element in views and systems he disapproved. In 1865 Newman wrote a poem of singular beauty, *The Dream of Gerontius*, a vision of the unseen, with angel-choruses more after the manner of a spiritualised Faust than of Dante; it was republished with the *Verses on Various Occasions* in 1874, and set to music by Dr Elgar in 1900. The famous hymn 'Praise to the Holiest in the height' is from *Gerontius*. In 1870 he published his *Grammar of Assent*, on the philosophy of faith. In the controversies which led to the Vatican Council Newman sided with the Inopportunists. Himself an Ultramontane in belief (he always accepted papal infallibility), he was at this time in vehement opposition to the policy of the Ultramontanes under Manning and William George Ward, and the bitterness between the two parties ran very high. In 1879 Pope Leo XIII., anxious to recognise the great convert's services, summoned Newman to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat. His last years were spent at Edgbaston, and there he died; he was buried at Rednall in Worcestershire. The extracts are selected to show various aspects of his manner.

Music as a Symbol.

Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a

subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the *Magnificat* of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

(From *Sermons before the University.*)

Original Sin.

Starting, then, with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of 'lamentations, and mourning, and woe.'

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths; the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes; the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'having no hope and without God in the world'—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connexions, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world;—*if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact—a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

(From the *Apologia.*)

Protestant Misconceptions.

In this case its fountain springs up, as it were, under our very feet, and we shall have no difficulty at all in judging of its quality. Its history is as follows: Coaches, omnibuses, carriages, and cars day after day drive up and down the Hagley Road; passengers lounge to and fro on the footpath; and close alongside of it are discovered one day the nascent foundations and rudiments of a considerable building. On inquiring, it is found to be intended for a Catholic, nay, even for a monastic establishment. This leads to a good deal of talk, especially when the bricks begin to show above the surface. Meantime the unsuspecting architect is taking his measurements, and ascertains that the ground is far from lying level; and then, since there is a prejudice among Catholics in favour of horizontal floors, he comes to the conclusion that the bricks of the basement must rise above the surface higher at one end of the building than at the other; in fact, that whether he will or no, there must be some construction of the nature of a vault or cellar at the extremity in question, a circumstance not at all inconvenient, considering it also happens to be the kitchen end of the building. Accordingly, he turns his necessity into a gain, and by the excavation of a few feet of earth, he forms a number of chambers convenient for various purposes, partly beneath, partly above the line of the ground. While he is thus intent on his work, loungers, gossipers, alarmists are busy at theirs too. They go round the building; they peep into the underground brickwork, and are curious about the drains; they moralise about Popery and its spread; at length they trespass upon the enclosure, they dive into the half-finished shell, and they take their fill of seeing what is to be seen, and imagining what is not. Every house is built on an idea; you do not build a mansion like a public office, or a palace like a prison, or a factory like a shooting-box, or a church like a barn. Religious houses, in like manner, have their own idea;

they have certain indispensable peculiarities of form and internal arrangement. Doubtless, there was much in the very idea of an oratory perplexing to the Protestant intellect, and inconsistent with Protestant notions of comfort and utility. Why should so large a room be here? why so small a room there? why a passage so long and wide? and why so long a wall without a window?—the very size of the house needs explanation. Judgments which had employed themselves on the high subject of a Catholic hierarchy and its need found no difficulty in dogmatising on bedrooms and closets. There was much to suggest matter of suspicion, and to predispose the trespasser to doubt whether he had yet got to the bottom of the subject. At length one question flashed upon his mind: what can such a house have to do with cellars? cellars and monks, what can be their mutual relation? monks—to what possible use can they put pits, and holes, and corners, and outhouses, and sheds? A sensation was created; it brought other visitors; it spread; it became an impression, a belief; the truth lay bare; a tradition was born; a fact was elicited which henceforth had many witnesses. *Those cellars were cells.* How obvious when once stated! and every one who entered the building, every one who passed by, became, I say, in some sort, ocular vouchers for what had often been read of in books, but for many generations had happily been unknown to England, for the incarcerations, the torturings, the starvings, the immurings, the murderings proper to a monastic establishment.

Now I am tempted to stop for a while in order to *improve* (as the evangelical pulpits call it) this most memorable discovery. I will therefore briefly consider it under the heads of: (1) THE ACCUSATION; (2) ITS GROUNDS; (3) THE ACCUSERS; and (4) THE ACCUSED.

First, THE ACCUSATION. — It is this — that the Catholics, building the house in question, were in the practice of committing *murder*. This was so strictly the charge, that, had the platform selected for making it been other than we know it to have been, I suppose the speaker might have been indicted for libel. His words were these: 'It is not usual for a coroner to hold an *inquest* unless where a rumour had got abroad that there was a *necessity* for one; and how was a rumour to come *from the underground cells of the convents?* Yes, he repeated underground cells: and he would tell them something about such places. At this moment, in the parish of Edgbaston, within the borough of Birmingham, there was a large convent, of some kind or other, being erected, and the whole of the underground was fitted up with cells; *and what were those cells for?*'

Secondly, THE GROUNDS OF THE ACCUSATION.—They are simple; behold them: (1) That the house is built level; (2) and that the plot of earth on which it is built is higher at one end than at the other.

Thirdly, THE ACCUSERS.—This, too, throws light upon the character of Protestant traditions. Not weak and ignorant people only, not people at a distance—but educated men, gentlemen well connected, high in position, men of business, men of character, members of the legislature, men familiar with the locality, men who know the accused by name—such are the men who deliberately, reiteratedly, in spite of being set right, charge certain persons with pitiless, savage practices; with beating and imprisoning, with starving, with murdering their dependents.

Fourthly, THE ACCUSED.—I feel ashamed, my brothers, of bringing my own matters before you, when far better persons have suffered worse imputations; but bear with me. *I*, then, am the accused. A gentleman of blameless character, a county member, with whose near relatives I have been on terms of almost fraternal intimacy for a quarter of a century, who knows me by repute far more familiarly (I suppose) than any one in this room knows me, putting aside my personal friends; he it is who charges me, and others like me, with delighting in blood, with enjoying the shrieks and groans of agony and despair, with presiding at a banquet of dislocated limbs, quivering muscles, and wild countenances. Oh, what a world is this! Could he look into our eyes and say it? Would he have the heart to say it if he recollected of whom he said it? For who are we? Have we lived in a corner? have we come to light suddenly out of the earth? We have been nourished, for the greater part of our lives, in the bosom of the great schools and universities of Protestant England: we have been the foster-sons of the Edwards and Henries, the Wykehams and Wolseys, of whom Englishmen are wont to make much; we have grown up amid hundreds of contemporaries, scattered at present all over the country, in those special ranks of society which are the very walk of a member of the legislature. Our names are better known to the educated classes of the country than those of any others who are not public men. Moreover, if there be men in the whole world who may be said to live *in publico*, it is the members of a college at one of our universities; living, not in private houses, not in families, but in one or two apartments which are open to all the world, at all hours, with nothing, I may say, their own; with college servants, a common table—nay, their chairs and their bedding, and their cups and saucers, down to their coal-scuttle and their carpet brooms—a sort of common property, and the right of their neighbours. Such is that manner of life—in which nothing, I may say, can be hid; where no trait of character or peculiarity of conduct but comes to broad day—such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to my accusers; such is almost the life which we all have led ever since we have been in Birmingham, with our house open to all comers, and ourselves accessible, I may almost say, at any hour; and this being so, considering the *charge*, and the *evidence*, and the *accuser*, and the *accused*, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illustration of the formation and the value of a Protestant tradition?

(From *The Present Position of Catholics.*)

The Sinner before the Judgment-seat.

O what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment-seat of Christ! O what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realise where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were; when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all His warnings which he has set at nought, all His judgments which he has outlived; when that evil one follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul, how it expanded and was confirmed in sin—how it budded forth into leaves and

flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit—till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And, oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailers, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! 'Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand —one minute to explain it! My name is Demas: I am but Demas, not Judas, or Nicolas, or Alexander, or Philetus, or Diotrephes. What? eternal pain! for me! Impossible, it shall not be.' And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. 'O atrocious!' it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the infliction were a proof of its injustice. 'A second! and a third! I can bear no more! Stop, horrible fiend, give over; I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou, I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humour. Nay—I am a Catholic; I am not an unregenerate Protestant; I have received the grace of the Redeemer; I have attended the Sacraments for years; I have been a Catholic from a child; I am a son of the Martyrs; I died in communion with the Church: nothing, nothing which I have ever been, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and to the flame and stench which exhale from thee; so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy of man!'

Alas! poor soul;—and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. 'So comprehensive a mind! Such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!' 'Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!' or, 'It was the saying of a very sensible man;' or, 'A great personage, whom some of us knew;' or, 'It was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more;' or, 'Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so lively, so versatile, so unobtrusive;' or, 'I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy;' or, 'So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind;' 'His discoveries so great;' or, 'His philosophy so profound.' O vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? What profiteth it? His soul is in hell, O ye children of men; while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die.

(From *Discourses to Mixed Congregations.*)

From 'The Dream of Gerontius.'

I went to sleep; and now I am refresh'd,
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said,
'He's gone;' and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry 'Subvenite;' and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.

And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody !

Angel.

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia.
From earth to heaven.

There is a uniform edition of Cardinal Newman's works in thirty-six volumes (1868–81) ; the *Letters and Correspondence* of his earlier public life were edited by Miss Mozley in 1891. There are several lives of him, or books on him, including those by Richard Holt Hutton (1890), E. A. Abbott (critical, or even hostile ; 1892), and Waller and Burrow (1902) ; besides a study of Newman as a prose writer, by L. E. Gates, of Harvard (1899), a study of Newman as a musician (1892), &c. In W. S. Lilly's *Characteristics* (1874) of Newman will be found a large and classified series of extracts from Newman's works. And see reminiscences of Newman in the various works by Dean Church, A. W. Ward, and the Mozleys.

Francis William Newman (1805–97), brother of the cardinal, was a Londoner born, and was educated at Ealing and at Worcester College, Oxford. In 1826 he obtained a double first and a Balliol fellowship, which he resigned ; and he withdrew from the university in 1830, declining subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. After a three years' stay in the East, he became classical tutor in Bristol College in 1834, in 1840 professor in Manchester New College (Unitarian), and in 1846–63 Professor of Latin in University College, London. He took a very keen interest in religious controversy, but with a tendency so diametrically opposed to that of his more famous brother that the elder one conceived it his duty to withdraw from intimacy with the younger, whose ideal faith was one which should include whatever is best in all the historical religions. He wrote in 1847 *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy*. His first notable book, *The Soul* (1849), sought to justify the aspirations of the human heart towards the divine, and has been called 'pietistic.' His most famous work, *Phases of Faith* (1850), is a curious counterpart to his brother's *Apologia*, being also an autobiographical account of religious development. But in his progress Francis was steadily drawn away from historical Christianity towards a theism which did not insist on immortality. The *Phases* led to much controversy, and produced Henry Rogers's *Eclipse of Faith*, with a reply and counter-reply. *Theism* appeared in 1858, and was followed by four volumes of *Miscellanies* (1869–90). Other works were a dictionary and handbook of modern Arabic, two mathematical volumes (1888–89), and a small book on his brother (1891) ; and he was responsible for over fifty books, treatises, or pamphlets in all. He was a keen vegetarian, total abstainer, and anti-tobacconist ; and was as vehement against vaccination as against vivisection.

Thomas Guthrie (1803–73) came from Brechin to study in Edinburgh for the ministry ; and after filling a cure in his native county he rose finally to a charge in Edinburgh, where his eloquence and his labours to reclaim the degraded population won for him a high repute. In 1843 he helped to found the Free Church, and till 1864 attracted to his church of Free St John's crowded audiences, which comprised all the strangers who came to Edinburgh ; for many years he was by far the most eloquent preacher in Scotland. Besides commentaries, sermons, and devotional works, he published a memorable book on social problems, *The City : its Sins and Sorrows ;* and he was the first editor of *The Sunday Magazine*, from 1864. In 1845–46 he raised in eleven months £116,000 for providing Free Church manses ; in 1847 he published his first (of three) *Plea for Ragged Schools*. A man of imposing presence, magnificent voice, and most genial and winning character, Dr Guthrie also used his singular gifts of oratory, of humour and pathos, in the cause of temperance and of compulsory education. His *Autobiography* was edited by his sons (1874–75).

The Beginnings of Ragged Schools.

My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room ; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees ; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character ; and from beneath his shaggy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from his picture to the inscription below ; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets ; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts ; how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge ; and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment—and in my calmer and

cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it—'That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at any rate he was ingenious; and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own. . . .

Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys around Arthur's Seat, we came at length to St Anthony's Well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their 'tinnies' [tin dishes] were ready with a draught of the clear cold water in hope of a halfpenny. . . . We began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless, the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said: 'Would you go to school if—besides your learning—you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as—hearing of three sure meals a day—the boy leaped to his feet and exclaimed: 'Ay, will I, sir, and bring the hail land [the whole tenement or flat] too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed: 'I 'll come for but my dinner, sir!'

William Crowe (1745–1829), son of a Berkshire carpenter who worked at Winchester, became a chorister in the college chapel, was elected a poor scholar of Winchester College, and passing to New College at Oxford, became Fellow and tutor. From 1784 he was rector of Alton Barnes in Wiltshire, and from 1787 public orator of the university. His smooth blank verse *Lewesdon Hill*, which helped to inspire Coleridge, was printed anonymously in 1788, and, much amplified, was reprinted with other poems in 1804 and 1827. Crowe, who was almost a Republican in politics, published several sermons, Latin orations, a treatise on versification, and an edition of Collins's poems. His verses were praised by Wordsworth, Rogers, and Moore, as well as by Coleridge.

Nassau William Senior (1790–1864), political economist and 'prince of interviewers,' was born at Compton Beauchamp, Berks, the son of a Wiltshire vicar, and great-grandson of Aaron Señor, a naturalised Spanish Jew, Nassau Thomas being the name of Aaron's son. From Eton he passed to Magdalen College, Oxford, where in 1812 he took a distinguished first-class in classics. In 1819 he was called to the Bar; in 1825–30, and again in 1847–62, was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford; in 1832 was appointed a Poor-law Commissioner; and in 1836–53 was a Master in Chancery. From the first he was eminently hospitable, sociable, and popular, and amongst his friends and intimates were Whately, Sydney Smith, Cornewall Lewis, De Tocqueville, and Cavour. He had an eager desire to reform the English poor-law; and as he was the author of the report on which the new law of 1834 was founded, he had a principal share in that epoch-making revolution in social economy. He travelled much, and wrote much for the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* and other leading periodicals, his reviews of the Waverley Novels attracting much notice, and his article in the *Edinburgh* on *Vanity Fair* doing much to bring Thackeray's work into notice. Senior takes the most conspicuous place amongst English economists between Ricardo and J. S. Mill; following Ricardo in the main, he is much more readable and less abstract and absolute. He wrote on population, on wages, on money, and a complete treatise on *Political Economy;* his score of published works includes *Biographical Sketches* (1863); *Essays on Fiction* (1864); *Historical and Philosophical Essays* (1865); *Journals, Conversations, and Essays relating to Ireland* (1868); *Journals kept in France* (1871); *Conversations with Thiers, Guizot, and other Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire* (1878–80); and *Conversations in Egypt and Malta* (1882). It was in Paris during the movement of 1848 that he began to keep that full journal in which he recorded, in a manner as yet unprecedented, the substance of his conversations with famous and influential men. He had keen insight, a happy dialectic or maieutic faculty, an admirable (but discriminating) memory, and a precise but facile pen. True it is that he had not a perfect dramatic gift: the speeches of his friends bear the hall-mark of his own mind and style; it is not so much for dramatic point and brilliancy as for political knowledge that the conversations are valuable. He could distinguish between private confidences and matters discreetly to be put on record, and so lost no friends and retained ready access to unlimited stores of information. He frequently had the conversations revised by the interlocutors; and though he was a Whig and of decided opinions, his mind was judicial and his representations have been accepted as eminently fair. Bagehot, a good judge, regarded the *Correspondence and Conversations with De Tocqueville* (1871) as one of the most charming books of that generation. Senior's journals were mostly published after his death by his daughter, Mrs Simpson, who in 1898 issued *Many Memories of Many People.* See Grant Duff in *Nineteenth Century*, August 1878.

Samuel Warren (1807–77), born in Denbighshire, studied medicine at Edinburgh and law at the Inner Temple, was called to the Bar and made a Q.C. (1851); he was Recorder of Hull 1854–74, Conservative member for Midhurst 1856–59, and ultimately a Master in Lunacy. In Edinburgh he had got to know Kit North, De Quincey, and the Blackwood set, and his first literary work, *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1832–37; published separately as a book, the *Diary* was often reprinted, translated, and pirated, spite of the fact that the pathos is mawkish and the stories many of them not a little melodramatic. *Ten Thousand a Year* also appeared in *Blackwood* (from 1839). 'Tittlebat Titmouse' and some of the other characters were manifestly caricatures of recognisable persons; the whole was found highly entertaining, a good many defects were overlooked, and the public were almost as enthusiastic about the story as the author himself, who was glad to believe he had cut out Dickens and most of his contemporaries. The story certainly has had the success of being translated into various tongues and often reprinted. *Now and Then*, a third story, had only a transient success, though it ran through several editions. After the Great Exhibition of 1851 Warren published a slight work, *The Lily and the Bee*, which, calling itself 'an apologue of the Crystal Palace,' was generally voted almost inconceivably puerile. He also edited Blackstone's *Commentaries;* wrote some respectable law-books and some pamphlets on political, social, and religious questions; and reprinted in two volumes a number of reviews from *Blackwood* as *Miscellanies* (1854).

Thomas Wade (1805–75), born at Woodbridge in Suffolk, published his first volume of poems, *Tasso and the Sisters*, in 1825, in which already the influence of Shelley was visible; but is best known by his *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* (1835), frequently also cited as *Songs of the Universe and of the Heart*. One tragedy, *Duke Andrea;* was acted with success in 1828; another, *The Jew of Arragon*, was howled down in 1830 as being too friendly to the Jews; *The Phrenologists* (1830), his one farce, was well received. Of two other dramas one is lost, the other remains in manuscript. Subsequently Wade published a number of verse pamphlets, *Death and Love*, *Helena*, &c.; a poem based on a story from a French translation of Mickiewicz, and a translation of Dante's *Inferno* in Dante's own stanza; and a series of sonnets.

Mr Buxton Forman tried to revive interest in Wade, and printed selections of his poetry in Miles's *Poets of the Century* (1891–96); see also *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, by Dr W. R. Nicoll and Mr T. J. Wise (1895–96).

William Drennan (1754–1820), the Tyrtæus of the United Irish movement at the end of the eighteenth century, and the reputed author of the familiar expression 'the Emerald Isle,' was the son of a Presbyterian minister of Belfast, where he was born. Drennan was educated at Glasgow University, and graduated there in 1771. Subsequently he studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he became the pupil and friend of Dugald Stewart. Settling in the north of Ireland as a physician, Drennan was early drawn into the Irish Volunteer movement. In 1789 he moved to Dublin, where he became connected with T. A. Emmet, Wolfe Tone, and others, and in 1791 wrote the first statement of the objects of the United Irish Society, of which he was one of the founders. In the next few years Drennan produced a succession of lyrics which, from their appropriateness to the state of feeling largely prevailing in Ireland at the time, became widely popular. Of these the poems, 'To the Memory of William Orr' and 'When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood'—in which the phrase 'the Emerald Isle' first occurs—achieved the widest measure of popularity. In 1807 Drennan, who by this time had retired from politics, returned to Belfast, where he founded the *Belfast Magazine*. In 1815 his lyrics were collected in a volume of *Fugitive Pieces*, a title which sufficiently expresses the occasional character of Drennan's verse, though it hardly does justice to the powerful influence which some at least of his poetry undoubtedly exerted on his countrymen.

Erin.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood
God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone—
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West;
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
Oh! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime;
When man in God's image inverted His plan
And moulded his God in the image of man.

. . . . . .

Alas! for poor Erin, that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green:
Yet oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And, uplifted to strike, be as ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share
With the full swelling chest and the fair flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft, swelling wave.
Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest!
Rise! Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West.

Cæsar Otway (1780–1842), not the least gifted of the school of writers who in the second quarter of the nineteenth century adorned the Irish capital, was born in County Tipperary. After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1801, he took orders as a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, and passed the best years of his life as an unknown country curate. Appointed to the chaplaincy of the Magdalen Asylum, Otway came to Dublin, where in 1825 he started a religious magazine, *The Christian Examiner*. To the pages of this periodical—in which many of Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* first appeared—Otway contributed a series of sketches of rural Ireland, in which he embodied the results of an intimate acquaintance with the less-known districts of Ireland, and of a thorough insight into the peculiarities of Irish life and character. Combining a distinct talent for descriptive writing with a warm appreciation of Irish scenery and remarkable antiquarian knowledge, these papers at once became popular. They were republished under the title of *Sketches in Ireland* (1827), and were followed, after a long interval, by *A Tour in Connaught* (1839) and *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly* (1841). Though all three volumes were published anonymously their authorship was no secret, and Otway acquired a reputation which still endures in Ireland. He took part with Petrie in founding the well-known antiquarian magazine, the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and was a frequent contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*. Though a strong Conservative in politics and a pronounced evangelical Churchman, Otway thoroughly understood Ireland and the Irish. His sketches of the peasantry are marked by a kindly humour and a generous sympathy; while his feeling for nature was as deep as it was happily expressed. His *Sketches* will always have a value as authentic pictures of the Ireland which vanished with the famine of 1847.

The Poolnashanthana.

We now ascended the hill a little higher, and came to a chasm that yawned unexpectedly at our feet. It was about fifty yards long and about ten wide; and down about eighty feet below you saw the sea as green and clear as an emerald, rising and heaving softly and harmoniously, and disclosing many fathoms deep all the magnificent and beauteously tinted vegetations that adorn the caverns of the ocean. Sunk in the middle of the fair plain, you cannot at first imagine how came the sea here; but by-and-by you see that it is open at both ends, that in fact the roof of a great sea cave, that has penetrated through this promontory, has fallen in; and you learn that you can enter at the north-east of the promontory, and passing along in a boat for nearly half-a-mile, can come out at its south-western side; and that this is a great skylight, by which the sun and air are admitted into the recesses and sonorous labyrinths of this great excavation. It is called Poolnashanthana. There are many of the kind on this coast, and I had already observed a fine one in the Mullet of Erris. But this one at Downpatrick Head is far and away the deepest, the largest, the grandest I have seen, and is certainly a great natural curiosity. At the bottom of this chasm there is a ledge of rock, perhaps the remains of the fallen-in roof, which is bare when the tide is out, and which, covered as it is with sea vegetations that never have been disturbed, presents a perch for the cormorant and a bed for the seal, and around which the lobster crawls and hunts its prey amid the translucent recesses.

On a soft, sunny day, when all above and below is still, it is pleasant to wear away the lazy hour in looking down from above, and ponder on the beautiful contrasts of light and shade that this cavern presents; to see the riven rock painted by nature's own hand with ochres, red, brown, and yellow; lichens scarlet, white, orange —crystallisations of lime, iron, or silex, sparkling where a sunbeam brightened them. Down below, the starfish and medusa, floating in purple beauty and spreading out their efflorescent rays; while every now and then the quiet modulations of the incoming tide, as they sigh below, are broken in upon by the cooing of the sea-pigeon in its safe fastness, or the hoarse shriek of the caitiff cormorant, as it reposes after the success of its fishing in the calm deep. I would like to spend some of the few idle days my lot allows me in this busy world hanging over this Poolnashanthana, and in quiet loneliness admiring how beautiful and grand and good God is in His multitudinous creations.

(From *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly.*)

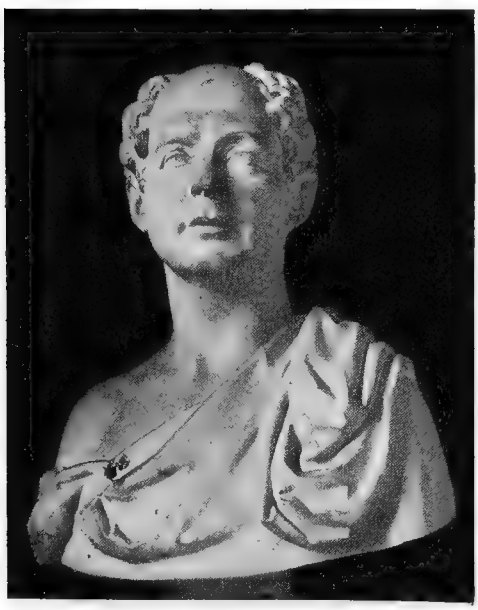
Thomas Moore,*

one of the most accomplished poets, and certainly the most successful Irish man of letters of the nineteenth century, was born on the 28th May 1779 in Dublin, where his father was a grocer and wine-merchant of humble position. He was educated by Mr Whyte, then a well-known Dublin schoolmaster, and in 1794 entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was one of the first to take advantage of the admission of Roman Catholics to the studies of the university. A natural leaning to popular views in politics led to a close friendship with Robert Emmet, which involved Moore in some trouble with the authorities of the college; but he was acquitted of complicity with the United Irish Society, and neither then nor later does Moore appear to have held views more advanced than those of the Whig leaders with whom he was to become so intimately associated. He retained, however, a cordial admiration for Emmet, and never lost an opportunity of testifying to the nobility of character possessed by his early friend.

Moore early developed the talent for versification and the taste for music which he was to combine to such great advantage, and even from his entrance into college had contributed sundry verses to Dublin periodicals. As early as 1794, in his sixteenth year, he had published in the *Anthologia Hibernica* a paraphrase of the fifth ode of Anacreon; and by the time he had left college he had completed his translation of the verses attributed to that writer. In 1799, having taken his degree, he proceeded to London, to enter at the Middle Temple with a view to joining the Bar, taking with him his translations, which had received in manuscript the approval of competent

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem "At the Mid Hour of Night," page 348.

critics. In 1800 the Odes appeared, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, to whom Moore had been presented by influential Irish friends with whom the poet's remarkable social gifts had made him popular. Moore's version of the Greek poet, though it had about it much more of Moore than of Anacreon, caught the taste of the day, and his reputation was at once made. At two-and-twenty he had become the fashion in the most exclusive *salons* of London; he sang, improvised, and chatted with easy gaiety for the amusement of his patrons; and was, as he wrote at this time, 'happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish.' In 1801 he published his first



THOMAS MOORE.

From the Bust (1842) by Christopher Moore, R.H.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

volume of original poetry, *Poems by the late Thomas Little*, which were much admired and served to increase his fame, and in which, though the inspiration of his highest poetry was wanting, he displayed a lively fancy, an agreeable sparkle, and a remarkable facility for versification.

In 1803 Moore received, through the patronage of Lord Moira, an Admiralty appointment at Bermuda; but he soon found that the expectation of valuable receipts from prize causes which had been held out to him would not be realised, and in 1804 he returned to England, leaving his duties to the care of a deputy. In 1806 appeared his *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, with a dedication to Lord Moira, his constant friend. The contents of this volume were chiefly written during his absence from Europe, and were much coloured by allusions to America, which Moore had visited on his way home, and of whose institutions he had formed an unfavourable judgment. In his preface he spoke with unmeasured disapproval of American politics, and of the state of American society, both of which were severely satirised in his *Epistles*. Unfortunately he said 'just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince;' and his book was in consequence most unfavourably reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*. The acrimony of the article led to a challenge and a hostile meeting, which happily had none but ludicrous results. Ultimately, through the mediation of Rogers, the critic apologised, and the poet became a regular contributor to the review in which he had been maligned.

The year 1807 witnessed a much more successful literary venture. In conjunction with Sir John Stevenson, who adapted the music of familiar Irish airs, Moore published the first number of his *Irish Melodies*. With these he at once achieved a popularity which was not confined to the comparatively narrow circle in which he had previously been admired. The *Melodies* long retained the hold upon the English public which they immediately acquired; with the Irish they have never lost it. National verse wedded to national music, and brightened in every line by the poet's charm and felicity of sentiment and language, the *Irish Melodies* served to symbolise the national aspirations of Ireland in a form which touched without offending the susceptibilities of the sister people; and Moore displayed in his handling of his theme a tact which was as remarkable as the technical finish of his songs. Though occasionally marred by an excess of epigram which scarcely harmonised with the subjects of his verse, the *Melodies* as a whole display Moore's lyrical genius at its highest; and the topics to which they relate lent them the dignity which is sometimes wanting in their author's Muse. Few literary enterprises have ever been better remunerated. Moore received a hundred guineas for each song in a series of above one hundred and thirty; but the publication was spread over a period of more than twenty-five years. Akin to the *Irish Melodies*, but less naturally inspired and on the whole much inferior to them, is the series of *National Airs* (1815); but the latter contains some of Moore's more characteristic verses, and in particular one of the most familiar of all, the well-known 'Oft, in the Stilly Night.' *Sacred Songs* (1816), also in the same vein, have little to commend them.

In 1813 Moore, who had previously tried his hand unsuccessfully as a satirist in three ambitious pieces, *Corruption. Intolerance*, and *The Sceptic*, a philosophical satire—of which the first dwelt upon the ill effects on Ireland of the Revolution of 1688—fell back on his earlier manner. Adapting to political topics the turn for epigram which had been so marked in his *Odes and Epistles*, he devoted himself to the congenial task of lampooning the Prince Regent and his circle, to the great delight of the Whig politicians, who felt themselves aggrieved by the desertion of their

former patron. Moore contrived to cover the Prince and his Ministers with a ridicule as galling as it was diverting, and his lampoons, republished in *The Twopenny Post-Bag* (1813), ran rapidly through several editions. Nothing that Moore attempted in his long career better suited his powers than these admirable pasquinades, and in the *Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), as well as in a series of satirical verses of a similar kind—*Fables for the Holy Alliance; Odes upon Cash, Corn, and Catholics;* and *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress*—he illustrated still further a talent for political satire which no English writer in the same kind has surpassed or indeed equalled.

Moore was now at the zenith of his fame, and even the splendour of Byron's rising star could not eclipse his extraordinary reputation. With that amazing genius, whose life he was afterwards to write and with whose name his own is so closely associated in so many ways, Moore was already on terms of friendship. The influence of the younger on the elder poet, whose genius was essentially imitative, was plainly shown both in Moore's choice of a subject for his next important performance and in his mode of handling it. *Lalla Rookh*, commenced in 1815, was published in 1817, and at once led to comparisons not unfavourable to Moore with Byron and Scott, whose metrical methods were followed by the Irish poet. So great was the repute of Moore that he received from Longmans for this poem the immense sum of £3000. Moore caught with great felicity the Oriental tone and colouring; and the work, which should never be read apart from its admirable prose setting, is certainly a marvellous metrical *tour-de-force*. But there is a note of artificiality about the whole, and even the strongest passages of the poem are lacking in sincerity of passion or emotion.

In 1818, owing to defalcations by his deputy at Bermuda, Moore was obliged to seek refuge in Paris from his creditors, and remained abroad for three years. During his absence he wrote *The Loves of the Angels*, with the exception of *Lalla Rookh* the longest and most ambitious of his works, but much inferior in quality and treatment to the Oriental tale. As in the case of the earlier work, this poem evinces very markedly the influence of Byron. He also wrote at this period a prose fiction, *The Epicurean*, published in 1827.

For the remaining years of his career Moore's industry was chiefly devoted to prose. In 1824 he wrote the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, in which the abuses of the Irish Church establishment were severely satirised, and in 1827 a *Life of Sheridan*, which showed considerable biographical skill. In 1830 Moore produced in his *Life of Byron* one of the best-known and most criticised books in the language. No literary contemporary was so well fitted as Moore to be the biographer of his friend, and he had been marked out for the task by Byron's gift of his own Memoirs. His exercise of a discretion he was entitled to use in destroying a work which, whatever its faults, must have abounded in personal interest, has been much canvassed. It is certain that no one in Moore's position would now act as Moore acted, but not so certain that Moore was not in the right. At any rate it is impossible not to admire his loyalty to a friend's memory and the unselfish spirit which he showed in this action. Moore's biography did much to set Byron right with the public opinion of his contemporaries, and can never be entirely superseded; while his edition of Byron's works has only very recently been displaced as the standard publication.

In 1831 appeared the *Life of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald*, a task for which Moore was well qualified; and in 1834 he returned, in *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, to the subject he had touched in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*. A *History of Ireland* which he undertook about this time is destitute of merit of any kind; but it was written in ill-health and with declining powers, and is therefore no fair specimen of Moore's capacity in this form of composition. Moore's latter years, from the publication of this work in 1846, were spent in the shadow of continually decreasing health, and from 1849 to his death on the 25th of February 1852 his state was little better than that of Swift's closing years. Despite the liberality with which his work was remunerated—he received, as he states in his *Diary*, not less than £20,000 for copyright—his circumstances were almost continuously embarrassed; but the friendship of Lord Melbourne alleviated his anxieties by the bestowal in 1835 of a literary pension of £300 a year. To this was added in 1850 a Civil List pension of £100 to Mrs Moore.

It was the fortune of Moore to achieve among his contemporaries a reputation far in excess of that to which his talents entitled him. But the reaction has been equal and opposite; and it has been his fate to be as unduly belittled by posterity as he was once extravagantly belauded. It is easy to institute comparisons with Byron and Scott, or contrasts with Wordsworth and Shelley, which are not to Moore's advantage. But however unfavourable the conclusions which may be drawn by such methods of criticism, they cannot affect the title of the author of such varied work as the *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh*, the *Twopenny Post-Bag*, and the *Life of Byron* to be considered as the most versatile writer of a period singularly wealthy in literary merit of every kind. 'A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord Lansdowne, Mr Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron must,' says Lord John Russell, 'have had social as well as literary merits of no common order.' But in truth the testimony of such men to his poetical ability is even more striking than their tribute to his social worth; and posterity may not lightly assail a reputation so powerfully guaranteed. Few writers have ever

succeeded in a greater degree in attracting the admiration of those whose praise is in itself distinction; and though it be true that the homage rendered to Moore by his contemporaries was largely increased by his rare personal charm, the impression he created in the minds of the best judges of his day must not be wholly lost sight of in estimating his position as a poet. His origin considered, the rapidity with which Moore won his way to the affectionate regard of the most distinguished men in English politics and letters is a sufficient proof of Moore's great personal attractiveness; while the fact that he never lost through life the friendships he so easily acquired is the best evidence of the real sincerity and rectitude which formed the basis of a character essentially loving and lovable.

At the Mid Hour of Night.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the region of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such a pleasure to hear!
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear;
And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

When He who Adores Thee.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree,
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

She is far from the Land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note that he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for her love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

Echo.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh is quite sincere—
And only then—
The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

The Light of other Days.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

As Slow our Ship.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we 've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us.

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave,
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, lone one!
To pine on thy stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

A Vision.

'Up,' said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirled me away
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air;
For it glimmered o'er with a doubtful light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;
And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back;
And I felt like a needle that 's going astray
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay;
When the Spirit he grinned and whispered me,
'Thou 'rt now in the Court of Chancery.'

. . . . . .

I looked and I saw a wizard rise,
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes;
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckoned his embryo band,
And they moved and moved, as he waved it o'er,
But they never got on one inch the more;
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero—
And I heard the while that wizard elf
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
While o'er as many papers he turned
As Hume ere moved for, or Omar burned.
He talked of his Virtue, though some, less nice,
He owned, with a sigh, preferred his *Vice*—
And he said 'I think,' 'I doubt,' 'I hope;'
Called God to witness, and damned the Pope;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand
I couldn't for the soul of me understand.
Amazed and posed, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams without,
The merciless clacks of the imps within,
And that conjurer's mutterings, made such a din
That startled I woke—leaped up in my bed—
Found the Spirit, the imps and the conjurer fled,
And blessed my stars, right pleased to see
That I wasn't as yet in Chancery.

(From *Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics*, &c.)

The Vale of Cashmere.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look at her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet [meet:—
From the cool, shining walks where the young people
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks;
Hills, cupolas, fountains called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes
Sublime from that valley of bliss to the world!

(From 'The Light of the Harem' in *Lalla Rookh.*)

Namouna, the Enchantress.

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequestered bower,
With no one near to soothe or aid
But that inspired and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the enchantress—one
O'er whom his golden race the sun
For unremembered years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay rather, as the west-wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna's birth.

(From 'The Light of the Harem' in *Lalla Rookh.*)

The Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore were edited by Lord John Russell, who applied the £3000 paid by Longmans for the copyright to the benefit of Moore's widow. This work, published in 1856, is in many respects most unsatisfactory, but remains the only Memoir of the poet on a large scale. Moore's poetical works were collected and edited by himself in 1842, with autobiographic introductions to the principal pieces.

C. LITTON FALKINER.

James Wills (1790–1868) was the younger son of a Roscommon squire of good estate and of Cornish extraction. He was educated near Dublin, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1809. Here he formed one of a brilliant coterie of undergraduates, among whom the best-known name is that of Charles Wolfe the poet. In 1821 he entered at the Middle Temple with the intention of being called to the Bar; but the loss of a considerable fortune through the improvidence of an elder brother left him without the means of pursuing a legal career. He returned to Ireland, and, having married, in 1822 he settled near Dublin. He took orders in the same year, but being for a time without preferment, he devoted himself eagerly to literary pursuits, which were thenceforth the main interest of his life. He became an active contributor, both in prose and verse, to the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and other periodicals. Later he was connected with the *Irish Quarterly Review*. In 1831 he published in Dublin *The Disembodied and other Poems*, being a collection of poems written during several years; and in 1835 there appeared the *Philosophy of Unbelief*, a work which had a wide vogue in its day, and in which the author's strong bent for metaphysical speculation asserted itself. By this time Wills had been nominated to a curacy in Kilkenny, the county in which most of his subsequent life was passed, and in which he held successively two important parishes. But his clerical duties interfered but little with his literary activity, and in 1839 he published the first volume of an important biographical work, *Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen*, which occupied him for several years. This work was subsequently reissued under the rather misleading title of *The Irish Nation*. Though scarcely designed on any scientific principle, it was prosecuted with great industry, and is still valuable for its notices of many minor figures in Irish history and literature who are not elsewhere commemorated. Wills's other original contributions to literature include *Dramatic Sketches and other Poems* (1845), *The Idolatress and other Poems* (1868), as well as several theological publications. His longer poems give evidence of a strong dramatic instinct, while his shorter pieces are frequently spirited and even powerful, and indicate the striking personality and many-sided sympathies of their author. Wills was the father of the well-known nineteenth-century dramatist, W. G. Wills.

To the Minstrel O'Connellan.

Whenever harp-note ringeth
Ierne's isle around,
Thy hand its sweetness ringeth,
Surpassing mortal sound;
Thy spirit music speaketh
Above the minstrel throng,
And thy rival vainly seeketh
The secret of thy song.

In the castle, in the shieling,
In foreign kingly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling,
And honoured first of all!
Thy wild and wizard finger
Sweepeth chords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
In the memories of the heart.

Though fairy music slumbers
By forest-glade and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
Men say 'tis living still!
All its compass of wild sweetness
Thy master-hand obeys,
As its airy, fitful fleetness
O'er harp and heart-string plays.

By thee the thrill of anguish
Is softly lulled to rest;
By thee the hopes that languish,
Rekindled in the breast.
Thy spirit chaseth sorrow
Like morning mists away,
And gaily robes to-morrow
In the gladness of thy lay.

Thomas Colley Grattan (1792–1864) was the son of a Dublin solicitor, read law for a time, became a militia officer, lived much in Paris and Brussels, and for a while was consul in Boston, U.S. He commenced his literary career with a poetical romance entitled *Philibert* (1819). In 1823 appeared his *Highways and Byways*, picturesque

tales of Continental wandering and adventure. These were so well received that he wrote a second series, published in 1825, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he ventured on a novel in four volumes, *The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*, dealing with the Flemish struggle against the Spaniards. He produced also *Tales of Travel*, histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland, and some twenty works in all, including a tragedy, several novels, and books on America. His pictures of ordinary life in French provinces, sketched with cheerful observant spirit as he wandered in highways and byways, were perhaps his best work.

Richard Lalor Sheil (1791–1851) was a distinguished ornament of that school of Irish rhetoric in which Grattan's is the most illustrious name. The son of a retired Cadiz merchant, a native of Tipperary, he was born at Drumdowney, County Kilkenny. He received his school education in England, first at the establishment of a French *émigré* at Kensington, and afterwards at Stonyhurst. In 1807 Sheil matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin. Four years later he entered Lincoln's Inn, but his call to the Irish Bar was deferred through straitened means until 1814. To defray the expenses preliminary to his admission to the Four Courts he wrote *Adelaide*, the first of a series of plays which were to engage his leisure in the next few years. Sheil, however, though possessed of considerable literary gifts, was no Sheridan, and it cannot be said that his plays are undeserving of the oblivion that has overtaken them. What success they enjoyed in their day was due mainly to the fine acting of Miss O'Neil. The defect which was noted in most of them—that the interest was too exclusively concentrated on the heroine—was doubtless due to their being written largely to suit that actress. The most fortunate, and perhaps the most deservedly fortunate, of these dramatic efforts was *Evadne*, produced in 1819. Sheil's progress at the Bar was slow, nor did he ever attain a commanding position there. His earlier years at the profession were, indeed, much more occupied with literature than with law, and when he did apply himself to legal matters it was chiefly to observe and reproduce the characteristics of the leading lawyers of the day. In 1821, in conjunction with W. H. Curran, a son of the great orator of that name, he contributed to Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* a series of 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' which attracted considerable attention. Sheil's articles in this series were subsequently collected in *Legal and Political Sketches*. They are in every instance brightly and pointedly written, and, though meant for the hour only, they embalm much that the historian of the times will value. It is neither by his dramas nor by his essays that Sheil best deserves remembrance, and yet it was not until he had acquired a notable reputation in both these capacities that he attained to fame as an orator. As early as 1813 he had made a speech on the Catholic question before a Dublin audience which had been highly praised by competent critics; but more than ten years were to elapse before he revealed his real powers in this direction. The agitation for Catholic Emancipation aroused all the strongest feelings of an imaginative and emotional temperament, and the speeches he delivered on political platforms in Ireland in 1825 had a marked influence on public opinion in that country. Sheil heartily co-operated with O'Connell in the campaign which terminated in the Clare election; but it was not until three years after the cause of Emancipation had triumphed that he entered the House of Commons. In that assembly Sheil was less successful than on the platform, for reasons which have been sufficiently given by a most friendly critic, Thomas Moore: 'His voice has no medium tone, and, when exerted, becomes a scream; his action theatrical and of the barn order of theatricals; but still his oratorical powers are great, and capable of producing (in an Irish audience at least) great excitement' (Moore's *Diary*, September 1830). But despite these drawbacks some of Sheil's parliamentary speeches reach the highest level of oratory, and the fine rebuke (quoted below) to Lord Lyndhurst for his scornful description of the Irish people as 'aliens' is a good example of the force and dignity of his best passages. Sheil was associated, but not very closely or heartily, with the Repeal movement, and subsequently drew closer to the Whig than to the avowedly Irish party in the House of Commons. As such he was taken up by Lord John Russell, was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and nominated to the Privy Council. In Russell's Ministry of 1846 Sheil was Master of the Mint; and in 1850 he became Minister at the court of Tuscany, a position he continued to hold until his death in the year following.

Speech in the House of Commons on Irish Municipal Bill, 1837.

Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blenched. And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose—when, with words familiar but

immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe. The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

The Speeches of the Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil, M.P., were edited in 1845, with a Memoir, by Thomas MacNevin; *Sketches, Legal and Political*, were edited, with notes, in 1855, by M. W. Savage (2 vols.); *Memoirs of Richard Lalor Sheil*, by W. Torrens McCullagh, were published in the latter year.

William Carleton (1794–1869) was the son of a small farmer in Tyrone, and the youngest of fourteen children. His origin was of a kind well suited to equip the future story-teller for his task; for Carleton's father, though of humble position, was a man of considerable native power, and acquainted with the Irish as well as the English tongue. Carleton got most of his early education in one of those hedge-schools which he was afterwards to describe so inimitably. Born a Roman Catholic, he was intended by his parents for the priesthood; but conscientious scruples interfered with this prospect, and eventually Carleton became a Protestant. Having somehow acquired a fair education, he became a tutor to a farmer's family in Louth, whence he removed to Dublin. After some time spent in the drudgery of teaching, he succeeded in getting appointed to a school in Mullingar, where he settled for a time, contributing articles on literary subjects to the local newspaper. From Mullingar he went to Carlow, but in 1828 returned to the capital, where, becoming acquainted with the Rev. Cæsar Otway, the editor of the *Christian Examiner*, he was invited to become a contributor, and began his literary career.

From 1828 to 1834 Carleton contributed to the periodical just named the series of sketches which form his principal contribution to literature. His *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* were drawn from life, and in part, indeed, embalmed the actual experiences of the writer. For minute observation, and for the insight into the character of the Irish peasantry which they display, Carleton's stories have never been surpassed. The first collected series appeared in 1830, and a second in 1833; while *Tales of Ireland* were issued in 1834. The *Traits and Stories* soon won their way to public favour, and for the next few years Carleton was a constant contributor to Irish periodicals of every kind. In 1837 he commenced in the *Dublin University Magazine* his first sustained novel, *Fardorougha the Miser*. Though this work, by far the best of his more elaborate efforts, more than sufficed to refute the criticism that Carleton could only write short tales, its importance is not comparable with that of the *Traits*; nor, indeed, can it be said that the author achieves in any of his novels the success of his shorter stories. *Fardorougha* was followed in 1841 by *The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan*, another series of tales, and in 1845 by *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. *Valentine M'Clutchy* (1845), *Rody the Rover* (1847), and *The Tithe Proctor* (1848) are all novels in which various phases of the Irish land war supply the colouring matter; while *The Black Prophet* (1847) is occupied with the Potato Famine. Others of Carleton's novels are *The Red Hall, or the Baronet's Daughter* (1852); *The Squanders of Castle Squander* (1854); *Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn* (1855); and *Redmond, Count O'Hanlon* (1862). Interspersed between these were written a vast quantity of short tales. In 1848 the merit of Carleton's work was acknowledged by the grant of a Civil List pension of £200 a year. The last months of his life were occupied with a long-contemplated, but constantly postponed, autobiography, which was left unfinished.

It is by his *Traits and Stories* rather than by his novels that Carleton lives and deserves to live. Of the many writers who in the second quarter of the nineteenth century sought to illustrate the manners and character of the Irish peasant, none used so realistic a brush and none produced so vivid an impression. His verse is not a very considerable part of Carleton's work; but *Sir Turlough, or the Churchyard Bride*, has a weird impressiveness, and has been praised by Sir Theodore Martin as 'the most successful legendary ballad of modern times.'

An Irish Village.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch as it rose in the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud-shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it; whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear, deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers, during the summer season, lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village-school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope, or watering-ground in the bank, brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into

the fearful depths of the whirlpool, under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time that I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see, in imagination, the two bunches of water flaggons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the boreen [a little road or by-road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road — an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge, in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road ; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a thick coat of mud ; some of old, narrow, bottomless tubs ; and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, secured together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier ; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out by the doors and windows ; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water ; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman, with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures, and you might notice, if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation, in every sink as you pass along, a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment ; or, perhaps, an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half-a-dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating ; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

(From 'The Hedge School' in *Traits and Stories.*)

C. LITTON FALKINER.

Michael Banim (1796–1874) and **John Banim** (1798–1842), two brothers who are best known as the authors of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, represent a remarkably successful instance of literary collaboration. It has never been possible to assign correctly the respective shares of the two brothers in the fame collectively acquired. But it seems as though the higher reputation enjoyed by the younger was due rather to the resolute self-abnegation of his senior than to his superior merit. The Banims were born in Kilkenny, where their father kept what Moore in his *Diary* describes as 'a little powder and shot shop,' much resorted to by local sportsmen. They were educated together at Kilkenny College ; but John, evincing a taste for painting, was in 1813 sent to Dublin to study drawing. After some years devoted to art John turned to literature, and quickly produced two dramas, *Turgesius* and *Damon and Pythias*, of which the latter was produced at Covent Garden by Macready and Charles Kemble in 1821. He also wrote an elaborate poem, *The Celt's Paradise*. In the following year—John having settled in London, where he contributed to the *Literary Register*—the brothers commenced the publication of the *O'Hara* series. The tales at once became popular, and as a result of their success the next work published by them, *Boyne Water* (1825), found a numerous audience. These stories were mostly conceived on historical lines, and they did much, as was intended, to interest the English public in Irish questions and to lead to a fuller comprehension of certain phases of Irish character. A further series of *Tales* appeared in 1826, and included *The Nowlans*, for which Colburn gave a large sum. This work failed, however, to sustain the reputation of its predecessors, a failure due probably to the breakdown of John Banim's health. The brothers, however, continued to collaborate, John's intellectual activity being maintained in spite of bodily failure, and in 1829 a final series of *O'Hara Tales* appeared. John had meantime produced independently a set of essays, *Reflections on the Dead-Alive* (1824), and *Sylla*, a tragedy, besides numerous contributions to magazines. In 1836 he became paralysed in the lower limbs, and received a pension of £150 from the Civil List, together with a further grant of £40 yearly for his daughter. His strength thenceforward ebbed away, and though he survived six years longer, he had ceased to work. A Life by P. J. Murray appeared in 1857.

Michael Banim long survived his younger brother, but like him was all his life in straitened circumstances. In 1853, however, he was appointed postmaster of Kilkenny, and on his retirement twenty years later received an allowance from the Royal Literary Fund. His chief works after his brother's death were *Clough Fionn* (1852) and *The Town of the Cascades* (1864). The *O'Hara Tales* have often been compared to the Waverley Novels, and no doubt they, like Miss Edgeworth's and Gerald Griffin's works, served in a great degree to do for Ireland what the 'Waverley' series did for Scotland. But the Banims lacked the broad sanity and kindly humour of Scott, while they were without the wholesome cheerfulness of Maria Edgeworth. They moved, especially the younger, on a more tragic plane, and it is the more gloomy elements in the Celtic temperament that they most success-

fully reproduce. But they possessed in a high degree that brooding historical imagination which is a conspicuous trait in the Irish peasantry, and their stories are true to that side of Irish life which they chose to illustrate.

Soggarth Aroon.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon.

Ságart, priest; *arún*, dear

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor out of fear to you—
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you*,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen-floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon?
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my eye was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
In love they 'll never shake,
When for Ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon?

(By John Banim.)

Terence O'Brien.

During his term of sea-service Terence O'Brien had unconsciously contracted some characteristics which rendered him a puzzle to his present neighbours and, indeed, a contradiction to himself—or, at least, to Terence O'Brien that then was, and Terence O'Brien that used to be, once upon a time. For instance. In his more youthful days, he had engaged in some one of those many rustic combinations for which the Irish peasantry are celebrated, and which can best be accounted for by considering that their wants make them discontented, and the injuries which often produce those wants, reckless of all consequences, when their object is vengeance on the nearest palpable aggressor. Terence and his associates violated the law of the land; rewards for their apprehension were offered; some of them were discovered, tried, and hanged; and he himself, to avoid the fate that seemed to await him, absconded from his native place, 'and never cried stop, nor let the grass grow under his feet,' till he had arrived in 'Cork's own town,' distant about one hundred miles (Irish) from his starting-point. There, scarce yet pausing to take breath, he entered on board a man-of-war, as his most secure hiding-place; and thus the wild Irishman, who, but a few hours before, had been denounced as almost a traitor to the State, became one of its sworn defenders; ay, and in a very short time, if not at that very moment, one of its most loyal and sincere defenders. This character grew upon him, and in it fully confirmed he returned home after a long absence, in peaceful and oblivious times, much to the non-edification of his stationary neighbours, as has been intimated. Further. As a Whiteboy, before going on his travels, Terence had mortally hated England, England's king, and the very name of everything English: in the same ratio, had loved England's foes, of all denominations—the French, her 'natural enemies,' as they have been somewhat strangely called, above all others. But none of these youthful prejudices did Terence bring home with him. 'Long life and a long reign to King George!' was now his shout, while the hairs on his head bristled in enmity against 'parly-woos;' and good reason why for both sentiments—sensations rather. During half his amphibious existence, Terence's grog had been sweetened by pouring it down his throat, among his ship-comrades, with a grateful mention of the name of his Britannic Majesty, and Terence's only thoughts and efforts constantly directed towards the discomfiture of the ill-wishers of that august personage. The loss of his arm, and of half his nose, with the disgraceful substitution of that half by the half of a Frenchman's 'snub,' gave him personal cause to detest the Gallic race. So that he might be said to loathe the French to the marrow of his bones—yea, even of those portions of his bones which had been severed from his body and cast to the sharks.

(From *The Bit o' Writin'*.)

The Pirate's Return.

'It was of a dreary night in December I first met your brother Collum, sir,' said Father Fenelly when he and Mr Felix M'Carty, as we are now obliged to call him, discoursed together shortly after the old pirate's story had been related, 'of a Saturday night, too; I remember it well; one of the last upon which my poor people crowd into the little chapel to prepare for their Christmas duty.

Ere I entered the confessional I had observed a very remarkable man sauntering, or rather dodging, about the chapel-yard that was before the chapel-door. He wore a sailor's dress; one marking the degree above the common sailor, for aught I know; but his air, his face, his step, and the whole bearing of his tall, straight figure suggested, at all events, the idea of a superior person. Something wondering to see a stranger of his kind in such a place, and also recollecting that on one or two occasions before I had noticed him, at a distance, in the lonesome walks about the village, I passed into the chapel, sat down in my confession-box, and began the duties of the evening. A great number, as is usual on the approach of Christmas and Easter, were waiting on my ministry, or "to be heard," as we call it, in their turns; and I could not change fast enough in my box for them, and open the slide of the little round orifice at either side, to listen alternately to the varied avowals of human frailty that craved my advice, my control, and finally, through my mouth, a conditional promise of pardon from my God. An hour might have been thus spent, when, chancing to look out through the slit in the curtain of my box, I recognised the tall and almost sublime figure of the stranger, leaning against one of the little rude props that supported the thatched roof of my humble chapel. From another prop, the weak light of a tin sconce, or lamp, fell upon his features, and allowed me to see their expression; and I thought I read upon his cloudy brow, and his rolling eye, and in his half-open and contorted mouth the story of a bosom blackened with crime, torn with remorse, and just beginning to work in the terrible labour of a first repentance. I could perceive that he eyed askance the humble crowds that, in the twilight, knelt around him where he stood; and, now and then, that his agitated glance followed those who came, some moving on their knees, to confess their burden of sin; and those who, their ordeal over, returned from the confessional to the railing of the sanctuary to throw themselves there, in aspirations of thanks to God, and of promises of future virtue. Having remarked him for some time, I proceeded in my duty. About another hour elapsed before I thought I could properly spare time to pay him more attention, and a sweet little child of thirteen or fourteen, who went from me with permission to approach her first communion, had, accompanied by her father, also a penitent of the evening, gone to the sanctuary to complete their devotions; when I was alarmed by a sudden noise and outcry, that spread among all the people of the chapel, and hastily stepping out of my box, I found the poor stranger just after flinging himself prostrate by the side of the child, while his frame shook, groans and sobs broke from his manly breast, and the glorious tears of a true repentance ran down the backs of the hands with which he covered his face. Not unaffected myself, I raised him and held him in my arms, and whispered the words of sublime consolation my merciful and Almighty Master had commanded me to drop as so many drops of oil upon the torn heart of the remorseful sinner. My words seemed to overwhelm him with greater agony. He would have again fallen at my feet. I resisted his attempt. We retired from the wondering and sympathising crowd, into the little sacristy at the back of the altar. That night—that moment, Collum M'Carty first sued for peace with his God.'

(From *Tales of the O'Hara Family*—second series.)

Samuel Lover (1797–1868), one of the most versatile of Irish nineteenth-century writers, though hardly one of the greatest, was born in Dublin, and there received his education. The son of a stockbroker, he was intended to follow his father's calling; but the business instincts required for this career were foreign to a youth who early developed tastes for painting, music, and letters of a most marked kind. Leaving his parental roof, Lover devoted himself to the first of these arts; and at once achieving distinction as a portrait-painter, he in a few years took high rank among Dublin artists, and was elected a Royal Hibernian Academician. He was particularly successful with miniatures, and a portrait of Paganini won him much praise in 1832. Lover early became acquainted with Moore, who exercised a considerable influence on the development of the literary proclivities which he joined to his artistic aptitudes, and the character of his verse is largely imitative of the author of *Irish Melodies*. But his first published work belongs to a school in which Moore never studied. The *Legends and Stories of Ireland* (1831) at once announced that a clever artist was likely to be extinguished by a still more clever writer, and soon led to Lover's association with the distinguished group of literary Irishmen by whom the *Dublin University Magazine* was founded. To this periodical Lover remained for many years a constant contributor. While still busy as an artist he had won fame as a ballad writer with *Rory O'More* (1826), and no one could recite it so well as its author. Thus, when in 1835 he resolved to move to London, it was little wonder that with a reputation for versatility little short of marvellous Lover speedily became fashionable in the society of the capital. He painted Brougham, fraternised with Dickens, and was lionised everywhere.

In 1837 Lover came out as a novelist, expanding the theme of his ballad of *Rory O'More* into a popular romance. Shortly afterwards the same theme did duty for a play. This was the beginning of a considerable apprenticeship to the drama, and a succession of pieces, including a burlesque opera called *Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, were rapidly produced. He then fell back on his earlier parts, and *Songs and Ballads* (1839), *Handy Andy*, his principal work of fiction (1842), and *Treasure Trove* (1844)—first published by the title of *L.S.D.*—proclaimed that neither the song-writer nor the novelist had been lost in the dramatist or musician. Obliged by a failure of vision to abandon painting, which all this time had not ceased to be a source of income, Lover resolved to woo fame in a new character. An entertainment called 'Irish Evenings,' in which the items of the programme, whether musical or literary, were exclusively the composition of the reciter, testified to Lover's extraordinary adaptability. Repeated in America, the recitations were even more popular in New York than in London.

The success of this tour was comparable with those of Dickens, and marks the climax of Lover's fortunate career. His experiences in America were utilised by Lover on his return in another entertainment, called 'Paddy's Portfolio.' Lover's later years were not marked by much literary fertility, and, indeed, it was inevitable that an inventiveness which reflected in its brightness the abounding animal spirits of the man should have declined with declining years. Two dramas, *The Sentinel of the Alma* and *MacCarthy More*, some contributions to operatic libretti, a clever series of parodies of popular authors, and *Metrical Tales and other Poems* (1858) are the only original work of his last twenty years. He was, however, a diligent contributor to the magazines, and in 1858 edited a collection of *Lyrics of Ireland.* In 1859 he threw himself into the Volunteer movement, and wrote the popular song 'Defence, not Defiance.' In 1856, in recognition of his various services to art and literature, Lover received a Civil List pension. Lover's reputation has certainly not endured the test of time. But it was scarcely possible that it should. His was one of those winning personalities which serve to invest an author's writings with an added charm in the eyes of contemporaries. But such a charm is necessarily evanescent, and the body of Lover's work is unequal to his former fame. His songs in particular, though many of them remain popular, seem to lack the salt that makes verse literature. But his prose works have more enduring qualities. And as the counterpart, not to say antithesis, of such writers as the authors of the *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, his characterisations of the whimsical and devil-may-care Irishman and his illustrations of the more grotesque forms of Irish humour will always enable Lover to fill an important place among the Irish prose writers of his age.

King O'Toole and St Kevin.

Well, the king was nigh-hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' thinkin' o' drownin' himself that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

'God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gentleman by all accounts); 'God save you,' says he to the young man.

'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him back again; 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

'True for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole, prince and plennypennytinchary o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem you to know that?'

'Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kevin.

For you see, said Old Joe, in his undertone again, and looking very knowingly, it *was* Saint Kevin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he. 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

'And who are you,' said the king, 'that makes so bowld—who are you at all at all?'

'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kevin, 'who I am; you 'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

'I 'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

'Troth, you may say that,' says Saint Kevin. 'And now, may I make bowld to ax how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

'Blur-an-agers, how kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

'Oh, no matther; I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kevin.

'Oh, that 's a folly to talk,' says the king, 'bekase myself and my goose is private friends,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

'Oh thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kevin, 'for I 'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

'You might do worse then, my gay fellow,' says the king, 'for it 's they could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that 's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

'Maybe I 've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you 're a coiner,' says he, 'that 's impossible.'

'I 'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says Saint Kevin, mighty high; 'I 'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

'Then, what are you,' says the king, 'that makes money so aisy, by your own account?'

'I 'm an honest man,' says Saint Kevin.

'Well, honest man,' says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so aisy?'

'By makin' ould things as good as new,' says Saint Kevin.

'Blur-an-ouns, is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

'No,' says the saint, 'I 'm no tinker by thrade, King O'Toole; I 've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he. 'What would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new?'

My dear, at the word o' makin' his goose as good as new, you 'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out iv his head, and says he, 'Troth thin I 'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like: and I 'd be behoulden to you into the bargain.'

'I scorn your dirty money,' says Saint Kevin.

'Faith then, I 'm thinkin' a trifle o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, lookin' up sly at the ould *caubeen* that Saint Kevin had on him.

'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint, 'and I am book-sworn,' says he, 'never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.'

'Barrin' the trifle you can't help,' says the king, mighty 'cute, and looking him straight in the face.

'You just hot it,' says Saint Kevin; 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres of land if you 'd give them to me.'

'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, 'if you do what you say.'

'Thry me,' says Saint Kevin. 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I 'll see what I can do for her.'

With that the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, and as like him as two

pays. The minute the saint clapt his eyes on the goose, 'I 'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

'By Jaminee,' says King O'Toole, 'if you do, bud I 'll say you 're the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.'

'Oh, by dad,' says Saint Kevin, 'you must say more than that;—my horn 's not so soft all out,' says he, 'as to repair your ould goose for nothin'; what 'll you gi' me if I do the job for you?—that 's the chat,' says Saint Kevin.

'I 'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king; 'isn't that fair?'

'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that 's the way to do business. Now,' says he, 'this is the bargain I'll make with you, King O'Toole: will you gi' me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer affther I make her as good as new?'

'I will,' says the king.

'You won't go back o' your word?' says Saint Kevin.

'Honour bright!' says King O'Toole, howldin' out his fist.

'Honour bright,' says Saint Kevin back agin, 'it 's a bargain,' says he.

C. LITTON FALKINER.

Gerald Griffin (1803–40) was born and educated in Limerick, where his father was in trade. Early manifesting a literary bent, he became a contributor to various Irish journals, and at the age of twenty went to London, where he was well introduced by John Banim. Here he settled down to the composition of dramas and prose fiction. Of these, *Holland-Tide Tales* marked his first success, which was confirmed a year later by the publication of *Tales of the Munster Festivals. The Collegians* (1829), a novel of which the scenes were laid in his native town, at once acquired a popularity which endured, and is still the most considerable of Griffin's titles to fame. In most modern editions the book appeared (like the dramatisation of it) under the title of *The Colleen Bawn.* The *Collegians* was followed by a number of other works, among them being a further series of *Tales of the Munster Festivals* (1832), *Tales of my Neighbourhood* (1835), and two novels, *The Invasion* (1835) and *The Duke of Monmouth* (1836). Griffin had meantime returned to Ireland, having, after a brief flirtation with the law, to study which he entered London University, determined to devote himself to religion. In 1838, accordingly, having divided his property among his brothers, he joined the teaching order of Christian Brothers. Two years later, 12th June 1840, wasted by self-imposed privations, he fell a victim to fever and died at the North Monastery, Cork. *Gisippus*, a tragedy written by Griffin in his early days in London, which had been praised, but rejected, by Charles Kean, was brought out by Macready and Miss Helen Faucit after the author's death, and performed with success; while an adaptation of the *Collegians* by Dion Boucicault long held the stage under the title of *The Colleen Bawn.* Griffin understood the south of Ireland and its people, and it is to the fidelity with which he depicts society in Munster in the early part of the nineteenth century that his success as a novelist was mainly due. His dramas are lacking in vitality, and are forgotten. But his poetry, chiefly written in early youth, though seldom striking the highest notes, contains not a few pieces characteristic alike of the scenes that inspired them and of the brooding and sensitive nature of their author.

How the Wake Concluded.

Mr Cregan in the meanwhile had been engaged, at the request of Mrs O'Connell, in giving out the gloves, scarfs and cypresses, in the room which on the preceding night had been allotted to the female guests. In this matter, too, the selfishness of some unworthy individuals was made to appear, in their struggles for precedence, and in their dissatisfaction at being neglected in the allotment of the funeral favours. In justice, however, it should be stated that the number of those unfeeling individuals was inconsiderable.

The last and keenest trial was now begun. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men to the hearse, which was drawn up at the hall-door. The hearse-driver had taken his seat, the mourners were already in the carriages, and a great crowd of horsemen and people on foot were assembled around the front of the house, along the avenue, and on the road. The female servants of the family were dressed in scarfs, and huge head-dresses of white linen. The housemaid and Winny sat on the coffin, and three or four followed on an outside jaunting-car. In this order the procession began to move, and the remains of this kind mistress and affectionate wife and parent were borne away for ever from the mansion which she had blessed so many years by her gentle government.

The scene of desolation which prevailed from the time in which the coffin was first taken from the room until the whole procession had passed out of sight it would be a vain effort to describe. The shrieks of the women and children pierced the ears and hearts of the multitude. Every room presented a picture of affliction. Female figures flying to and fro with expanded arms and cries of heart-broken sorrow, children weeping and sobbing aloud in each other's arms, men clenching their hands close and stifling the strong sympathy that was making battle for loud utterance in their breasts, and the low groans of exhausted agony which proceeded from the mourning-coaches that held the father, Kyrle Daly, and the two nearest sons. In the midst of these affecting sounds the hearse began to move, and was followed to a long distance on its way by the wild lament that broke from the open doors and windows of the now forsaken dwelling.

'Oh misthress!' exclaimed Lowry Looby as he stood at the avenue gate clapping his hands and weeping, while he gazed, not without a sentiment of melancholy pride, on the long array which lined the uneven road, and saw the black hearse-plumes becoming indistinct in the distance, while the rear of the funeral train was yet passing by—'Oh misthress! misthress! 'tis now I see that you are gone in airnest. I never would believe that you wor lost until I saw your coffin goen' out of the doores!'

(From *The Collegians.*)

Eileen Aroon.

When, like the early rose,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen aroon!

When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye?
Eileen aroon!
Is it the timid sigh?
Eileen aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed heart's moan?
Oh! it is truth alone,
Eileen aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends the early lay,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy or woe?—
Only the constant know,
Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen aroon!
Far in that valley's shade
I knew a timid maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileen aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixèd star,
Eileen aroon!

The Life of Gerald Griffin, by his Brother (1842), is the main authority. The novels were published in *Duffy's Popular Library* (1854), and have often been reprinted. The poetical works were collected in 1854, and reprinted with the dramas in 1857.

James Clarence Mangan (1803–49) was born in Dublin, and was the son of a small grocer in that city. His youth was passed in very straitened circumstances, and he owed his education to the benevolence of a priest. But through the kindness of this clergyman he acquired a knowledge of Spanish, French, and Italian, which subsequently stood him in good stead, leading to his employment in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. His earliest occupation was that of a clerk in a scrivener's office; but irregular habits and a craving for drink always prevented him from attaining to any responsible position, and he was all his life something between a pariah and a Bohemian. Mangan's earliest poetical efforts, apart from a few occasional contributions to the daily press, were made in the pages of the *Comet*, the journal of a coterie called the Comet Club, of which he became a member in 1831. To this journal he contributed pretty frequently over the signature 'Clarence,' which he adopted as a Christian name. He also contributed to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a periodical of great importance in its day, as well as to a less reputable publication, the *Dublin Penny Satirist*. In 1834 he began a long series of translations from the German in the *Dublin University Magazine*, with articles on German poetry. These were republished in 1845 as a *German Anthology*. For this magazine Mangan wrote much and frequently for the next few years, until in 1842 he joined the staff of the *Nation*. To this journal and to the *United Irishman* he was thenceforward as constant a contributor as his hopelessly irregular habits permitted, writing over the signature of 'A Yankee' and other pseudonyms. In 1849 he fell a victim to cholera, a disease to which his enfeebled constitution left him an easy prey. It is extremely difficult to gauge the true powers of Mangan. He has been praised by critics of insight, if not of very balanced judgment, as the greatest poet in the Irish literature of the nineteenth century. Unquestionably he had great poetic possibilities, and is among the great might-have-beens of literature. His best work is mainly that which was inspired by patriotism, and betokens a temperament intensely sensitive to the tragic elements of life. The themes he preferred were those which gave the fullest scope to his dreamy delight in the emotions of sorrow and the sense of magnificent gloom with which the history of his country filled him. His most striking pieces are a strange blend of dirge and pæan. But his work, as was inevitable from the weak nature of the man, is most uneven; and while some of the lyrics are of a very high order of excellence, his flights are always short, and he was incapable of exhibiting sustained power. His Life, which has lately been written with sympathy (by D. J. O'Donoghue, 1897), is as depressing a chronicle as any in the annals of literature. No complete edition of his poetry has been published.

Dark Rosaleen.

O, my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march upon the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails,
On river and on lake.

The Erne at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long in unrest,
To and fro, do I move;
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My fond Rosaleen!

O, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

Charles James Lever (1806–72), unquestionably the most vivacious and perhaps the most eminent of Irish novelists, was born in Dublin. He was the son of an Englishman who had settled in Ireland as a builder and architect, and of an Irish mother. He was privately educated at home, until in 1822 he entered Trinity College, Dublin. His collegiate course suffered some interruption, and he did not graduate until 1827. After taking his degree Lever proceeded to Germany, and studied medicine at Göttingen. Returning to Ireland, he took a medical degree at his university in 1831, and practised for some years in various parts of Ireland. In 1837 he entered the ranks of literature as a novelist, and achieved an instantaneous success. *Harry Lorrequer*, contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine*, was an assured triumph from the publication of the first number. It was followed in the same periodical by *Charles O'Malley* (1840), unquestionably the most enduringly popular of Lever's works, and by *Jack Hinton the Guardsman* (1842). In the midst of his success as a novelist Lever had gone abroad, and had settled down to the practice of his profession in Brussels. But an invitation to undertake the editorship of the magazine in which his stories had appeared, at a salary of £1200 a year, recalled him to Ireland. For the next three years he held the editorial chair, and during this period produced with ready fertility *Tom Burke of Ours*, *Arthur O'Leary*, and *The O'Donoghue*. In 1845 Lever, whose tenure of the position had been marked by some unpleasant disputes, one of which nearly ended in a duel, resigned the editorship of the magazine and once more betook himself to the Continent. He had previously written *The Knight of Gwynne*, in which he chose an historical subject, and this work appeared in 1847. Having settled at Florence, he wrote in that city *The Martins of Cro' Martin* (1848); *Con Cregan* (1849), which was published anonymously; *Roland Cashel* (1850); and several other works, of which *Maurice Tierney* (1852) and *The Daltons* (1852) may be mentioned. In 1857, being appointed British Consul at Spezzia, Lever removed from Florence. Here he remained until in 1867 he received the consulship of Trieste, which he held until his death. During the Spezzia period his productiveness was maintained at a high rate, and *Davenport Dunn* (1859), *Barrington* (1862), *A Campaigner at Home* (1865), and *Sir Brooke Fosbrooke* (1866) are only a few among the many works which marked these years. *Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men, Women, and other Things in General* (1864), a series of essays originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was hardly in his happiest vein. At Trieste, though the quality of his work had much declined, the quantity was well maintained, in spite of failing

health. *The Bramleighs* appeared in 1868, *That Boy of Norcotts* in 1869, and *Lord Kilgobbin*, the author's last work, in 1872. In the last-named year, not long after his return from a visit to Ireland, he died suddenly at Trieste. For a great part of the nineteenth century, it may be said without much exaggeration that Englishmen knew Ireland mainly through Lever's novels. He was himself the incarnation of the high spirits, careless fun, and love of sport which he attributed to most of his heroes; and though the standard of manners which he depicts was really more characteristic of the generation preceding his own than of that to which he belonged, the picture he drew of Ireland and the Irish was not untrue to life and certainly not unduly flattering. No successful novelist was ever less indebted than Lever to the devices of art. He wrote out of the abundance of his heart rather than of his head, and, in his earliest and best novels at any rate, never troubled himself about plot, construction, or form. A quick eye, a graphic pen, and boundless good humour were his sufficient equipment; and it is remarkable how long they sufficed. No writer was ever less of a poet than the author of *Harry Lorrequer*. But the author had a distinct talent for humorous verse, and the songs which are scattered through his novels are racy and bright, thoroughly characteristic of the man and his books.

The Man for Galway.

To drink a toast,
A proctor roast,
  Or bailiff as the case is;
To kiss your wife,
Or take your life
  At ten or fifteen paces;
To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox,
  To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more,
  Oh! that 's 'the man for Galway.'
    Chorus—With debts galore, &c.

The king of Oude
Is mighty proud,
  And so were once the Caysars,
But ould Giles Eyre
Would make them stare,
  An' he had them with 'the Blazers;'
To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Singh,
  He 's only a prince in a small way,
And knows nothing at all of a 'six-foot wall;'
  Oh! he 'd never do for Galway.
    Chorus—With debts galore, &c.

Ye think the Blakes
Are 'no great shakes,'
  They 're all his blood relations;
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese,
  For they come from the Phenaycians:
So fill the brim, and here 's to him
  Who 'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more,
  Oh! that 's 'the man for Galway.'
    Chorus—With debts galore, &c.

A Day in the Phœnix.

When we were once more in the *coupé* of the diligence, I directed my entire attention towards my Irish acquaintance, as well because of his apparent singularity as to avoid the little German in the opposite corner.

'You have not been long in France, then, sir?' said I, as we resumed our conversation.

'Three weeks, and it seems like three years to me—nothing to eat—nothing to drink—and nobody to speak to. But I 'll go back soon—I only came abroad for a month.'

'You 'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time.'



CHARLES JAMES LEVER.
From a Photograph.

'Devil a much that will grieve me—I didn't come to see it.'

'Indeed!'

'Nothing of the kind; I only came—to be away from home.'

'Oh! I perceive.'

'You 're quite out there,' said my companion, misinterpreting my meaning. 'It wasn't anything of that kind. I don't owe sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that 's all, though that same is bad enough.'

'Laughed out of it!'

'Just so. And little you know of Ireland if that surprises you.'

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I had myself seen of that country, I obtained the following very brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel.

'Well, sir,' began he, 'it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chestnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square-jointed and rather low—just what you 'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever disputed that she was a cleanbred thing—own sister to Jenny that won the Corinthians,

and ran second to Giles for the Riddlesworth—but so she was, and a better-bred mare never leaped the pound in Ballinasloe. Well, I brought her to Dublin, and used to ride her out two or three times a week, making little matches sometimes to trot—and for a thoroughbred she was a clipper at trotting—to trot a mile or so on the grass; another day to gallop the length of the Nine Acres opposite the Lodge; and then sometimes back her for a ten-pound note to jump the biggest furze bush that could be found—all of which she could do with ease, nobody thinking all the while that the cock-tailed pony was out of Scroggins by a "Lamplighter" mare. As every fellow that was beat to-day was sure to come back to-morrow with something better, either of his own or a friend's, I had matches booked for every day in the week—for I always made my little boy that rode win by half a neck, or a nostril, and so we kept on day after day pocketing from ten to thirty pounds or thereabouts.

'It was mighty pleasant while it lasted, for besides winning the money, I had my own fun laughing at the spoonies that never could book my bets fast enough. Your infantry officers and the junior bar—they were for the most part mighty men to look at, but very raw about racing. How long I might have gone on in this way I can't say; but one morning I fell in with a fat elderly gentleman, in shorts and gaiters, mounted on a dun cob pony that was very fidgety and hot-tempered, and appeared to give his rider a great deal of uneasiness.

'"He's a spicy hack you re on, sir," said I, "and has a go in him, I'll be bound."

'"I rayther think he has," said the old gentleman, half testily.

"'And can trot a bit, too?"

'"Twelve Irish miles in fifty minutes with my weight." Here he looked down at a paunch like a sugar hogshead.

'"Maybe he's not bad across country," said I, rather to humour the old fellow, who, I saw, was proud of his pony.

'"I'd like to see his match, that's all." Here he gave a rather contemptuous look at my hack.

'Well, one word led to another, and it ended in our booking a match, with which one party was no less pleased than the other. It was this: each was to ride his own horse, starting from the school in the Park, round the Fifteen Acres, outside the Monument, and back to the start—just one heat, about a mile and a half, the ground good, and only soft enough. In consideration, however, of his greater weight, I was to give odds in the start; and, as we could not well agree on how much, it was at length decided that he was to get away first, and I to follow as fast as I could after drinking a pewter quart of Guinness's double stout—droll odds, you'll say, but it was the fellow's own thought; and, as the match was a *soft* one, I let him have his way.

'The next morning the Phœnix was crowded, as if for a review. There were all the Dublin notorieties swarming in *barouches* and tilburies and outside jaunting-cars; smart clerks in the Post-Office, mounted upon kicking devils from Dycer's and Lalouette's stables; attorneys' wives and daughters from York Street; and a stray doctor or so on a hack that looked as if it had been lectured on for the six winter months at the College of Surgeons. My antagonist was half-an-hour late, which time I occupied in booking bets on every side of me—offering odds of ten, fifteen, and at last, to tempt the people, twenty-five to one against the dun. At last the fat gentleman came up on a jaunting-car, followed by a groom leading the cob. I wish you heard the cheer that greeted him on his arrival, for it appeared he was a well-known character in town, and much in favour with the mob. When he got off the car he bundled into a tent, followed by a few friends, where they remained for about five minutes, at the end of which time he came out in full racing costume—blue-and-yellow striped jacket, blue cap, and leathers—looking as funny a figure as ever you set eyes upon. I now thought it was time to throw off my white *surtout* and show out in pink and orange, the colours I had been winning in for two months past. While some of the party were sent on to station themselves at different places round the Fifteen Acres, to mark out the course, my fat friend was assisted into his saddle, and gave a short preliminary canter of a hundred yards or so that set us all a-laughing. The odds were now fifty to one in my favour, and I gave them wherever I could find takers. "With you, sir, if you please in pounds; and the gentleman in the red whiskers too, if he likes—very well, in half-sovereigns, if you prefer it?" So I went on, betting on every side till the bell rang to mount. As I knew I had plenty of time to spare, I took little notice, and merely giving a look to my girths, I continued leisurely booking my bets. At last the time came, and at the word "Away!" off went the fat gentleman on the dun, at a spluttering gallop, that flung the mud on every side of us, and once more threw us all a-laughing. I waited patiently till he got near the upper end of the park, taking bets every minute; and now that he was away every one offered to wager. At last, when I had let him get nearly half round, I called out to his friends for the porter, and, throwing myself into the saddle, gathered up the reins in my hand. The crowd fell back on each side, while from the tent I have already mentioned came out a thin fellow with one eye, with a pewter quart in his hand; he lifted it up towards me, and I took it; but what was my fright to find that the porter was boiling, and the vessel so hot that I could barely hold it. I endeavoured to drink, however; the first mouthful took all the skin off my lips and tongue, the second half choked, and the third nearly threw me into an apoplectic fit—the mob cheering all the time like devils. Meantime the old fellow had reached the furze, and was going along like fun. Again I tried the porter, and a fit of coughing came on that lasted five minutes. The pewter was now so hot that the edge of the quart took away a piece of my mouth at every effort. I ventured once more, and with the desperation of a madman I threw down the hot liquid to its last drop. My head reeled, my eyes glared, and my brain was on fire. I thought I beheld fifty fat gentlemen galloping on either side of me, and all the sky raining jackets in blue and yellow. Half mechanically I took the reins and put spurs to my horse; but before I got well away a loud cheer from the crowd assailed me. I turned and saw the dun coming in at a floundering gallop, covered with foam, and so dead blown that neither himself nor the rider could have

got twenty yards farther. The race was, however, won. My odds were lost to every man on the field, and worse than all, I was so laughed at that I could not venture out in the street without hearing allusions to my misfortune.

(From *Harry Lorrequer.*)

Mickey Free.

Whenever my uncle or Considine were not in the room, my companion was my own servant Michael, or, as he was better known, 'Mickey Free.' Now, had Mickey been left to his own free and unrestricted devices, the time would not have hung so heavily; for, among Mike's manifold gifts, he was possessed of a very great flow of gossiping conversation; he knew all that was doing in the country, and never was barren in his information wherever his imagination came into play. Mickey was the best hurler in the barony, no mean performer on the violin, could dance the national bolero of 'Father Jack Walsh' in a way that charmed more than one soft heart beneath a red wolsey bodice, and had, withal, the peculiar free-and-easy, devil-may-care kind of off-hand Irish way that never deserted him in the midst of his wiliest and most subtle moments, giving to a very deep and cunning fellow all the apparent frankness and openness of a country lad.

He had attached himself to me as a kind of sporting companion, and, growing daily more and more useful, had been gradually admitted to the honours of the kitchen and the prerogative of cast clothes, without ever having been actually engaged as a servant, and while thus no warrant officer, as in fact he discharged all his duties well and punctually, was rated among the ship's company; though no one could ever say at what precise period he changed his caterpillar existence and became a gay butterfly, with cords and tops, a striped vest, and a most knowing prig hat, who stalked about the stableyard and bullied the helpers. Such was Mike; he had made his fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact that he had made himself indispensable to an establishment which, before he entered it, never knew the want of him. As for me, he was everything to me: Mike informed me what horse was wrong, why the chestnut mare couldn't go out, and why the black horse could. He knew the arrival of a new covey of partridge quicker than the *Morning Post* does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately; but his talents took a wider range than field sports afford, and he was the faithful chronicler of every wake, station, wedding, or christening for miles round, and, as I took no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to me. To conclude this brief sketch, Mike was a devout Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about everything—that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as suited his own peculiar notions of comfort and happiness; beyond *that* his scepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and though he might have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted. Such in short was my valet, Mickey Free.

(From *Charles O'Malley.*)

The *Life of Charles Lever*, by W. J. Fitzpatrick (1879; new ed. 1896), the only formal biography of Lever, is not at all an adequate picture of the novelist. The principal novels have been collected and reprinted in a handsome and elaborate edition (18 vols. 1898–99).

C. LITTON FALKINER.

Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810–86) was born in Belfast of parents who were of Scottish extraction, and having received his school education at the Academical Institution in that city, passed to Trinity College, Dublin. His university studies were interrupted, however, and he never graduated, though in 1865 he received from the university the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa*. In 1838 he was called to the Irish Bar, at which he practised with success, becoming a Queen's Counsel in 1859, and remaining in the active pursuit of his profession until his appointment, in 1867, to the position of Deputy-keeper of the newly created Irish Record Office. In 1878, in recognition of his efficient service in this position as well as of his literary eminence, he received a knighthood. While Ferguson was thus far from leading the life of a mere man of letters, letters were in fact his constant interest, and, it may even be said, the main preoccupation of his thoughts. As early as 1832 he had made, in a visit to Edinburgh, the acquaintance of William Blackwood, Professor Wilson, and others. This was the beginning of an enduring connection with 'Maga,' to which he contributed the first and most popular of his poems, *The Forging of the Anchor*, written at one-and-twenty, as well as a humorous prose extravaganza called *Father Tom and the Pope* (1838), which won wide popularity. He was also a diligent contributor, both in prose and verse, to the *Dublin University Magazine*, drawing his subjects almost invariably from Celtic history and the bardic chronicles of Ireland. Ferguson's earlier poems, first published in this way, were collected by him in 1865 in *Lays of the Western Gael*, while his prose stories were posthumously republished in *Hibernian Nights Entertainments* (1887). In 1872 appeared *Congal, an Epic Poem in Five Books;* and in 1880 a further volume of *Poems*, which was really a second series of *Lays of the Western Gael*. Of the poems in this volume, 'Dairdre' and 'Conary' have been enthusiastically praised by Irish critics. Of the former, Allingham said that 'its peculiar form of unity is perfectly managed, while its general effect recalls nothing so much as a Greek play.' Of the latter, Aubrey de Vere wrote that it 'caught thoroughly that epic character so remarkable in the bardic legends of Ireland.' In 1882 Ferguson was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy, an institution largely concerned with fostering the studies in which he was most interested. Throughout his busy career he was a zealous promoter of the fame of Ireland in every department of intellectual effort, and did much to stimulate the intelligent study of her history and antiquities, her ancient laws and learning. In this respect he evinced throughout his career the ardent national spirit which in his earlier days had allied him temporarily with the 'Young Ireland' movement in politics, an alliance which had its best fruit in the noble *Lament for Thomas Davis*, in which he has

embalmed the memory of that patriot. Ferguson occupies, by reason of his influence upon what is now known as the 'Gaelic revival' in Irish literature, a position among Irish poets considerably higher than the intrinsic merit of his work won for him in his lifetime. 'It was in his writings,' says a very competent authority, 'that the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue was decisively begun.' Yet though Ferguson was an accomplished Irish scholar, and drew largely upon Irish bardic sources for the subjects of his poems, it may be doubted whether he ever consciously identified himself with the revival which is ascribed to him.

Lament for Thomas Davis.

I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
'Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of
Thomas Davis is thy toil!' [Erin,

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Thro' the spray and through the prone heaps striving
To the calm clear streams above, [onwards
'So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas
In thy brightness of strength and love!' [Davis,

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyry;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
'So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored!'

And, alas! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see;
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, 'Thy will be done'—
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of her noble son!

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough!
Who will walk the weary, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the Resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore!
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more:
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leaped, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their
Where troubled waters never come! [raging,

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyry,
That thy wrathful cry is still;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill;
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,
(God avert that horrid day, I pray!)
That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer those right hands
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then;
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet.
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union, or in severance, free and strong,
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

The Fair Hills of Ireland.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O! Oh, sad lament!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow
Uileacan dubh O! [barley ear,
There is honey in the trees where the misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the
On the fair hills of holy Ireland. [yellow sand

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacan dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,
Uileacan dubh O!
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,
Uileacan dubh O!
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacan dubh O!
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day, by Lady Ferguson; Memoir by Miss Stokes in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1886). Besides the volumes mentioned above, some posthumously published works have appeared—*Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; The Remains of St Patrick;* and *Lays of the Red Branch.*

John Francis Waller (1810–94), a prolific writer of verse, was born in Limerick, and belonged to a well-known Irish family of Cromwellian origin. He received his education in Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1831, and in 1833 he was called to the Irish Bar. Early developing a strong literary bent, Waller became an active contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, then lately founded, and eventually succeeded the novelist Lever in its editorial chair. To this periodical he contributed a series of articles, subsequently (1852) separately published, in which he imitated with some success the manner of Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Like Wilson, too, he wrote under a pseudonym, and was known to his readers as 'Jonathan Freke Slingsby.' He was also from the first a constant contributor of verse to the magazine. Many of his poems, being set to music, attained to very general popularity, and some were translated into German. 'The Song of the Glass' has been praised by a very competent critic, Lord Houghton, as the best drinking-song of the nineteenth century. Waller was distinctly happy as a writer of what may be termed ceremonial verse, and some of his odes on various public occasions are successful attempts in a kind of writing in which it is very easy to fail. His poetical works include *Ravenscroft Hall and other Poems* (1852), *The Dead Bridal* (1856), *Occasional Odes* (1864), and *Peter Brown* (1872). Waller was an industrious editor of popular issues of the works of Irish authors of eminence—for example, Goldsmith and Moore. 'Cushla-ma-chree' ('pulse of my heart') is one of his best-known songs.

Cushla-ma-chree.

By the green banks of Shannon I wooed thee, dear Mary,
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride,
From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
As the sun sets, to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;
Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me,
I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart's light is darkened—my *Cushla-ma-chree.*

Oh! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold crossed o'er,
And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *asthore.*
Restlessly now on my lone pillow turning
Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee,
And darker than night breaks the light of the morning,
For my aching eyes find thee not, *Cushla-ma-chree.*

Oh my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
To linger on earth with my heart in thy grave!
Oh! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me
To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
Still from our once-happy dwelling I roam, love,
Ever more seeking, my own bride, for thee;
Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
And I 'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cushla-ma-chree.*

Thomas Osborne Davis (1814–45) was born at Mallow, County Cork. Of Welsh parentage through his father, Anglo-Irish through his mother, Davis inherited in a large degree the Celtic spirit which inspires his muse. He was educated at first privately, and later at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1836, and where, as a member of the well-known Historical Society which Burke had founded, he first evinced that enthusiasm for Ireland, its politics and its literature, which was the master-passion of his short life. He was called to the Bar in 1838, but scarcely attempted to practise. In 1839 he joined the Repeal Association, and in the following year became part-editor of a Dublin daily journal devoted to Nationalist views. In 1842, in conjunction with Charles Gavan Duffy and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation* newspaper, which was thenceforward to be the vehicle for the emanations in prose and verse of his extraordinarily active brain. Prior to this Davis had never published, possibly he had never written, a line of verse; but in response to the call for popular lyrics associated with the aspirations of 'Young Ireland,' he suddenly burst into song. To the sixth number of the *Nation* he contributed the striking and powerful 'Lament of Owen Roe O'Neill,' which was to be the first of a series of poems permeated with that patriotic emotion which entitled them to the name under which they were afterwards republished, *The Spirit of the Nation.* At the same time Davis designed a series of volumes of the leading orators of Ireland, and himself edited, with an elaborate memoir, the *Speeches of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran.* His correspondence teems with suggestions of literary work which unhappily he did not live to accomplish, and at his death he was engaged on the early chapters of a *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, of which the fragment that has been published is a good example of Davis's rather turgid prose style. His literary and historical essays contributed to the *Nation* have been published in *Duffy's Irish Library.* His poetry has been edited in the same series by Thomas Wallis. The views of Davis and his associates in the Young Ireland movement placed him in sharp antagonism to O'Connell and the elder patriots of the school which had won Catholic emancipation, and on his last appearance on a public platform he was angrily attacked by 'the Liberator;' but undoubtedly Davis and his party represented a larger and nobler ideal than that represented by their predecessors. In September 1845 Davis was attacked with scarlatina, and succumbed to the disease in a few days. No writer that ever lived has better illustrated the aphorism of Fletcher of Saltoun. Let legislators do what they would, Davis's stirring lyrics were for the time the voice of Irish patriotism. They breathe the very spirit of 'The Celt'—the pseudonym by which his poems in the *Nation* were signed; and though they might be criticised as

wanting in technical perfection, their force, their passion, and their intensity were characteristic of the Celtic imagination at its strongest. The sources of Davis's power, the fascination he exerted upon the people to whom he dedicated his life, and the loftiness of his ideals are well indicated in Sir Samuel Ferguson's impressive *Lament for Thomas Davis*.

My Land.

She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she 's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and fair land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I 'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She 's not a dull or cold land;
No! she 's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she 's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her.
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine!

Oh! she 's a fresh and fair land;
Oh! she 's a true and rare land;
Yes! she 's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

The Sack of Baltimore.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love and peace and rest, its daily labour o'er,
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

. . . . . .

All, all asleep within each roof, along that rocky street;
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreary noise! 'The roof is in a flame!'
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of 'Allah' breaks above the prayer and shriek and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

. . . . . .

'Tis two long years since sank the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sudden shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu (1814–73) occupies a place by himself among Irish men of letters of the nineteenth century, for, though belonging in many respects to the school of Carleton, Lover, and Lever, he possessed imaginative qualities of a different and perhaps higher kind than they, though in characteristically Irish humour he is hardly their equal. Le Fanu was the son of a dean of the Irish Establishment, whose mother was a sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In 1833, after a private education, he entered Trinity College, Dublin. While at the university he began his literary career as a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, with which he was for the rest of his career closely identified, ultimately becoming its proprietor, and it was in the pages of that periodical that most of his novels first appeared. In 1839 Le Fanu was called to the Bar, but becoming in the same year the owner and editor of a Dublin evening paper, he devoted himself thenceforward to letters and journalism. Le Fanu's early fame was won as the author of two extraordinarily successful Irish ballads, *Phaudrig Croohoore* and *Shamus O'Brien*, of which the latter was long attributed to Lover, who greatly contributed to its popularity by reciting it in America. But his poetical reputation rests almost exclusively on these pieces, for the *Poems*, posthumously collected in 1896, though more akin than these ballads to the qualities of his prose works, can hardly be said to have impressed the public. Le Fanu's earliest effort in prose was the *Purcell Papers*, a series of short tales; and this was followed by *The Cock and Anchor* (1845), a chronicle of old Dublin, and *Torlogh O'Brien* (1847). It was not, however, until many more years had elapsed that he won with *The House by the Churchyard* (1863) an acknowledged position as a master of the mysterious and supernatural in prose fiction. The remaining ten years of Le Fanu's life were marked by a rapid succession of novels, of which *Uncle Silas* (1864), *Guy Deverell* (1865), *The Tenants of Malory* (1867), and *In a Glass Darkly* (1872) have perhaps proved the most popular. His last novel, *Willing to Die*, was published after his death. Besides the tragic elements of the terrible and the mysterious which give them a distinctive note, Le Fanu's novels are admirable for their constructive excellence and for their narrative vigour.

The Hour of Death.

It was a very still night and frosty. My candle had long burnt out. There was still a faint moonlight, which fell in a square of yellow on the floor near the window, leaving the rest of the room in what to an eye less accustomed than mine had become to that faint light would

have been total darkness. Now, I am sure, I heard a soft whispering outside my door. I knew that I was in a state of siege. The crisis was come, and, strange to say, I felt myself grow all at once resolute and self-possessed. It was not a subsidence, however, of the dreadful excitement, but a sudden screwing up of my nerves to a pitch such as I cannot describe. . . . I remained for a space which I cannot pretend to estimate in the same posture, afraid to stir—afraid to remove my eye from the door.

A very peculiar grating sound above my head startled me from my watch—something of the character of sawing, only more crunching, and with a faint continued rumble in it—utterly inexplicable. It sounded over that portion of the roof which was farthest from the door, towards which I now glided; and as I took my stand under cover of the projecting angle of a clumsy old press that stood close by it, I perceived the room a little darkened, and I saw a man descend and take his stand upon the window stone. He let go a rope, which, however, was still fast round his body, and employed both his hands, with apparently some exertion, about something at the side of the window, which in a moment more in one mass, bars and all, swung noiselessly open, admitting the frosty night air; and the man, whom I now distinctly saw to be Dudley Ruthyn, kneeled on the sill, and stepped, after a moment's listening, into the room. His foot made no sound upon the floor; his head was bare, and he wore his usual short shooting-jacket.

I cowered to the ground in my post of observation. He stood, as it seemed to me, irresolutely for a moment, and then drew from his pocket an instrument which I distinctly saw against the faint moonlight. Imagine a hammer, one end of which had been beaten out into a longish tapering spike, with a handle something longer than usual. He drew stealthily to the window, and seemed to examine this hurriedly, and tested its strength with a twist or two of his hand. And then he adjusted it very carefully in his grasp, and made two or three little experimental picks with it in the air.

I remained perfectly still, with a terrible composure, crouched in my hiding-place, my teeth clenched, and prepared to struggle like a tigress for my life when discovered. I thought his next measure would be to light a match. I saw a lantern, I fancied, on the window-sill. But this was not his plan. He stole, in a groping way, which seemed strange to me, who could distinguish objects in this light, to the side of my bed, the exact position of which he evidently knew; he stooped over it. Madame was breathing in the deep respiration of a heavy sleep. Suddenly but softly he laid, as it seemed to me, his left hand over her face, and nearly at the same instant there came a scrunching blow; an unnatural shriek, beginning small and swelling for two or three seconds into a yell such as are imagined in haunted houses, accompanied by a convulsive sound, as of the motion of running, and the arms drumming on the bed; and then another blow—and with a horrid gasp he recoiled a step or two, and stood perfectly still. I heard a horrible tremor quivering through the joints and curtains of the bedstead—the convulsions of the murdered woman. It was a dreadful sound, like the shaking of a tree and rustling of leaves. Then once more he stepped to the side of the bed, and I heard another of those horrid blows—and silence—and another—and more silence—and the diabolical surgery was ended.

(From *Uncle Silas.*)

Song.

The autumn leaf was falling
  At midnight from the tree,
When at her casement calling,
  'I 'm here, my love,' cried he.
'Come down and mount behind me,
  And rest your little head,
And in your white arms wind me,
  Before that I be dead.

'You've stolen my heart by magic,
  I've kissed your lips in dreams:
Our wooing, wild and tragic,
  Has been in ghostly gleams.
The wondrous love I bear you
  Has made one life of twain,
And it will bless or scare you,
  In deathless peace or pain.

'Our dreamland shall be glowing,
  If you my bride will be,
To darkness both are going,
  Unless you ride with me.
Come now, and mount behind me,
  And rest your little head,
And in your white arms wind me,
  Before that I be dead.'

The edition of the *Purcell Papers* published in 1880 contains a sympathetic Memoir by A. P. Graves, who has also written a biographical preface to the *Poems;* and a very charming volume published by Le Fanu's brother William, entitled *Seventy Years of Irish Life,* bears incidentally much affectionate testimony to the charm of a personality which fascinated all who came in contact with the novelist.

Mountstuart Elphinstone (1779–1859), fourth son of the eleventh Lord Elphinstone, was educated at Edinburgh and Kensington, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1795. In 1803 he served with distinction on Wellesley's staff, and was appointed resident at Nagpur; in 1808 he was sent as envoy to Shah Shuja at Cabul; and as resident from 1810 at Poona he ended the Mahratta war of 1817 and organised the newly acquired territory. During his governorship of Bombay (1819–27) he founded the present system of administration, and greatly advanced public education. Returning to England in 1829, he declined the Governor-Generalship of India, and lived in comparative retirement until his death at Hookwood in Surrey. His well-known *History of India* appeared in 1841, has been often reprinted, and is still the standard popular work on the Mohammedan period. It followed the Persian historian Ferishta rather closely; but many newer data and conclusions were incorporated in the 1866 edition by Professor Cowell, and retained in the subsequent editions (7th, 1889). Elphinstone also wrote an *Account of Caubul* as he saw it during his embassy, as well as a sketch of the *Rise of British Power in the East,* edited in 1887 by Sir Edward Colebrooke, who had published a Life of him in 1884. Another Memoir by Forrest is prefixed to his *Official Writings* (1884), and he is the subject of a monograph by Cotton in the 'Rulers of India' series (1892).

Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

Macaulay was probably the most widely read and most generally popular author of his generation; and though his literary reputation has been seriously assailed since his death, the steady sale of his works conclusively proves that his hold upon the reading public remains almost unshaken. Born on the 25th October 1800, he was the eldest child of Zachary Macaulay, the earnest and disinterested opponent of the slave-trade and of slavery. His childhood was passed at Clapham, the headquarters of the Evangelical sect, of which his father was a prominent member; but the influence of his early surroundings was stronger in the direction of repulsion than of attraction. He was educated at a private school till the age of eighteen, when he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His years at Cambridge were the formative period of his life. He was already an eager student of the classics and an omnivorous reader of modern literature. He now acquired self-confidence by familiar intercourse with men of equal intellectual power with himself, and he became prominent as a fluent talker in private society and as a brilliant and ready speaker in the debates of the Union. At the same time he formed those political opinions of which he was to be so consistent a champion, both by voice and pen, in later life. His degree was undistinguished on account of his distaste for mathematics; but he gained prizes for English verse, a Craven scholarship, and ultimately in 1824 a fellowship at Trinity. Macaulay's subsequent career was vitally affected by the failure of his father's business. At the very outset he was compelled not only to support himself, but to undertake the burden of paying off the creditors and of contributing to the maintenance of the family. He was called to the Bar in 1826, and two years later he was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. But he was impelled by urgent reasons to supplement his fellowship and his official income by the earnings of his pen. His first contributions, both prose and verse, were made to *Knight's Quarterly;* but in 1825 he established that connection with the *Edinburgh Review* which for more than thirty years brought equal fame both to the journal and to its brilliant contributor. The consequent improvement in his finances enabled Macaulay in 1830 to accept from Lord Lansdowne the offer of a seat in Parliament for the borough of Calne. In the great struggle of the Reform Bill the young member played a part of no small importance, and he was rewarded for his services by a post on the Board of Control. Everything seemed to point to a distinguished career in politics, when he was induced by the prospect of permanent freedom from financial difficulties to accept the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council in India. For four years, 1834–38, Macaulay was in India, where his most important work was associated with the drafting of the penal code and with the organisation of Indian education. He returned to England in 1839, with the intention of devoting himself to the writing of a History of England from the accession of James II. to the early years of the nineteenth century. From this purpose he was for a time distracted, partly by the incessant demands of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and partly by the temptation to return to political life. He accepted the post of Secretary at War in the Whig Ministry, and was elected to the House of Commons by the city of Edinburgh. The fall of the Ministry in 1841 gave him more leisure, until in 1846 he was once more in office as Paymaster of the Forces. But in 1847 his failure to secure re-election for Edinburgh put an end to his active political life; and though he was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll in 1852, spoke occasionally in the House of Commons in 1852 and 1853, and in 1857 was raised to the House of Lords, he never sought to resume the burden of office; and the last twelve years of his life, clouded as time went on by failing health, were devoted to literary work, and especially to the composition of his *History*, which had hardly reached the death of William III. when he died, sitting among his books, on 28th December 1859.

There is no great room for dispute about Macaulay's rank as a poet. He does not claim a place among the great poets of the world. He had too little insight into the deeper problems and motives of human life and character to justify such a pretension. His own life was too free from the strongest passions and temptations of humanity to enable him to interpret men's inner nature to themselves. But as a writer of ballads, as a story-teller in verse, he had no superior in his own generation. There is a ring and a rattle about his stanzas which carry away the reader or reciter; and it is no small tribute to Macaulay's grasp of his own limitations that he did not give more time to a species of composition in which he gained such easy and yet well-deserved fame. To intelligent boys and girls, and to all who retain in later life the spirit and sentiment of youth, Macaulay's *Lays* will always make a strong appeal. It is not easy to choose extracts from narrative poems so widely known, but the stanzas quoted below from 'Horatius' will serve to illustrate the best qualities of Macaulay's verse.

Macaulay's speeches are of great interest and importance to the student of his prose style. The whole temper of his mind was oratorical. His speeches are spoken essays; his essays are written speeches. Even his conversation, as contemporary rivals humorously complained, was declamatory. The diffuseness of his writing, the almost excessive emphasis and elaboration with which he made his points and drove them home to his

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection "From 'Horatius,'" page 369.

readers, are the result of this oratorical method. In the House of Commons Macaulay was at his best. He gained the ear of the House on his first appearance, and he never lost it. The report that 'Macaulay is up' always brought members hurrying from the library, the smoking-room, and the lobby. Yet the limitations of his oratory are as obvious as those of his poetry, and spring from the same causes. He could command an endless supply of telling and sonorous phrases, which he poured forth with a fluency that made him the despair of reporters; he was never at a loss for a striking illustration; his arguments were always well marshalled and transparently clear. Yet he lacked the subtle sympathy and the electrical force of a really great orator; he could convince, but he could not enchant; and it is difficult to believe that he could ever have reached the first rank as a debater. His speeches are so coherent and so level in their uniform merit that it is as hard to find extracts from them as from his poems. Perhaps his most famous speeches are those on the Reform Bill (16th December 1831) and on the Maynooth grant (14th April 1845), from which passages are given below.



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.
After a Photograph by Claudet.

No contributions to historical literature have ever achieved such immediate and lasting popularity as the Essays which Macaulay wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*. Of these, twenty-two were published before his departure for India, three during his residence in the East, and eleven after his return. With them may be reckoned the five biographies which he contributed in his later years to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, one of which, that on William Pitt, is as perfect in its way as anything Macaulay ever wrote. That these Essays, forty-one in all, are of unequal merit was inevitable; and that some of them would never have been republished if any one else had written them will hardly be denied. But there are at least twenty, including all those on English history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which are immortal. The *Essays* will probably continue to have fifty readers for every one who reads through the more ambitious *History*. This preference is to be justified on literary grounds. The form of the essay, a brilliant dissertation rather than an essay proper as the term was understood by Bacon and Hume, was Macaulay's own invention, and it has been imitated ever since. For such an essay, giving a graphic picture of a period, or a character, or a career, Macaulay's style was pre-eminently suited. Its rather metallic resonance, its rhetorical antitheses, its occasional faults of taste and emphasis, sometimes weary or even irritate the reader of a long continuous narrative; but they were well fitted to arrest the attention of the most jaded reader of a solid quarterly. And it is as literature, not as history, that the Essays deserve their reputation. As Macaulay himself says of Temple: 'The style of his essays is on the whole excellent, almost always pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid. The matter is generally of much less value.' It is true that Macaulay's *Essays* have a real historical interest and value as giving the views of an eminent student upon subjects to which he had given much time and thought; but they are not, and they never professed to be, serious contributions to human knowledge. Volumes have been written to prove the inaccuracy of the Essays on Bacon and on Warren Hastings; and equally serious inaccuracies, or even the absence of all adequate research, might be easily proved in the case of other essays. But such elaborate confutation is unnecessary and not a little ridiculous. The most learned and accurate of men would hesitate to write articles for any popular review if every statement was to be as careful and precise

as if he were writing for a select circle of scholars and specialists.

As a historian Macaulay must be judged, not by the Essays, nor by the first two chapters of the *History*, which are prefatory and scarcely more solid than the Essays, but by his account of the reigns of James II. and William III. And in forming an estimate we must remember what was Macaulay's deliberate aim in writing history. We have it in his own words. 'History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents.' 'A truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated.' 'I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' His avowed intention was to combine the picturesqueness of the historical novel with the accuracy of the historian; his models were Thucydides and Sir Walter Scott. History in his mind must be above all things pictorial and dramatic; it must bring the characters and their actions on the stage — all the accessories in the way of scenery and subordinate personages must be supplied by the writer. And he unquestionably succeeded in his aim. Carlyle with a few impressive touches may paint isolated scenes even more vividly than Macaulay, but he cannot produce such a uniform and continuous pageant. Some may hold that Macaulay's supreme art as a scene-shifter is never sufficiently concealed, that the machinery by which the puppets are worked is too obvious; others may doubt whether the pictorial conception of history is the highest or even in the end the truest; but no one can deny that Macaulay had a perfectly clear conception of the object which he desired to attain, and that he showed himself a perfect master of the means by which it could be achieved. It is inevitable that in such a scheme the reader must be left in large measure to draw his own conclusions from the events which are described. It is a lengthy process to apply the methods of the cinematograph to history, and Macaulay took five volumes to complete the animated picture of some sixteen years. But the machinery would hardly work at all if at every turn it was necessary to explain not only that the event took place in a particular way, but also the why and the wherefore of each occurrence.

Lack of philosophic insight is not the only charge which is brought against Macaulay. He is also accused of excessive party-spirit and of inaccuracy resulting from the use of uncritical methods. The first of these charges has been enormously exaggerated. That Macaulay was a Whig, that he admired William III., and that he thoroughly approved of the principles of the Revolution nobody disputes. It is neither possible nor wholesome for a man to write as if he had no opinions of his own. But it cannot be contended that Macaulay is deliberately unfair, or that he set himself to write, not a history, but a political pamphlet. Within the permissible and easily recognisable limits of political inclination he distributes praise and blame with praiseworthy fairness. It is less easy to disprove the assertion that he was violently prejudiced against individuals, as Shaftesbury, Penn, and Marlborough; but his diatribes against them are quite independent of party-spirit. In fact, Shaftesbury was the founder and first leader of the Whigs, and Marlborough in his later life became their intimate ally. The second charge is perhaps the most formidable. It is not that Macaulay neglected his authorities, but that he used them in an uncritical way; that he deliberately rejected the systematic analysis of sources which was inculcated and practised by Von Ranke and other eminent contemporaries. Macaulay had read everything that was accessible at the time on the period which he treated. That he did not do more was probably due to the extraordinary memory which too often saved him from the necessity of abstract thought. All his information was collected, sorted, and fused together in his mind. He adjusted the evidence and drew his conclusions not so much by the processes of reason as by a sort of instinct. It is not a method that could be safely recommended to every student of the past; but it is marvellous how successful it was in Macaulay's case. Considering the scale on which he worked, inaccuracy in occasional details was inevitable; yet those which have been detected by malevolent critics are comparatively few and unimportant. On the other hand, there is a subtle inaccuracy in Macaulay's methods of statement which is almost as serious a fault as actual blunders. His extreme precision and his excessive emphasis are often in themselves misleading. Two instances must suffice. 'The House of Commons was more zealous for royalty than the king, more zealous for episcopacy than the bishops.' 'To the seared consciences of Shaftesbury and Buckingham the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge.' Such assertions, which might be indefinitely multiplied, go much further than could be justified by any authority. In fact, Macaulay is a great artist in black and white rather than a great colourist; and the most delicate shading, a process in which he did not excel, can never supply the place of the infinite gradations of colour, and of those neutral tints which may not produce such brilliant pictures, but are nevertheless predominant in human history.

From 'Horatius.'

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:

And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

'O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

Parliamentary Reform.

We support this Bill. We may possibly think it a better Bill than that which preceded it. But are we therefore bound to admit that we were in the wrong, that the Opposition was in the right, that the House of Lords has conferred a great benefit on the nation? We saw—who did not see?—great defects in the first Bill. But did we see nothing else? Is delay no evil? Is prolonged excitement no evil? Is it no evil that the heart of a great people should be made sick by deferred hope? We allow that the changes which have been made are improvements. . . . There probably never was a law which might not have been amended by delay. But there have been many cases in which there would have been more mischief in delay than benefit in the amendments. The first Bill, however inferior it may have been in its details to the present Bill, was yet herein far superior to the present Bill, that it was the first. If the first Bill had passed, it would, I firmly believe, have produced a complete reconciliation between the aristocracy and the people. It is my earnest wish and prayer that the present Bill may produce this blessed effect; but I cannot say that my hopes are so sanguine as they were at the beginning of the last session.

The decision of the House of Lords has, I fear, excited in the public mind feelings of resentment which will not soon be allayed. What then, it is said, would you legislate in haste? Would you legislate in times of great excitement concerning matters of such deep concern? Yes, sir, I would; and if any bad consequences should follow from the haste and excitement, let those be held responsible who, when there was no need of haste, when there existed no excitement, refused to listen to any project of Reform—nay, who made it an argument against Reform that the public mind was not excited. When few meetings were held, when few petitions were sent up to us, these politicians said, 'Would you alter a constitution with which the people are perfectly satisfied?' And now, when the kingdom from one end to the other is convulsed by the question of Reform, we hear it said by the very same persons, 'Would you alter the representative system in such agitated times as these?' Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma: If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they do not want liberty.

I allow that hasty legislation is an evil. I allow that there are great objections to legislating in troubled times. But reformers are compelled to legislate fast, because bigots will not legislate early. Reformers are compelled to legislate in times of excitement, because bigots will not legislate in times of tranquillity. If ten years ago, nay, if only two years ago, there had been at the head of affairs men who understood the signs of the times and the temper of the nation, we should not have been forced to hurry now. If we cannot take our time, it is because we have to make up for their lost time. If they had reformed gradually, we might have reformed gradually; but we are compelled to move fast, because they would not move at all.

(From Speech on the Reform Bill.)

On the Maynooth College Bill.

Can we wonder that the eager, honest, hot-headed Protestants, who raised you to power in the confident hope that you would curtail the privileges of the Roman Catholics, should stare and grumble when you propose to give public money to the Roman Catholics? Can we wonder that, from one end of the country to the other, everything should be ferment and uproar, that petitions should, night after night, whiten all our benches like a snowstorm? Can we wonder that the people out of doors should be exasperated by seeing the very men who, when we were in office, voted against the old grant to Maynooth, now pushed and pulled into the House by your whippers-in to vote for an increased grant? The natural consequences follow. All those fierce spirits, whom you hallooed on to harass us, now turn round and begin to worry you. The Orangeman raises his war-whoop: Exeter Hall sets up its bray: Mr Macneile shudders to see more costly cheer than ever provided for the priests of Baal at the table of the Queen; and the

Protestant operatives of Dublin call for impeachments in exceedingly bad English. But what did you expect? Did you think when, to serve your turn, you called the Devil up, that it was as easy to lay him as to raise him? Did you think, when you went on, session after session, thwarting and reviling those whom you knew to be in the right, and flattering the worst passions of those whom you knew to be in the wrong, that the day of reckoning would never come? It has come. There you sit, doing penance for the disingenuousness of years. If it be not so, stand up manfully and clear your fame before the House and the country. Show us that some steady principle has guided your conduct with respect to Irish affairs. Show us how, if you are honest in 1845, you can have been honest in 1841. Explain to us why, after having goaded Ireland to madness for the purpose of ingratiating yourselves with the English, you are now setting England on fire for the purpose of ingratiating yourself with the Irish. Give us some reason which shall prove that the policy which you are following, as Ministers, is entitled to support, and which shall not equally prove you to have been the most factious and unprincipled Opposition that ever this country saw.

(From Speech on the Maynooth Grant.)

The Roman Catholic Church.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which a century hence may, not improbably, contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.

(From Essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1840; in *Works*, 1866, vol. vi.)

There have been numerous anticipations of this famous last sentence, the latest by Macaulay himself at the very end of his article on Mitford's *History of Greece*, published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824. Five years before, in the preface to *Peter Bell the Third*, Shelley had spoken of the time 'when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins for the contemplation of some transatlantic commentator.' Wilcocks in his *Roman Conversations* (1792–94) imagined 'foreigners 2000 years hence sailing up the Thames in search of antiquities,' passing 'through some arches of the broken bridge,' and viewing 'with admiration the still remaining portico of St Paul's.' Still earlier, in 1791, there is Volney's meditation in the second chapter of *Les Ruines*, that some day 'on the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuider Zee' a traveller may 'seat himself on silent ruins and bemoan in solitude the ashes of nations and the memory of their greatness.' And seventeen years before Volney's book appeared, Horace Walpole in 1774 had warned Sir Horace Mann that 'at last some curious traveller' would 'visit England and give a description of the ruins of St Paul's.' Other anticipations are cited in our articles on Mrs Barbauld (Vol. II. p. 582) and on Henry Kirke White (Vol. II. p. 729).

The Death of Chatham.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large and his face so emaciated that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief

would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last, with anxious tenderness, by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the Government and on the policy recommended by the Opposition. But death restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstance, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honours, led forth to the Senate House by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute. Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, all parties were agreed. A public funeral, a public monument, were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The City of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honoured might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Everything was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been given to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless and none a more splendid name.

(From Essay on the Earl of Chatham, *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1844; in *Works*, 1866, vol. vii.)

The Relief of Londonderry.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun has just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board, but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phœnix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen and the noise heard by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the heart of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river, and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of peas and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of peas. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the

whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But on the third night flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers, and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

Five generations have since passed away, and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible; the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved; yet it was scarcely needed, for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved; nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the fishmongers of London, was distinguished during the hundred and five memorable days by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of Roaring Meg. The cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the Bourbons have long been dust, but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands in Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired, and embellished. It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily, the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities; and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance.

(From *History of England*, Chap. XII.; *Works*, 1866, vol. ii.)

Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876) is one of the great biographies of the nineteenth century. Interesting criticisms of Macaulay may be found in J. Cotter Morison's *Macaulay* ('English Men of Letters' series), in Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, in Bagehot's *Literary Studies*, in John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies*, and in vol. ii. of M. Taine's *History of English Literature*. His accuracy has been disputed by John Paget, in his *New Examen* (1861) and *Puzzles and Paradoxes* (1874); by James Spedding, in *Evenings with a Reviewer* (1881); and by Sir J. F. Stephen, in *The Story of Nuncomar* (1885).

RICHARD LODGE.

John Austin (1790–1859), born at Creeting Mill, Suffolk, served some five years in the army in Sicily and Malta, but in 1818 was called to the Bar. In 1820 he married Sarah Taylor (daughter of John Taylor 'of Norwich;' see Vol. II. p. 742), and from 1826 to 1832, when he resigned from lack of students, was Professor of Jurisprudence in the newly founded university of London (now University College). His *Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, defining (on a utilitarian basis) the sphere of ethics and law, practically revolutionised English views on the subject. He was once or twice put upon a royal commission, but his health was bad; in 1841–44 he lived in Germany, and in 1844–48 in Paris. The Revolution of 1848 drove him back to England, and he then settled at Weybridge, where he died. His *Lectures on Jurisprudence* were published by his widow (1863; new ed. by Campbell, 1869). A Memoir by Mrs Austin was prefixed to a new edition of the *Province* (1861). Mrs Austin (1793–1867) was known by her translations from German and French, including Ranke's *Popes* and Guizot's *Civilisation*, and wrote books on Germany and national education. The only child of this gifted couple, Lucie (1821–69), who married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon (1811–72; latterly a Commissioner of Inland Revenue), was also an accomplished translator from the German, and in South Africa, whither she had gone for her health, indited her vivacious *Letters from the Cape* (1862; new ed., with preface by George Meredith, 1903). From 1862 she lived, almost like a native, on the Nile or in Egypt, whence she sent to the press two series of *Letters from Egypt*. See *Three Generations of Englishwomen* (1889), by Janet Ross, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon; who has also written several books on things Tuscan.

John Kitto (1804–54), son of a Plymouth stone-mason, worked at his father's craft, but in 1817 became stone-deaf through a fall, and, sent to the workhouse, learned shoemaking. In 1824 he went to Exeter to learn dentistry; in 1825 he published *Essays and Letters;* at the Missionary College at Islington he learned printing; in 1829–33 he accompanied a patron on a tour to the East. The rest of his life was spent in the service of the publishers, chiefly in that of Charles Knight. His

principal works are *The Pictorial Bible* (1838; new ed. 1855); two works on Palestine; one of powerful autobiographical interest, on *The Lost Senses—Deafness and Blindness* (1845); *Daily Bible Illustrations* (1849–53; new ed. by Dr Porter, 1867); and he edited the *Journal of Sacred Literature*. He was a D.D. of Giessen; and there are Lives of him by Ryland (1856) and Eadie (1857).

Henry Rogers (1806–77), born at St Albans, became a Congregational preacher, and was Professor of English at University College, London (1836–39), and at Spring Hill College, Birmingham, and president (1858–71) of the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester. Having made a first venture with a volume of *Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred* (1826), he contributed admirable critical and biographical articles to the *Edinburgh* (republished in 1850–55 as *Essays*), and wrote much also for other reviews and magazines, as also for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Among his more notable works are a Life of John Howe (1836); *The Eclipse of Faith* (1852), a criticism of various current forms of religious unbeliefs, and a Defence (1854) of it in reply to F. W. Newman; an *Essay on Thomas Fuller* (1856); and *The Superhuman Origin of the Bible* (1873; 9th ed., with Memoir by Dr Dale, 1893).

Philip Henry, Earl Stanhope (1805–75), a descendant of the first Earl of Chesterfield, and fourth in descent from the first Earl of Stanhope, Prime Minister of England in 1717, was known as Lord Mahon until he succeeded his father in the earldom in 1855. Educated at Oxford, he entered the House of Commons as a moderate Tory in 1830, and was successively Foreign Under-Secretary and President of the Indian Board of Control under Peel, who made him one of his literary executors. It was he that introduced the Copyright Bill of 1842, which, with Macaulay's amendments, became the Act still in force. His first work that drew attention was the *History of the War of the Succession in Spain* (1832), which was praised, with some reservations, by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*. It was followed four years later by the first volume of his *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles* (1836–54), which, when supplemented with the *Life of William Pitt* (1861) and the *History of the Reign of Queen Anne* (1870), became a complete history of England in the eighteenth century, and, in spite of later and more ambitious writers, is not yet out of date. Some chapters of it were afterwards published separately in two small volumes, entitled '*The Forty-Five*' and *A History of British India till the Peace of 1783*. Stanhope undoubtedly, as Macaulay allowed, had many of the best qualities of an historian, 'great diligence in examining authorities, great judgment in weighing testimony, and great impartiality in estimating characters.' His experience as a politician had taught him to understand the springs of political history, and his acquaintance with many of those who had been actors in some of the scenes he describes avails often to give authentic vividness to his narrative. While neither a brilliant writer nor a deep or original thinker, he is to be ranked among the most trustworthy and agreeable of English historians. His industry as a writer was untiring and various. He published a *History of Spain under Charles II.*, a collection of *Essays* and *Miscellanies*, and two short biographies of Belisarius and the great Condé, the latter an admirable monograph originally written and issued privately in French. He was editor also of Peel's Memoirs and Chesterfield's Letters, and was mainly instrumental in procuring the appointment of the Historical MSS. Commission and the foundation of the National Portrait Gallery.

The Surrender at Brihuega.

Their left wing under Stanhope consisted of eight battalions and as many squadrons; all of them English except only one battalion of Portuguese, and even that commanded by English officers. Thinned as were both battalions and squadrons by this toilsome campaign, the total numbers did not exceed 5500 men. It had been agreed with Staremberg that he and Stanhope should proceed in parallel lines. Stanhope was to march in four days from Chinchon to Brihuega, and there halt to give his troops some rest and to bake for them some bread, while Staremberg did the like at Cifuentes, the two places being about five hours' march from each other. Brihuega is a town of great antiquity; the Roman Centobriga, built on the River Tajuna and with high uplands around it on every side but one. For its defence it had only a decaying Moorish wall.

In pursuance of this plan, Stanhope had entered Brihuega late at night on the 6th of December. Next day he employed himself in collecting corn and in baking loaves. So adverse to him was the disposition in all Castille that neither at Brihuega nor through his four days' march did he receive the slightest intimation of the enemy's advance. It was therefore with surprise that, on the morning of the 8th, he observed some of their horse on the brow of the neighbouring hills. His surprise increased when, early in the afternoon, there appeared some infantry also. 'Till that time,' he writes, 'nobody with me, nor I believe did the Marshal, imagine that they had any foot within some days' march of us. And our misfortune is owing to the incredible diligence which their army made; for having, as we have since learnt, decamped from Talavera on the 1st of December, they arrived before Brihuega on the 8th, which is forty-five long leagues.'

In face of a force so superior to his own, Stanhope could not attempt to march out of Brihuega and seek a junction with Staremberg. He despatched one of his aides-de-camp full speed to apprise the Marshal of his danger, gave a becoming answer to a summons of surrender which was sent him by Vendome, and prepared for a resolute defence until succour should arrive. All that night his men were most actively employed in barricading the gates and making loopholes for musketry in the houses.

Before sunset there had already come up 6000 of the enemy's cavalry and 3000 of their foot. Vendome sent the Marquis of Valdecañas with one division to seize the bridge over the Tajuna, which was outside the town; and

he completed his investment of the latter. Towards midnight he was joined by several more bodies of his troops, with twelve pieces of the battering train. These he at once disposed in due order, and at daybreak of the 9th of December they began to play. Two breaches were soon made in the old Moorish wall. Through these the Spaniards poured in. But the English had cast up entrenchments behind the breaches, as also barricades across the streets, and they continued to defend themselves with the utmost intrepidity. Several times were the assailants driven back in disarray.

After some hours of sharp conflict a short pause ensued. But at three in the afternoon Vendome, having sent a second summons, which was rejected like the former, gave orders for a general assault. Besides playing field-pieces from the hills, which were so close as to command most of the streets, and besides renewing the onset in the two breaches, he sprang a mine under one of the gates. Some of his men, moreover, found means to break passages through the wall into houses which adjoined it; and there they established themselves in force before they were perceived. The English, however, with unabated spirit still fought on. Still on every point they beat back their assailants. How many an anxious look must they meanwhile have cast to the opposite heights, on which they expected every moment to see Staremberg and his army appear! Hour after hour passed and no sign of such succour came. Still worse was the rumour now rife among themselves, that their own ammunition had begun to fail.

Even then the resistance of these stout soldiers did not cease. 'Even with bayonets'—so writes Stanhope to Lord Dartmouth—'the enemy were more than once driven out by some of our troops who had spent their shot; and when no other remedy was left, the town was preserved some time by putting fire to the houses which they had possessed, and where many of them were destroyed; . . . and when things were reduced to the last extremity, that the enemy had a considerable body of men in the town, and that in our whole garrison we had not five hundred men who had any ammunition left, I thought myself obliged in conscience to save so many brave men, who had done good service to the Queen, and will, I hope, live to do so again. So about seven of the clock I beat the chamade, and obtained the capitulation of which I send your Lordship the copy.'

In this capitulation the enemy had been willing to grant most honourable terms; and on these terms then did Stanhope and his gallant little army become prisoners of war. Their defence of Brihuega had cost them 600 men in killed and wounded, while that of the Spaniards was acknowledged by themselves as double, and may even have amounted to 1500, which was Stanhope's computation. (From the *History of England*, Chap. XIII.)

Lord North's Resignation of Office.

For some time past it had been manifest—and to none more clearly than to Lord North—that although the downfall of the Ministry might be a little delayed or a little quickened, it could not, at that juncture, be averted. With honest zeal he had been striving to reconcile the King's mind to this unavoidable necessity. On the 10th, at last, His Majesty agreed that the Chancellor should see Lord Rockingham, and learn from him on what terms he might be willing to construct another Ministry. Lord Rockingham's demands were found to be, that a Ministry should be formed on the basis of peace and economy, and that three Bills—namely, Sir Philip Clerke's on Contractors, Mr Burke's on Economical Reform, and Mr Crewe's on Revenue Officers—should be made Government measures. To the basis Thurlow offered no objection, but he would by no means consent to the three Bills. At last, in a final conference with Rockingham, the Chancellor broke off in much wrath, declaring (and with many an oath, no doubt) that he would have no further communication with a man who thought the exclusion of a contractor from Parliament, and the disfranchisement of an exciseman, of more importance than the salvation of the country at this crisis. 'Lord Rockingham,' added he, 'is bringing things to a pass where either his head or the King's must go, in order to settle which of them is to govern the country!'

Scarcely less ardent were, at one time, the feelings of the Sovereign himself. He contemplated with the utmost aversion his return to the oligarchy of the great Whig Houses. He had even some design of taking his departure for Hanover if the terms required of him should be altogether irreconcilable with his sense of right. Such a design had once before arisen in his mind in the midst of the Gordon riots. We now find a mysterious hint of it in his letters to Lord North; and it is certain, writes Horace Walpole, that for a fortnight together the Royal yacht was expediting and preparing for his voyage. What further steps His Majesty may have had in view—whether his recession was to be permanent or temporary—whether he meant to leave the Queen as Regent or to take her and the Princes with him—can at present only be surmised.

It appears, however, that by degrees the King became more reconciled to the present, or more hopeful of the future. Lord North being with him on the afternoon of the 20th, His Majesty acknowledged that, considering the temper of the Commons, he thought the administration at an end. 'Then, Sir,' said Lord North, 'had I not better state the fact at once?'—'Well, you may do so,' replied the King. Eager to make use of this permission, Lord North hastened down to the House of Commons in Court dress. He rose to speak at the same moment with Lord Surrey, and neither would give way. Loud were the shouts and cries in that thronged House; the one party calling for Lord Surrey, and the other for Lord North. At length, to restore some order, Fox moved 'That the Earl of Surrey do first speak.' But immediately Lord North, with presence of mind mixed with pleasantry, started up again. 'I rise,' he said, 'to speak to that motion;' and, as his reason for opposing it, stated that he had resigned, and that the Ministry was no more. Next, in some farewell sentences, he proceeded, with excellent taste and temper, to thank the House for their kindness and indulgence, and he would add forbearance, during so many years. And finally, to leave time for his successors, he proposed and carried an adjournment of some days.

There was on this occasion another slight but characteristic incident which more than one eye-witness has recorded. It was a cold wintry evening, with a fall of snow. The other Members, in expectation of a long debate, had dismissed their carriages. Lord North, on the contrary, had kept his waiting. He put into it one or two of his friends, whom he invited to go home with him; and then, turning to the crowd chiefly composed of his bitter enemies, as they stood shivering and clustering

near the door, he said to them with a placid smile, 'You see, gentlemen, the advantage of being in the secret. Good-night.'—'No man,' says Mr Adam of his speech and whole conduct that evening, 'ever showed more calmness, cheerfulness, and serenity. The temper of his whole family was the same. I dined with them that day, and was witness to it.'

Thus ended Lord North's administration of twelve years. It is certainly strange, on contemplating these twelve years, to find so many harsh and rigorous measures proceed from the most gentle and good-humoured of Prime Ministers. Happy had but greater firmness in maintaining his own opinions been joined to so much ability in defending opinions even when not his own!

(From the *History of England*, Chap. LXV.)

Charles Swain (1801–74), a Manchester man, was originally a clerk in a dye-work, but after his thirtieth year became connected with a large engraving and lithographing business, of which he was ultimately the proprietor. He had begun to send poetry to the magazines, and in 1827 published *Metrical Essays*, the first of a series of volumes of poetry, including *Rhymes for Childhood* and *Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs;* besides *The Mind and other Poems* (1832), which reached a sixth edition in 1873, and *Songs and Ballads* (his twelfth volume, 1867), which was in a fifth edition in 1877. A Life was prefixed to an edition of his poems—mostly marked by sweetness, grace, and melody—published in the United States in 1887, at which date a Civil List pension was conferred on him at home.

Thomas Cooper (1805–92), the Chartist poet, who lived to be called the 'last of the Chartists' and to write *Thoughts at Fourscore*, was born at Leicester in 1805, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Gainsborough, where he became the friend of Thomas Miller (see below). Spite of hard labour and insufficient food (he often swooned when he tried to take his cup of oatmeal gruel at the end of the day's work), he would rise at three in the morning to teach himself Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French; and he became a schoolmaster at twenty-three, and about the same time a local Methodist preacher. He found time for very wide and varied reading in history and English literature; and after reporting for some of the newspapers in the Midlands, he became leader of the Leicester Chartists in 1841, and was an active editor of tracts. He lectured in the Potteries during the riots in August 1842, was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and sedition, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford jail. Here he wrote *The Purgatory of Suicides*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*, a series of tales, which were both published in 1845. In prison he had become a pronounced sceptic, though he never taught 'blank atheism,' he says; and the reading of George Eliot's translation of the *Leben Jesu* made him for years a whole-hearted disciple of Strauss. In 1846 appeared his *Baron's Yule Feast, a Christmas Rhyme*, and a series of papers headed 'Condition of the People of England' in *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*. In 1848 he began to lecture on history and politics in London; set up the *Plain Speaker* and *Cooper's Journal*, two short-lived penny weeklies; and published two novels, *Alderman Ralph* (1853) and *The Family Feud* (1854). In 1855 a new religious life dawned for him: he utterly recanted his sceptical views and doubts, became a zealous Christian, and joining the Baptists, was an effective and acceptable preacher. He was always an honest, if impulsive, thinker, and was latterly a sincere but old-fashioned Radical. In 1867 his friends purchased an annuity for him. He published his Autobiography in 1872; *The Paradise of Martyrs*, an unfinished poem, in 1873; and an edition of his *Poetical Works* in 1878; and in the last year of his life he got a Civil Service pension of £200.

The Purgatory of Suicides, the chief occupation of his prison life, was also Cooper's most notable production. In the prison he was ultimately allowed to have his books, to read Gibbon through for the second time, to revel in Shakespeare and Milton, and to commit to memory, out of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, 'portions of almost every English poet of eminence.' Already in his reporter days he had 'conceived as in an instant an epic wherein the souls of suicidal kings and other remarkable personages should be interlocutors on some high theme or themes,' and had resolved on *The Purgatory of Suicides* as the title for it. It was primarily a vision of suicides, including all he could remember, but omitting, to his subsequent regret, Lord Clive and Uriel Acosta, whose history had specially impressed him, though in prison he had forgotten his name. Oppressed with the cruelties, baseness, horrors, shams, hypocrisies, and injustices of his own and past times—especially those which the poor suffer at the hands of the rich—the poet is driven to ask, 'Is life worth having?' and to sympathise with those who in despair have succumbed to fate by shortening their own lives. But the poem does not deal much with suicide; it is a 'mind-history,' and is largely an impeachment of oppression, a claim of human rights, a denunciation of priestcraft, bad government, Castlereagh, Union workhouses, and slavery black and white; and there are still pretty strong traces of his early scepticism, conscientiously permitted to stand by the author after reconversion, as being part of his actual history. Disraeli (Beaconsfield), Dickens, and Jerrold encouraged the convict-poet, and in the *Purgatory* Carlyle found 'indisputable traces of genius—a dark, Titanic energy struggling there for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by-and-by.' But the too-friendly critic not unwisely advised him to say what he had to say in prose: probably he too saw that the ten books of Spenserian stanzas were long and wearisome. There are touches of true sentiment in the 'prison rhyme,'

much sound sense, not a little acute argument, and some bombastic rhetoric, but only a little poetry. Probably Cooper's best work was in some of his prose addressed to working-men. The first verses of one of Cooper's 'Chartist hymns,' 'sung to the noble air of the Old Hundredth,' ran as follows (somewhat like the corresponding work of the Corn-Law rhymer, page 231):

God of the earth, and sea, and sky,
To Thee Thy mournful children cry:
Didst Thou the blue that bends o'er all
Spread for a general funeral pall?

Sadness and gloom pervade the land;
Death—famine—glare on either hand;
Didst Thou plant earth upon the wave
Only to form one general grave?

From 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

Welcome, sweet Robin! welcome, cheerful one!
Why dost thou slight the merry fields of corn,
The sounds of human joy, the plenty strown
From Autumn's teeming lap; and, by gray morn,
Ere the sun wakes, sing thus to things of scorn
And infamy and want and sadness whom
Their stronger fellow-criminals have torn
From freedom and the gladsome light of home,
To quench the nobler spark within, in dungeon'd gloom?

Why dost thou choose, throughout the livelong day,
A prison-rampart for thy perch, and sing
As thou wouldst rend thy fragile throat? Away,
My little friend, away, upon light wing,
A while! Me it will cheer, imagining
Till thou revisit this my drear sojourn,
How, on the margent of some silver spring
Mantled with golden lilies, thou dost turn
Thy pretty head awry, so meaningly, and yearn,

From out that beaming look, to know what thoughts
Within the beauteous arrow-head may dwell—
The purple eye petalled with snow, that floats
So gracefully. Dost think the damosel,
Young Hope, kirtled with Chastity, there fell
Into the stream, and grew a flower so fair?
Ah! still thou linger'st, while I, dreaming, tell
Of pleasures I would reap, if free I were,
Like thee, loved bird, to breathe sweet Freedom's balmy air.

Away!—for this is not a clime for thee—
Sweet childhood's sacred one! The hawthorns bend
With ruddy fruitage: tiny troops, with glee
Plundering the mellow wealth, a shout will send
Aloft, if they behold their feathered friend,
Loved 'Robin Redbreast,' mingle with their joy!
Did they not watch thy tenderlings, and wend
With eager steps, when school was o'er, a coy
And wistful peep to take—lest some rude ruffian boy,

With sacrilegious heart and hand, should rob
Thy nest as heathenly as if 'Heaven's bird'
Were not more sacred than the vulgar mob
Of pies and crows? Flee—loved one!—thou hast heard
This dissonance of bolts and bars that gird
Old England's modern slaves, until thy sense
Of freedom's music will be sepulchred.
Hie where young hearts gush taintless joy intense,
And, 'mid their rapture, pour thy heart's mellifluence!

Thomas Miller (1807–74) was the son of a Gainsborough wharfinger, who, during a visit to London in 1810, left his lodgings on the morning of the Burdett riots, and was never heard of again. The fatherless boy, having learnt at school 'to write a very indifferent hand, and to read the Testament tolerably,' was apprenticed to a basket-maker in his native town. While working at his trade in Nottingham he submitted his poems to Thomas Bailey, a journalist, whose son was the author of *Festus*; and Bailey encouraged Miller to publish *Songs of the Sea Nymphs* (1832). Shortly afterwards he removed to London, hoping to contribute to the magazines; but he had a weary wait for recognition, and had to earn his living by working at his old trade. Having one day sent to Lady Blessington some baskets containing verses, he was welcomed to her house. 'Often,' he wrote, 'have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, and talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home; and on the same evening I might have been seen on Westminster Bridge, between an apple-vendor and a baked-potato merchant selling my baskets.' About 1845 he was enabled, mainly through the assistance of Samuel Rogers, to start business as a bookseller and publisher in Newgate Street; but, failing to succeed, soon devoted himself entirely to writing. Ultimately he had produced not fewer than forty-five volumes, including several works of fiction, in which country characters and scenes are drawn with skill. His best-known novel is *Royston Gower, or the Days of King John* (1838); another tale is *Gideon Giles the Roper*. A volume of *Rural Sketches* was largely circulated, as were most of his books dealing with the country. He contributed leading articles to the London daily papers, reviews to the *Athenæum*, and much miscellaneous prose and poetry to the periodicals, but died in poverty.

James Ballantine (1808–77), author of 'Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew' and other Scotch songs, was born in Edinburgh and trained as a house-painter; but having studied drawing and painting, became conspicuous as a reviver of the art of glass-painting. Some of his best-known songs and ballads are to be found in two prose volumes, *The Gaberlunzie's Wallet* (1843) and *The Miller of Deanhaugh* (1845).

William Harrison Ainsworth (1805–82), the son of a wealthy Manchester solicitor, was educated at the grammar school and articled to a solicitor, and, on his father's death in 1824, went up to London to finish his legal studies; but two years later he married a publisher's daughter, and himself turned publisher for eighteen months. He had written some magazine articles prior to 1823, so that his first-born was not *Sir John Chiverton* (1826), an anonymous novel bepraised by Scott (partly, it seems, the work of John Partington Aston). His earliest hit was *Rookwood* (1834),

with its vivid narrative of Dick Turpin's ride to York. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Ainsworth showed some dramatic power, but little originality or felicity in humour or character. His romance, *Crichton* (1837), is founded on the marvellous history of the 'Admirable' Scot; and later works were *Jack Sheppard* (1839), a sort of Newgate romance; *The Tower of London*, *Guy Fawkes*, *Old St Paul's*, *Windsor Castle*, *The Lancashire Witches*, *The Star Chamber*, *The Flitch of Bacon*, *The Spendthrift*, &c. There are rich, copious, and brilliant descriptions in some of these stories, but both their æsthetic value and their moral tendency were—and are now—open to much criticism; there are certainly too many



WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.
From a Print in the British Museum after the Portrait by Maclise.

scenes of low but successful villainy, too many ghastly and unrelieved details of human suffering. As romances, they abound in incident, and are elaborately and ingeniously constructed, but in their strongest situations are often frankly incredible; and the style, especially in the conversations, is artificial and stilted to a degree. Even in the most appalling crises his characters 'reply to one another in the affirmative' and call a church the sacred pile or the reverend structure. When a beautiful girl is being roasted alive in a burning house one friend says to another, 'I will ascertain' how the case stands; and 'having learned to his great satisfaction what had occurred' (viz., that she has been saved), 'he flew back and briefly explained the situation of the parties.' The most intimate dialogue also is innocently constructed so as 'to explain the situation of the parties' to the reader, and to expound incidents not elsewhere recorded. The author is fond of such participial constructions as 'knocking at the door, an elderly servant appeared,' when it is the visitor who knocks. The story of *Jack Sheppard*, illustrated, like six others, by Cruikshank, had immense success, and was dramatised. In 1881 a banquet was held in Ainsworth's honour in Manchester, at which he was acclaimed the 'Lancashire novelist.'

The Dance of Death.

On the night of their liberation, Chowles and Judith proceeded to the vaults of Saint Faith's, to deposit within them the plunder they had obtained in the prison. They found them entirely deserted. Neither verger, sexton, nor any other person was to be seen, and they took up their quarters in the crypt. Having brought a basket of provisions and a few bottles of wine with them, they determined to pass the night in revelry; and, accordingly, having lighted a fire with the fragments of old coffins brought from the charnel, they sat down to their meal. Having done full justice to it, and disposed of the first flask, they were about to abandon themselves to unrestrained enjoyment, when their glee was all at once interrupted by a strange and unaccountable noise in the adjoining church. Chowles, who had just commenced chanting one of his wild melodies, suddenly stopped, and Judith set down the glass she had raised to her lips untasted. What could it mean? Neither of them could tell. It seemed like strains of unearthly music, mixed with shrieks and groans as of tortured spirits, accompanied by peals of such laughter as might be supposed to proceed from demons.

'The dead are burst forth from their tombs,' cried Chowles, in a quavering voice, 'and are attended by a legion of evil spirits.'

'It would seem so,' replied Judith, rising. 'I should like to behold the sight. Come with me.'

'Not for the world!' rejoined Chowles, shuddering; 'and I would recommend you to stay where you are. You may behold your dead husband among them.'

'Do you think so?' rejoined Judith, halting.

'I am sure of it,' cried Chowles, eagerly. 'Stay where you are—stay where you are.'

As he spoke, there was another peal of infernal laughter, and the strains of music grew louder each moment.

'Come what may, I will see what it is,' said Judith, emptying her glass, as if seeking courage from the draught. 'Surely,' she added, in a taunting tone, 'you will come with me.'

'I am afraid of nothing earthly,' rejoined Chowles—'but I do not like to face beings of another world.'

'Then I will go alone,' rejoined Judith.

'Nay, that will never be,' replied Chowles, tottering after her.

As they opened the door and crossed the charnel, such an extraordinary combination of sounds burst upon their ears that they again paused, and looked anxiously at each other. Chowles laid his hand on his companion's arm, and strove to detain her, but she would not be stayed, and he was forced to proceed. Setting down the lamp on the stone floor, Judith passed into the subterranean church, where she beheld a sight that almost petrified her. In the midst of the nave, which was illumined by a blue glimmering light, whence proceeding it was impossible to determine, stood a number of grotesque figures, apparelled in fantastic garbs, and each attended by a skeleton. Some of the latter grisly shapes were playing on tambours, others on psalteries, others on

rebecs—every instrument producing the strangest sound imaginable. Viewed through the massive pillars, beneath that dark and ponderous roof, and by the mystic light before described, this strange company had a supernatural appearance, and neither Chowles nor Judith doubted for a moment that they beheld before them a congregation of phantoms. An irresistible feeling of curiosity prompted them to advance. On drawing nearer, they found the assemblage comprehended all ranks of society. There was a pope in his tiara and pontifical dress; a cardinal in his cap and robes; a monarch with a sceptre in his hand, and arrayed in the habiliments of royalty; a crowned queen; a bishop wearing his mitre, and carrying his crosier; an abbot likewise in his mitre, and bearing a crosier; a duke in his robes of state; a grave canon of the church; a knight sheathed in armour; a judge, an advocate, and a magistrate, all in their robes; a mendicant friar and a nun; and the list was completed by a physician, an astrologer, a miser, a merchant, a duchess, a pedlar, a soldier, a gamester, an idiot, a robber, a blind man, and a beggar—each distinguishable by his apparel.

By-and-by, with a wild and gibbering laugh that chilled the beholders' blood, one of the tallest and grisliest of the skeletons sprang forward, and beating his drum, the whole ghostly company formed, two and two, into a line—a skeleton placing itself on the right of every mortal. In this order, the fantastic procession marched between the pillars, the unearthly music playing all the while, and disappeared at the further extremity of the church. With the last of the group the mysterious light vanished, and Chowles and his companion were left in profound darkness.

'What can it mean?' cried Judith, as soon as she recovered her speech. 'Are they human or spirits?'

'Human beings don't generally amuse themselves in this way,' returned Chowles. 'But hark!—I still hear the music. They are above—in Saint Paul's.'

'Then I will join them,' said Judith. 'I am resolved to see the end of it.'

'Don't leave me behind,' returned Chowles, following her. 'I would rather keep company with Beelzebub and all his imps than be alone.'

Both were too well acquainted with the way to need any light. Ascending the broad stone steps, they presently emerged into the cathedral, which they found illumined by the same glimmering light as the lower church, and they perceived the ghostly assemblage gathered into an immense ring, and dancing round the tall skeleton, who continued beating his drum, and uttering a strange gibbering sound, which was echoed by the others. Each moment the dancers increased the swiftness of their pace, until at last it grew to a giddy whirl, and then, all at once, with a shriek of laughter, the whole company fell to the ground.

Chowles and Judith then, for the first time, understood, from the confusion that ensued and the exclamations uttered, that they were no spirits they had to deal with, but beings of the same mould as themselves. Accordingly, they approached the party of masquers, for such they proved, and found on inquiry that they were a party of young gallants, who, headed by the Earl of Rochester—the representative of the tall skeleton—had determined to realise the Dance of Death, as once depicted on the walls of an ancient cloister at the north of the cathedral, called Pardon-churchyard, on the walls of which, says Stowe, were 'artificially and richly painted the Dance of Macabre, or Dance of Death, commonly called the Dance of Paul's, the like whereof was painted about Saint Innocent's at Paris. The metres, or poesy of this dance,' proceeds the same authority, 'were translated out of French into English by John Lydgate, monk of Bury; and with the picture of Death leading all estates, painted about the cloister, at the special request and expense of Jenkin Carpenter, in the reign of Henry the Sixth.'

(From *Old Saint Paul's.*)

Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802–39), son of an English serjeant-at-law, and connected through his mother with the Winthrops of New England, was born in London and educated at Eton, where he distinguished himself chiefly by



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.
After the Portrait by Mayer.

some brilliant experiments in academic journalism. *Apis Matina*, his first venture, was followed in 1820 by *The Etonian*, which was printed by Charles Knight, and ran for ten months. At Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1821, Praed won the Chancellor's medal twice with poems on 'Australasia' and 'Athens,' and contributed prose and verse to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. *The Brazen Head*, which reached its third number, was another of his ventures in the periodical line in 1826. At that time he was tutor to a son of Lord Ailesbury. In 1829, having obtained a college fellowship, he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and next year entered the House of Commons as member for the rotten borough of St Germans in Cornwall. At Cambridge, in the Union debates, he had been a Whig champion against the Tory Macaulay, but in Parliament the positions of the two were reversed. Praed lost his seat on the passing of the Reform Act, but afterwards re-entered Parliament as member succes-

sively for Great Yarmouth and Ailesbury. The Duke of Wellington employed him in some pamphleteering work, and he was Secretary to the Board of Control in 1834–35; but although his maiden speech in Parliament had been greeted with applause, he failed to win distinction in politics. He died of consumption at the fatal age of thirty-seven.

Praed's poems were collected and published first in America in 1844; the earliest authorised edition in England, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge, appeared only in 1864, and was followed in 1887 and 1888 by his prose essays and his political squibs. These last were accounted too good-natured to be effective, and it is on his dainty *vers de société* and his essays in what has been called 'metrical *genre*-painting' that his poetic reputation rests. The best of his verses—*The Vicar*, for example, and *Quince*—show a mingling of humour, wit, and pathos perhaps more refined, though less intense and vital, than is found in Hood—a poet to whom in some regards Praed bears a notable resemblance. Most of his society verses are mere trifles, but everywhere, even in his charades, one finds delicate good taste and finished execution. His skill as a metrist within certain limits is unfailing, but here again he shows a narrower range and a less vigorous energy than Hood. In the world of English literature he stands in a small group apart—almost a coterie—with Locker Lampson and Calverley and their like, and as yet he is perhaps the greatest of the band.

The Vicar.

Some years ago, ere time and taste
  Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
  St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
  Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
  'Our master knows you—you're expected.'

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
  And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend,
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
  It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
  And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
  And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
  And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
  The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
  Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
  Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus:*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
  To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
  When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you 'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
'*Hic jacet Gvlielmvs Brown,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.'

The Rainbow.

My First in torrents bleak and black
Was rushing from the sky,
When with my Second at his back
Young Cupid wandered by;
'Now take me in; the moon hath past;
I pray ye, take me in!
The lightnings flash, the hail falls fast,
All Hades rides the thunder-blast;
I 'm dripping to the skin!'

'I know thee well, thy songs and sighs;
A wicked god thou art,
And yet most welcome to the eyes,
Most witching to the heart!'
The Wanderer prayed another prayer,
And shook his drooping wing;
The Lover bade him enter there,
And wrung my First from out his hair,
And dried my Second's string.

And therefore (so the urchin swore,
By Styx, the fearful river,
And by the shafts his quiver bore,
And by his shining quiver)
That Lover aye shall see my Whole
In Life's tempestuous Heaven;
And, when the lightnings cease to roll,
Shall fix thereon his dreaming soul
In the deep calm of even.

Robert Stephen Hawker (1804–75), Cornish poet and unconventional parson, was born at Plymouth, the son of a physician who afterwards took orders, and grandson of a vicar of Plymouth who compiled the *Morning and Evening Portions* and wrote many other theological works. Young Hawker went up from Cheltenham Grammar School to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1823; his father found himself unable to keep him there; but that same autumn the poetic but practical and resolute undergraduate married a lady of fortune and forty-one, and with her returned to Oxford. He carried off the Newdigate in 1827, was ordained in 1831, and in 1834 became vicar of Morwenstow, on the Cornish coast. Its parishioners were demoralised by generations of wrecking, smuggling, and spiritual ignorance; but in his forty years' labour he rebuilt the vicarage, restored the church, built a school, and introduced a weekly offertory and a striking ceremonial largely of his own devising. He was a devoted parson, but was fond of open-air life, and was the intimate and ally of his seafaring parishioners; a mystic in religion, he even shared many of the superstitions of his people as to apparitions and the evil eye. His usual garb was an odd compound of seaman's rig and imposing hyper-ecclesiastical costume—strange bright-coloured vestments imperfectly concealing sea-boots to the knee. In his poetry, the spontaneous outpouring of a complex but vigorous personality too much absorbed by active life and its duties and joys to become a 'professional poet,' Hawker is delightful. His *Tendrils by Reuben*, published at seventeen, he did not reprint; but by his Cornish ballads in *Records of the Western Shore* (1832–36), the *Quest of the Sangraal* (1863), and other poems he showed himself unmistakably a poet. His *Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall* (1870) was a collection of miscellaneous papers on local traditions. None of Hawker's poems is so well known as his spirited 'Song of the Western Men,' based on the old Cornish refrain, 'And shall Trelawny die?' a ballad so spontaneous and swinging in its rhythms as to have deceived Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay into accepting it as a genuine relic of the seventeenth century. Hawker's wife died in 1863—a blow that drove the eccentric parson-poet to melancholy and opium, from which he was saved only by the loyalty of his second wife (1864), daughter of a Polish exile, who bore him three daughters, and nursed his declining years with rare devotion. He died at Plymouth 15th August 1875, having been admitted twelve hours before to the Roman Catholic communion. There was a painful controversy after his death as to whether and how long he had been a Roman Catholic at heart.

In Hawker's *Sangraal*, Arthur, much unlike his Tennysonian namesake, speaks to his comrades of the Table Round as a mediæval English crusader might well have done:

Ho for the Sangraal, vanished vase of God!
Ye know that in old days, that yellow Jew
Accursed Herod; and the earth-wide judge,
Pilate the Roman; doomster for all lands—
Or else the judgment had not been for all—
Bound Jesu-master to the world's tall tree
Slowly to die.—Ha, sirs, had we been there
They durst not have assayed their felon deed,—
Excalibur had cleft them to the chine!—
Slowly he died, a world in every pang,
Until the hard centurion's cruel spear
Smote his high heart: and from that severed side
Rushed the red stream that quenched the wrath of heaven.
Then came Sir Joseph, hight of Arimathie,
Bearing that awful vase the Sangraal!
The vessel of the Pasch, Shere Thursday night,
The self-same cup wherein the faithful wine
Heard God, and was obedient unto blood;
Therewith he knelt, and gathered blessed drops
From his dear Master's side that sadly fell,

The ruddy dews from the great tree of life:
Sweet Lord! What treasures! like the priceless gems
Hid in the tawny casket of a king—
A ransom for an army; one by one!
That wealth he cherished long: his very soul
Around his ark: bent as before a shrine.
He dwelt in Orient Syria, God's own land:
The ladder-foot of Heaven—where shadowy shapes
In white apparel glided up and down!
His home was like a garner, full of corn
And wine and oil: a granary of God.
Young men, that no one knew, went in and out
With a far look in their eternal eyes.
All things were strange and rare; the Sangraal
As though it clung to some ethereal chain
Brought down high Heaven to earth at Arimathie.

The Song of the Western Men.

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
'If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We 'll set Trelawny free!

'We 'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With "one and all," and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

'And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here 's men as good as you!

'Trelawny he 's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here 's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!'

Sir Beville: The Gate-song of Stowe.

Arise! and away! for the King and the land;
Farewell to the couch and the pillow:
With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,
Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold,
Bid the wassailer cease from his revel:
And ride for old Stowe, where the banner 's unrolled,
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh,
And Harris of Hayne 's o'er the river;
From Lundy to Looe, 'One and all' is the cry,
And the King and Sir Beville for ever.

Ay! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men,
'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon;—
But if truth to the King be a signal, why then
Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

Ride! ride! with red spur, there is death in delay,
'Tis a race for dear life with the devil;
If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,
This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell,
But vain were the visions he cherished,
For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,
In the grave of the Granville it perished.

See Lives—from opposite points of view on the Catholic question—by Mr Baring-Gould (1875; 3rd ed. 1886) and by Dr F. G. Lee (1876); an edition of Hawker's poems, with a short Life, by J. G. Godwin (1879); one of his prose works (1893); and another of his poems, with a bibliography by S. Wallis (1899).

Lord Houghton (1809–85), long known in literature and public life as Richard Monckton Milnes, was born in London, the only son of Robert Pemberton Milnes, 'Single-speech Milnes' (1784–1858), of Fryston Hall, Bawtry Hall, and Great Houghton, Yorkshire, who declined the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and a peerage; his mother was a daughter of the fourth Lord Galway. Educated by private tutors at home and in Italy, he went up in 1827 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. in 1831, and where he was a leader in the Union and one of the famous 'Apostles.' From 1837 to 1863 he represented Pontefract, first as a Conservative, but latterly (after Peel's conversion to Free Trade) as an Independent Liberal; then he was called by Palmerston to the Upper House, of which for a score of years he was the 'only poet.' His friendships constituted a great part of his life; he knew everybody worth knowing at home and abroad, and cherished kindly and intimate relations with French statesmen, Italian revolutionaries, and American poets. His catholicity and the tact which enabled him to bring together at his table men widely opposed in politics and religion earned for him Carlyle's (playful) recommendation for the post of 'perpetual president of the heaven-and-hell-amalgamation society.' A Mæcenas of poets, Lord Houghton got Tennyson the laureateship, soothed the dying hours of poor David Gray, and was one of the first to recognise Mr Swinburne's genius; he suffered at the hands of the *Quarterly* for his 'worship of such baby idols as Mr John Keats and Mr Alfred Tennyson.' His own verse was always graceful, cultured, and thoughtful, though wanting in force and fervour; some of the shorter pieces were in their day exceedingly popular—'Strangers Yet,' for example, and 'The Beating of my Own Heart.' Besides this, Lord Houghton — the 'Mr Vavasour' of Disraeli's *Tancred* — was a traveller, a philanthropist, an unrivalled after-dinner speaker, and Rogers's successor in the art of breakfast-giving. He went up in a balloon, and down in a diving-bell; he was the first publishing Englishman who gained access to the harems of the East; he championed oppressed nationalities, liberty of conscience, the *Essays and Reviews*, fugitive slaves, the reform

of the franchise, and women's rights; and he carried a Bill for establishing reformatories. His works included *Memorials of a Tour in Greece, chiefly Poetical* (1834); *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent* (1838); *Poetry for the People* (1840); *Poems, Legendary and Historical* (1844); *Palm Leaves* (1844); *Life and Remains of John Keats* (1848); *Monographs, Personal and Social* (1873); and his *Collected Poetical Works* (1878). His Life has been admirably presented by Sir T. Wemyss Reid (2 vols. 1890).

St Mark's at Venice.

Walk in St Mark's the time the ample space
  Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,
When, on each side, with gravely darkened face
  The masses rise above the light arcade;
Walk down the midst with slowly tunèd pace,
  But gay withal, for there is high parade
Of fair attire and fairer forms, which pass
Like varying groups on a magician's glass. . .

Walk in St Mark's again some few hours after,
  When a bright sleep is on each storied pile—
When fitful music and inconstant laughter
  Give place to Nature's silent moonlight smile:
Now Fancy wants no faery gale to waft her
  To Magian haunt, or charm-engirded isle;
All too content, in passive bliss, to see
This show divine of visible poetry.

On such a night as this impassionedly
  The old Venetian sung those verses rare:
'That Venice must of needs eternal be,
  For Heaven had looked through the pellucid air,
And cast its reflex on the crystal sea,
  And Venice was the image pictured there;'
I hear them now, and tremble, for I seem
As treading on an unsubstantial dream.

That strange cathedral! exquisitely strange—
  That front, on whose bright varied tints the eye
Rests as of gems—those arches whose high range
  Gives its rich-broidered border to the sky—
Those ever-prancing steeds! My friend, whom change
  Of restless will has led to lands that lie
Deep in the East, does not thy fancy set
Above those domes an airy minaret?

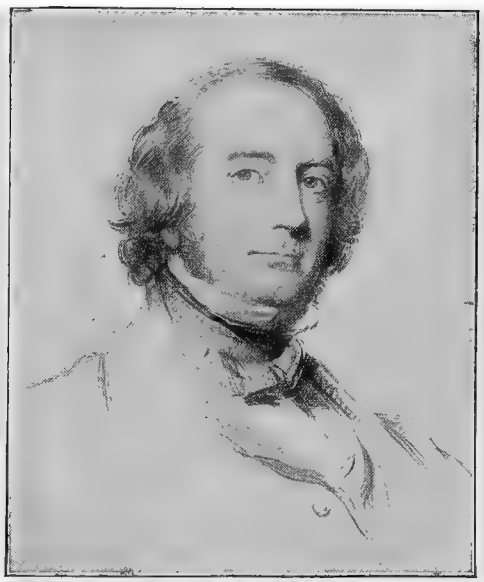
The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenious brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
  That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
  And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
  The world has since forgone—
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
  Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
  With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
  Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
  Each with his fronting foe.



RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.
After the Portrait by George Richmond, R.A.

Man *now* his virtue's diadem
  Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
  Like instincts, unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
  With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
  As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
  They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
  To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
  Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
  Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
  Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
  That we are sick to greet:

For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
Oh! loiter not; those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

From 'The Long-ago.'

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing 's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years.
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

Shadows.

They seem'd, to those who saw them meet,
The casual friends of every day;
Her smile was undisturb'd and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blister'd with repeated tears—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years!

Alas, that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas, that they delay'd so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone.

Thomas Gordon Hake (1809–95), the 'parable poet,' was born at Leeds, and educated at Christ's Hospital. He travelled a good deal on the Continent, took his M.D. at Glasgow, and practised at Bury St Edmunds, Richmond, and elsewhere. Among his friends were Borrow, Trelawny, Rossetti, his cousin Gordon Pasha, and Watts-Dunton. He published *Madeline* (1871), *Parables and Tales* (1873), *The Serpent Play* (1883), *New Day Sonnets* (1890), &c. See his *Memoirs of Eighty Years* (1893). The blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, inspired one of his best-known poems, 'The Blind Boy;' this is perhaps one of his most memorable sonnets:

The Infant Medusa.

I loved Medusa when she was a child,
Her rich brown tresses heaped in crispy curl
Where now those locks with reptile passion whirl,
By hate into dishevelled serpents coiled.
I loved Medusa when her eyes were mild,
Whose glances, narrowed now, perdition hurl,
As her self-tangled hairs their mass unfurl,
Bristling the way she turns with hissings wild.

Her mouth I kissed when curved with amorous spell,
Now shaped to the unuttered curse of hell,
Wide open for death's orbs to freeze upon;
Her eyes I loved ere glazed in icy stare,
Ere mortals, lured into their ruthless glare,
She shrivelled in her gaze to pulseless stone.

Elizabeth Penrose ('Mrs Markham;' 1780–1837) was the daughter of the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, inventor of the power-loom, and as a child devoured folios of history with more appetite than her meals. In 1814 she married the Rev. John Penrose, an industrious theological writer, and in 1823 published under the well-known pseudonym her *History of England for the Use of Young Persons*, followed in 1828 by a similar *History of France*. Other works were *Amusements of Westernheath*, *A Visit to the Zoological Gardens*, *Historical Conversations*, and *Sermons for Children*. Her *History of England*, which, intentionally and expressly, omitted 'painful' scenes and party politics, won a great popularity and had numberless reprints (one, for example, in 1874), having been edited and continued by Mary Howitt.

Julia Pardoe (1806–62), daughter of an army officer, began to publish poems while yet a girl at home in Beverley. Ill-health sent her abroad and provided materials for her *Traits and Traditions of Portugal* in 1833. A visit to Constantinople in 1836 led to her *City of the Sultan*, *The Romance of the Harem*, and *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*. She visited Hungary, and wrote *The City of the Magyar*, and a novel, *The Hungarian Castle* (1842). A series of works deal with French history—*Louis XIV. and the Court of France* (1847), *The Court and Reign of Francis I.* (1849), *The Life of Mary de' Medicis* (1852; new ed. 1891), and *Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire* (1859). Books of another

type are *The Confessions of a Pretty Woman*, *Flies in Amber*, *The Jealous Wife*, *Reginald Lyle*, *Lady Arabella*, and *The Thousand and One Days*. Her sprightly and pleasantly written novels were very popular, but hardly more so than her attractive presentations of the historical past. She was not trained in strict historical research, and her notions of evidence left much to be desired; but she was an acute observer, and her knowledge of the East was accurate and profound.

The Baroness von Tautphœus (1807–93) was the daughter of James Montgomery of Seaview, County Donegal; and in 1838 Jemima Montgomery married the Baron von Tautphœus, Chamberlain at the Bavarian Court, and spent the rest of her life in Germany. Her novels—*The Initials* (1850), *Cyrilla* (1853), *Quits* (1857), and *At Odds* (1863)—were written in English, but by their genial pictures of the most various aspects of South German life and character they reveal the Irishwoman's intimate sympathy with the men and women, the nobles and peasants, the rich and poor of her adopted fatherland. Her first venture was generally reckoned the most attractive and successful of her stories; the second dealt with a gloomy tragedy of crime and punishment.

The Countess of Dufferin and **The Hon. Mrs Norton** sustained the honour of a gifted race. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by his marriage with Miss Linley, had one son, Thomas (1775–1817), whose convivial wit and fancy were scarcely less bright or less esteemed than those of his father, and who died Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1805 Thomas was in Scotland as aide-de-camp to Lord Moira, and he there married Caroline Henrietta, daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callander of Craigforth, by whom he had seven children, and who wrote *Carwell* and two other novels.

Helen Selina (1807–67) was the first of the 'three Graces,' of whom the second became Mrs Norton and the third the Duchess of Somerset. In 1825 she married, through love at first sight and in the face of some parental opposition, Commander Blackwood (1794–1841), a naval officer, who on the death of his father in 1839 succeeded as fourth Lord Dufferin. After her husband's accidental death only two years later, she devoted herself mainly to the education of her son, afterwards, as fifth Earl and first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, distinguished as author and diplomatist. And in 1862, at the earnest request of the Earl of Gifford (son of the Marquis of Tweeddale), a devoted friend, now on his deathbed, the countess went through the form of marriage with him a few weeks before his death. From her girlhood she had written songs and verses; *Lispings from Low Latitudes, or Extracts from the Journal of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington*, was the outcome of a trip up the Nile with her son, to whom on his birthdays many of her poems were addressed. The marquis collected her *Songs, Poems, and Verses* in 1894, prefixing a Life of his mother. Her best things are inimitably tender, sweet, pathetic, and humorous, the best known by far being

The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I 've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, O, they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There 's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I 'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I 'm goin' to;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I 'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side;
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (1808–77), the second of the 'three Graces,' was married in her nineteenth year to a barrister, the Hon. George Chapple Norton (1800–75), son of the first Lord Grantley. The marriage proved most unhappy, and Mrs



CAROLINE NORTON.
After the Portrait by T. Carrick.

Norton's friendship with Lord Melbourne led her husband to institute a groundless and unsuccessful action of divorce (1836). From her childhood she too had written verses. Her first publication was an attempt at satire, *The Dandies' Rout* (1821), to which she added illustrative drawings. In her seventeenth year she wrote *The Sorrows of Rosalie* (1829), embodying a pathetic story of village life. A poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew she called *The Undying One* (1831). A novel, *The Wife and Woman's Reward* (1835), succeeded, and in 1840 *The Dream, and other Poems. The Child of the Islands* (1845) was a poem written to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales to the condition of the people 'in a land and time wherein there is too little communication between classes,' and too little expression of sympathy on the part of the rich towards the poor—subjects on which she had years before written letters to the *Times*. At Christmas 1846 Mrs Norton issued two poetical fairy-tales, *Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children*, charming alike for their graceful fancy and their sketches of birds, woods, and flowers. In 1850 appeared *Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse*, and next year a three-volume novel, *Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times*. The incidents, too uniformly sad and gloomy, were doubtless partly tinged by the bitter experiences of the authoress; but the story has passages of humour and sarcasm. In 1854 appeared *English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century;* in 1862, *The Lady of Garaye*, a poetic rendering of an old Breton story; in 1863, a novel, *Lost and Saved*. A later novel was *Old Sir Douglas*, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1867. She wrote on many social topics, and did much miscellaneous criticism. The improvement in the English laws affecting married women, their rights over their earnings and their children, may be traced primarily to the eloquent pleadings, indignant denunciations, and untiring exertions of Mrs Norton, who was complimented on her earlier poems by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review* as the Byron of modern poetesses. 'She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression.' The influence of Byron is less noticeable in her later work; some of her blank verse reads liker Campbell or Crabbe. Her poetry is the work of a woman of first-rate abilities, who was nevertheless but a minor poet: her best verses will not compare with her sister's. There are striking passages, full of force and feeling, that are rather versified rhetoric than poetry; but some of her poems deserve to be remembered. Mrs Norton (who is generally understood to have been one of several originals from whom Mr Meredith drew his *Diana of the Crossways*) was married to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell on 1st March 1877, and she died three months after.

I do not love Thee.

I do not love thee !—no ! I do not love thee !
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee !—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me:
And often in my solitude I sigh
That those I do love are not more like thee !

I do not love thee !—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee !—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee ! yet, alas !
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.

Once more, my harp ! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below !

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled ;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah ! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song ;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long ;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise !

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent ;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide ;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears ;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin ;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win ;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide :

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame ;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame ;
To thee the sad denial still held true, [drew.
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay ;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by ;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace !

Lady Eastlake (1809–93), daughter of Dr Edward Rigby of Norwich (a copious writer on agriculture as well as on medical subjects), spent some years in Germany, and as Elizabeth Rigby was by the end of the thirties writing articles on Goethe for the reviews and the famous *Letters from the Shores of the Baltic*. From 1842 till her marriage in 1849 to Sir Charles Eastlake, the eminent artist who was made Director of the National Gallery, her home was, with her mother, mainly in Edinburgh, where her accomplishments and her handsome and majestic presence made her a very conspicuous and popular personality. And from 1842 till a year or two before her death she was one of the most industrious and effective of the *Quarterly* reviewers, on subjects as various as German life, German painting, evangelical novels, the Ampères, music, dress, Madame de Staël ; on Michelangelo, Dürer, and many others of the world's great painters ; on Samuel Rogers, Ruskin's errors in æsthetics, Rossetti's crimes against the laws of painting, and Morelli's art criticism. She wrote also for the *Edinburgh* and many magazines ; completed some of Mrs Jameson's work ; alone or with her husband translated and edited Kugler and Waagen's art handbooks ; wrote tales ; and produced lives of her husband, of Gibson the sculptor, and of her friend Mrs Grote. A woman of strong mind, keen prejudices, and outspoken dislikes, she was for many years a very distinguished figure in the best London society. Perhaps her most famous work—at least her most notorious—was the (anonymous) bitter critique of *Jane Eyre* in the *Quarterly* of December 1848, long regarded as one of Lockhart's most unkindly extravagances. Miss Rigby not merely found *Jane Eyre* anti-Christian but unpardonably vulgar ; thought it better to believe it the work of a man than of a woman who 'for some sufficient reason had forfeited the respect of her own sex ;' and was pretty sure that Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell were three Lancashire weaver-brothers. Much of Lady Eastlake's work was in a very different tone—notably *Fellowship : Letters addressed to my Sister-Mourners*, which, written after her own husband's death, touched and comforted the hearts of Queen Victoria and many another widow. See her *Journal and Correspondence* (1895).

Lady Charlotte Guest (1812–95), born Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey, gave an extraordinary impulse to the study of Celtic literature and folklore in England by her translation of the *Mabinogion*, and earned an imperishable name for the skill, grace, and power of her English renderings. She

learnt Welsh thoroughly as the wife of Sir J. J. Guest, and after his death (1852) she managed his ironworks near Merthyr-Tydfil with energy and success. She married again in 1855, her second husband being Mr Schreiber, M.P. for Poole. But she is rarely referred to in literature save as Lady Charlotte Guest; and apart from her work in Welsh she was chiefly known as a zealous collector of china and earthenware, fans and playing-cards of all nations. On fans she wrote two volumes, on playing-cards three. But here she is commemorated for *The Mabinogion from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with an English Translation and Notes* (3 vols. 1838–49). The second edition (1877) omitted the Welsh text and was abridged; and she prepared also a 'Boy's Mabinogion' (1881). Rhys and Evans have superseded her text of the Red Book of Hergest by a diplomatic masterpiece (2 vols. 1887); M. Loth's French translation (1889) is more literal; but her version, which Mr Nutt re-edited with learned notes in 1902, can hardly be superseded or surpassed. She had some help in making out the meaning of difficult passages from the Rev. John Jones (the bardic 'Tegid'). But in the very delicate and difficult business of giving English readers the old Welsh romances she attained an extraordinary triumph, a triumph all her own. Mr Nutt, a critic hard to please, pays a warm tribute to 'the mingled strength and grace of her style, the unerring skill with which she selects the right word, the right turn of phrase, which suggests an atmosphere ancient, remote, laden with magic, without any resort to pseudo-archaism, to Wardour Street English.'

Sarah Ellis (1810?–72), a modern and minor Hannah More, was already as Miss Stickney known as an author when in 1835 she married the Rev. William Ellis, a South Sea missionary then secretary to the London Missionary Society, who was known chiefly for his books about Madagascar. The best known of Mrs Ellis's works (some thirty in all) were *The Women of England* (1838), *The Daughters of England* (1842), *The Wives of England* (1843), *Hearts and Homes* (1849), and *The Mothers of Great Men* (1859).

Harriet Martineau (1802–76) was the sixth of the eight children of a Norwich camlet manufacturer, whose family, French by origin and Unitarian in faith, had lived at Norwich ever since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She ascribed her taste for literary studies to her feeble health in childhood, and to the deafness with which she was afflicted ever after. Work as an authoress, begun to amuse herself, became for her a source of honourable independence when, in 1829, her father's family became involved in commercial disaster. Her literary career commenced in 1823, when she published *Devotional Exercises for Young Persons*, followed by tracts and short moral tales. *The Rioters* and *The Turn Out* were among the first attempts to expound in a popular form the doctrines of political economy. In 1832–34 she produced more valuable *Illustrations of Political Economy*, *Taxation*, and *Poor Laws*. A visit to the United States led to *Society in America* (1837) and *A Retrospect of Western Travel* (1838). To the same period belong her *Letter to the Deaf*, two small *Guides to Service*, and other domestic manuals. In *Deerbrook* (1839), a novel of English domestic life, her democratic opinions are strenuously insisted on. *The Hour and the Man* (1840) was a romance on the history of Toussaint l'Ouverture. Pleasing tales for children are *The Peasant and the Prince*, *The Settlers at Home*, *Feats on the Fiord*, and *The Crofton Boys*. *Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid* (1844), is a record of a five years' illness; her recovery she ascribed to mesmerism. *Forest and Game-Law Tales* (1845) are marked by her characteristic acuteness and clear style. *The Billow and the Rock* (1846) was a wholly non-political tale founded on the captivity of Lady Grange, the inconvenient wife of an eighteenth-century Scotch judge, who was secretly abducted to St Kilda, and confined there for seven years.

The interest of the travel-pictures in *Eastern Life, Present and Past* (1848), was disturbed by its unorthodox opinions on Scripture history and character, and on mesmerism and clairvoyance. This, in her own opinion the best of her writings, revealed her as already 'no longer a Unitarian, or a believer in revelation at all.' A volume on *Household Education* appeared in 1849, and in the same year her *opus magnum*, taken up at Charles Knight's suggestion, the *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816–46*. The *History* is the work of a convinced, acute, and sagacious philosophical Radical with a strong sense of justice, a keen sympathy with the people and popular movements, and a steady effort after impartiality, though her frank and outspoken judgments on men and things betray the bias of her school, and are sometimes, as in the case of O'Connell and Brougham, harsh and unfair. Though it makes no claim to original research, the work deserves to rank as popular in the best sense. In 1851 Miss Martineau published a collection of letters between herself and Mr H. G. Atkinson, *On the Laws of Man's Nature and Development* —an eminently agnostic work which met with all but universal condemnation, even from her brother James in the *Prospective Review*. Her friend Charlotte Brontë grieved over 'the first exposition of avowed atheism and materialism she had ever read—the first unequivocal declaration of disbelief of God or a future life.' As Miss Martineau afterwards said, the book 'brought upon its writers, as was inevitable, the imputation of atheism from the multitude who cannot distinguish between the popular and the philosophical sense of the word—between the disbelief in the popular theology which has caused a long series of religious men to be

called atheists, and the disbelief in a First Cause —a disbelief which is expressly disclaimed in the book.' An important work in a new field was an abridged translation or condensation of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (2 vols. 1853), from which most Englishmen learnt all they knew of Comte and Comtism. In 1854 Miss Martineau published a *Complete Guide to the Lakes;* nine years before she had fixed her residence in the beautiful Lake country, at Ambleside, where she managed her little farm of two acres with the skill of a practical agriculturist, and was esteemed as an affectionate friend and good neighbour. She was a regular contributor of political and social articles to the *Daily News*, 1852–66, writing more than a hundred articles a year; and in 1869 she reproduced in one volume all the short memoirs she had written for it. Till her health failed, she also contributed articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Once a Week*, and other periodicals. Immediately after her death the *Daily News* printed a brief autobiographical notice sent to that journal by Miss Martineau when she believed she was near death in 1855. Here, as in the later and fuller autobiography, she is as frank in criticising herself as she was wont to be with others. She recognised that she had 'no approach to genius,' and that her claim to remembrance must rest on earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. On herself as a writer of fiction she passed a judicial condemnation: 'None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent; she had no power of dramatic construction; nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live. Two or three of her Political Economy Tales are perhaps her best achievement in fiction.' The ampler *Autobiography* edited by Mrs M. W. Chapman, published in 1877, contains very vivid pictures of her own life and of her contemporaries down to 1855, when the record was finished and entrusted to the editor: the later twenty-one years of Miss Martineau's life are dealt with in a somewhat meagre addition by the editor.

Sydney Smith.

My first sight of Sydney Smith was when he called on me, under cover of a whimsical introduction, as he considered it. At a great music-party, where the drawing-room and staircases were one continuous crowd, the lady who had conveyed me fought her way to my seat—which was, in consideration of my deafness, next to Malibran, and near the piano. My friend brought a message, which Sydney Smith had passed up the staircase—that he understood we desired one another's acquaintance, and that he was awaiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He put it to my judgment whether I, being thin, could not more easily get down to him than he, being stout, could get up to me: and he would wait five minutes for my answer. I really could not go, under the circumstances; and it was a serious thing to give up my seat and the music; so Mr Smith sent me a good-night, and promise to call on me, claiming this negotiation as a proper introduction. He came, and sat down, broad and comfortable, in the middle of my sofa, with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice; and then he began, like the great bell of St Paul's, making me start at the first stroke. He looked with shy dislike at my trumpet, for which there was truly no occasion. I was more likely to fly to the furthest corner of the room. It was always his boast that I did not want my trumpet when he talked with me.

I do not believe that anybody ever took amiss his quizzical descriptions of his friends. I am sure I never did; and when I now recall his fun of that sort, it seems to me too innocent to raise an uneasy feeling. There were none, I believe, whom he did not quiz; but I never heard of any hurt feelings. He did not like precipitate speech: and among the fastest talkers in England were certain of his friends and acquaintance—Mr Hallam, Mr Empson, Dr Whewell, Mr Macaulay, and myself. None of us escaped his wit. His account of Mr Empson's method of outpouring stands, without the name, in Lady Holland's Life of her father. His praise of Macaulay is well known:—'Macaulay is improved! Macaulay improves! I have observed in him of late—flashes of silence!' His account of Whewell is something more than wit:—'Science is his forte: omniscience is his foible.' As for his friend Hallam, he knew he might make free with his characteristics, of oppugnancy and haste among others, without offence. In telling us what a blunder he himself made in going late to a dinner-party, and describing how far the dinner had proceeded, and how everybody was engaged, he said, 'And there was Hallam, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction!' Nothing could be droller than the description of all his friends in influenza, in the winter of 1832–3; and of these, Hallam was the drollest of all that I remember. 'And poor Hallam was tossing and tumbling in his bed when the watchman came by and called, "Twelve o'clock, and a starlight night." Here was an opportunity for controversy when it seemed most out of the question! Up jumped Hallam, with "I question that—I question that! Starlight! I see a star, I admit; but I doubt whether that constitutes starlight." Hours more of tossing and tumbling; and then comes the watchman again: "Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning." "I question that—I question that," says Hallam. And he rushes to the window, and throws up the sash—influenza notwithstanding. "Watchman! do you mean to call this a cloudy morning? I see a star. And I question its being past two o'clock:—I question it—I question it!"' And so on. The story of Jeffrey and the North Pole, as told by Sydney Smith, appears to me strangely spoiled in the Life. The incident happened while the Jeffreys were my near neighbours in London; and Mrs Sydney Smith related the incident to me at the time. Captain (afterwards Sir John) Ross had just returned from an unsuccessful polar expedition, and was bent upon going again. He used all his interest to get the Government stirred up to fit out another expedition; and among others, the Lord Advocate was to be applied to, to bespeak his good offices. The mutual friend who undertook to do Captain Ross's errand to Jeffrey arrived at an unfortunate moment. Jeffrey was in delicate

health at that time, and made a great point of his daily ride; and when the applicant reached his door, he was putting his foot in the stirrup, and did not want to be detained. So he pished and pshawed, and cared nothing for the North Pole, and at length 'damned' it. The applicant spoke angrily about it to Sydney Smith, wishing that Jeffrey would take care what he was about, and use more civil language. 'What do you think he said to me?' cried the complainant. 'Why, he damned the North Pole!' 'Well, never mind! never mind!' said Sydney Smith, soothingly. 'Never mind his damning the North Pole. *I* have heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator.'

(From the *Autobiography*.)



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

From the Portrait (1834) by Richard Evans in the National Portrait Gallery.

The Year of the Comet [1811].

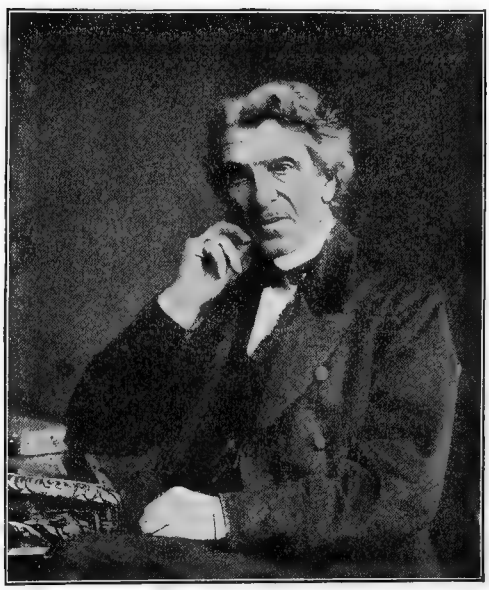
The preceding winter had been intensely cold: snow had choked up the mail roads, and buried thousands of sheep among the hills, and lain heavy on the hearts of thousands of weary families who were already chilled with hunger, and could no more buy fuel than they could clothe themselves in furs. The Thames was very nearly frozen over that winter. The spring was backward; and then the heats came rushing on, with more disastrous effect than the storms of winter. The meadows were parched up before any grass had been obtained; the springs ran dry. Church towers were struck by lightning, and the bells melted. Cattle and men were found scorched in the fields; and if a fire occurred, there was no putting it out. In Prussia, miles of woodland were left in a few hours strewed with ashes; and in the Tyrol, the conflagration of the forests proceeded from league to league, till sixty-four villages and ten thousand head of cattle were destroyed. Twenty-four thousand peasants were turned out to be scorched by the sun at noon, and drenched by the dews at night; and a multitude of them died in a few weeks by an epidemic thus occasioned. Everywhere the harvest was deficient; and in England the average price of wheat became 106s. 8d. The superstitious were more and more apprehensive, as time brought added distresses, that the nation was under the wrath of God; and in the early days of September, many believed there was no further doubt that the end of the world was at hand. A sign appeared in the sky, which to them seemed to show that Napoleon was the last great enemy of the race, and that the day of judgment was come. A comet, like none that they had seen or heard of, wheeled rapidly up the sky. The learned and the wise enjoyed the spectacle, as the vast new light arose in the still autumn evenings, half as large as the moon, with its broad train of light streaming down to the horizon; but the rude and the timid could not lift up their heads to gaze at it. Here and there a man stood up in church or chapel, warning sinners to repent, and the righteous to stand fast for death, as the day of the Lord was at hand. Others were preaching at the corners of the streets, and in lanes, and on the hillside: and among the hearers were some who were almost glad to be told the tidings; for they were worn out with misery, and the grave is a place where 'the weary are at rest.' But before the clouding over of the sky for winter the sign had passed away, and the day of judgment had not come. Instead of this, the wicked were more rampant than ever. As the days shortened, midnight murder terrified those who had not been alarmed before. On the night of the 9th of December the entire household of a Mr Marr was murdered within a quarter of an hour—himself, his wife, their infant in the cradle, and the shop-boy under the counter; and on the 19th the entire household of a Mr Williamson was butchered in the same manner. Such scenes of violence went forward in different parts of the country that many began to be of Romilly's opinion, that the English character had undergone some unaccountable and portentous change.

Portentous these horrors were, but not unaccountable. Many soldiers had become weary of the war, which to them had been thus far all hardship and no glory. They deserted. They could not show themselves at home, the penalty for desertion being death. They gathered together in gangs, took possession of some forsaken house among the hills, or of caves on the sea-shore, and went forth at night in masks and grotesque clothing, and helped themselves with money and clothes, wherever they could find them, sacrificing life where it was necessary to their objects. In these times of dear food the salaries of clerks and other persons valuable from their filling situations of trust were doubled, to enable them to hold their place. Artisans too had high wages from those who could afford to employ them. We find that those who were employed at Greenwich Hospital were at this time receiving from 30s. to 35s. per week—a mere subsistence at such a season of high prices; but still a subsistence. But those whose services were not immediately wanted sank in proportion. In the factories there was no increase of wages; and where, through dread of the despair of the people, there was a nominal rise of wages, it was usually compensated for by a reduction of the hours of labour. The fate of the handloom weavers appears to have been the hardest. In 1806 they had felt themselves badly off with 17s. 6d. a week; and now they had only 7s. 6d. This was at Glasgow; but it was a season of extreme pressure with spinners and weavers throughout the manufacturing districts of England. It was no consolation to them to be told that their depression could not be helped, because their labour had

been displaced by machinery. At this date one person could, with the help of machinery, spin as much cotton as 200 persons could have spun in the same time when the sufferers were setting out in life; and in weaving, a proportionate supersession of labour had taken place. Wise men knew that this machinery would, in a few years, employ many times more than the number of persons at first turned adrift; but this truth did not feed those who were hungering now, and it is no wonder that their misery avenged itself on the machinery which was doing their work and, as they declared, stealing their bread. A gleam of moral light at such a time is too precious to pass away unnoticed; and it must therefore be mentioned that, in this dreary year, when the whole west of Scotland was in a wretched condition, the poor weavers of Hamilton refused to receive alms, and desired to work for their bread. A subscription had been raised for the unemployed; but they would not touch it till they had earned it. A footpath from Hamilton to Bothwell Bridge was therefore made; and the honourable weavers kept their honour. They little knew how they had thus beautified that footpath to many that should come after them. (From the *History of England*.)

See the *Autobiography* published by Mrs Chapman (3 vols. 1877); the short Life in the 'Eminent Women' series, by Mrs Fenwick Miller (1884); and Catherine J. Hamilton's *Women Writers* (1894).

James Martineau ranks pre-eminently amongst philosophical thinkers of the nineteenth century as the apostle of Christian Theism. This school of ethical and religious thought approximates to the Theism of Theodore Parker, Francis William Newman, and Frances Power Cobbe, but differs from it somewhat in its estimate of the character and mission of Jesus of Nazareth. Dr Martineau was not the founder of any philosophical system, although Christian Theism doubtless owes more to him than to any one else. From first to last he was a diligent student and seeker. Singularly open for the reception of new ideas, he sought for them and received them from many antagonistic sources, both ancient and modern. An acute reasoner and critic, he was not readily misled into mistaking superficial suggestions for substantial truth, and the sifting process which he applied to the theories and conclusions of others gave to the world some admirable expositions of philosophical doctrines far removed from his own, and also served to build up, step by step, that conception of a spiritual philosophy on the lines of Theism—organised and consistent, but not amounting to a system—which is associated with his name. The life of Dr Martineau was full of activity without being remarkably eventful. He was born at Norwich on the 21st of April 1805. His father was Thomas Martineau, a manufacturer, fairly prosperous. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Rankin of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. James was the fourth son and seventh child, and his sister Harriet—destined like himself to distinction—was the third daughter and sixth child. At home he came under strong intellectual and religious influences, and he received an excellent education. The original intention was that he should become an engineer, a profession for which his considerable mechanical and mathematical talents would have gone far to qualify him. Soon, however, he realised that his true vocation was the Unitarian ministry. After serving for a time in the school of Dr Lant Carpenter at Bristol, he became assistant minister at the Eustace Street Presbyterian Meeting House, Dublin—one of the many places of worship which, with Presbyterian foundations, had an Arian or Unitarian faith. Four years later he removed to Liverpool, where he remained, as minister of the principal Unitarian congregation of the town, for twenty-five years. In 1840



DR JAMES MARTINEAU.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

he added to his ministerial duties a lectureship in Moral and Mental Philosophy at Manchester New College; and in 1857, when he severed his connection with Liverpool, it was to take up the more important work of a professor in the same institution—then removed to London. From that time forward, even to a greater extent than before, he devoted himself to religious and philosophical study and teaching. But not long after his settlement in London he added the ministerial charge of Little Portland Street Chapel to his already heavy duties. He was a man of untiring energy, taking upon himself and fulfilling efficiently, even to the last years of his long life, tasks and responsibilities seemingly far beyond any one man's strength. In 1881 he was a candidate for the professorship of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College, London, a position his fitness for which was generally admitted. His opponent was Mr Croom Robertson, a scholar only less able than himself. A curious incident occurred in connection with this contest.

The Archbishop of York—Dr Thompson—withheld his support from Dr Martineau, notwithstanding that he knew his fitness for the position, because, as he afterwards acknowledged, he could not see his way to assist to the vacant office one who did not subscribe to the doctrine of the Trinity. By reason of this scruple, all unconsciously he aided indirectly in the election of Dr Martineau's opponent, who was a Positivist! In 1869 Dr Martineau was appointed to the principalship of Manchester New College, a position he held until 1885, when, practically, he withdrew from public life. His intellectual activity, however, continued unabated. It was after this date that his principal books, which embodied the results of a lifetime of thought, were completed and published. He died on the 11th of January 1900.

Not until late in life was any public recognition offered by the great centres of learning to this learned man. Harvard University came first with an LL.D. degree in 1872. Other universities followed—Leyden in 1875, Edinburgh in 1884, Oxford in 1888, and Dublin in 1892. Dr Martineau's chief writings were *Endeavours after the Christian Life* (1843-47), *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things* (1876-79), *A Study of Spinoza* (1882), *Types of Ethical Theory* (1885), *A Study of Religion* (1888), *The Seat of Authority in Religion* (1890). Some of the numerous essays which he had contributed to the *Prospective*, *National*, *Theological*, and *Westminster Reviews* formed the basis of chapters in his subsequent works, and others were collected in volumes. He edited several collections of hymns and prayers, all of which contained original contributions from his pen. From 1845 to 1855 he was one of the four editors of the *Prospective Review*. His literary style was dignified, yet markedly simple in structure, and often highly poetical. He had a moderate gift of humour, and sarcasm was a weapon which he used sparingly but with effect. He had the faculty of lucid exposition in a high degree. His *Types of Ethical Theory* is probably the clearest statement extant of the philosophical doctrines discussed therein; and his mental vision was comprehensive enough to enable him to do entire justice to ideas far removed from those he held to be true. By temperament and conviction alike he was an upholder of liberty. Strenuous to maintain his own convictions and to give to them all the force of his strong advocacy, he was just as strenuous in maintaining the right of others to hold and to express what they believed to be true, and to help, if occasion arose, to give them a just hearing. An opinion would not have seemed to him ripe for acceptance unless it could hold its own against differing opinions and against criticism. However strong his desire might be to be finally assured that certain ideas were true, he was a lover of truth for its own sake, too sincere consciously to permit any bias to direct his judgment. If in the course of his fearless search for truth he had discovered that the evidences were against his most cherished hopes, and seemed conclusive in support of doctrines repugnant to his feelings, he would—sorrowfully, no doubt, but in all sincerity—have accepted the conclusion. Any unconscious bias of temperament is another matter. In his case it may have been strong. Certain it is that whereas at one time he accepted the necessarian and utilitarian principles of Hartley, Priestley, and James Mill, while finally his ideas approximated to those of Kant—although on some points, as, for example, the objective reality of space, there was divergence—his fundamental convictions from first to last remained the same. As the Rev. J. H. Thom happily described it, his 'spiritual identity' continued. With certain modifications of phrase and emphasis, what he preached concerning divine guidance and moral responsibility during his early pulpit ministrations was the same as the teachings contained in his last books. It was as though this faith was part and parcel of his own essential nature, and all his seeking served simply to give it a fuller logical justification and a more valid expression. Yet he never ceased to be a seeker. When at ninety years of age he said, 'I have not outlived the habit of learning evermore from my fellows,' he described truly the lifelong attitude of his mind.

Temptations of Power.

There is a sphere in the life of every one, except the child, in which he is appointed to *rule*, and to exercise some functions by the methods of his own will. From the monitor in a school to the minister of an empire, there are gradations of authority that leave no one without a place. Would you know the real worth of any soul, be it another's or your own, *that* is the sphere on which you must fix your eye. It is little that a man goes right under orders and when he is obliged to serve: you may always make a good soldier by sufficient drill; and amid the pressure of custom and beneath the light of the public gaze, even a passive and pliant conscience may be shaped into good looks and wear a gloss. But how is it with you in your place of power—among the servants whom you govern, the children whom you train, the companions who place you at their head? Do you take liberties there, as if there were nothing to restrain, and fling about your self-will, as if it were free of all the field? Do you profane the law of duty by making it a homage to yourself, instead of letting its authority pass through you, as yourself chief captive of the will of God? Do you grant exemptions to yourself, exemptions of sloth, exemptions of temper, exemptions of truth, as if it were given you to loose as well as bind? There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than this tendency of power to loudness and wantonness instead of quietude and reverence. To souls baptized in Christian nobleness the largest sphere of command is but a wider empire of obedience, calling them, not into escape from holy rule, but to its full impersonation. Only now that no outer rule is given them by another, and they have nothing to copy with painful imitation, have they to bring forth the interpretation from within, and set themselves at one with the will of God by a heart of self-renunciation—a love that seizes all divine ends, and in expressing itself realizes them. In

short, power is never felt *as power*, except by those who abuse it. Like other things that awaken desire at a distance, no sooner is it entered than it is found to be not more triumphant happiness, but deeper life; utterly disappointing to him who wants more for himself; ennobling to him who can dispense and administer for God.

(From *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things.*)

The Beneficence of Change.

If, then, the very law of life is a law of change; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves; if love, and thought, and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the Eternal, then let us shrink no more from sorrow and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and Death. Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage and quick our eye for the various service that may await us. Nay, when God himself turns us not hither and thither, when he sends us no changes for us to receive and consecrate, be it ours to create them for ourselves, by flinging ourselves into generous enterprises and worthy sacrifice; by the stirrings of sleepless aspiration, and all the spontaneous vicissitudes of holy and progressive souls; keeping always the moral spaces round us pure and fresh by the constant thought of truth and the frequent deed of love. And then, when, for us too, death closes the great series of mortal changes, the past will lie behind us green and sweet as Eden, and the future before us in the light of eternal peace. Tranquil and fearless we shall resign ourselves to God, to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way, which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illumined by the passage of the Man of griefs.

(From *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things.*)

God in Humanity.

Divine guidance has never and nowhere failed to men; nor has it ever, in the most essential things, largely differed amongst them: but it has not always been recognised as divine, much less as the living contact of Spirit with spirit—the communion of affection between God and man. While conscience remained an *impersonal law*, stern and silent, with only a jealous Nemesis behind, man had to stand up alone, and work out for himself his independent magnanimity; and he could only be the pagan hero. When conscience was found to be inseparably blended with the Holy Spirit, and to speak in tones immediately divine, it became the very shrine of worship: its strife, its repentance, its aspirations, passed into the incidents of a living drama with its crises of alienation and reconcilement; and the cold obedience to a mysterious necessity was exchanged for the *allegiance of personal affection*. And this is the true emergence from the darkness of ethical law to the tender light of the life divine. The veil falls from the shadowed face of moral authority, and the directing love of the all-holy God shines forth.

(From *The Seat of Authority in Religion.*)

Two excellent works have been written about Dr Martineau—namely, *James Martineau, a Biography and Study*, by A. W. Jackson, A.M. (1900); and *The Life and Letters of James Martineau*, by James Drummond, LL.D., Litt.D., and C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. (2 vols. 1902). In the latter the full and accurate history of the career of Dr Martineau is not more important than Mr Upton's admirable critical estimate of his mental progress and ultimate philosophical standpoint.

WALTER LEWIN.

Richard Chenevix Trench (1807–86), Archbishop of Dublin, was born at Dublin, and passed from Harrow in 1825 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829. After a voyage to Gibraltar (its object to fight in the cause of Spanish liberty), he took orders and became curate at Hadleigh, incumbent of Curdridge, and in 1841 curate at Alverstoke to Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester. During 1835–55 he published seven volumes of poetry—*The Story of Justin Martyr, Sabbation, Genoveva*, &c. In 1845 he became rector of Itchenstoke; in 1847 theological professor in King's College, London; in 1856 Dean of Westminster; and in 1864 Archbishop of Dublin, an office which he resigned in 1884. He died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In philology Trench contrived to fascinate his readers with the 'fossil poetry and fossil history imbedded in language;' his *English Past and Present* (1855) and *Select Glossary of English Words* (1859) are among the most suggestive and entertaining works on the subject, though critical studies in English have been greatly developed since his time, and some of his etymological conclusions are no longer tenable. His ecclesiastical scholarship is shown in his *Lectures on Mediæval Church History* (1877) and his *Sacred Latin Poetry* (1855), which, in spite of some serious imperfections, is still the best English anthology of the hymns of the Mediæval Church. *Notes on the Parables* (1841), *Notes on the Miracles* (1846), and *Studies on the Gospels* (1867) are among his best-known theological works. His verses show culture and fine feeling, but do not secure for him distinction as a poet.

On Proverbs.

The fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages; that they possess so vigorous a principle of life as to have maintained their ground, ever new and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made themselves a home in the most different lands; and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time, which has swallowed so much beneath its waves—all this, I think, may well make us pause should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain.

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genial writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the gathering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'No man of fashion,' as I think is his exact word, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who with all his greatness is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the

people, to utter his scorn of *them* in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these:

Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings.' *Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 1.

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual aristocracy of a nation there is abundant evidence to prove. Take but these three names in evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host. Aristotle made a collection of proverbs; nor did he count that he was herein doing ought unworthy of his great reputation, however some of his adversaries may have made this a charge against him. He is said to have been the first who did so, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakespeare loves them so well that, besides often citing them, and innumerable covert allusions, rapid side-glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbs of England, several of his plays, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, have popular proverbs for their titles. And Cervantes, a name only inferior to Shakespeare, has not left us in doubt in respect of the affection with which he regarded them. Every reader of *Don Quixote* will remember his squire, who sometimes cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words. I might name others who held the proverb in honour—men who, though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great; as Plautus, the most genial of Latin poets; Rabelais and Montaigne, the two most original of French authors; and how often Fuller, whom Coleridge has styled the wittiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb; nor can any thoroughly understand and enjoy *Hudibras*, no one but will miss a multitude of its keenest allusions, who is not thoroughly familiar with the proverbial literature of England. . . Our own *Make hay while the sun shines* is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer-time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles which, with a little prudence and foresight, they might have avoided. It is this: *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.* It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast; we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. *Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor*—that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once—this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. *Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun*, could have its home only in Germany; that enormous vessel known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, *Not every parish priest can wear Dr Luther's shoes*, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there be any mistake about this solemn Turkish proverb, *Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate*, in so far at least as that it would be at once ascribed to the East.

Gibraltar.

England, we love thee better than we know—
And this I learned, when after wanderings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
Town giants watching the Herculean Straits.
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made my very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea;
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.

Trench's *Letters and Memorials* were published in 1888.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815–81) was born at Alderley Rectory, Cheshire, the second son of the future Bishop of Norwich, who was one of the Stanleys of Alderley, and related therefore to the Earls of Derby. At Rugby (1829–34) he was the favourite pupil of Dr Arnold and the original of George Arthur in *Tom Brown's Schooldays;* at Balliol College, Oxford, he won the Ireland and the Newdigate, and graduated with a first class in 1837. In 1839 he was elected a Fellow of University College, and took orders, becoming successively canon of Canterbury (1851), Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the Bishop of London (1858); and Dean of Westminster (1864). He was also chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied on his tour in the East, 1862) and chaplain-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria. He was the most prominent figure in the Broad Church movement, and scandalised High Churchmen by championing Colenso, preaching in Scottish Presbyterian pulpits, and administering the Eucharist to Unitarian and Presbyterian revisers of the Bible. Probably nothing gave more offence than his vigorous denunciations of the compulsory use in religious worship of the (so-called) Athanasian Creed. A popular preacher, he was also a favourite at Court: he celebrated the English marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and it was in his house that Carlyle met Queen Victoria. Dean Stanley's principal works are—*The Life of Dr Arnold* (1844), one of the best of English biographies; *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age* (1846); *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, his father (1850); *The Epistles to the Corinthians* (1854), his one purely theological work; *Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History* (1855), containing some of his most attractive writing; *Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (1855); *Lectures on the Eastern Church* (1861); *History of the Jewish Church* (1863–76); the delightful *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey* (1866); and *Lectures on the Church of Scotland* (1872). His main aim as a Christian divine and as a Churchman was to promote mutual understanding and sympathy between

the most opposed schools of thought; he always maintained that the essence of Christianity was practically independent of dogma, rites, or ceremonies. He not merely contended for toleration, denouncing with equal warmth the prosecution of ritualists and of rationalists, but insisted earnestly on such wide 'comprehension' in the National Church as to make enemies within and without, and even disciples and friends, doubt whether such comprehension could be attained without the effacement of essential belief. The charm of his character and the beauty of his charity did more to conciliate esteem than his logic to enforce conviction: his personal influence was weightier than his books, of



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

which, perhaps, the *Life of Arnold* was his most permanent addition to English literature. In historical writing his concern was more with the personal, the pictorial, and the dramatic than with wide generalisations or historic precision; in commentary, with the vital spirit than with critical accuracy; in theology, with love than with truth. He married in 1863 Lady Augusta Bruce of the Elgin family, and is buried along with her in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

At Heliopolis.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs [is] the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow: of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt. (From *Sinai and Palestine*, I. xxxiv.)

The Children of the Desert.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called 'the wilderness,' including always that of Sinai, was 'the pasture.' Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnishes sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the peninsula:

> 'Along the mountain ledges green,
> The scattered sheep at will may glean
> The Desert's spicy stores.'

So were they seen following the daughters or the shepherd slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tiyâha, Towâra, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one Sacred Tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude enclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of 'Hazeroth,' and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial-grounds, with the many nameless headstones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinai, at Kibroth-hattaavah, 'the graves of desire.' The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one 'going out to meet the other,' the 'obeisance,' the 'kiss' on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheyks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towâra. (From *Sinai and Palestine*, I., pp. 22, 23.)

The Conversion of St Augustine.

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles

of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend; his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine, 'when deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears.' He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, 'How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now? —why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?' 'So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart,' he says, 'when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read; take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find.' . There lay the volume of St Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study. 'I seized it,' he says; 'I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell: "*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.*" No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.'

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother's heart was rejoiced; how he was baptised by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of St Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes.

(From *Canterbury Sermons*, No. X. *The Doctrine of St Paul.*)

See Life by Mr R. E. Prothero and Dean Bradley (1894); Stanley's *Letters and Verses*, edited by Prothero (1895); and *Recollections of A. P. Stanley*, by Dean Bradley (1883).

Henry Alford (1810–71), born in London, in 1829 entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and having taken a good degree, in 1834 gained a fellowship. Incumbent of Wymeswold, Leicestershire (1835–53), and then of Quebec Chapel, London, in 1857 he became Dean of Canterbury. Besides upwards of a hundred articles, some of them contributed to the *Contemporary Review*, of which he was the first editor (1866–70), he published near fifty volumes, among them, besides collected sermons and hymns, *The School of the Heart and Other Poems* (1835), *Chapters on the Greek Poets* (1841), *A Plea for the Queen's English* (1863), and an annotated Greek Testament (4 vols. 1844–60), which largely followed the German critics, represented 'moderate liberal' views on inspiration, and was long the standard work in England. Several of his hymns are widely popular, as 'Come, ye thankful people, come,' 'Forward be our watchword,' 'Ten thousand times ten thousand.' There is a Life of him by his widow (1873).

Norman Macleod (1812–72) was the third in a succession of Scottish parish ministers bearing the same name—the grandfather in Morven, the father in Campbeltown and next in the Gaelic church in Glasgow, the grandson first at Loudoun in Ayrshire, then after the Disruption of 1843 at Dalkeith, and finally from 1851 in the Barony Parish of Glasgow. Spite of many sympathies with Chalmers and the Evangelicals, the third Norman clung in 1843 to the idea of the National Church, helped greatly to build up the Establishment after the staggering blow of the Disruption, and was erelong recognised as a leader of the Church. An eloquent preacher, he became a royal chaplain in 1857, and was the intimate and valued friend of Queen Victoria and her family. His liberal sympathies led him to protest against the more rigid Sabbatarianism as Jewish rather than Christian, and his views on the historic significance of the 'decalogue *quâ* decalogue' raised in 1866 suspicion of his orthodoxy. But in 1867 the Assembly honoured him with a commission to visit the mission field in India, and in 1869 raised him to the Moderator's chair.

For many years he edited the *Christian Instructor*; but it was as first editor of *Good Words* (1860) that he became known to the reading public not merely as a tactful and enterprising editor, but as a constant contributor of stories and miscellaneous articles, some of which were also published as books. His genial manliness and somewhat of his gifts of humour and pathos are reflected in his stories, which are, however, rather lacking in power and literary finish. *Wee Davie* and *The Starling* are short tales of Scottish domestic life;

The Old Lieutenant and his Son (1862) is on a larger canvas, but hardly so successful. He wrote also a biography of a cousin, *The Earnest Student* (1854), *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish* (his grandfather's, 1867), books or addresses on parochial needs and social duties, and records of two Oriental tours. Of his verses, a curling song became popular, and a religious poem, 'Courage, brother! do not stumble,' was at once admitted into British hymn-books, and is now regularly sung as a hymn. There is a Life of him (1876) by his brother, Dr Donald Macleod, who succeeded him as editor of *Good Words*.

James M'Cosh (1811–94), an exponent of the Scottish philosophy, was an Ayrshire farmer's son who, becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland, joined the Free Church (in which he held several cures), in 1851 was appointed Professor of Logic at Belfast, and from 1868 to 1888 was president of Princeton College in the United States. His *Method of the Divine Government* (1850; 9th ed. 1867) was followed by *The Intuitions of the Mind* (1860); and in these and in an examination of Mill (1866) he defended what he considered the Natural Realism of Reid against both the empirical school and the relativist views of Kant, Hamilton, and Mansel. He published also a comprehensive work on *The Scottish Philosophy* (1875), and books on psychology, evolution, fundamental truths, and morals.

James Spedding (1808–81) was born at Mirehouse near Bassenthwaite, 26th June 1808, the younger son of a Cumberland squire. From Bury St Edmunds he passed in 1827 to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a scholar, and of which at his death he had long been an honorary Fellow. From 1835 to 1841 he held a post at the Colonial Office; in 1842 he attended Lord Ashburton to America as private sercretary; and in 1847 he might, had he chosen, have become Under-Secretary of State, with £2000 a year. But he had already devoted himself to the task of his life—'to re-edit Bacon's works, which did not want any such re-edition, and to vindicate Bacon's character, which could not be vindicated.' So wrote Edward FitzGerald, the oldest of Spedding's many brilliant friends—Tennyson and Carlyle were also of the number—and he added: 'He was the wisest man I have known; not the less so for plenty of the boy in him; a great sense of humour; a Socrates in life and death, which he faced with all serenity so long as consciousness lasted.' It was in St George's Hospital that Spedding died, on 9th March 1881, having eight days before been run over by a cab.

Hardly any writer of equal parts and eminence is so completely identified with the one work to which he chose to devote his best energies for thirty years—the study of Lord Bacon, the editing of his works, and the writing of his life. In *Evenings with a Reviewer* (written in 1845, but privately printed) he had little difficulty in showing, not without caustic comments, that Macaulay was not justified in the very low view he took of Bacon's character. It was Spedding who did by far the principal part of the magistral edition of Bacon's *Works* (7 vols. 1857–59) undertaken in conjunction with Ellis and Heath; the accompanying *Life and Letters* (also in 7 vols. 1861–74), pronounced by Carlyle (who ought to be a judge on that point at least) 'the hugest and faithfullest bit of literary navvy work I have met with in this generation,' was all Spedding's own. The general conclusion of more recent critics is that Spedding is decidedly too favourable to Bacon, and is on some points even an apologist—the shorter works by Dean Church (1884) and Dr Abbott (1885) are useful commentaries on Spedding's arguments and conclusions, which must, however, always receive respectful consideration, and, as against Macaulay, are in large measure universally accepted. Sir Leslie Stephen has said that 'Spedding's qualities are in curious contrast with Macaulay's brilliant audacity, and yet the trenchant exposure of Macaulay's misrepresentations is accompanied by a quiet humour and a shrewd critical faculty which, to a careful reader, make the book more interesting than its rival.' Spedding produced in 1878, in two volumes, an abridged and popularised *Life and Times of Francis Bacon*. He was one of the first scholars seriously to examine—and denounce—the attribution to Bacon of Shakespeare's plays. No man, he summed up, who knew Bacon's work and Shakespeare's well could ever mistake five lines of the one for five lines of the other. Other works are a pamphlet on *Publishers and Authors* (1867), *Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon* (1879; reprints from serials), and a share in the *Studies in English History*, mostly written by Mr James Gairdner (1881). There is a Life by Venables prefixed to the 1882 edition of *Evenings with a Reviewer*. The following short extract shows Spedding's method of dealing with the crucial question of

Bacon and Bribery.

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the state of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money—who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder, and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption—that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors while their cases were before him is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to a charge of what in law would be called bribery is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not lived under an abiding sense of insecurity—from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe keeping did not rest

solely with himself—is most wonderful of all. Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence — wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behaviour, from the first rumour to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise; and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself; for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

Augustus de Morgan (1806–71), son of Colonel de Morgan of the Indian army, was born at Madura in the Madras Presidency, and brought up at Worcester and Taunton. Educated at several private schools, he 'read algebra like a novel'—ordinary novels he always devoured insatiably; but after four years at Trinity, Cambridge, he came out only fourth wrangler (1827). In consequence of his revolt from early evangelical training he did not take orders; law proved distasteful; from 1828 to 1831 he was the first Professor of Mathematics in University College, London—a post he resumed in 1836–66; and he was secretary of the Astronomical Society (1831–38 and 1848–54). A mathematician of the first order, he was minutely versed in the history of the mathematical and physical sciences; he also devoted himself to the development of the Aristotelian or 'Formal' Logic. His works include, besides books on arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, numbers, logic, the famous *Budget of Paradoxes* (1872), reprinted from the *Athenæum*. He also contributed largely to the *Penny Cyclopædia* (eight hundred and fifty articles) and many scientific journals. The Memoir of him (1882) is by his wife, Sophia Elizabeth Frend, who printed also her own *Reminiscences* (1895).

James Frederick Ferrier (1808–64) was born in Edinburgh. His father was a brother of Miss Ferrier, the novelist (see page 300); his mother a sister of Christopher North. He studied a while at Edinburgh, graduated B.A. at Oxford in 1831, and next year was admitted to the Scottish Bar, but never practised. An intimate friend of Sir William Hamilton, he studied philosophy seriously at Heidelberg and at home, and by 1840 was contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine* on philosophical subjects, some of his articles attracting much notice. In 1842 he became Professor of History at Edinburgh, in 1845 of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews. In his *Institutes of Metaphysics* (1854) he sought to construct a system of idealism in a series of propositions demonstrated somewhat after the manner of Euclid. His rather thorough-going idealism, his 'theory of knowing and being,' has little in common with Kantianism or Hegelianism, and though it professes to be Scottish, is inevitably opposed to Hamilton and all the 'Scottish school,' with decided affinities to Berkeley. But Ferrier belonged to no school and founded none. The *Lectures on Greek Philosophy* (1866) constituted a most attractively written and unusually luminous introduction to the subject. To these lectures his son-in-law, Sir Alexander Grant, prefixed a Life.

John Hill Burton (1809–81) was the son of an officer and was born at Aberdeen, was admitted to the Scottish Bar in 1831, from 1854 was secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland, and from 1877 a Commissioner of Prisons. He was an indefatigable writer, and contributed much to *Blackwood*, the *Westminster*, and other periodicals. His Lives of Hume (1846) and Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes (1847) became standard works; he wrote a manual of Scots law and a treatise on bankruptcy, a small manual of political economy, and a series of *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*. But his most extensive and best-known work was that which began in 1853 with two volumes on the *History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection, 1689–1748*, a work honestly and diligently executed, not without vigorous and picturesque passages—as the account of the battle of Killiecrankie and the massacre of Glencoe, though the style is in the main rather lumbering and lacking in rhythm and dignity. He subsequently completed his Scottish history with seven more volumes, *The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688* (1867–70), which fully sustained his reputation for laborious research, and was accepted as the most complete and, on the whole, accurate history of Scotland—though the narrative is often desultory and disproportionate, and the lack of the historical imagination is obvious. A new edition of the whole (1873) improved the earliest and Roman part of the work. His *History of the Reign of Queen Anne* (3 vols.) appeared in 1880. In 1862 he produced a very amusing and interesting volume, *The Book-Hunter*, containing 'sketches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature.' In 1864 appeared *The Scot Abroad*, illustrating the close and curious relations of Scotland and Scotsmen in the olden time with foreign countries. A small book on *The Cairngorm Mountains* is an exceptionally interesting *vade-mecum* for climbers there and lovers of hill scenery. He edited two volumes of the Scottish Privy Council Register, helped Bowring to edit Bentham, and extracted from Bentham's works a very readable collection of *Benthamiana*. Burton's wife prefixed a Memoir to a new edition of the *Book-Hunter* (1882).

The Riding of the Parliament.

The new Parliament, whose career was to be so memorable, assembled on the 6th of May 1703. The 'Riding' of a newly assembled Parliament was an old feudal ceremony, of which the annual procession of the

Royal Commissioner to the General Assembly remains a faint vestige. On this occasion it was performed with more than the usual pomp, and, in association with the legislative history of those who partook in it, left an impression more abiding than that of a vain pageant. It was remembered that all the parade and splendour of the occasion were the decorations of legislative labours which abolished the ceremonial for ever, along with the ancient national legislature, of which the old usage was a becoming decoration. As these solemnities are in themselves curious, and form a feature of national manners, the opportunity seems appropriate for a brief account of them.

The first operation was to have the long street from the Parliament Square to Holyrood House cleared of dirt and impediments—a task of some difficulty and importance. A proclamation was issued, prohibiting the use of miscellaneous vehicles within the gates of the city during the ceremony, and for preserving strict order in the crowd. A passage through the centre of the long street was railed in; and, while the magistrates provided a civic guard to the extremity of their dominion at the Nether-Bow Port, the royal foot-guards lined the remainder of the street to the palace gate. It was an absolute injunction on every member, of whatever degree, that he should ride, and any attempt to evade the chivalrous feudal usage was punished with a heavy penalty. Out of consideration, however, for those respectable burgesses or ancient professional men to whom the elevation was unusual, arrangements were made for assisting them to mount and dismount at the extremities of the journey.

The first movement of the day was by the officers of state, who proceeded one hour before the rest of the members to arrange matters for their reception. The Lord High Constable, with his robe and baton of office, and his guard ranged behind him, sat at the Lady Stairs, by the opening of the Parliament Close, to receive the members under his protection, being officially invested with the privilege and duty of the exterior defences of the Parliament House. He made his obeisances to the members as they dismounted, and handed them over to the Lord Marischal, who, having the duty of keeping order and protecting the members within the House, sat at the door, in all his pomp, to receive them.

The procession, according to old feudal usage, began diminutively, and swelled in importance as it went. The representatives of the burghs went first; then, after a pause, came the lesser barons, or county members; and then the nobles—the highest in rank going last. A herald called each name from a window of the palace, and another at the gate saw that the member took his place in the train. All rode two abreast. The commoners wore the heavy doublet of the day unadorned. The nobility followed in their gorgeous robes. Each burghal commissioner had a lackey, and each baron two, the number increasing with the rank, until a duke had eight. The nobles were each followed by a train-bearer, and the Commissioner was attended by a swarm of decorative officers, so that the servile elements in the procession must have dragged it out to a considerable length. It seems, indeed, to have been borrowed from the French processions, and was full of glitter—the lackeys, over their liveries, wearing velvet coats embroidered with armorial bearings. All the members were covered, save those whose special function it was to attend upon the honours—the crown, sceptre, and sword of state. These were the palladium of the nation's imperial independence, and the pomp of the procession was concentrated on the spot where they were borne—the same as they may yet be seen in Edinburgh Castle—before the Commissioner. Immediately before the sword rode the Lord Lyon, in his robe and heraldic overcoat, with his chain and baton. Behind him were clustered a clump of gaudy heralds and pursuivants, with noisy trumpeters proclaiming the approach of the precious objects which they guarded. Such was the procession which poured into that noble oak-roofed hall, which still recalls, by its name and character, associations with the ancient legislature of Scotland.

Let us, in the meantime, follow the legislative assembly into their hall, and cast a glance on the scene there presented. Instead of the arrangement by parties, with which we are familiar in the British Houses of Parliament, the Estates were distributed according to ranks. They all sat in one house, and appear to have been much nearer in form to the French States-General, whose latest meeting had welcomed the accession of Louis XIII., than to the English Parliament. The Chancellor sat as chairman, and the officers of state clustered round him on what were called the steps of the throne. Raised and decorated benches at the upper end of the hall were for the exclusive use of the nobles, and a penalty was incurred by any other person sitting there. In the centre was a table, round which were seated the judges of the Court of Session and the clerks of Parliament. Beneath this, on a series of plain benches, or forms, were ranged the lesser barons and burgesses; and strangers specially admitted sat at the extremity of these seats. Beneath the bar there was sometimes a motley assemblage of the attendants on the higher members and state officers, and it would seem that the miscellaneous public, unless on special occasions, had access there.

(From *The History of Scotland.*)

William Forbes Skene (1809–92), Scottish historian, was born at Inverie, on Loch Nevis, the second son of Scott's friend, Skene of Rubislaw. He was educated at Edinburgh and elsewhere (learning Gaelic in Laggan manse), and became in 1832 an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet. In 1881 he succeeded Hill Burton as Scottish Historiographer, and he was D.C.L. of Oxford. Among his works were *The Highlanders of Scotland* (1837), editions of *The Dean of Lismore's Book* (1861), of the *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots* (1867), and of Fordun's *Cronica Gentis Scotorum* (1871), *The Four Ancient Books of Wales* (1868), and *The Family of Skene of Skene* (1887). By far his most important work, and (though containing some debatable theses) still the standard authority on the subject, was his *Celtic Scotland* (3 vols. 1876–80). Skene was a conscientious and painstaking scholar, with a competent knowledge of his subject, but he cherished some antiquated prejudices and had little sense of literary form.

Mark Lemon (1809–70) was born in London, and in his twenty-sixth year wrote a farce, the first of a long series of melodramas, operettas, and the like. Of several novels, the best perhaps was *Falkner Lyle* (1866); he wrote children's stories and essays, and combined the arts of lecturer and

public reader. In 1841 he helped to establish *Punch*, of which for the first two years he was joint-editor with Henry Mayhew, and thereafter sole editor till his death. His *Jest Book* (1864) was reissued in 1892. See the works on the history of *Punch* by Mayhew (1895) and Spielmann (1895).

William Rathbone Greg (1809–81), born at Manchester, was educated under Dr Lant Carpenter at Bristol, and at Edinburgh University. For a while he managed his father's mill at Bury, and afterwards carried on business on his own account, gaining meanwhile a prize (1842) for an essay on the Corn Laws, and publishing a courteous but negative criticism of the *Creed of Christendom* (1851). He now fairly embarked in literature, and wrote industriously for the quarterlies and magazines; his essays being subsequently published as books in three collections—*Essays on Political and Social Science* (1854), *Literary and Social Judgments* (1869), and *Miscellaneous Essays* (1884). He became a Commissioner of Customs in 1856, and was Comptroller of H.M. Stationery Office from 1864 till 1877. In most of his works he showed a disbelief in the political instincts of democracy, and an expectation of little from social or other legislation. *The Enigmas of Life* (1872) received the more popularity for its open-eyed and not too hopeful outlook, though there was little direct or aggressive hostility shown to accepted views. In *Rocks Ahead* (1874) he took a highly pessimistic view of the future of England, foreboding the political supremacy of the lower classes, industrial decline, and the divorce of intelligence from religion. Other works were *Political Problems* (1870) and *Mistaken Aims* (1876). He wrote clearly and calmly, but with the moral force of manifest conviction.—His son, **Percy Greg** (1836–1899), was a poet, novelist, and somewhat vehemently polemical author of a History of the United States, having, after being secularist and spiritualist in turn, become the champion of something very like absolutism.

From 'The Enigmas of Life.'

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Eschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions; early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard; not to put our own souls or brains into a hotbed, but to put all our fellow-men into a fertile and a wholesome soil. If this be so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cultivators either of a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike deserted or mistaken their mission, and turned their back upon the goal.

A Memoir of W. R. Greg by his widow was prefixed to the eighteenth edition of *The Enigmas of Life* (1891).

Gilbert Abbott à Beckett (1811–56), born in London and educated at Westminster, was called to the Bar in 1841, and in 1849 became a metropolitan police-magistrate. Besides writing for *Punch*, the *Times*, and many serials, he was author of *The Quizziology of the British Drama*, and is specially remembered as the inventor of the 'comic' *Blackstone* and the 'comic' Histories of England and Rome—the first illustrated by Cruikshank, the last two by Leech.—One son, Gilbert (1837–91), was a playwright; another, Arthur William, born in 1844, has been playwright, novelist, barrister, journalist, and editor.

James David Forbes (1809–68), eminent not merely as an original investigator in various departments of physics, but as a luminous writer and a teacher who secured the enthusiastic reverence of a series of eminent pupils, was grandson of the first Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo and son of the second, and his mother was Sir Walter Scott's first love. Born at Edinburgh, young Forbes studied in the university there, and was called to the Bar in 1830. From 1833 he held the Edinburgh chair of Natural Philosophy, exchanging it in 1859 for the principalship of the United College at St Andrews. Among his contributions to science are his investigations on heat, light, polarisation, underground temperature, and the use of the thermometer for determining heights; but he is best known by his researches on the motion of glaciers, in connection with which subject he wrote *Travels through the Alps* (1843), *Norway and its Glaciers* (1853), *Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa* (1855), and *Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers* (1859). He was certainly the first to establish the viscous theory of glaciers and to secure definite measurements of their motion; he was, indeed, as Professor Tait said, 'the Copernicus or Kepler of this science.' His scientific achievements and his personal life are recorded in his *Life and Letters* edited by Shairp, Tait, and Adams Reilly (1873).

Thomas Carlyle*

was born on the 4th of December 1795, in a plain two-story house still standing in the main street of the tidy village of Ecclefechan, in the parish of Hoddam, Annandale, Dumfriesshire. He was the second son of James Carlyle (1758–1832), the chief stone-mason in the village, and the eldest by his second wife, Margaret Aitken (1771–1853). Carlyle was fortunate in both of his parents. His father was a frugal, earnest, 'well-living Seceder' of (in his son's opinion) 'natural faculty' equal to that of Burns, pugnacious, fearless, irascible, and not unmindful of the fact that he was an offshoot of a 'fighting' Border clan. His mother was 'a woman of the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise.' Thomas was, like the other members of James Carlyle's family—ten in all, five sons and five daughters—carefully educated. He was taught the alphabet and elementary English by his father, arithmetic by his mother, and the rudiments of Latin by Mr Johnston minister in his father's church. Home tuition was supplemented by attendance at the parish school of Ecclefechan, easily recognisable in this connection as the Entepfuhl of *Sartor Resartus*. There Carlyle learned to use 'those earliest tools of complicacy which a man of letters gets to handle —his class-books,' and was reported by a school inspector 'complete in English' at about seven years of age. He also watched the comedy and riot of the annual cattle fair in the village, 'undoubtedly the grand summary of the Entepfuhl child's culture, whither, assembling from all the four winds, come the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly.' At the age of ten (1805) he proceeded to the Grammar School of Annan (the *Hinterschlag Gymnasium* of *Sartor*), where, although his teachers were 'hide-bound pedants who knew Syntax enough, and of the human soul thus much, that it had a faculty called Memory, which could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods,' he learned to read Latin and French fluently, as well as 'some geometry, algebra, arithmetic thoroughly well, vague outlines of geography, Greek to the extent of the alphabet mainly.' But his two years at Annan Academy were among the most miserable in his life. He was tyrannised over by some of his fellow-pupils, 'coarse, unguided, tyrannous cubs,' who ridiculed him for his sensitiveness as 'Tom the Tearful.' But he 'revolted against them, and gave them shake for shake.' Edward Irving, his senior by five years and the adviser and friend of later days, occasionally visited the Academy, where he also had received his early education, and Carlyle looked with interest on him as a distinguished student in the University of Edinburgh, now his own goal. To Edinburgh, a distance of ninety miles, he travelled on foot in November 1809, and enrolled himself as a student in the university. Although 'out of England and Spain ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered universities,' he attended its classes in arts till 1813, when he left without taking a degree. Mathematics was the only subject in the college curriculum that he took kindly to, holding that 'the man who had mastered the first forty-seven propositions of Euclid stood nearer to God than he had done before.' Yet he took no prize in the mathematical class, although he was a favourite with the professor, Sir John Leslie, who 'alone of my professors had some genius in his business, and awoke a certain enthusiasm in me.'

When Carlyle's attendance at the Arts course of Edinburgh University came to an end in 1813, he began preparation for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and enrolled himself as a student of its Divinity Hall on the 16th of November. He did not attempt to attend the classes in the theological curriculum, but contented himself with observing the form known as 'keeping partial sessions' by going up to Edinburgh twice a year and delivering 'discourses' in the Hall. Meanwhile he sustained himself by teaching. In 1814 he obtained by competition the post of mathematical master in Annan Academy, which was worth between £60 and £70 a year. He spent his vacation with his parents at Mainhill, a farm about two miles from Lockerbie, to which his father had migrated from Ecclefechan, and where he died in 1832, having saved £1000. There Carlyle began to study German, read extensively in English literature, and wrote of his reading at great length to college friends. As one of the consequences of this reading, his 'sentiments on the clerical profession' became 'mostly of the unfavourable kind.' In 1816 he left Annan for Kirkcaldy in Fifeshire, having accepted the post of assistant to the teacher of the parish school, with emoluments estimated at £100 a year. He now became the intimate friend of Edward Irving, who had taken the position of head of an adventure school in Kirkcaldy. They read and walked together, and Carlyle was by his friend introduced to various families, including that of Mr Martin the parish minister, one of whose daughters subsequently became Irving's wife. A more important introduction was that to 'by far the brightest and cleverest' of Irving's pupils, Margaret Gordon, a girl who lived in Kirkcaldy with her aunt. She is commonly understood to have been the model for the dark and inconstant Blumine of *Sartor*, although the Strachey family, with whom Carlyle subsequently became intimate, claimed the distinction for Kitty Kilpatrick, a cousin of Mrs Strachey. If there can ever be said to have been anything of the nature of love-making, it was put an end to by Margaret Gordon's aunt. Margaret bade Carlyle farewell in a formal letter full of wise advices, such as 'Cultivate the milder dispositions of the heart, subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain,' and possibly indicated her own feelings by closing her letter with, 'I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.' She subsequently

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the letter entitled "Life in Dumfriesshire," page 407.

married Sir Alexander Bannerman, Governor of Nova Scotia.

Although Kirkcaldy was more congenial to Carlyle than Annan, he found in two years that 'it were better to perish than to continue schoolmastering;' besides, there had sprung up successful professional competition both to him and to Irving. Having saved about £70, he removed in November 1818 to Edinburgh, hoping to obtain private teaching till 'he could fall into some other mode of doing.' There he lived for three years, subsisting chiefly on fairly-well remunerated tuition. He also contributed articles, chiefly geographical and biographical, for 'bread-and-butter wages,' to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, edited by Dr (afterwards Sir David) Brewster, and translated Legendre's *Elements of Geometry* from the French for £50. The Church being now impossible as a profession, he enrolled himself as a student of Scots Law in the university, with a view to passing as an advocate. At first he liked the study of law 'pretty well,' mainly because 'no mean compliances are requisite for prospering in it.' But ultimately he tired of it also. His years in Edinburgh, spent mainly in the drudgery of teaching and literary hackwork, relieved by visits to his family at Mainhill, were among the most melancholy of his life. His health was poor, he suffered from insomnia, began his lifelong struggle with dyspepsia, and was 'in a low fever for two weeks.' His mind was at the same time tortured by 'doubt;' for a period he was 'totally irreligious.' The conflict was terminated 'all at once' in June 1821, when he was walking down Leith Walk (the Rue St Thomas de l'Enfer of *Sartor Resartus*) to Leith to bathe in the sea, by what he regarded not so much as an 'illumination' or a 'conversion' as 'a spiritual new birth.' Practically this change meant 'no surrender' to his 'misery,' a substitution of 'grim defiance' for 'whining sorrow.'



THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a Daguerreotype (Kirkcaldy, 1848) by John Patrick.

The same month of the same year saw Carlyle's introduction to Jane Baillie Welsh (1801–66), only daughter of Dr John Welsh, medical practitioner in Haddington, who had died two years before, leaving his daughter sole heiress of his small estate of Craigenputtock, about sixteen miles from Dumfries. Miss Welsh, who claimed descent through her father from Knox, and through her mother, who 'narrowly escaped being a woman of genius,' from Wallace, had been a private pupil of Irving when he was a teacher in Haddington. A passionate attachment sprang up between them, and they would have been married but for Irving's engagement to Miss Martin. He introduced his friend to Miss Welsh. The acquaintanceship led to a correspondence on literary matters chiefly, as Miss Welsh for long forbade the language and attitude of the lover. In 1822 Carlyle, after declining the editorship of a Dundee newspaper and failing as a candidate for two chairs of Astronomy, became tutor to the three sons of Mr Buller, a retired Anglo-Indian, on the recommendation of Irving, who had become pastor of the Caledonian chapel in Hatton Garden, London. Two of the three, Charles and Arthur, came to Edinburgh in the spring and settled in George Square, while Carlyle lodged in Moray Place. The tutor liked his work and his pupils; Charles, the elder, who died in 1848 at the age of forty-two, on the threshold of what seemed an exceptionally promising political career, he described as 'one of the cleverest boys I have ever seen.' The salary he received—£200 a year—enabled him to give pecuniary help to his people at home, and particularly to forward the education of his younger brother John (1801–79), who became a physician, but is better known as the translator of Dante's *Inferno*. Carlyle, after contemplating a history of the British Commonwealth and a novel in association with Miss Welsh, arranged to write a *Life of Schiller* for the *London*

Magazine, and a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* for an Edinburgh publisher.

Mr and Mrs Buller spent the winter of 1822 in Edinburgh, and with them and his pupils Carlyle went in the spring of the following year to Kinnaird House near Dunkeld, on the Tay. The family went to London in 1824, and Carlyle paid the capital his first visit in June of that year, living with his friend Irving, and making comments, on the whole more free than laudatory, on the men of letters, such as Coleridge, Hazlitt, Campbell, and Allan Cunningham, whom he came across. His friendship for the Bullers was now cooling—he describes them in a letter written at this time as 'a cold race of people,' who 'love no living creature' —and he took advantage of a proposal to accompany them to France to bring his engagement to a close. He remained in London, however, till March 1825, superintending the publication in book form of his *Life of Schiller*. He also spent some weeks in Birmingham with a friend of the name of Badams, studying the 'Black Country,' exploring Warwickshire, and endeavouring, but in vain, to get a cure for dyspepsia. In the end of March he settled with his brother Alexander on the farm of Hoddam Hill, about two miles from Mainhill, and there he engaged in the translation of German romances. At this time also Miss Welsh, after much hesitation, agreed to marry him. The following year he quarrelled with his landlord; and he and his father both removed to Scotsbrig, another farm near Ecclefechan. The marriage, however, took place on 17th October of that year at Templand, Dumfriesshire, the residence of Miss Welsh's grandfather. The couple at once settled in 21 Comely Bank, Edinburgh. Carlyle's chief work here was the preparation of four volumes of translations from Tieck, Musæus, and Richter, which were published under the title of *German Romance*. He began a didactic novel, *Wotton Reinfred*, but burned the bulk of the manuscript. He also endeavoured, but in vain, to secure the chair of Moral Philosophy in St Andrews in succession to Dr Chalmers. The most important event during this period of his life was the commencement of a connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. Procter, whom he had met in London, introduced him to Jeffrey. His first article, on Jean Paul Richter, appeared in June 1827. By this time he had become known in Germany. That same year Goethe said to Eckermann that Carlyle was a moral force so great that he could not tell what he might produce.

In May 1828 the Carlyles removed to Mrs Carlyle's property of Craigenputtock, which her husband described as 'the dreariest spot in all the British dominions;' although, as the late Professor Nichol pertinently pointed out, 'on a sunny day it is an inland home, with wide billowy straths of grass around, inestimable silence broken only by the placid bleating of sheep, and the long ridges of the Solway hills in front.' Here they lived nearly six years—years for the husband of final preparation for his 'mission,' for the wife of melancholy solitude and household drudgery for which she had not been fitted by her upbringing. Carlyle subsisted during this time mainly on what he wrote for reviews, such as the *Edinburgh*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and *Westminster*, and *Fraser's Magazine*. It was at Craigenputtock that he produced his most notable essays, those on Burns, Samuel Johnson, Goethe, Diderot, and Voltaire. He wrote a *History of German Literature*, a portion of which also appeared in the form of essays. By far the most notable product of this period, however, was *Sartor Resartus*, his most characteristic and in some respects greatest work, in which, as its hero, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Carlyle expounds, under the title of 'The Philosophy of Clothes,' the special philosophico-poetic mysticism which had come to be his creed. *Sartor* is further notable in the literary history of Carlyle as revealing the Germanisation of his mind and the abandonment of the comparatively simple diction of his early essays and the *Life of Schiller* for the thoroughly individual style of his later works—eruptive, ejaculatory, but always impressive, and in certain passages rising to an epic sublimity. Carlyle found some difficulty in obtaining a publisher for *Sartor*, but in 1833–34 it appeared in instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*. Life at Craigenputtock was varied by occasional visits to Edinburgh, in one of which he conceived the idea of writing his *French Revolution;* by a residence of six months in London, where he made the acquaintance of John Sterling and John Stuart Mill; by visits from Jeffrey, who peremptorily told him, 'Bring your blooming Eve out of your blasted Paradise,' and from Emerson, with whom he had a 'quiet night of clear, fine talk;' and by letters from Goethe, in one of which he acknowledged a lock of Mrs Carlyle's hair.

In 1830 Carlyle was in such straits that he had to borrow £50 from Jeffrey to pay the expenses of his trip to London the following year. But finding himself master of £200 in 1834, he resolved to try his fortune in London, and on 10th June established himself in 5 Cheyne Row—'a side street off the Thames, winding as slowly by the reaches of Barnes and Battersea as Cowper's Ouse, dotted with brown-sailed ships and holiday-boats'—in which he lived till his death. Here he settled down to the writing of his *French Revolution*, which appeared in 1837. This work was almost put an end to in 1835 through the destruction by a servant-girl of all but four or five leaves of the manuscript of the first volume, which had been lent to John Stuart Mill. Carlyle accepted £100 from Mill as compensation for his loss. At this time Carlyle was again much depressed, his melancholy finding expression in such declarations to his friends as, 'It is twenty-three months since I earned a penny by the craft of literature, and yet I know no fault I have committed. . . . I am tempted to go to

America. . . . I shall quit literature; it does not invite me. Providence warns me to have done with it. I have failed in this Divine Infernal Universe.' Yet he never lost self-confidence. 'I can reverence no existing man. With health and peace for one year, I could write a better book than there has been in this country for generations.' The publication of the *French Revolution* in 1837 at last brought Carlyle reputation, and, by way of adding to his income, some of his friends induced him to deliver a course of lectures that year to a select audience on 'German Literature.' This was so successful that it was followed up by courses on 'The Successive Periods of European Culture,' 'The Revolutions of Modern Europe,' and 'Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History.' His yearly earnings from these lectures varied between £135 and £300. Yet he loathed the work, writing to Emerson in 1839: 'O heaven, I cannot "speak;" I can only gasp and writhe and stutter, a spectacle to gods and fashionables—being forced to it by want of money.' In 1838 *Sartor* appeared in book form, and also the first edition of his *Miscellanies*. The following year he made his first appearance in the literature of politics with a pamphlet assailing the corruptions of modern society, under the title of *Chartism*. By 1840 all fears of poverty were over. In 1842 Mrs Welsh died, leaving to the Carlyles a competence of from £200 to £300 a year. Yet till late in life Carlyle's income from literature alone was never more than £400.

In 1843 Carlyle published his *Past and Present*, the most picturesque, popular, and influential of all his socio-political works. This was followed seven years later by the more savage *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, which, however, created attention mainly because of the qualified approval extended by its author to slavery. Meanwhile there had appeared in 1845 *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, which is perhaps the most successful of all his works, inasmuch as it completely revolutionised public opinion on its subject. In 1851 he published his *Life of John Sterling*, which he wrote because he was not satisfied with Julius Hare's biography. From this time onward he devoted himself exclusively to the preparation of his last and largest, if not also greatest, work ('Minotaur' though it was both to him and his wife), *The History of Friedrich II., commonly called Frederick the Great*. The first two volumes were published in 1858, and it was concluded in 1865. The preparation of this work led Carlyle to make two special visits to the Continent. These, with a yachting trip to Ostend, two tours in Ireland (on which subject he intended to write a book based on a diary that was published after his death), and yearly visits to his kindred and friends (like Thomas Erskine of Linlathen) in Scotland, constituted his chief distractions from his literary labours. In 1866 he was elected chairman of the committee that was formed for the defence of Mr Eyre, who had been recalled from his post of Governor of Jamaica on the ground that he had shown unnecessary severity in suppressing a negro insurrection that had broken out the previous year. This was almost the only public movement with which Carlyle identified himself, although he aided materially in establishing the London Library in 1839.

On 11th November 1865 Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University by a majority of 657 votes to 310 recorded for Mr Disraeli. On 2nd April 1866 he was installed amidst extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm, when he delivered an address in which he embodied his experiences of life in the form of kindly advices addressed in an easy conversational style to the students. Carlyle was greatly pleased with his reception, which had, among other results, the effect of causing a run on his works, although in his somewhat embittered old age he wrote: 'No idea or shadow of an idea is in that address but what had been set forth by me tens of times before, and the poor gaping sea of prurient blockheadism receives it as a kind of inspired revelation, and runs to buy my books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy.' The success was, however, extinguished by the intelligence which reached him in Dumfries of the sudden death from heart-disease of Mrs Carlyle on 21st April, as she was driving in her carriage in Hyde Park. His grief deepened into profound remorse when he discovered from certain of her letters, and from a journal which she had kept, that during a period of her married life his irritability, absorption in ambition and work, and unconscious want of consideration for her had caused her much misery and even ill-health, which she carefully concealed from him. *The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, published after his death, also proved that during the years 1855 and 1856 husband and wife were temporarily estranged owing to his liking for the society of Harriet, Lady Ashburton, although they clearly demonstrated that he never understood the cause of the estrangement. After the death of Lady Ashburton there was no friction of any real importance. These *Memorials* are also of intrinsic literary value, because they show that Mrs Carlyle, in addition to the 'soft invincibility, capacity of discernment, and noble loyalty of heart,' borne testimony to in the tombstone erected to her by her husband in the nave of the Abbey Church, at Haddington, was one of the shrewdest critics, most vivacious letter-writers, and accomplished women of her time.

Carlyle, now 'a gloomily serious, silent, and sad old man gazing into the final chasm of things in mute dialogue with "Death, Judgment, and Eternity" (dialogue mute on both sides),' wrote no important work after his wife's death. After a visit to the second Lady Ashburton at Mentone in 1867, where he partially composed his *Reminiscences*,

he tried to settle down to his old life, one of his nieces generally superintending the household arrangements of Cheyne Row. He put his affairs in order, bequeathing the revenues of Craigenputtock for the endowment of three John Welsh bursaries in the University of Edinburgh. In August 1867 he published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and under the title of 'Shooting Niagara,' his views of British democracy. He prepared an edition of his collected works, adding to them a fresh volume containing 'The Early Kings of Norway' and an 'Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.' On 18th November 1870 he wrote a letter to the *Times* on the Franco-German war, declaring 'that noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and oversensitive France, seems to me the hopefullest fact that has occurred in my time.' He expressed in private very strong opposition to the Irish policy of Mr Gladstone. In February 1874 he accepted the Prussian Order of Merit, which was offered him as a recognition of his having written the life of Frederick the Great, who founded the Order. In the same year Mr Disraeli offered him the Grand Cross of the Bath, with the alternative of a baronetcy and a pension of 'an amount equal to a good fellowship;' but he declined both, although he acknowledged the kindliness of the Premier, of whom he had spoken almost uniformly in terms of reprobation. On his eightieth birthday, 4th December 1875, tributes of respect were showered upon him. They included 'a noble and most unexpected note from Prince Bismarck,' and a gold medal from a number of fervid Scottish admirers. On 5th May 1877 there appeared from his pen in the *Times* a brief letter alluding to a rumour that the 'miraculous' Premier meditated the forcing on 'a Philo-Turk war against Russia,' and protesting against any such enterprise. He passed away on 5th February 1881 at his house in Chelsea. His remains were offered a burial in Westminster Abbey, but, in accordance with his own desire, he was laid in the churchyard of Ecclefechan beside his kin.

Although Carlyle was separated by a whole continent—to him a *terra incognita*—of passion from such predecessors in British literature as Burns and Byron, in whom he took the profoundest interest, he was so intensely individual, though not in any ignoble sense 'colossally egotistic,' that in his case, as in theirs, it is undesirable, and indeed practically impossible, to separate life from work or character from career. Biography involves criticism as well as the accurate record of incidents: the *Reminiscences* and the *Letters* are as distinctly literature as *Cromwell* or *Frederick the Great; Sartor Resartus* is as much an autobiography as it is an exposition of mysticism; the fury of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* is as sincere if not as pathetic as the wail of the suddenly bereaved life-partner of Jane Welsh Carlyle—'all of sunshine that remained in my life went out in that sudden moment; all of strength, too, seems to have gone;' the minute industry that discovers more of dyspepsia or of tobacco in a particular passage than of inspiration, and can tell from internal evidence where the *French Revolution* was recommenced after the Mill fire, is something more than love's labour lost. This intense individuality accounts at once for Carlyle's enormous influence during the latter part of his life, the 'neglect' which followed his death, and the 'reaction' in his favour that has in turn succeeded the 'neglect'—the modern interpreters of which see nothing but Carlylism in action in modern British Imperialism and the gospel according to Lord Kitchener and Mr Rudyard Kipling.

During the final twenty years of his life Carlyle was vastly more influential than Coleridge or Samuel Johnson or Pope, or indeed any other *clarum ac venerabile nomen* in English letters; not only did he preach directly to a generation that idolised him against his will, but he preached indirectly to it through the most popular and powerful of Victorian writers like Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and Thackeray. The negative influence of Carlyle—the effect produced by his proclamation of an 'Exodus from Houndsditch' and his diatribes against 'atheistic science,' and especially the 'dismal' variety of it—was at least as great as the positive. A competent American critic, Mr W. C. Brownell, is fully justified in saying: 'Much of what Carlyle wrote, the gospel that he expounded so contentiously and polemically, has now become a part of what we now call our subliminal possessions. What once seemed, and of course still is, elemental has become elementary as well.' The merciless and deliberately designed self-revelation of the *Reminiscences*, and of the literature of the 'personal equation' variety which followed in the wake of the *Reminiscences*, was necessary to a complete understanding of Carlyle. It led to his being 'forsaken' by the superficially or blindly idolatrous—whose lip-service he never wished for, and despised without measure when it came to him—on the ground that the idol's feet were of clay, that he had 'behaved like a brute to his wife,' that he was 'meanly jealous' of his contemporaries, and perhaps above all that he imperfectly appreciated the humour, and did not at all appreciate the forenoon gin, of Charles Lamb. More cautious if not indiscriminatingly 'sympathetic' critics saw in the *Reminiscences* and their *sequelæ* but confirmation of their previous conviction that Carlyle had the defects of his strength; that if he had the prophet's vision and that force of will which overcomes mountains of physical disability, he had also the prophet's intolerance alike of the small vices that go with Bohemianism and of the comprehensive and contagious hedonism which is the outcome and practice of 'art for art's sake.'

According to the popular, loose, and unscientific social classification of the time, Carlyle was a 'peasant.' He had the 'peasant's' robustness of body and mind, the 'peasant's' contempt for the superficialities and even subtleties of refinement, the 'peasant's' incontinence of graphic speech, and especially of depreciatory characterisation. So he was incapable, until it was too late, of understanding or giving those delicacies of affectionate attention which to his wife, with her 'middle-class' birth, environment, and upbringing, were of great if not supreme importance. Such defects are also responsible for most of his hasty and unjust judgments; for his ultra-Covenanter's hatred and ignorance of 'art' and 'pleasure;' for his refusal even to read that type of poetry of which Keats was and still is the richest voice; his relegation of Scott to the category of mere *restaurateurs;* his inability to see 'one great thought in all Voltaire's six and thirty quartos;' his dismissal of the most emphatically epoch-making book of modern times with '*The Origin of Species* showed up the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it and waste the least thought upon it.'

Practical mysticism, finally adopted as a creed on the fateful day of 'spiritual new birth' in Leith Walk, was the centre and secret, if not the Alpha and the Omega, of Carlyle. It dominated his life and conduct; it is the adequate explanation —or the nearest approach to an adequate explanation that is now possible—of his glorious inconsistencies in religion, politics, ethics, and economics. It guided him to the choice of subjects in literature, and impregnated his treatment of them; it explains the splendour of his visions, the pungency of his satire, and what he himself termed the 'conflagration' of his prose-poetry. Accept the first principles of this mysticism, which may be largely German in its final development—Taine derived it from Goethe and Hegel, but it is no less suggestive of Eckhardt—but which seems to recall some 'hour of moaning midnight,' when the kirk of Dunscore 'hung spectral in the sky and being was as if swallowed up of darkness,' and acquiescence in the Carlylian gospel of hero-worship, veracity, and hard work is virtually inevitable. Agree that 'life is but a thawing ice-board on a sea with sunny shore,' that men are but the earthly vestures of spiritual forces, and the most famous of Carlyle's purple patches stand forth as articles of faith.

Carlyle being emphatically a thinker *sui generis*, it is impossible to assign him a definite position in any literary class or caste. Profoundly religious, contending vehemently that 'thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps posionous,' the sworn foe of 'atheism' and 'beaver science,' holding that 'strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church,' he yet declared that 'it is as certain as mathematics that no such thing as a miracle has ever been,' that 'all manner of pulpits are as good as broken and abolished,' and that 'the Temple of Sorrow, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures.' He called loudly for an 'Exodus from Houndsditch,' but he had no map of the Promised Land, and flatly declined to lead the way to it. Passionately devoted to social order, maintaining that it is the duty and mission of heroes to discipline into such order, if need be with whips and scorpions, the millions, 'mostly fools,' who inhabit the earth, he yet cannot be ticketed Conservative or Liberal. Distrusting if not dreading 'Revolt,' he yet declared, 'I am not a Tory, no, but one of the deepest though perhaps the quietest of Radicals,' and denounced modern materialism—the 'gospel of wealth' and the practice of idleness—with a fierce eloquence which no disciple of Lassalle, Marx, or Bakunin has ever commanded.

It is no less difficult to say in which department of literature Carlyle especially excelled, and which is likely to be his most enduring achievement. With the exception—and that a doubtful exception —of *Sartor Resartus*, all his masterpieces, the *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, *Frederick*, the best of his lectures and essays, belong to the (in his case at all events) conjunct department of history and biography. But even as a historian—even when toiling over the battlefields of the Seven Years' War—he was, and could not help being, prophet, preacher, and poet. Indeed, it is because he has successfully insisted on the elements of life connoted by these three designations being fully acknowledged in history and biography that he can be claimed as a successful literary revolutionary. In Germany *Frederick* is regarded as his masterpiece, and naturally so, because in it he beat the German historians at their own favourite weapon of patient industry. Taine is not alone in thinking that 'in Cromwell one can touch the truth itself.' Carlylians of the *cercle intime* will ever be found worshipping at the shrine of *Sartor*. But as a mere effective performance, the *French Revolution* is, in spite of the minor historical inaccuracies which it has been proved to contain, probably the most successful of all his works, and his view of that still imperfectly understood social convulsion is now the world's. 'He stands,' says Dr Holland Rose in his annotated edition of the book, after dealing with the inaccuracies already alluded to, 'on a far higher plane than the turgid and rhetorical Lamartine. He yields the palm to Mignet and De Tocqueville in regard to philosophic generalisations; but then we rise from a perusal of their neat and orderly chapters ignorant that there was such a thing as the guillotine.'

Being what he was, Carlyle had no master, and is not likely to have a successor. At an early period in his career he saturated his mind with German literature, since that seemed to be nearer the truth than any other of his time; and he admired the foremost force in that literature

because, as he said, 'Goethe's is the only healthy mind, of any extent, that I have discovered in Europe for long generations; it was he who first convincingly proclaimed to me, "Behold, even in this scandalous Sceptico-Epicurean generation, when all is gone but hunger and cant, it is still possible that man be a man."' There may be traces of Richter in Carlyle's style; although, as Professor Saintsbury points out, 'something may be traced to our own more fantastic writers in the seventeenth century, such as Sir Thomas Urquhart in Scotland and Sir Roger L'Estrange in England; much to a Scottish fervour and quaintness blending itself with and utilising a wider range of reading than had been usual with Scotsmen; most to the idiosyncrasy of the individual.' It was enough for Carlyle that he made for himself a style which forced the austere Thoreau to say, 'His mastery over the language is unrivalled; it is with him a keen, resistless weapon;' which makes him the rival of Milton, Burke, and Ruskin in eloquence; of Dunbar, Swift, and Richter in humour. It was Carlyle's individuality that made him the force that he was during his lifetime; it is that individuality which will cause him to be resorted to in the future for consolation and stimulus. He has since his death been revealed, in all his weakness as well as all his strength. Yet of none of the sons of letters may the British nation be more wholeheartedly proud, because none had a higher conception of his calling, none more thoroughly carried into action his own gospel that 'no mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something; he knows not what mischief he does, past computation, scattering words without meaning, to afflict the whole world yet before they cease.'

Life in Dumfriesshire.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *25th September* 1828.

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a track of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zeilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you. . . . The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an *Essay on Burns*. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius, but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

(From letter to Goethe.)

Reminiscence of Craigenputtock.

We went over often from Craigenputtock (to Templand): were always a most welcome arrival, surprise oftenest, and our bits of visits, which could never be prolonged, were uniformly pleasant on both sides. One of our chief pleasures, I think almost our chief, during these moorland years. Oh those pleasant gig-drives, in fine leafy twilight, or deep in the night sometimes, ourselves two alone in the world, the good 'Larry' faring us (rather too light for the job, but always soft and willing), how they rise on me now, benignantly luminous from the bosom of the grim dead night! Night! what would I give for one, the very worst of them, at this moment! Once we had gone to Dumfries, in a soft misty December day (for a portrait which my darling wanted, not of herself!); a bridge was found broken as we went down, brook unsafe by night; we had to try 'Cluden (Lower Cairn) Water' road, as all was mist and pitch-darkness, on our return, road unknown except in general, and drive like no other in my memory. Cairn hoarsely

roaring on the left (my darling's side); 'Larry,' with but one lamp-candle (for we had put out the other, lest both might fall done), bending always to be straight in the light of that; I really anxious, though speaking only hopefully; my darling so full of trust in me, really happy and opulently interested in these equipments; in these poor and dangerous circumstances how opulent is a nobly royal heart! She had the worthless 'portrait' (pencil sketch by a wandering German, announced to us by poor and hospitable Mrs Richardson, once a 'novelist' of mark, much of a gentlewoman and well loved by us both) safe in her reticule; 'better far than none,' she cheerfully said of it, and the price, I think, had been 5s., fruit of her thrift too:—well, could California have made me and her so rich, had I known it (sorry gloomy mortal) just as she did? To noble hearts such wealth is there in poverty itself, and impossible without poverty! I saw ahead, high in the mist, the minarets of Dunscore Kirk, at last, glad sight; at Mrs Broatch's cosy rough inn, we got 'Larry' fed, ourselves dried and refreshed (still seven miles to do, but road all plain); and got home safe, after a pleasant day, in spite of all. Then the drive to Boreland once (George Welsh's, 'Uncle George,' youngest of the Penfillans); heart of winter, intense calm frost, and through Dumfries, at least thirty-five miles for poor 'Larry' and us; very beautiful that too, and very strange, past the base of towering New Abbey, huge ruins, piercing grandly into the silent frosty sunset, on this hand, despicable cowhouse of Presbyterian kirk on that hand (sad new contrast to Devorgilla's old bounty), &c., &c.:—of our drive home again I recollect only her invincible contentment, and the poor old cotter woman offering to warm us with a flame of dry broom, 'A'll licht a bruim couey, if ye'll please to come in!' Another time we had gone to Dumfries Cattle Show (first of its race, which are many since); a kind of lark on our part, and really entertaining, though the day proved shockingly wet and muddy; saw various notabilities there—Sir James Grahame (baddish, proud man, we both thought by physiognomy, and did not afterwards alter our opinion much), Ramsay Macculloch (in sky-blue coat, shiningly on visit from London), &c., &c., with none of whom, or few, had we right (or wish) to speak, abundantly occupied with seeing so many fine specimens, biped and quadruped.

(From *Reminiscences*, vol. ii.)

The Philosophy of Clothes.

It was in some such mood, when wearied and fordone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner; nay, his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rain-proof court-suit on his body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew; day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed-off into the Ash-pit, into the Laystall; till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. O subter-brutish! vile! most vile! For have not I too a compact all-enclosing skin, whiter or dingier? Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive? Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts; and by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose; thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them. For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and sees indeed that he is naked, and as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling animal with bandy legs;' yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.

(From *Sartor Resartus*, Book I. Chap. viii.)

Sentence on King Louis.

Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it,—a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit: but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word; then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken: Death; Banishment; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banish-

ment; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows; irrepressible by Ushers. The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death; justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment: nevertheless he now says, Death; a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In the Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour; he says now, Banishment; and in mute wrath quits the place forever,—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Egalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death: at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyes ascend; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, '*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases;' and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial! And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful, or even grave character, he is far mistaken: 'the Ushers in the Mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as Box-keepers at the Opera;' opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for 'D'Orléans Egalité's mistresses,' or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor. Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small talk; the high-dizened heads beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge-et-Noir*. Farther aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrouged Amazons; she cannot be prevented making long *Ha has*, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy, 'as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*.' Betting goes on in all coffee-houses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages; lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep; Ushers come and awaken them to vote: other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamplight; utter from this Tribune, only one word: Death. '*Tout est optique*,' says Mercier. 'The world is all an optical shadow.' Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapped in blankets, in 'nightgown and nightcap,' to vote for Mercy: one vote it is thought may turn the scale. Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say: 'I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death.' Death by a small majority of Fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty-six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but one.

(From *The French Revolution*, Book II. Chap. vii.)

Pig Philosophy.

Pig propositions, in a rough form, are somewhat as follows:

1. The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immeasurable Swine's trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and of other contrasts and kinds;—especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

2. Moral evil is unattainability of Pig's-wash; moral good, attainability of ditto.

3. What is Paradise or the State of Innocence? Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, *was* (according to Pigs of weak judgment) unlimited Attainability of Pig's-wash; perfect fulfilment of one's wishes, so that the Pig's imagination could not outrun reality: a fable and an impossibility, as Pigs of sense now see.

4. 'Define the Whole Duty of Pigs.' It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed thither and thither only; Pig Science, Pig Enthusiasm and Devotion have this one aim. It is the Whole Duty of Pigs.

5. Pig Poetry ought to consist of the universal recognition of the excellence of Pig's-wash and ground barley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough is in order; and who have had enough: Hrumph!

6. The Pig knows the weather; he ought to look out what kind of weather it will be.

7. 'Who made the Pig?' Unknown;—perhaps the Pork-butcher.

8. 'Have you Law and Justice in Pigdom?' Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably at least there is a sentiment in Pig-nature called indignation, revenge, &c., which, if one Pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner: hence laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life, at any rate with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog's-wash, and ruin (temporary ruin) to large sections of the universal Swine's-trough: wherefore let justice be observed, that so quarrelling be avoided.

9. 'What is justice?' Your own share of the general Swine's-trough, not any portion of my share.

10. 'But what is "my" share?' Ah! there in fact lies the grand difficulty; upon which Pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My share—hrumph!—my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks. For there are gibbets, treadmills, I need not tell you, and rules which Lawyers have prescribed.

11. 'Who are Lawyers?' Servants of God, appointed revealers of the oracles of God, who read off to us from day to day what is the eternal Commandment of God in reference to the mutual claims of his creatures in this world.

12. 'Where do they find that written?' In Coke upon Lyttelton.

13. 'Who made Coke?' Unknown: the maker of Coke's wig is discoverable.—'What became of Coke?' Died.—'And then?' Went to the undertaker; went to the—— But we must pull up: Sauerteig's fierce humour, confounding ever farther in his haste the four-footed with the two-footed animal, rushes into wilder and wilder forms of satirical torch-dancing, and threatens to

end in a universal Rape of Wigs, which in a person of his character looks ominous and dangerous. Here, for example, is his fifty-first 'Proposition,' as he calls it:

51. 'What are Bishops?' Overseers of souls.—'What is a soul?' The thing that keeps the body alive.—'How do they oversee that?' They tie on a kind of aprons, publish charges; I believe they pray dreadfully, macerate themselves nearly dead with continual grief that they cannot in the least oversee it.—'And are much honoured?' By the wise very much.

52. 'Define the Church.' I had rather not.—'Do you believe in a Future State?' Yes, surely.—'What is it?' Heaven, so-called.—'To everybody?' I understand so; hope so!—'What is it thought to be?' Hrumph! 'No Hell, then, at all?' Hrumph.

(From *Latter-Day Pamphlets: Jesuitism.*)

English and American Idols.

Jefferson Brick, the American Editor, twitted me with the multifarious patented anomalies of overgrown worthless Dukes, Bishops of Durham, &c., which poor English Society at present labours under, and is made a solecism by. To which what answer could I make, except that surely our patented anomalies were some of them extremely ugly, and yet, alas, that they were not the ugliest! I said: 'Have you also overgrown anomalous *Dukes* after a sort, appointed *not* by patent? Overgrown Monsters of Wealth namely; who have made money by dealing in cotton, dealing in bacon, jobbing scrip, digging metal in California; who are become glittering man-mountains filled with gold and preciosities; revered by the surrounding flunkeys; invested with the *real* powers of sovereignty; and placidly admitted by all men, as if Nature and Heaven had so appointed it, to be in a sense god-like, to be royal, and fit to shine in the firmament, though their real worth is—what? Brick, do you know where human creatures reach the supreme of ugliness in idols? It were hard to know! We can say only, All idols have to tumble, and the hugest of them with the heaviest fall: that is our chief comfort, in America as here. The Idol of Somnauth, a mere mass of coarse crockery, not worth five shillings of anybody's money, sat like a great staring god, with two diamonds for eyes; worshipped by the neighbouring black populations; a terror and divine mystery to all mortals, till its day came. Till at last, victorious in the name of Allah, the Commander of the Faithful, riding up with grim battle-axe and heart full of Moslem fire, took the liberty to smite once, with right force and rage, said ugly mass of idolatrous crockery; which thereupon shivered, with unmelodious crash and jingle, into a heap of ugly potsherds, yielding from its belly half a wagon-load of gold coins. You can read it in Gibbon—probably, too, in Lord Ellenborough. The gold coins, the diamond eyes, and other valuable extrinsic parts were carefully picked up by the Faithful; confused jingle of intrinsic potsherds was left lying;—and the Idol of Somnauth once showing what it *was*, had suddenly come to a conclusion! Thus end all Idols, and intrinsically worthless man-mountains never so illuminated with diamonds, and filled with precious metals, and tremulously worshipped by the neighbouring flunkey populations, black or white;—even thus, sooner or later, without fail; and are shot hastily, as a heap of potsherds, into the highway, to be crunched under wagon-wheels, and do Macadam a little service, being clearly abolished as *gods*, and hidden from men's recognition, in that or other capacities, forever and a day! You do not sufficiently bethink you, my republican friend. Our ugliest anomalies are done by universal suffrage, not by patent. The express nonsense of old Feudalism, even now, in its dotage, is nothing to the involuntary nonsense of modern Anarchy called 'Freedom,' 'Republicanism,' and other fine names, which expresses itself by supply and demand! Consider it a little. The Bishop of our Diocese is to me an incredible man; and has, I will grant you, very much more money than you or I would now give him for his work. One does not even read those Charges of his, much preferring speech which is articulate. In fact, being intent on a quiet life, you generally keep on the other side of the hedge from him, and strictly leave him to his own fate. Not a credible man;—perhaps not quite a safe man to be concerned with? But what think you of the 'Bobus of Houndsditch' of our parts? He, Sausage-maker on the great scale, knows the art of cutting fat bacon, and exposing it seasoned with gray pepper to advantage. Better than any other man he knows this art; and I take the liberty to say it is a poor one. Well, the Bishop has an income of five thousand pounds appointed him for his work; and Bobus, to such a length has he now pushed the trade in sausages, gains from the universal suffrage of men's souls and stomachs ten thousand a year by it. A poor art, this of Bobus's, I say; and worth no such recompense. For it is not even good sausages he makes, but only extremely vendible ones; the cunning dog! Judges pronounce his sausages bad, and at the cheap price even dear; and finer palates, it is whispered, have detected alarming symptoms of horse-flesh, or worse, under this cunningly-devised gray-pepper spice of his; so that for the world I would not eat one of his sausages, nor would you. You perceive he is not an excellent honest sausage-maker, but a dishonest cunning and scandalous sausage-maker, *worth*, if he could get his deserts, who shall say what? Probably certain shillings a week, say forty; possibly (one shudders to think) a long round in the treadmill, and stripes instead of shillings! And yet what he gets, I tell you, from universal suffrage, and the unshackled *ne plus ultra* republican justice of mankind, is twice the income of that anomalous Bishop you were talking of! The Bishop I for my part do much prefer to Bobus. The Bishop has human sense and breeding of various kinds; considerable knowledge of Greek, if you should ever want the like of that; knowledge of many things; and speaks the English language in a grammatical manner. He is bred to courtesy, to dignified composure, as to a second nature; a gentleman every fibre of him; which of itself is something very considerable. The Bishop does really diffuse round him an influence of decorum, courteous patience, solid adherence to what is settled; teaches practically the necessity of 'consuming one's own smoke;' and does practically in his own case burn said smoke, making lambent flame and mild illumination out of it, for the good of man in several particulars. While Bobus, for twice the annual money, brings sausages, possibly of horseflesh, cheaper to market than another! Brick, if you will reflect, it is not 'aristocratic England,' it is the United Posterity of Adam, who are grown, in some essential respects, stupider than barbers' blocks. Barbers' blocks would at least say nothing, and *not* elevate, by their universal suffrages, an unfortunate Bobus to that bad height.

(From *Latter-Day Pamphlets: Hudson's Statue.*)

The Battle of Torgau.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south-west corner of Siptitz Height. South-west corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of the Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is. And here in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; 'beating the Prussian march, they,' sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's, left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon, and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour and more. . . . About 9 at night all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8000 in all. . . On Torgau-field behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. 'Unutterable!' says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-officers seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; 'but in the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile.' Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: 'Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning, we will see which are prisoners, which are captors.' So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

(From *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great*, Book XX. Chap. v.)

The leading authorities on Carlyle are his works, of several of which numerous editions have been published, some of them elaborately annotated, such as Dr J. H. Rose's *French Revolution* (1902) and J. A. G. Barrett's *Sartor Resartus; Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle* (two editions; Froude's and Norton's); Froude's *Thomas Carlyle, a History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795–1835* (published in 1882); the same author's *Thomas Carlyle, a History of his Life in London, 1834–1881* (published in 1884); *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* (1883); *Correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1883); *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1886; second series, 1888); and *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1887). Of the innumerable other biographies of and works dealing with Carlyle which have been published, there may be mentioned *Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books*, by W. H. Wylie (1881); *Bibliography of Carlyle*, by R. Shepherd (1881); volumes of the 'reminiscences' order by Rev. Moncure D. Conway (1881) and Professor Masson (1885); books by Dr Richard Garnett (1887), Professor Nichol ('English Men of Letters' series, 1892), Hector Macpherson (1896), and G. K. Chesterton (1902); Mrs Oliphant's article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1881; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Conversations with Carlyle* (1892); *Life of Mrs Carlyle*, by Mrs Ireland (1891), and *Early Letters* of hers, edited by D. G. Ritchie (1891); and *Mr Froude and Carlyle*, by David Wilson (1898). Two volumes of *New Letters and Memorials* of Mrs Carlyle, edited by Mr Alexander Carlyle in 1903, revived the controversy as to the domestic relations in a sense eminently favourable to Carlyle; the introduction by Sir J. Crichton-Browne blames Mrs Carlyle's neurasthenia for the occasional dispeace. Estimates of Carlyle are countless; among the most elaborate are Taine's, in his *History of English Literature;* Scherer's, in *Essays in English Literature;* Sir Leslie Stephen's, in *Hours in a Library;* W. C. Brownell's, in *Victorian Prose Masters;* R. H. Hutton's, in *Contemporary Thought;* Edward Caird's, in *Essays in Literature;* John Tyndall's, in *New Fragments*. Minor inaccuracies in his works have been pointed out, as by Mr Oscar Browning in *The Flight to Varennes* (1892). The best-known German books are—Fischer, *Thomas Carlyle* (Leipzig, 1881); Eugen Oswald, *T. C., Ein Lebensbild und Goldkörner aus Seinen Werken* (Leipzig, 1882); Flügel, *T. Carlyles religiöse und sittliche Entwickelung und Weltanschauung* (Leipzig, 1887); Von Schultze-Gävernitz, *Carlyles Welt- und Gesellschaftsanchauung* (Dresden, 1893).

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Thomas Wright (1810–77), born near Ludlow of Quaker parentage, graduated at Trinity, Cambridge, and in 1836 commenced man of letters in London. Elected F.S.A. in 1837, he helped to found the Camden, Percy, and Shakespeare Societies and the Archæological Association. He published upwards of eighty works, several of them on mediæval England in various aspects, linguistic, social, and other. He wrote on sorcery and magic, on womankind in Western Europe, on caricature. *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon* is one of his best-known works: there were also a *Biographia*

Britannica Literaria (1842–46); his dictionary of *Obsolete and Provincial English*, and his edition of the Anglo-Latin twelfth-century satirists; besides *Archæological Essays*, *Wanderings of an Antiquary*, and many others.

Thomas Crofton Croker (1798–1854) was a diligent collector of the folklore, poetical traditions, and antiquities of Ireland. A native of Cork, he was apprenticed in 1814 to a Quaker merchant, and four years later got an Admiralty clerkship through John Wilson Croker, a friend, but no relation, of his father's. This post he retained till 1850. In 1824 appeared his *Researches in the South of Ireland;* in 1825–27, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* And amongst his other works were *Legends of the Lakes* (1828), *Daniel O'Rourke* (1829), *Barney Mahoney* (1832), *My Village versus Our Village* (1832), *Popular Songs of Ireland* (1839), and *Historical Songs of Ireland* (1841). The tales of *Barney Mahoney* and *My Village* are his most original works, and neither is of supreme excellence. Miss Mitford no doubt occasionally dressed her village *en vaudeville*, but Croker in his village errs on the opposite side—producing a series of Dutch paintings too little relieved by imagination or passion. He is happiest among the fanciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, or chronicling the peculiarities of his countrymen, their humours, their superstitions, their attractive and entertaining unconventionality.

William Barnes (1800–86), foremost of English dialect poets, was probably England's truest pastoral poet, and was a lyrist of real power. Sprung of good old yeoman stock, he was born at Rushay in the north-east angle of Dorsetshire, and from school at Sturminster passed into a local solicitor's office. By 1820 he was practising wood-engraving, studying languages, and writing verses in Dorchester. In 1822 he published *Orra, a Lapland Tale*, and in 1823 began schoolmaster's work at Mere in Wilts, transferred in 1835 to Dorchester. A few years later his name was on the books of St John's, Cambridge (whence in 1850 he had the degree of B.D.); and, ordained in 1847, added to his school duties a curacy at Whitcomb, three miles from Dorchester. From 1862 he was rector of Winterborne Came, within two miles of Dorchester, and there the rest of his life was spent. Meantime he had been making himself widely known by his fine idyllic poetry in the Dorsetshire dialect, 'the bold and broad Doric of England.' His first volume of poems appeared in 1844; the second, the well-known *Hwomely Rhymes*, in 1859; the third in 1862; the three, collected together in 1879, and published as *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, are marked by straightforward simplicity and sincerity of style, with rare imaginative insight into the simple joys and sorrows of country life. But his sympathetic affection for the human life that 'clothes the soil' is paralleled by his patience in observing the quiet life of nature, and his power of reproducing artistically for others the impression it makes upon the mind. The sweet air of southern England blows through every stanza he writes, and has had a charm of quite singular influence on thousands who have seen Dorsetshire but with the inward eye. His verses are none the less artistic that the art is all unconscious, and none the less attractive that the representation of man and nature in them is within its limits completely true; it need not be matter of complaint that he had eyes rather for the pathos and beauty of country life than for its squalor and misery. He did not even take all Dorsetshire for his province; as Mr Hardy has pointed out, the chief scenes of his poetic inspiration were confined to the north and north-west of the county, to 'the secluded vale of Blackmore, whose margin formed the horizon of his boyhood.' But though his world was Dorsetshire, he was emphatically a man of exceptional culture; it is odd to have proof that the Dorsetshire Burns, the Wessex Theocritus, was consciously and largely—if not very visibly—influenced by the poetry of the learned humanist, Petrarch, and the philosophical Persian, Sádi. Professor Palgrave said of him: 'Few in our time equal him in variety and novelty of motive, in quantity of true, sweet inspiration and musical verse. None have surpassed him in exquisite wholeness and unity of execution.'

Barnes made himself well known also by his chivalrous attempt to preserve the purity of the mother-tongue. He was an eager philologist, read French and Italian from his youth up, mastered Welsh, Russian, Hebrew, Hindustani, and Persian; but as early as 1849 published an Anglo-Saxon delectus. His *Outline of English Speech-craft* (1878) is an attempt to teach the English language in purely English words and to inspire abhorrence of Latinisms. His so-called English substitutes for customary 'foreign' words can hardly be accounted happy; language is 'speech-craft,' tenses are 'time-takings,' adjectives are 'mark-words of suchness,' degrees of comparison are 'pitchmarks;' and sentences like 'These pitchmarks offmark sundry things by their sundry suchnesses' make large demands upon the reader's ingenuity. He wrote several works of value on philological subjects, and kept up an active interest in the progress of English scholarship almost till his death at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Evenèn in the Village.

Now the light o' the west is a-turn'd to gloom,
An' the men be at hwome vrom ground;
An' the bells be a-zendèn all down the Coombe,
From tower, their mwoansome sound.
An' the wind is still,
An' the house-dogs do bark,
An' the rooks be a-vled to the elems high an' dark,
An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickerèn light drough the window-peäne
Vrom the candle's dull fleäme do shoot,
An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone down leäne,
A-playèn his shrill-vaïced flute.
An' the miller's man
Do zit down at his ease
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipe an' his cider can.

May.

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring! 'tis Maÿ,
The trees be green, the vields be gaÿ;
The weather 's warm, the winter blast,
Wi' all his train o' clouds, is past;
The zun do rise while vo'k do sleep,
To teäke a higher daily zweep,
Wi' cloudless feäce a-flingèn down
His sparklèn light upon the groun'.

The aïr's a-streamèn soft—come drow
The windor open; let it blow
In drough the house, where vire, an' door
A-shut, kept out the cwold avore.
Come, let the vew dull embers die,
An' come below the open sky;
An' wear your best, vor fear the groun'
In colours gaÿ mid sheäme your gown:
An' goo an' rig wi' me a mile
Or two up over geäte an' stile,
Drough zunny parrocks that do leäd,
Wi' crooked hedges, to the meäd,
Where elems high, in steätely ranks,
Do rise vrom yollow cowslip-banks,
An' birds do twitter vrom the spraÿ
O' bushes deck'd wi' snow-white maÿ;
An' gil'cups, wi' the deäisy bed,
Be under ev'ry step you tread.

We 'll wind up roun' the hill, an' look
All down the thickly-timber'd nook,
Out where the squier's house do show
His grey-wall'd peaks up drough the row
O' sheädy elems, where the rook
Do build her nest; an' where the brook
Do creep along the meäds, an' lie
To catch the brightness o' the sky;
An' cows, in water to theïr knees,
Do stan' a-whiskèn off the vlees.

Mother o' blossoms, and ov all
That 's feäir a-vield vrom Spring till Fall,
The gookoo over white-weäv'd seas
Do come to zing in thy green trees,
An' buttervlees, in giddy flight,
Do gleäm the mwost by thy gaÿ light.
Oh! when, at last, my fleshly eyes
Shall shut upon the vields an' skies,
Mid zummer's zunny days be gone,
An' winter's clouds be comèn on:
Nor mid I draw upon the e'th,
O' thy sweet aïr my leätest breath;
Alassen I mid want to staÿ
Behine for thee, O flow'ry Maÿ!

The Life of Barnes is by his daughter, Mrs Baxter ('Leader Scott;' 1887); the obituary appreciation in the *Athenæum* (Oct. 16, 1886) was by Mr Thomas Hardy.

Richard Henry (or **Hengist**) **Horne** (1803–1884) was born in London, and died at Margate at the age of eighty-one, after many picturesque adventures in life and letters. He was educated at Sandhurst for the East India Company's service, but did not get a nomination; his youth was spent in quest of danger by sea and land. As a Mexican midshipman he went through the Mexican war; and he toyed with death in the form of sharks, shipwreck, mutiny, fire, and yellow-fever. Returning to England, he began his poetic career by contributing in 1828 a long poem entitled 'Hecatompylos' to the *Athenæum*. Angrily ambitious, he made many enemies by his *Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public* (1833), in which he attacked literary middlemen, and laid the foundations of that edifice of Ishmaelitism in which he lived for half a century. His fame, indeed, was largely due to his pugnacity. He is best known by *Orion*, an 'epic poem' which he published in 1843, 'price one farthing.' It soon went through six editions, the author having aroused public curiosity by the eccentricity of his contempt for public taste. The antithesis between the poem and its price is not great. It is an allegory, not an epic. Allegory is a theme for prose, not for poetry. Who cares a straw for the allegorical element in Dante, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or in Tennyson's *Idylls?* The greatest allegory in the world is *The Pilgrim's Progress;* it is written in prose, and could not have been written in poetry. *Orion* is supposed to illustrate the growth of a poet's mind by means of abstract ideas embodied in persons taken from the Greek mythology. Abstraction is piled on abstraction, incongruity on incongruity. When Wordsworth tried to record in *The Prelude* 'the origin and progress of his own powers,' he spoke directly, and not through a mist of myth. Horne's temper is not poetic. He has no vitalising imagination, no sense of verbal beauty, no personal vision. His vague poetic diction has all the qualities of verse except poetry. He is often eloquent, graceful, vigorous, but he never crosses the magical border that separates the imitator from the creator. His chief plays, *Cosmo de Medici*, *The Death of Marlowe*, and *Judas Iscariot*, are undistinguished. Among his voluminous miscellanies *The New Spirit of the Age* (1844) is interesting only because Miss Barrett (afterwards Mrs Browning) assisted in its production. His best line is:

There 's always morning somewhere in the world.

In 1852 he went with William Howitt to Australia, where he was for a time a magistrate; and it was on his return in 1869 that 'Hengist' took the place of 'Henry' in his name.

See *Athenæum*, March 1884; Mary Howitt's *Autobiography;* Mr Buxton Forman's Memoir and selections in *The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century;* and Mr A. H. Bullen's article in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Robert Smith Surtees (1802–64), of Hamsterley Hall, Durham, the representative of an ancient county family, started in life as a solicitor in London, and, being unsuccessful in his business, took to sporting journalism, and in 1831 became editor of the new *Sporting Magazine*. In its columns he developed the character of John Jorrocks, a parvenu London grocer with an ambition to shine as a Master of Foxhounds, and published a collection of these articles under the title of *Jorrocks's Jaunts* (1838). Lockhart, who was taken by the book, suggested that the author should write a novel, and Surtees, who had now succeeded to the ancestral estate, took the advice and brought out his series of sporting novels, of which the best known are *Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour* (1853); *Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt* (1854); *Ask Mamma* (1858); *Plain or Ringlets?* (1860); and *Mr Facey Romford's Hounds* (1865). They are jovial and rollicking, but rather vulgar, and one would need to be a wearer of the red coat and top-boots to appreciate them to the full. A saving feature is their coloured etchings and other illustrations in John Leech's best style.

The other Robert Surtees (1779–1834), Scott's antiquarian friend, was also a squire in Durham, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, who wrote a history of his county, and contributed (as ancient) to Scott's *Minstrelsy* his own 'Barthram's Dirge' and 'The Death of Featherstonehaugh.'

George Outram (1805–56), author of 'The Annuity,' and probably the first in Scotland, since the days of Sir Richard Maitland, to turn the dry processes of law to poetic account, was born at Clyde Ironworks, Glasgow, of which his father was the managing partner. Benjamin Outram, the famous civil engineer, was his uncle, and Sir James Outram, one of the defenders of Lucknow, his cousin. Educated at Edinburgh, he was called to the Bar there in 1827, and gained considerable repute in practice as a chamber counsel. Ten years later he became editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and he retained this position, as well as that of part-proprietor of the paper, till his death. A close friend of Professor Wilson, Outram collaborated in the production of the *Dies Boreales*, which followed the more famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. His *Legal Lyrics* were first printed privately in 1851, and afterwards published with a biography in 1874 and 1888. His best piece is 'The Annuity,' justly reputed for its vein of peculiar dry humour. A reply in similar vein, 'The Annuitant's Answer,' was written by Outram's friend, Dr Robert Chambers.

The Annuity.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to me—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak' out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst its shell,
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneuch—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she 'd prove sae teuch
By human ingenuity.
But years hae come and years hae gane,
An' there she 's yet as stieve 's a stane—
The limmer 's growin' young again
Since she got her annuity.

She 's crined awa' to bane and skin,
But that, it seems, is nought to me—
She 's like to live although she 's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an insurance company.
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share,
An 's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast;
I thought a kink might set me free:
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil may care! the blast gaed by
And missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there 's a sough of cholera
Or typhus, wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths an' drugs an' a'
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she 's fever proof:
The pest gaed ower her very roof.
She tauld me sae, an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak'—
A compound fracture as could be.
Nae leech the cure wad undertak'
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It 's cured! She handles 't like a flail:
It does as weel in bits as hale:
But I 'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be;
She beats the taeds that lives in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity.
They die when they 're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

. . . . .

The water drap wears out the rock,
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.

It 's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me evermair;
I 'll gang dimented wi' despair—
I 'm *charged* for her annuity.

Henry Glassford Bell (1805–74) was one of the younger men of the coterie in Edinburgh who gathered about 'Christopher North,' and he was immortalised by that writer as 'Tallboys' in the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Born in Glasgow, and son of a Glasgow advocate, he was educated in Edinburgh, and for some years devoted himself to a life of letters there. He wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* a 'Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots,' which was translated into several languages, and he established and edited with much success for three years the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. He printed privately a volume of *Poems* in 1824; but his first published volume, *Summer and Winter Hours*, appeared in 1831. *My Old Portfolio*, a collection of pieces in prose and verse, was published in the following year. In this year also he was admitted to the Scottish Bar, at which he soon distinguished himself. As a junior counsel in the famous trial of the Glasgow cotton-spinners he attracted the notice of Sheriff Alison the historian, and in consequence was appointed a Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire in 1839. Twenty-eight years later, on the death of Alison, he became Sheriff-Principal. In various fields of letters his work ran to twelve volumes, and at the time of his death he was engaged on an edition of the poems of David Gray. He is remembered, however, by the best poem of his early years; it is probable that many owe their impression of the luckless Scottish queen, Mary, less to the pages of actual history than to a couple of works of imagination—Scott's *Abbot* and Bell's *Mary Queen of Scots*.

From 'Mary Queen of Scots.'

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly
mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the
winds
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain
minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek, her smile was
sadder now;
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her
brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the
field;
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she
could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of
youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the
minstrel play
The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay
Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant
Chatelar.
They half beguiled her of her cares; they soothed her
into smiles;
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce
domestic broils.
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas
battle-cry!
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's
hollow eye!
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam—her words,
her prayers are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's
slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling
fell:
'Now for my father's arm,' she said, 'my woman's heart
farewell!'

The scene was changed.—It was a lake, with one small
lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should
stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her
ancestral line.
'My lords, my lords!' the captive cried, 'were I but
once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause
and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze
that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart queen, o'er my remorseless
foes!'
A red spot burned upon her cheek; streamed her rich
tresses down;
She wrote the words; she stood erect—a queen without
a crown!

Philip Meadows Taylor (1808–76), the son of a Liverpool merchant descended from the original John Taylor of Norwich (see Vol. II. p. 712), was born at Liverpool, and held a mercantile post in Calcutta; but still a boy, he obtained a commission in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and served him from 1826 as a skilful, strong, but kindly administrator, for savage chaos substituting order, for barbaric tyranny even-handed justice; during the Mutiny he succeeded in maintaining peace. After the Mutiny the British Government gave him charge of some of the ceded districts of the Deccan; in 1860 he came home a colonel, and was created C.S.I. He has left vivid pictures of Indian history, life, and manners in his romances—*Confessions of a Thug* (1839; new ed. 1858), *Tippoo Sultaun* (1840), *Tara* (1863), *Ralph Darnell* (1865), *Seeta* (1873), and *A Noble Queen* (1878). The *Confessions of a Thug* especially may almost be said to do for a phase of Indian life (happily extinct) what *Hajji Baba* did for Persia; without special charm of style, Taylor fascinates by the inevitable truth of his story, and surrounds his stay-at-home readers with a central Indian atmosphere full of strangeness and terror. His *Story of my Life* (1877; new ed. 1881) is only less fascinating than his best romances, themselves largely founded on fact.

Charles Robert Darwin,*

naturalist and evolutionist thinker, was born at Shrewsbury on the 12th of February 1809; in the same year, therefore, as Tennyson, Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had a rich intellectual inheritance: his grandfather, Dr Erasmus Darwin (see Vol. I. p. 572), one of the pioneers of the Evolution Theory, was a man of great originality, a shrewd observer, and a poetic genius, with—by the way—another famous grandson, Mr Francis Galton; his father, Dr Robert Waring (1766–1848), was a wise physician, noted for his discernment—'the most acute observer,' his son said, 'whom I ever saw, and of a sceptical disposition;' his mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood. It does not seem far-fetched to say that Charles Darwin inherited something of the imagination of his grandfathers, tempered by his father's more sceptical tendency to keep close to facts. Apart from direct inheritance there must have been a scientific tradition in the family, and it is interesting to note that both inheritance and tradition have been sustained since.

As a schoolboy at Shrewsbury, Charles Darwin seems to have been more interested in games than in books; but, as he says, 'the passion for collecting, which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brothers has this taste.' At the age of sixteen he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, but soon displayed a much keener interest in marine zoology than in the conventional discipline of the medical school. He was influenced by naturalists like Robert Grant and William MacGillivray; and it is interesting to recall that he found opportunity to listen to some lectures by the American ornithologist Audubon, and was present at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where he heard Sir Walter Scott speak from the chair as President. During his Edinburgh period he was much fonder of long walks and shooting than of receiving academic instruction. In 1828 he went to Cambridge (Christ's), where he took a pass degree in 1831, having here again occupied himself more with sport and beetle-collecting than with his examination-subjects. But it was during these three years, which he calls 'upon the whole the most joyful in my happy life,' that he came under Professor Henslow's potent influence, and began to become intimate with Professor Adam Sedgwick the geologist, with whom he went on a profitable geological excursion in North Wales. It was in his last year at college that he read and was greatly impressed by Herschel's *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*, which 'stirred up in me a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science.' It was then, too, that he read Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, which certainly helped to lead him to embrace with eagerness one of the great opportunities of his life—the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*, a government vessel.

This opportunity for *Wanderjahre* came at an appropriate time in Darwin's life, and of the voyage of the *Beagle* (1831–36) he says that it was 'by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career. . . . I have always felt that I owe to the voyage the first real training or education of my mind.' To reason out for himself the geological structure of new regions, to try to account for the different forms of coral islands, to face the actual facts of the geographical distribution of animals, and to seek to realise the manifold complexity of life—and notably the 'adaptations'—which the long voyage brought under his observation: these were real disciplines in scientific method; and it is instructive to observe how his keen love of sport waned before a stronger interest, which led to the acquisition of his characteristic habits of 'steadiness,' 'energetic industry,' and 'concentrated attention.' The voyage gave him a wealth of impressions, a detailed acquaintance with nature as it is, and a confidence in his own powers of scientific judgment. It was then, too, that he began to have 'occasionally vague doubts' about the trustworthiness of the Linnæan dogma of the fixity of species. Unfortunately, however, the voyage left permanent ill-effects on his health; though it is probably more accurate to say that the conditions of the voyage favoured, instead of inhibiting, the expression of constitutional disabilities. As far as science is concerned, it seems just to regard the cruise of the *Beagle* as the Columbus voyage of biology.

When Darwin came home from his voyage (1836) his father exclaimed, 'Why, the shape of his head is quite altered;' it may be fairly said that he had found his purpose in life, and that his youthful bent was now a strenuous passion. At the age of twenty-eight he was one of the best-equipped naturalists of his day, he was rich in experience and in ideas, and he had developed that (as he called it) 'dogged' persistence of inquisitive inquiry which was one of his most outstanding intellectual characteristics. He had gained, moreover, that marvellous realisation of complex interrelations which is conspicuous in all his work. Settling down for a couple of years in London, he devoted himself to working up his collections and observations; he opened in 1837 his 'first notebook on Transmutation of Species,' his 'prime hobby;' he wrote his immortal *Journal*, contributed various papers to societies, and became the friend of many eminent scientific men, such as Lyell and Hooker. These were years of hard work, though scarcely a day passed without suffering. In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, to whose loving care of the great naturalist the world owes much.

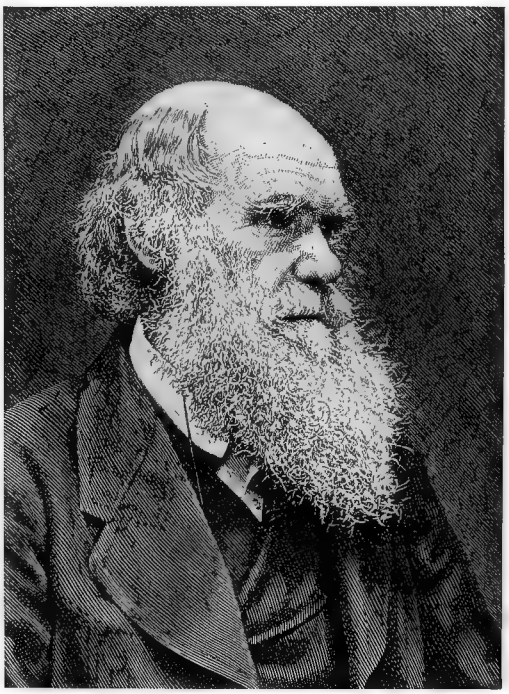
After 1842, when Darwin left London for Down, his life had in one sense few events, but, in another

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sense, it was in his quiet country home that the eventful part of his life was lived. It was there that he developed with persistent patience his evolution theory, which has revolutionised biology and changed the whole intellectual outlook of mankind. After a period of geological work—notably on coral-reefs—Darwin gave himself for about eight years to monographing barnacles and acorn-shells (Cirripedia)—an arduous task very valuable in itself, but even more valuable as training—'a piece of critical self-discipline,' Huxley said, 'which manifested itself in everything he wrote afterwards, and saved him from endless errors of detail.' All the time, however, he was pondering over his 'prime hobby,' the problem of the transformation of species. The famous and often-quoted sentence is exceedingly characteristic: 'After five years' work, I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to be probable; from that period to the present day (1859) I have steadily pursued the same object.'

On 18th June 1858 Darwin received from Alfred Russel Wallace, who was exploring in the Malay Archipelago, a manuscript evolutionary essay, which agreed very closely with his own work, and the dramatic result, brought about by the counsel of Lyell and Hooker, was the famous joint-paper by Darwin and Wallace, *On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties; and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection*, read before the Linnæan Society 1st July 1858. There has been nothing in the history of science more magnanimous than the harmonious co-operation of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace. As Professor E. B. Poulton says: 'It was sufficiently remarkable that two naturalists in widely separated lands should have independently arrived at the theory which was to be the turning-point in the history of biology and of many other sciences—although such simultaneous discoveries have been known before; it was still more remarkable that one of the two should unknowingly have chosen the other to advise him upon the theory which was to be for ever associated with both their names. It was a magnificent answer to those who believed that the progress of scientific discovery implies continual jealousy and bitterness, that the conditions attending the first publication of the theory of natural selection were the beginning of a lifelong friendship and of mutual confidence and esteem.'

In 1859 Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, which he justly called 'the chief work of my life.' Its complete title was *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*. This great work was followed by the now familiar series: *The Fertilisation of Orchids* (1862), *The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication* (1868), *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex* (1871), *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872), *Insectivorous Plants* (1875), *Climbing Plants* (1875), *The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom* (1876), *Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the same Species* (1877), *The Power of Movement in Plants* (1880), and *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms* (1881). Darwin died suddenly, after a brief cardiac illness, on 19th April 1882. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, a few feet from the grave of another light-bringer, Sir Isaac Newton. To those who realise at all how much Darwin's great life has meant to mankind, there is a sublime pathos in the simple words of retrospect which he appended to his autobiography: 'As for myself, I believe I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures.'



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

If one dare try to sum up the chief services which Darwin rendered to human thought, it seems that they were fourfold. (*a*) By his scrupulously careful, thorough, and fair-minded marshalling of the 'evidences' which suggest the doctrine of descent—the evolutionist interpretation or modal formula of the Becoming of the organic world—he gradually won the conviction of the great majority of thoughtful men. Aided by Spencer and Wallace, Huxley and Haeckel, he made an old and somewhat discredited suggestion current intellectual

coin. It is now an almost organic part of all our thinking. (*b*) He applied the evolution idea to various sets of facts, such as the expression of the emotions and the development of instincts, and showed what a powerful intellectual organon it is. (*c*) Along with Wallace, he formulated and developed the particular theory of Natural Selection as a directive factor in the evolution process. (*d*) Apart from all theory, he disclosed a view of nature as a vast system of complex inter-relations —a web of life in which part is bound to part by vital bonds of adaptation and interdependence.

More personally it may be noted that after Darwin went to Down he lived, while he was revolutionising biology, the quiet life of a country gentleman, interested in his garden and greenhouse, in his pigeons and poultry. Happy in his family life, rich in his friends, unworried by pecuniary cares, master of his own time, undisturbed by interviewers, he devoted himself wholeheartedly to investigation and thought, hampered only by persistent ill-health. While he was doubtless wrong in explaining his success by saying, 'It 's dogged that does it,' it was his pertinacious but never toilsome industry that enabled his fine brain to do so much as it did. With the aid of his fascinating *Life and Letters*, we can see him, as in a Holbein picture, with all the paraphernalia of his daily pursuits round about him—his high chair, his orderly shelves, his torn-up reference books and periodicals, his portfolios of notes, his window-sill laboratory, his yellow-back novels! There was seldom a great life so devoid of littleness, seldom a record of thought so free from extravagance. According to his own account of his intellectual qualities in his charming autobiography, he had 'no great quickness of apprehension or wit,' 'a very limited power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought,' 'a memory extensive yet hazy,' 'a fair share of invention, and of common-sense or judgment,' an unusual power in 'noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully,' a great industry, 'the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed—that is, to group all facts under some general laws.' All this is, of course, too splendidly modest; but there is, we think, more truth in it than in some of the eulogies which make him out to have been an extraordinary genius. Apart from an insight which cannot be explained, his chief intellectual qualities were simply those characteristic of the scientific mood at its best—a passion and reverence for facts, an innate repugnance to obscurity and verbalism, a highly developed cautiousness and honesty in coming to conclusions, and a marvellous sense of the inter-relations of things. It is with the utmost reverence that we would note that Darwin, like many other great men of science, had very little 'philosophical sense.' He was neither aware of nor interested in the philosophical, as distinguished from the scientific, point of view. His kindliness, modesty, magnanimity, and devotion to truth made him, as Poulton says, 'so beloved by his circle of intimate friends that, through their contagious enthusiasm, and through the glimpses of his nature revealed in his writings, he was in all likelihood more greatly loved than any other man of his time by those who knew him not.'

In regard to the literary qualities of Darwin's voluminous writings, there is considerable discrepancy of opinion among those competent to judge. There are some who regard the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man* as fine illustrations of English expository prose, but it seems probable that their opinion has been in some measure favourably biassed by their keen intellectual delight in following the resistless argument. There are others who find the pages heavy and the periods inelegant, but it seems probable that their lack of appreciation is partly due to an absence of organic interest in the subject-matter, and to the fatigue which the perusal of scientific discourse inevitably involves for those unfamiliar with the objective facts of nature. It must, we think, be admitted that Darwin was so preoccupied with 'getting at the truth' that he thought little, if at all, about what we call artistic presentation. He was no stylist or rhetorician; he had very little of Huxley's gift of telling phrase or happy epigram, very little of Haeckel's power of expressing himself in picturesque and eloquently moving periods. He often doubles back to answer a possible objection, and in his honesty mars his own sequence; he often overloads a sentence with a mass of detailed proof; he often introduces saving clauses which inhibit immediate conviction. But these are the defects of his great qualities; he was working with big issues; he was dominated by the scientific mood; he did not seek to make points, but to present facts that made his points secure. His is the straightforward, direct, entirely unemotional style of an advocate who has so much that is new and vital to say, that he cares little about details of elegance or immediate effectiveness. He thought 'long and intently about every sentence;' he worked most methodically from plan to sketch, from sketch to summary, from summary to the full text; and if the result did not always reward his pains, it is in any case immortal. 'There seems,' he says, 'to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words; and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately.' But most of us would prefer Darwin's 'scribbling' to any amount of fine writing: it is instinct with veracity.

Considering the purpose of this article, we have thought it well to refer briefly to one of Darwin's

confessions, of which, perhaps, too much has been made by some who have sought to draw moral lessons from his life. Up to the age of thirty or more, Darwin found great pleasure in poetry, pictures, and music. During his last twenty or thirty years he lost these æsthetic tastes; he could not endure to read a line of poetry, even Shakespeare's; music generally set him thinking too energetically on his work; fine scenery did not cause him the exquisite delight which it formerly did. Novels, on the other hand, even if only moderately good, were 'a wonderful relief and pleasure' to him; and history, biography, travels, and essays on all sorts of subjects interested him as much as ever they did. In his autobiography he discusses the 'atrophy' of his higher æsthetic tastes, and laments the loss of happiness involved and the possible injurious effects. It was doubtless too severe a self-analysis to say, 'My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts,' but it may be allowed that the scientific mood became more and more dominant in his life. It should be remembered, however, that Darwin's working-day, shortened by his ill-health, was methodically filled up so as to secure the maximum output; and, as it seems to us, what he severely called 'atrophy' should be more generously regarded as the natural result of extreme preoccupation with great issues.

The mass of literature which may be called Darwinian is immense and continually increasing. As Asa Gray said: 'Dante literature and Shakespeare literature have been the growth of centuries, but Darwinism filled teeming catalogues during the lifetime of the author.' Part of this literature consists of ill-judged criticisms on the part of men who did not understand the subject, or were prejudiced by emotional and other vested interests; this has now little more than historical interest, illustrating the difficulty many men find in changing their point of view; its output has rapidly decreased since the coming of age of the Origin of Species in the middle of the eighties. A second portion of the Darwinian literature consists of careful and unprejudiced criticisms which have been of much service in the development of the theory of evolution. To these Darwin paid courteous and scrupulous attention, and the minor changes in successive editions of his chief works are of much interest in this connection. Thirdly, there are those works—e.g. of Herbert Spencer and August Weismann—which have added constructively to the Darwinian edifice. It would be interesting to show that evolutionist thought has had a marked influence on general literature; but this is implied in the fact that Darwin and his fellow-workers were instrumental in changing man's whole intellectual outlook. On the other hand, it is a matter for regret that there have been so few modern attempts to give to the evolutionist's vision of the drama of life that poetic expression which Goethe proved to be so splendidly possible.

The Origin of Species.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

(Conclusion of *Origin of Species*.)

The Tree of Life.

The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during former years may represent the long succession of extinct species. . . . As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications.

(Conclusion of Chap. IV. of *Origin of Species*, 6th ed., pp. 104, 105.)

Natural Selection.

If under changing conditions of life organic beings present individual differences in almost every part of their structure, and this cannot be disputed; if there be, owing to their geometrical rate of increase, a severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot be disputed; then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other and to their conditions of life, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variations had ever occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being ever do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterised will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life; and from the strong principle of inheritance, these will tend to produce offspring similarly characterised. This principle of preservation, or the survival of the fittest, I have called Natural Selection.

(Summary Chap. IV. of *Origin of Species*, 6th ed., pp. 102, 103.)

The Struggle for Existence.

Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least I have found it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food; we do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey; we do not always bear in mind that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year. . . I should premise that I use this term [Struggle for Existence] in a large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. . . When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply.

(*Origin of Species*, pp. 49, 50, 61.)

Malthus and Darwinism.

In October 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun my systematic inquiry, I happened to read for amusement Malthus *On Population*, and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favourable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June 1842 I first allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in thirty-five pages; and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of two hundred and thirty pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess.

(*Life and Letters*, vol. i.)

The 'Beagle' Voyage.

When I visited, during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean about five hundred miles from the shore of South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American stamp. In the song of the mocking-thrush, in the harsh cry of the carrion-hawk, in the great candlestick-like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much from it in their geological constitution and climate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each separate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most closely related to each other. The archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin, and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced: the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the course of their descent; and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago had descended from those of the nearest land, namely America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived. But it long remained to me an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected, and it would have thus remained for ever had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of Selection. As soon as I had fully realised this idea, I saw, on reading Malthus *On Population*, that Natural Selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings; for I was prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence by having long studied the habits of animals.

(Introduction to *Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication.*)

Adaptations and Inter-Relations.

We see on every side of us innumerable adaptations and contrivances, which have justly excited in the mind of every observer the highest admiration. There is, for instance, a fly (Cecidomyia) which deposits its eggs within the stamens of a Scrophularia, and secretes a poison that produces a gall, on which the larva feeds; but there is another insect (Misocampus) which deposits its eggs within the body of the larva within the gall, and is thus nourished by its living prey; so that here a hymenopterous insect depends on a dipterous insect, and this depends on its power of producing a monstrous growth in a particular organ of a particular plant. So it is, in a more or less plainly marked manner, in thousands and tens of thousands of cases, with the lowest as well as the highest productions of nature.

(Introduction to *Variation of Animals and Plants.*)

Cats and Clover.

I find from experiments that humble-bees are almost indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease (*Viola tricolor*), for other bees do not visit this flower. I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover: for instance, twenty heads of Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*) yielded 2290 seeds, but twenty other heads protected from bees produced not one. Again, one hundred heads of red clover (*T. pratense*) produced 2700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed. Humble-bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. . . . Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in great measure on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; . . . now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats. . . . Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district.

(*Origin of Species*, pp. 57, 58.)

Personal.

Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been—the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common-sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points.

. . . . . .

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'

(*Life and Letters*, vol. i.)

The *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, edited by his son, Mr Francis Darwin, appeared in three volumes in 1887; *More Letters*, two volumes edited by Mr Darwin and Mr A. C. Seward, followed in 1903. See the obituary notices by Huxley in *Nature* (April 1888), *Proc. Royal Soc.* (1888), and the *Collected Essays*, vol. ii.; also, *Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection*, by E. B. Poulton (1896), and the short Lives by Grant Allen (1885), G. T. Bettany (1887), and C. F. Holder (1891).

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

Alexander William Kinglake (1809–91), born at Wilton House near Taunton, from Eton passed in 1828 to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1837, acquired a considerable Chancery practice, and retired in 1856 to devote himself to literature and politics. A tour about 1835 had already given birth to *Eōthen* (1844), one of the most brilliant and popular books of Eastern travel. Returned for Bridgwater as a Liberal in 1857, he took a prominent part against Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, and denounced the French annexation of Savoy. He was with the French army in Algiers in 1845, and in the Crimea, where he was present at the battle of the Alma, and made the intimate acquaintance of Lord Raglan. It was at Lady Raglan's request that he undertook his *Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan* (8 vols. 1863–87), largely based upon Lord Raglan's papers. The work has been blamed as prejudiced; but on the literary side it is one of the outstanding historical works of the century. No doubt, as Lord Raglan's friend, he did perhaps more than justice to the English commander's merits, and his abhorrence of the character and career of Napoleon III. made him a somewhat unfair judge of the Emperor's policy. It is generally felt that the history is too long, but the picturesque details give it all the vivacity of the best special correspondent's daily reports. The criticism of Napoleon was, indeed, so severe that the circulation of the history was prohibited in France during the Empire. Kinglake examined into all the episodes of the war with enormous and painstaking particularity; and the too great detail of this record has unquestionably injured the permanent popularity its clear and lively narrative and its polished and admirable style would otherwise have secured. In 1868 Kinglake was again returned for Bridgwater, but was unseated on petition. The borough was shown to be corrupt, but Kinglake was free from all suspicion of complicity in the irregular methods employed at the election.

At his death Kinglake was remembered less as the author of the bulky, elaborate, exhaustive story of the Crimean war than as the self-centred, vivacious, humorous, luxurious hero of *Eōthen*, a comparatively slight volume which defies the ordinary canons of travel-book making, and owes its charm solely to the author's constantly and fully revealed personality. The most objective part is the circumstantial account of the traveller's reception by Lady Hester Stanhope, and the conversation he held with that uncanny recluse of the Lebanon: elsewhere you have mainly sensations, impressions, reflections—and in Palestine rarely of the deepest. Tiberias suggests only a disquisition on the fleas of all countries; Cairo only the aspects of a plague-stricken town. It is not a *Sentimental Journey*, indeed, but an impressionist one, with some actual objective experiences, certainly, but almost no geographical, historical, or political facts, and nothing whatever of the guide-book, even of the glorified guide-book, about it. See the Memoir by Innes Shand prefixed to a new edition of *Eōthen* (1896).

With an Osmanli Pasha.

The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or Dragoman, as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that 'the Pasha of So-and-So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery; that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry, showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished.' But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

Pasha. The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the Traveller). The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller. Give him my best compliments in return, and say I 'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha). His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman). What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy-Lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had not been bought? I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you 'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman [is silent].

Pasha. What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal). This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha. The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller). The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller. About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha). This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha. Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman). What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman. No, your Excellency; but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveller. That 's an exaggeration; but say . . .

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman). The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the Ledger-books of the Merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman. The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller. The Pasha's right about the cutlery (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a Novel). Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yoeman:—Oh! and by-the-by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman). It is true, it is true:—through all Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Songs, and the French are the sons of Newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols; so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

Dragoman. The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising). Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his Divan). Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman. The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit. (From *Eöthen.*)

At the Battle of the Alma.

At this minute the fiery 93rd—it was commanded by Colonel Ainslie—came storming over the crest, and, having now at last an enemy's column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. Its formation, of course, was disturbed by the haste and vehemence of the onset; and Campbell saw that, unless the regiment could be halted and a little calmed down, it would go on rushing forward in disordered fury, at the risk of shattering

itself against the strength of the hard, square-built column which was solemnly coming to meet it.

But he who could halt his men on the bank of a cool stream when they were rushing down to quench the rage of their thirst was able to quiet them in the midst of their warlike fury. Sir Colin got the regiment to halt and dress its ranks. By this time it was under the fire of the approaching column.

Campbell's charger, twice wounded already, but hitherto not much hurt, was now struck by a shot in the heart. Without a stumble or a plunge the horse sank down gently to the earth, and was dead. Campbell took his aide-de-camp's charger; but he had not been long in Shadwell's saddle when up came Sir Colin's groom with his second horse. The man, perhaps, under some former master, had been used to be charged with the 'second horse' in the hunting-field. At all events, here he was; and if Sir Colin was angered by the apparition, he could not deny that it was opportune. The man touched his cap, and excused himself for being where he was. In the dry, terse way of those Englishmen who are much accustomed to horses, he explained that towards the rear the balls had been dropping about very thick, and that, fearing some harm might come to his master's second horse, he had thought it best to bring him up to the front.

When the 93rd had recovered the perfectness of its array, it again moved forward, but at the steady pace imposed upon it by the chief. The 42nd had already resumed its forward movement; it still advanced firing.

There are things in the world which, eluding the resources of the dry narrator, can still be faintly imagined by that subtle power which sometimes enables mankind to picture dim truth by fancy. According to the thought which floated in the mind of the churchman who taught to All the Russias their grand form of prayer for victory, there are 'angels of light' and 'angels of darkness and horror,' who soar over the heads of soldiery destined to be engaged in close fight, and attend them into battle. When the fight grows hot, the angels hover down near to earth with their bright limbs twined deep in the wreaths of the smoke which divides the combatants. But it is no coarse, bodily help that these Christian angels bring. More purely spiritual than the old Immortals, they strike no blow, they snatch no man's weapon, they lift away no warrior in a cloud. What the Angel of Light can bestow is valour, priceless valour, and light to lighten the path to victory, giving men grace to see the bare truth, and, seeing it, to have the mastery. To regiments which are to be blessed with victory the Angel of Light seems to beckon, and gently draw his men forward. What the Angel of Darkness can inflict is fear, horror, despair; and it is given him also to be able to plant error and vain fancies in the minds of the doomed soldiery. By false dread he scares them. Whether he who conceived this prayer was soldier or priest, or soldier and priest in one, it seems to me that he knew more of the true nature of the strife of good infantry than he could utter in common prose. For indeed it is no physical power which rules the conflict between two well-formed bodies of foot.

The mere killing and wounding which occurs whilst a fight is still hanging in doubt does not so alter the relative numbers of the combatants as in that way to govern the result. The use of the slaughter which takes place at that time lies mainly in the stress which it puts upon the minds of those who, themselves remaining unhurt, are nevertheless disturbed by the sight of what is befalling their comrades. In that way a command of the means necessary for inflicting death and wounds is one element of victory. But it is far from being the chief one. Nor is it by perfectness of discipline, nor yet by a contempt of life, that men can assure to themselves the mastery over their foes. More or less all these things are needed; but the truly governing power is that ascendency of the stronger over the weaker heart which (because of the mystery of its origin) the churchman was willing to ascribe to angels coming down from on high.

The turning moment of a fight is a moment of trial for the soul and not for the body; and it is therefore that such courage as men are able to gather from being gross in numbers can be easily outweighed by the warlike virtue of a few. To the stately 'Black Watch' and the hot 93rd, with Campbell leading them on, there was vouchsafed that stronger heart for which the brave pious Muscovites had prayed. Over the souls of the men in the columns there was spread, first the gloom, then the swarm of vain delusions, and at last the sheer horror which might be the work of the Angel of Darkness. The two lines marched straight on. The three columns shook. They were not yet subdued. They were stubborn; but every moment the two advancing battalions grew nearer and nearer, and although—dimly masking the scant numbers of the Highlanders—there was still the white curtain of smoke which always rolled on before them, yet, fitfully, and from moment to moment, the signs of them could be traced on the right hand and on the left in a long, shadowy line, and their coming was ceaseless.

But, moreover, the Highlanders being men of great stature, and in strange garb, their plumes being tall, and the view of them being broken and distorted by the wreaths of the smoke, and there being, too, an ominous silence in their ranks, there were men among the Russians who began to conceive a vague terror—the terror of things unearthly; and some, they say, imagined that they were charged by horsemen strange, silent, monstrous, bestriding giant chargers. The columns were falling into that plight—we have twice before seen it this day—were falling into that plight that its officers were moving hither and thither, with their drawn swords, were commanding, were imploring, were threatening—nay, were even laying hands on their soldiery, and striving to hold them fast in their places. This struggle is the last stage but one in the agony of a body of good infantry massed in close column. Unless help should come from elsewhere, the three columns would have to give way.

But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column—the column composed of the two right Sousdal battalions—was seen coming down. It moved straight at the flank of the 93rd.

So now, for the third time that day, a mass of infantry some fifteen hundred strong was descending upon the uncovered flank of a battalion in English array; and, coming as it did from the extreme right of the enemy's position, this last attack was aimed almost straight at the file—the file of only two men—which closed the line of the 93rd.

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants. Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the 93rd, yet another array of the tall bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east; and pre-

sently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward. Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it advanced upon the flank of the right Sousdal column, and caught the mass in its sin—caught it daring to march across the front of a Highland battalion—a battalion already near, and swiftly advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke, and began to fall back in great confusion; and the left Sousdal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the 93rd, and the two columns which had engaged the 'Black Watch' being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

Then, again, they say, there was heard the sorrowful wail that bursts from the heart of the brave Russian infantry when they have to suffer defeat; but this time the wail was the wail of eight battalions; and the warlike grief of the soldiery could no longer kindle the fierce intent which, only a little before, had spurred forward the Vladimir column. Hope had fled.

(From *The Invasion of the Crimea.*)

Edward FitzGerald (1809–83) was born at Bredfield House, an old Jacobean mansion near Woodbridge in Suffolk. His parents were both Irish; and the father, John Purcell, took his wife's surname on her father's death in 1818. The family having returned from a sojourn in France (at St Germains and in Paris), Edward was sent in 1821 to King Edward VI.'s School at Bury St Edmunds, where James Spedding and J. M. Kemble were among his schoolfellows. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1826, whither Spedding followed him the next year. At Trinity he formed fast friendships with Thackeray and W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity; and he took his degree in January 1830. His father's family resided at Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, from 1822 to 1835, and subsequently at Boulge Hall, near Woodbridge; there he lived with them until 1838, when he took up his separate residence in a cottage near the park gate. His life at this time was a quiet round of reading and gardening, occasionally broken by visits from or to friends; his chief friends in the neighbourhood were the Rev. George Crabbe (vicar of Bredfield and son of the poet), Archdeacon Groome, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker-poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter, Lucy, he married in 1856, only soon to separate. Every spring he used to make a long visit to London, where he constantly met Spedding and Thackeray, and was a frequent visitor at the Carlyles'. Lord Tennyson and his brother Frederic had been his contemporaries at college, but it was in London that they became intimate; how fast the friendship was is best shown by the dedication of *Tiresias*. In 1853 FitzGerald left the cottage and settled at Farlingay Hall, near Woodbridge, and from 1860 in the town itself; in 1874 he removed to Little Grange, a house which he had built for himself in the neighbourhood. His great outdoor amusement in these years was yachting; and every summer was spent cruising about the Suffolk coast, especially near Lowestoft and Aldborough, the latter locality being of special interest to him as the birthplace of his favourite Crabbe, and the place where he himself had first seen the sea. He thoroughly enjoyed the life on his yacht, carrying his books with him, and delighting to take his friends for short trips, when they might read and talk over well-known passages together. He also enjoyed the rough, bluff ways of the sailors and fishermen, and liked to collect their peculiar words and phrases. But he could not escape 'the browner shade' which Gibbon ascribes to the evening of life, and the sea gradually lost its charm; one old sailor died, and another grievously disappointed him. In 1871 he sold his little schooner, the *Scandal*, but used still to go boating on the river Deben, until that, too, he gave up for his garden, where his favourite walk was called the 'Quarter-deck.' He died suddenly at Merton Rectory, Norfolk, while paying his annual visit to his friend Crabbe. He is buried at Boulge. One of his great characteristics was steadfastness in friendship; he was slow to form intimacies, but, once riveted, the link lasted till death. His outward manner was reserved, and he might sometimes seem a little wayward or petulant; but under the cold exterior there lay a tenderness like Johnson's, and a fine stroke of imagination or a noble deed would make his voice falter and his eyes fill with tears.

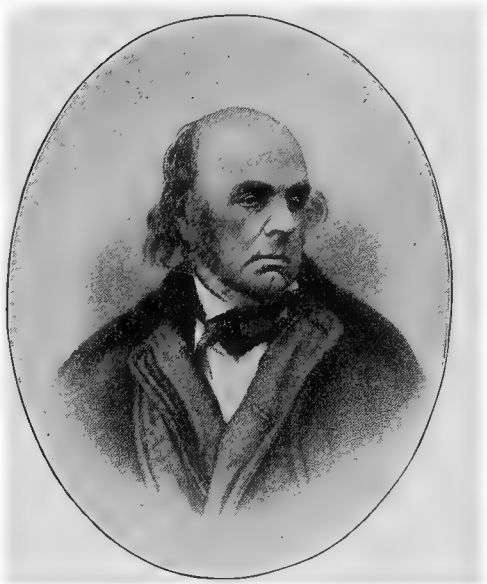
The first forty-two years of his life passed in quiet reading and thinking, and it was not till 1851 that he published anonymously his dialogue on youth, *Euphranor*, which was followed in 1852 by *Polonius: a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances*. In the meantime a friend, Professor Cowell, had persuaded him to begin Spanish, and this not only opened a new world of interest, but revealed to him his own powers. He at once took to Calderon's plays, and afterwards to *Don Quixote;* and in 1853 he published a translation of six of Calderon's dramas with his name attached. This, however, he soon withdrew from circulation, but two more plays by the same author were afterwards printed privately. About 1853 Professor Cowell interested him in Persian. Sa'di's *Gulistán* early attracted him by its quaint stories, and in 1856 he published an anonymous version of Jámí's *Salámán and Absál;* he also wrote, but never printed, an abridgment in verse of 'Attár's *Mantik ut Tair*. But the Persian poet who most attracted him, from the time of his first seeing his works in 1856 in a MS. in the Bodleian Library, was 'Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of the eleventh century. These poems were then known only by a few current quotations, as they were first printed at Paris in 1857 by M. Nicolas; but FitzGerald at once recognised their beauty, and his name and the poet's will remain indissolubly linked together. Here his genius as a trans-

lator appears at its height. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the power of reproducing on his reader the effect of the original; and, though the original ideas are often altered, condensed, and transposed in an apparently reckless way, these lawless alterations and substitutions are like those in Dryden, and they all tell; the translator becomes 'alter Menander,' not 'dimidiatus Menander.' Mr Swinburne has said, 'His daring genius gave 'Omar Khayyám a place for ever among the greatest English poets.' Later translations were of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus and of Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Œdipus Coloneus*. He was great as a letter-writer in an age when letter-writing had almost ceased to be an art; indeed, his letters are among his most valuable literary bequests. For he was a master of style as he himself defined it: 'The saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands, and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent.' The *di majores* of his Olympus were Shakespeare, Scott, Sophocles, Lamb, Crabbe, Chaucer, and Cervantes. Thackeray and Dickens he ranked high; for Jane Austen and George Eliot, for Morris, Rossetti, or Swinburne, he had little appreciation. He was painfully frank in his criticism even of his friends; speaking of Tennyson, he said: 'I almost think I was wrong in telling him I could take no interest in his *Holy Grail*, which I should not have done had he not sent it to me! A perilous reason.' And a remark about Mrs Browning's poetry, made after her death and reported to her husband, provoked Browning to a bitter retort.

To Frederic Tennyson, 1844.

I dare say I should have stayed longer in London had you been there: but the wits were too much for me. Not Spedding, mind: who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in London *serious* men: I mean *serious* even in fun: with a true purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilisation. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here though no one will believe it.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak-trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's *Life of Constable* (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring. Constable loved it above all seasons: he hated Autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont, who was of the old classical taste, asked him if he did not find it difficult to place *his brown tree* in his pictures, 'Not at all,' said C.; 'I never put one in at all.' And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an *old violin* as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and laid it down on the sunshiny grass. You would like the book. In defiance of all this, I have hung my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed: but I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to paint up to the freshness of earth and sky. Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at: and perhaps the old masters chose a soberer



EDWARD FITZGERALD.

From Vol. I. of *Letters*, by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.

scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint. To paint dew with lead!

I also plunge away at my old Handel of nights, and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso, full of pomp and fancy. What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for!

To Professor C. E. Norton, 1876.

What Mr Lowell says of him [Dante] recalled to me what Tennyson said to me some thirty-five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two Figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, 'What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?' And Tennyson (whose Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: 'The Divine.' Then Milton; I don't think I 've read him these forty years; the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looming as grand as anything in my Memory; but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used

to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and 'the Gunpowder one,' which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more. He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang; his Diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Spenser I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there: the last from Mr Lowell.

Then, old 'Daddy Wordsworth,' as he was sometimes called, I am afraid, from my Christening, he is now, I suppose, passing under the Eclipse consequent on the Glory which followed his obscure Rise. I remember fifty years ago at our Cambridge, when the Battle was fighting for him by the Few against the Many of us who only laughed at 'Louisa in the Shade,' &c. His Brother was then Master of Trinity College; like all Wordsworths (unless the drowned Sailor) pompous and priggish. He used to drawl out the Chapel responses so that we called him the 'Mëëserable Sinner' and his brother the 'Meeserable Poet.' Poor fun enough: but I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and then patronised, 'Walter Scott,' as they loftily called him: and He, dear, noble Fellow, thought they were quite justified. Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox in his stead. I did go to worship at Abbotsford, as to Stratford-on-Avon: and saw that it was good to have so done. If you, if Mr Lowell, have not lately read it, pray read Lockhart's account of his Journey to Douglas Dale on (I think) July 18 or 19, 1831. It is a piece of Tragedy, even to the muttering Thunder, like the Lammermuir, which does not look very small beside Peter Bell and Co.

My dear Sir, this is a desperate Letter; and that last Sentence will lead to another dirty little Story about my Daddy: to which you must listen or I should feel like the Fine Lady in one of Vanburgh's Plays, 'Oh my God, that you won't listen to a Woman of Quality when her Heart is bursting with Malice!' And perhaps you on the other Side of the Great Water may be amused with a little of your old Granny's Gossip.

Well then: about 1826, or 7, Professor Airy (now our Astronomer Royal) and his Brother William called on The Daddy at Rydal. In the course of Conversation Daddy mentioned that sometimes when genteel Parties came to visit him, he contrived to slip out of the room, and down the garden walk to where 'The Party's' travelling Carriage stood. This Carriage he would look into to see what Books they carried with them: and he observed it was generally 'WALTER SCOTT's.' It was Airy's Brother (a very veracious man, and an Admirer of Wordsworth, but, to be sure, more of Sir Walter) who told me this. It is this conceit that diminishes Wordsworth's stature among us, in spite of the mountain Mists he lived among. Also, a little stinginess; not like Sir Walter in that! I remember Hartley Coleridge telling us at Ambleside how Professor Wilson and some one else (H. C. himself perhaps) stole a Leg of Mutton from Wordsworth's Larder for the fun of the Thing.

Here then is a long Letter of old world Gossip from the old Home. I hope it won't tire you out: it need not, you know.

To Fanny Kemble, 1879.

My Brother keeps waiting—and hoping—for—Death: which will not come: perhaps Providence would have let it come sooner, were he not rich enough to keep a Doctor in the house, to keep him in Misery. I don't know if I told you in my last that he was ill; seized on by a Disease not uncommon to old Men—an 'internal Disorder' it is polite to say; but I shall say to you, disease of the Bladder. I had always supposed he would be found dead one good morning, as my Mother was—as I hoped to be—quietly dead of the Heart which he had felt for several Years. But no; it is seen good that he shall be laid on the Rack—which he may feel the more keenly as he never suffered Pain before, and is not of a strong Nerve. I will say no more of this. The funeral Bell, which has been at work, as I never remember before, all this winter, is even now, as I write, tolling from St Mary's Steeple.

Parlons d'autres choses, as my dear Sévigné says.

I—We—have finished all Sir Walter's Scotch Novels; and I thought I would try an English one: *Kenilworth*—a wonderful Drama, which Theatre, Opera, and Ballet (as I once saw it represented) may well reproduce. The Scene at Greenwich, where Elizabeth 'interviews' Sussex and Leicester, seemed to me as fine as what is called (I am told, wrongly) Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* Of course, plenty of melodrama in most other parts:—but the Plot wonderful.

Then—after Sir Walter—Dickens' *Copperfield*, which came to an end last night because I would not let my Reader read the last Chapter. What a touch when Peggotty—the man—at last finds the lost Girl, and—throws a handkerchief over her face when he takes her to his arms—never to leave her! I maintain it—a little Shakespeare—a Cockney Shakespeare, if you will: but as distinct, if not so great, a piece of pure Genius as was born at Stratford. Oh, I am quite sure of that, had I to choose but one of them, I would choose Dickens' hundred delightful Caricatures rather than Thackeray's half-dozen terrible Photographs.

In Michael Kelly's *Reminiscences* (quite worth reading about Sheridan) I found that, on January 22, 1802, was produced at Drury Lane an Afterpiece called *Urania*, by the Honourable W. Spencer, in which 'the scene of Urania's descent was entirely new to the stage, and produced an extraordinary effect.' Hence then the Picture which my poor Brother sent you to America.

D'autres choses encore. You may judge, I suppose, by the N.E. wind in London what it has been hereabout. Scarce a tinge of Green on the hedgerows; scarce a Bird singing (only once the Nightingale, with broken Voice), and no flowers in the Garden but the brave old Daffydowndilly and Hyacinth—which I scarce knew was so hardy. I am quite pleased to find how comfortably they do in my Garden, and look so Chinese gay. Two of my dear Blackbirds have I found dead—of Cold and Hunger, I suppose; but one is even now singing—across that Funeral Bell. This is so, as I write, and tell you—Well: we have Sunshine at last—for a day—'thankful for small Blessings,' &c.

I think I have felt a little sadder since March 31 that shut my seventieth Year behind me, while my Brother was—in some such way as I shall be if I live two or three years longer—*Parlons d'autres*—that I am still able to be sincerely yours,

E. F.G.

The Boat-race, from 'Euphranor.'

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walk'd along the fields by the Church (purposely to ask about the sick Lady by the way), cross'd the Ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite shore; Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tassell'd Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there—Reading men and Sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective Crews—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose farther bend was a little knot of Ladies gathered up on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until 'They are off—they are coming!' suspended other conversation among ourselves; and suddenly the head of the first boat turn'd the corner; and then another close upon it; and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm; and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, 'Bravo, St John's!' 'Go it, Trinity!'—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the goal; where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere), and walked home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of Gownsmen with all their confused voices seem'd as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus.

From 'Omar Khayyám.'

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
  And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
  'When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?'

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door!
  You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.'

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
  Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
  Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—'Lo,
Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,
  At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears:
  To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
  Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,
  A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There.'

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
  Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
  About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
  And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
  And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
  Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or there as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Bredfield Hall.

Lo, an English mansion founded
In the elder James's reign,
Quaint and stately, and surrounded
With a pastoral domain.

With well-timber'd lawn and gardens
And with many a pleasant mead,
Skirted by the lofty coverts
Where the hare and pheasant feed.

Flank'd it is with goodly stables,
Shelter'd by coeval trees:
So it lifts its honest gables
Toward the distant German seas;

Where it once discern'd the smoke
Of old sea-battles far away:
Saw victorious Nelson's topmasts
Anchoring in Hollesley Bay.

But whatever storm might riot,
Cannon roar, and trumpet ring,
Still amid these meadows quiet
Did the yearly violet spring:

Still Heaven's starry hand suspended
That light balance of the dew,
That each night on earth descended,
And each morning rose anew:

And the ancient house stood rearing
Undisturb'd her chimneys high,
And her gilded vanes still veering
Toward each quarter of the sky:

While like wave to wave succeeding
Through the world of joy and strife,
Household after household speeding
Handed on the torch of life:

First, sir Knight in ruff and doublet,
Arm in arm with stately dame;
Then the Cavaliers indignant
For their monarch brought to shame:

Languid beauties limn'd by Lely;
Full-wigg'd Justice of Queen Anne:
Tory squires who tippled freely;
And the modern Gentleman:

Here they lived, and here they greeted,
Maids and matrons, sons and sires,
Wandering in its walks, or seated
Round its hospitable fires:

Oft their silken dresses floated
Gleaming through the pleasure ground:
Oft dash'd by the scarlet-coated
Hunter, horse, and dappled hound.

Till the Bell that not in vain
Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,
Call'd them one by one again
To the church—and left them there!

They with all their loves and passions,
Compliment, and song, and jest,
Politics, and sports, and fashions,
Merged in everlasting rest!

So they pass—while thou, old Mansion,
Markest with unalter'd face
How like the foliage of thy summers
Race of man succeeds to race.

To most thou stand'st a record sad,
But all the sunshine of the year
Could not make thine aspect glad
To one whose youth is buried here.

In thine ancient rooms and gardens
Buried—and his own no more
Than the youth of those old owners,
Dead two centuries before.

Unto him the fields around thee
Darken with the days gone by:
O'er the solemn woods that bound thee
Ancient sunsets seem to die.

Sighs the self-same breeze of morning
Through the cypress as of old;
Ever at the Spring's returning
One same crocus breaks the mould.

Still though 'scaping Time's more savage
Handywork this pile appears,
It has not escaped the ravage
Of the undermining years.

And though each succeeding master,
Grumbling at the cost to pay,
Did with coat of paint and plaster
Hide the wrinkles of decay;

Yet the secret worm ne'er ceases,
Nor the mouse behind the wall;
Heart of oak will come to pieces,
And farewell to Bredfield Hall!

FitzGerald's *Letters and Literary Remains* (3 vols. 1889) were edited by Mr Aldis Wright, as also his *Letters to Fanny Kemble* (1895); and *More Letters*, under the same editorship, followed in 1901. An elaborate bibliography, first printed in *Notes and Queries*, was published as a volume by Colonel W. F. Prideaux in 1901. The first edition of *Euphranor* was a mere skeleton of what the book ultimately became; a reprint of the last edition appeared in 1903.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

George Henry Borrow*

was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, 5th July 1803. His father, Thomas Borrow, born in 1758, a fine, burly, middle-class Cornishman of eighteenth-century type, had been obliged, owing to a youthful escapade, to leave Cornwall and to make his way bare-handed in the world. Enlisting as a common soldier, Thomas Borrow rose until he became a captain in the West Norfolk Militia. His duties being those of a recruiting officer, he moved about from one part of Great Britain to another. At East Dereham he met Miss Ann Perfrement, a Norfolk lady of Norman Huguenot descent, born in that town in 1772. The first child of the marriage was a son, John Thomas Borrow, born in 1800, who became an artist (but of no distinction), and afterwards a militia lieutenant, and died in Mexico in 1833. There is no doubt that these children were blessed with a very estimable mother. Down to her death, in 1858, Borrow cherished the deepest affection for her. When he was still a child the family went to Edinburgh, where he seems to have received the rudiments of his education at the High School. After moving about through Scotland, Ireland, and parts of England, the Borrow family returned to Norfolk. From 1816 to 1818 Borrow attended the Grammar School at Norwich, where he was a contemporary of Dr Martineau. The school was a good one, but Borrow seems to have picked up not much more than a mass of miscellaneous knowledge. After leaving school he was articled to an eminent firm of Norwich solicitors. He served his articles, but seems to have given no time or attention whatever to law. His energies were exercised partly in the study of 'the noble art of self-defence,' as sparring was then called, and partly in the study of languages. It is doubtful whether he would ever have taken honours in either of these studies. Yet if we are to believe his friend, William Taylor of Norwich, when a very young man he understood twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. But in the understanding of languages there are degrees; the more a scholar knows of a language the more chary is he of saying that he understands it. Borrow's knowledge of German was proved to be unsound as soon as he undertook translations into that language; and the *Romano Lavo-Lil* shows that his knowledge of Romany was shaky and uncertain—not comparable with that of the late F. H. Groome, or of certain Romany scholars of Germany. To say the truth, his method of language-learning was as unscholarly as can well be imagined. Like Mezzofanti, he used to learn the vocabulary of a tongue, and then get at the grammatical laws governing it by a sort of loose induction. Without Mezzofanti's prodigious verbal memory, but still with a very remarkable one, Borrow had a sense of philology as feeble as that of the great Italian himself; hence it is never safe for the student to follow him.

At the expiration of his clerkship—his father having died in 1824—he went to London with the hope of being able to live by literary work. His first call was upon Sir Richard Phillips the publisher, to whom he took some translated ballads for publication, and a letter of introduction from Taylor. Phillips had just retired from publishing; but he really seems to have done all that could be expected of him for a stranger who showed no capacity whatever for the production of marketable work. Readers of *Lavengro* will remember the sarcastic, or rather savage, way in which



GEORGE HENRY BORROW.
After the Portrait by H. W. Phillips.

Phillips is delineated in the book. But Borrow, whose dislikes were so many and so violent, must, of course, not be taken too seriously when he attacks a man. It is, for instance, instructive to contrast Borrow's portrait of Phillips with the portrait of him painted by another eastern counties man, an eccentric wanderer over England and the Continent—Samuel Jackson Pratt, whose *Harvest Home* was published by Phillips. Phillips lent his town house to Pratt, and was rewarded with certain grateful verses, more remarkable for their likeness to the same author's poems 'Humanity' and 'Sympathy' than for poetic qualities. In the study of literary history, nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the tastes and methods of a writer of genius may be traced to the tastes and methods of a mediocre writer. The critics who have discovered the influence of Sterne in the style of certain parts of *Lavengro* are no doubt right; but they would do well to examine *The Gleanings* of this other protégé of Phillips—the

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to "The Flaming Tinman," page 434.

sentimental and feeble verse-writer but passionate lover of England, at a time when the horse was worshipped because its legs were believed to be the only possible source of locomotion. Pratt's prose descriptions were extremely popular when Borrow was a young man ; they are forgotten now, but will no doubt, with many other such descriptive books, be reprinted in the not far distant day when people in their motor-cars will meditate with a wondering smile upon simple times when men were dragged along the roads at the tails of other animals. Borrow was a great reader of these same *Gleanings in England, Wales, and Holland.* Pratt took his sentimentalism from Sterne, as did Mackenzie ; but Borrow's sentimentalism, as well as his passionate love of England, her meadows, her trees, her roads, shows something of Pratt's influence. Imperfectly equipped as Borrow was for the literary struggle for life, it is no wonder that his experiences in London were bitter. Indeed, they were much more terrible than his pride would allow him to record in *Lavengro.* In literature adaptability is an indispensable requisite of commercial success. It was Shakespeare's adaptability as much as his incomparable genius that caused his triumph. The same may be said of Scott ; the same may be said of Dickens. Borrow had no adaptability whatever. In after-years the lucky accident of his being employed by the Bible Society gave him his chance and made him popular, but without that accident he could never have produced such work as the literary market of that time demanded. There never was a more idiosyncratic writer—a writer more entirely unable to achieve that compromise between authorial temperament and the temper of the market—than Borrow. Not even Charles Lamb—not even the author of *John Buncle* himself—was more governed by temperament than he. Idiosyncratic writers rarely succeed in arresting public attention save through the workings of some lucky accident. But *The Bible in Spain*, built upon Borrow's picturesque, graphic, and carefully elaborated letters to the Bible Society, for whom he acted as colporteur, opened the way for a still more idiosyncratic and a still more precious book, *Lavengro.* But all this was years after Borrow's London struggles ; the sojourn in London at a time when he was criticising books for Phillips's *Universal Review*, and compiling the celebrated *Trials*, published in six volumes in 1825, was a life of the direst penury and gloom. Things got to be so bad with him at last that he must either succumb or quit literature altogether. But what could he turn to? There was positively nothing he could do except take to the road—not after the fashion of Captain Hind and Claude Duval, but after the fashion of the modern tramp ; and so, on an afternoon in May, with £20 in his pocket that had come to him by what can only be called an accident, he left his London attic with a stick and a bundle to seek his fortune, feeling that the world was all before him where to choose.

What Borrow lacked in adaptability was in great degree compensated by his personal appearance. No one who has ever walked with him, either through the streets of London or along the country roads, could fail to remark how his appearance arrested the attention of the passers-by. As a gypsy woman once remarked to the present writer, 'Everybody as ever see'd the white-headed Romany Rye never forgot him.' When he chanced to meet troops marching along a country road, it was noticeable that every soldier, whether on foot or horseback, would involuntarily turn to look at Borrow's striking figure. He stood considerably above six feet in height, was built as perfectly as a Greek statue, and his practice of athletic exercises gave his every movement the easy elasticity of an athlete under training. Those East Anglians who have bathed with him on the east coast, or others who have done the same in the Thames or the Ouse, can vouch for his having been an almost faultless model of masculine symmetry, even as an old man. With regard to his countenance, 'noble' is the only word which can be used to describe it. When he was quite a young man his thick crop of hair had become of a silvery whiteness. There was a striking relation between the complexion, which was as luminous and sometimes rosy as an English girl's, and the features—almost perfect Roman-Greek in type, with a dash of Hebrew.' To the dark lustre of the eyes an increased intensity was lent by the fair skin. No doubt, however, what most struck the observer was the marked individuality, not to say singularity, of his expression. If it were possible to describe this expression in a word or two, it might, perhaps, be called a self-consciousness that was both proud and shy.

On leaving his lodging Borrow shaped his course to the south-west, and had very soon cleared London and got beyond the suburban villages. After walking several miles, he took a seat on the first coach that he found passing that way. To Borrow, who loved to dwell upon coincidences, the world was the stage on which a great and varied romantic drama was being played. It was this as much as anything else that made him such an interesting companion. He eventually found himself, without any definite object or plan, on Salisbury Plain. No one was ever more impressed by Stonehenge at sunrise, when Nature and man's handiwork seem greeting each other, than the homeless wanderer, Borrow, whom temperament compelled from the first to live a lonely life, whether as a hermit of the dingle or among men. Wonderful dreams of the past and the future came to him among the gigantic remains of Stonehenge, which he would afterwards relate to one or two intimate friends with a glow not to be found in the finest passages of *Lavengro.* In this neighbourhood he lingered. Then he went on his way, still without any plan. Meeting a forlorn travelling tinker who had been driven from the roads by the tyranny of a notorious wandering

blackguard named Jack Slingsby, Borrow fraternised with the man, and eventually bought his pony and cart and business, and at once set up as a travelling tinker himself. Having always taken a great interest in smith's work and tin-work, he now travelled as an itinerant metal-worker, thinking he could gain a livelihood in this way. After having been brought into contact with the gypsies, and after having narrowly escaped being poisoned by a Romany beldam who cherished a jealous hatred of him, he met near Willenhall in Staffordshire, in Mumber Lane (called Mumper's Lane by the gypsies), Slingsby himself. Attacked by this man, Borrow had to stand up and fight for the command of the beat. Borrow, at the time when glove-fights were looked upon as child's play, took, as has been said before, a genuine interest in the ring. He was a fairly accomplished bruiser himself, but relied for his effects upon the lumbering, hard-hitting of heavy-weights like the famous Ben Caunt of later days. Hence, being at the time of this encounter partially prostrated from a late illness, and the hard-hitting upon which he relied becoming consequently weakened, he would no doubt have been vanquished but for two of those lucky accidents which were always ready to favour him—the unexpected sympathy of one of Slingsby's two female companions, 'Isopel Berners,' and the fact that Slingsby, beside himself with rage, struck a tree when he intended to strike Borrow's face, and so crippled himself. Borrow seized this opportunity to deliver a right-hand blow straight from the shoulder, which stunned and nearly killed the 'Flaming Tinman,' who, on recovery, made off, leaving 'Isopel Berners' behind. Borrow now became still more thoroughly acquainted with the better class of gypsies, the 'gryengroes' or horse-dealers, especially with the Petulengros. The Petulengros, though not so handsome as the Lovells (the Caulo Kamloes), have always been among the most intelligent of the gypsies; indeed, at this very moment a famous member of the family, Gipsy Smith, is one of the most eloquent preachers in England. The days spent with 'Isopel Berners,' mainly in Mumper's Dingle, were the happiest in Borrow's life. But these soon came to an end. Readers of *Lavengro* have often asked why he severed from the magnificent Anglo-Saxon road-girl with whom he had entered into a kind of platonic partnership. The truth is that this railer against 'gentility-nonsense' and 'Charley o'er the waterism' had far too great a belief in respectability to marry either gypsy-girl or Anglo-Saxon road-girl. Not all Borrow's Odyssean wanderings, and not all his intercourse with the gypsies, ever really freed his mind from the great British and American sophism which to other races is so odious. A quite recent writer has remarked that the reason why Englishmen can never be brought to understand people like the Spaniards is that they cannot realise the existence of a social structure where no man considers himself inferior because he is poor, and no man considers himself superior simply because he is well-to-do. This remark applies to Borrow as much as to any one of his contemporaries. Dark as had been Borrow's experiences in London, a period no less dark followed his separation from 'Isopel Berners.' This is what certain writers upon Borrow call the 'veiled period' of his life.

In connection with any matter concerning Borrow it is always necessary to take into account the secretiveness of his disposition, and also his passion for posing. His fondness for the wonderful was almost childish. His own love of mystification has led students of Borrow into a somewhat unseemly prying into matters which he wished to keep concealed—has led them into asking why Borrow drew the veil over seven years—has led them into speculating as to whether during the 'veiled period' his life was one of squalid misery, compared with which his sojourn with 'Isopel Berners' had been luxury—or whether he was really travelling, as he pretended to have been, over the world. By yielding to his instinct as a born showman he excites an inquisitiveness about his private matters which would otherwise be unjustifiable. Upon this subject those to whom Borrow seems to have been most reticent were his wife and her daughter. People having the peculiar pride which characterised Borrow seem to be more reticent with their family circle than even with the outer world. Hence it was not until after his wife's death in 1869 that he would allude to this period even to his most intimate friends. To those who know what were Borrow's capacities for earning money as a wandering hedge-smith it needs no revelation from documents to come to the conclusion that, as he was mainly living in England during these seven years (continuing for a considerable time his life of a wanderer, afterwards living as an obscure literary struggler in Norwich, assisted by his mother's slender store), his life during this period was not a life that so proud a man as Borrow would care to talk about. Yet it had at least one incident of a most poetic and romantic kind, not recorded in Dr Knapp's *Life*. The 'veiled period' came to an end when Borrow obtained, through a patron and friend, the post of agent to the British and Foreign Bible Society. In this capacity he visited St Petersburg (1833–35), where he published *Targum*, a collection of translations. Afterwards he visited Spain, Portugal, and Morocco (1835–39). In 1840 he married Mrs Mary Clarke, the well-to-do widow of a naval officer, with a jointure of £400 a year. He was now enabled to buy an estate on Oulton Broad, and at last become what he longed to be—a small Norfolk squire. Here he permanently settled with his wife and her daughter, and here he turned to literary work again. The first fruit of his travels and adventures was the publication, in 1841, of *Zincali, or Gypsies of Spain*. This work had been written at various odd moments

during Borrow's wanderings along the roads of Spain, in a parchment-bound Spanish note-book now in the possession of the present writer. It is curious as showing the author's method of composition. The book did not attract much attention; but *The Bible in Spain*, published in 1843, was a great success, and Borrow for a time became a literary lion. In 1844 he began to travel again, this time in south-eastern Europe, and so got much knowledge of a very interesting section of the Continental Romanies. *Lavengro*, which appeared in 1851, was much more coolly received; in some places it was absurdly attacked. It is the book which will maintain Borrow's place in English literature. It was not until 1857 that the sequel to *Lavengro*, *The Romany Rye*, appeared, and this had a still more absurd reception from the English press. It did not pass into a second edition for several years.

In 1862 he published *Wild Wales*, describing a tour that he made in Wales in 1854 with his step-daughter. In this book he dwelt at some length on his experiences as an articled clerk in Norwich, but he studiously avoided touching upon the subject of the Welsh gypsies. This is the more remarkable from the fact that in the *Romany Rye* he leaves the reader on the Welsh border. In 1874, having ascertained that Leland was preparing a Romany lexicon, he hurried through the press *Romano Lavo-Lil, or Word-book of the Gypsy Language*. It is a pity for his reputation as a Romany scholar that he ever published this book. At this period he was living in Hereford Square, Brompton, where his wife died, seeing only a very few friends, including the Hake family, Mr John Murray, Mr Robert Collinson (who lived next door but one to him), and the present writer. He retained as vigorously as ever his love of all kinds of athleticism, especially of sparring, wrestling, and running. He was at the famous race, on 14th October 1861, between Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, and Jackson, generally called the 'American Deer,' and in a note preserved by his biographer, Dr Knapp, he gives a graphic description of the Indian's peculiar method of running. Up to the time of his leaving London he used to take those long walks for which in youth he had been notable, and it was at this time that he made those notes of his experiences with the gypsies located around South London that gave its only value to *Romano Lavo-Lil*. A favourite walk of his was through Fulham over Putney Bridge to Richmond and back; and on these occasions he would take no food from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, though he was then past seventy. In the summer of 1874 Borrow left London and returned to Oulton. On the 26th of July 1881 he died suddenly there, in his seventy-ninth year.

There has been much discussion upon Borrow's place in English literature. It is quite unique. Vital literature is that into which the writer succeeds in pouring his own life-stream; therefore it depends upon two things—the inborn, unteachable capacity for literary expression, and a fortunate selection of a congenial subject. If it is true, as has been said, that every man has got within him the making of one book, Borrow was one of the most fortunate of English writers. *Zincali*, *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro*, the *Romany Rye*, and *Wild Wales* are portions of one book. This book is the literary portraiture of a man of singular temperament moving in the only atmosphere in which he was fitted to move; it is also a picture of the outdoor life of England before she succumbed to cosmopolitanism and before she was entirely vulgarised by wealth-worship. Therefore it seems safe to prophesy that whatsoever books of the Victorian epoch are smothered and lost beneath the ever-accumulating mass of English literature, Borrow's writings will be remembered. At that period—before the railways had cut England into a series of iron-bordered lozenges and squares—the meadows and dingles, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the English climate, were a Paradise for the nomad. What these English retreats lack in the sunshine-pleasures of warmer and drier climates is made up by comparative freedom from the tyranny of the only part of the animal kingdom that now baffles man—or seriously disturbs him—the insect world. In sunnier climes, except, of course, in the desert countries, outdoor life, whether in tent or van, is made almost intolerable by the assault of man's relentless insect foes. It is all very well for Shakespeare to lay the scene of the fairy world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Greece, but the atmosphere is, and must be, that of England's beloved dingles, where alone Lysander and Demetrius could have dreamt in peace beneath a midsummer moon. Although the 'gypsy gentleman' of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*, working as a hedge-smith in the dingle and by the roadside, was working, not, as so many readers and critics of his books suppose, for amusement, but for bread—bread that must have been scant indeed to be bought for the odd sixpences or the few coppers that he was able to earn—no one ever got greater enjoyment from the charms of a vagabond life; no one ever woke up in the early morning with more delight, when the wild flowers of the dingle are shedding their first perfume; no one ever strode out with more exhilaration to the nearest stream for morning ablutions, than did Borrow at the time when he was living with 'Isopel Berners.' A man's good fortune or ill-fortune depends upon the kind of people with whom he is brought into contact quite as much as upon himself. Borrow's good fortune both as a man and as a writer came to him as soon as he was brought into contact with the gypsies. Contact with the vivacity of this unique race was absolutely required by Borrow's morbid temperament, and there is not in literary history a more interesting chapter than that which records

Lavengro's sojourn with the gypsies. It is the peculiarity of the subject-matter which will keep Borrow's writings alive; this subject-matter is the Romany world in Great Britain and in Spain. It is important, therefore, that his relations with the gypsies should be fully understood by the student of his works. So deficient is the knowledge displayed even by thoughtful writers upon Romany subjects that Victor Hugo calls Esmeralda (of purely 'Gorgio' blood) a 'Bohemian;' and 'Isopel Berners,' the greatest hater of the Romany character that ever mixed with the gypsies, is constantly spoken of by writers upon the subject as 'Borrow's tall gypsy-girl.' Nor are these instances more remarkable than is the fact that one of the most brilliant writers of our time, writing upon and editing Borrow, speaks of 'Romany ryes' and their 'rawnees' under a delusion which is evidently very common that a Romany rye is a gypsy. There is no room to dwell at length upon these subjects here. The present writer has discussed them with some fullness in two imaginative works of his depicting Romany life—depicting it at a period after that of Borrow's pictures, but still at a time when the leading 'gryengroes' could be met in England and Wales—that is, before their great migration to America.

The question has often been asked of Borrow's friends, 'How did it come about that a man, shy, self-conscious, and sensitive to the last degree, became not only the Ulysses of the writing fraternity, wandering among strangers all over Europe, but also lived upon intimate terms with that proscribed race who, more than all others, are repelled by shy self-consciousness—the gypsies?' In explaining this puzzle we shall throw more light upon the depths of Borrow's personality than by giving such biographical details as are given so admirably and so fully by Dr Knapp. When Borrow was talking to people in his own class of life there was always in his bearing a kind of shy egotism. What Carlyle calls the 'armed neutrality' of social intercourse oppressed him. He seemed always to be on his guard, like one who felt himself to be moving in the enemy's camp. He had a way of looking at one from the corner of his eye, as though he were observing what effect his words were having, and this gave to his face an unpleasant expression of watchfulness. He seemed to be taking stock of his interlocutor and weighing him against himself. But when he was with the gypsies there was no more of the shy, defiant expression with which his English friends were familiar. He threw off the burden of restraint. The feeling of 'armed neutrality' was left behind, and he seemed to be at last enjoying the only social intercourse that could give him pleasure; this it was that enabled him to make friends so entirely with the gypsies. The gypsies too have been equally misunderstood. Of course by gypsies are here meant the pure Romanies, not the wandering London mongrels claimed as gypsies by professional philanthropists like that *bête noire* of F. H. Groome's, the late Mr Smith of Coalville. Notwithstanding what is called 'Romany guile' (which is the growth of ages of oppression), the basis of the Romany character is exactly the opposite of what all writers previous to Borrow conceived it to be. Even such writers of genius as Prosper Merimée can give us in *Carmen* only the old bloodthirsty conventional gypsy of the stage. It was not until the appearance of Borrow's books that we find in English literature any different conception of the Romany.

Borrow once, when asked by the present writer to tell a common friend what he considered to be the great charm of the gypsy character, said, 'Simplicity—frankness.' And he was right, as those few Englishmen who have been really and truly admitted 'behind the tent's mouth' well know. The contradiction between this conception of the Romany character and the popular one in all countries is easily explained. Once let the isolating wall which shuts off the Romany from the 'Gorgio' be broken through, and the communicativeness of the Romany temperament begins to show itself. The gypsies are extremely close observers; they were very quick to notice how different was Borrow's bearing towards themselves from his bearing towards people of his own race; and Borrow used to say that the would-be murderess, 'old Mrs Herne, and her little granddaughter, Leonora, were the only gypsies who suspected and disliked him.' Thus it came about that the gypsies and the wanderers generally were almost the only people in any country who saw the winsome side of Borrow. Some men have an instinctive sympathy with the proscribed races of the world; the late Godfrey Leland was one of these, so was the late F. H. Groome, but not so pre-eminently as was Borrow. Not that there is anything of the Bamfylde Moore Carew about Borrow. As has been said before, he was at heart a John Bull with an ineradicable belief in *bourgeois* respectability; and yet it was not the *bourgeois* but the vagabond to whom his heart was drawn. Perhaps, indeed, it may be said that in order to understand Borrow it is essential to understand not only the Romanies but the other proscribed races. Place any race in the position of a *race maudite*—the Jews of mediæval Europe (and, alas! of modern Russia), the Cagots, and the Romanies of the present time—and the primal instinct of self-preservation, working through generations, must needs show itself in qualities like that which is spoken of as 'Romany guile.' It was observable in the Cagots; we see it in the proscribed races of Asia. There is, as a gypsy woman once said to the present writer and to Borrow, 'somethin' in the wind of a Gorgio that shuts the Romany's mouth and opens his eyes and

ears.' The result of this state of things is, of course, inevitable—it is 'Romany guile;' and Nature herself seems to have divided the entire animal kingdom into three great classes—those whom she has developed to oppress, those whom she has developed to resist oppression, and those whom she has developed to flee from it. And this is a great factor in her scheme of evolution. The hungry stomach of the long-winded wolf has caused the development of the original ungulate upon which he fed into the swift and long-winded horse whose offspring finally wins the Derby. Where the oppressed race has to save itself not by fleetness of foot, but by guile, it is inevitable that natural selection should give rise to what Borrow himself used to call 'the crafty creatures.' When the gypsy at the sudden sight of a 'Gorgio' near his tent 'shuts his mouth and opens his eyes and ears,' he does as the other 'crafty creatures' do—he does as the mother partridge does when she shams lameness in order to save her chickens; he does as the winged insect does that, in order to deceive its foe, mimics the leaf on which it is accustomed to settle. *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* show that when once the barrier is broken down the 'simplicity' of the gypsy character reveals itself—becomes, indeed, the Romany's chief charm. Until Borrow appeared and gave us his admirable pictures, it was impossible for any writer to approach the subject of the Romanies from the broad point of view. The only fault in his representations of them is that he not infrequently makes them talk in locutions that are too bookish to be dramatically true; the substance of the dialogue, however, is almost always true. As a pure race the gypsies are rapidly becoming extinct in the English-speaking countries. When they are extinct, Borrow's writings will be more prized than they are even now; but, apart from this, the charm of his mere style is irresistible. His own remarks upon style, especially upon that art of telling a plain story plainly which seems to be growing rarer and more difficult every day, are as penetrative as they are admirably expressed. Through *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* the soft flower-laden air moving in England's woods and fields seems to blow; and as years go on, and as Englishmen become more and more familiar with the vaunted charms of other countries, the truth will become more and more evident that Borrow's intense love of England was not misplaced.

The Flaming Tinman.

In the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman, disengaging himself of his frock-coat and dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous.

'Pay him off now,' said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief which the fellow wore round his neck with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

'Do you call that fair play?' said she.

'Hands off, Belle,' said the other woman; 'do you call it fair play to interfere? Hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself.'

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled; suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly:

'Finish t' other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like; but finish it fairly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick up you when he happens to knock you down.'

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but, on the contrary, received six knock-down blows myself. 'I can never stand this,' said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle; 'I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,' and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

'Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don't you use your right?'

'Because I'm not handy with it,' said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

'Now, will you use Long Melford?' said Belle, picking me up.

'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' said I, gasping for breath.

'Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my right arm—'if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance.'

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me; on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled and his nether lip was cut in two; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim; 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.'

At these words I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless.

Telling a Plain Story Plainly.

What struck me most with respect to these (Newgate) lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth; but to tell one on paper is difficult indeed, so many snares lie in the way. People are afraid to put down what is common on paper; they seek to embellish their narratives, as they think, by philosophic speculations and reflections; they are anxious to shine, and people who are anxious to shine can never tell a plain story. 'So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand,' says, or is made to say, Henry Simms, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a masterpiece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so very clear.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Lord Beaconsfield.*

Benjamin Disraeli, statesman and man of letters, was born in London on 21st December 1804. He came of a Jewish family which, driven from Spain in the fifteenth century, took refuge in Venice. Thence, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Disraeli's grandfather came to England, where he made a fortune, bought a country house, and lived in a polished and intelligent society. His son Isaac (see Vol. II. p. 715), abandoning business, became a famous man of letters, and the young Benjamin, who, in his own phrase, was 'born in a library,' lived from his early youth on terms of familiarity with the great men of the time. Deemed by his mother too sensitive to endure the rough and tumble of a public school, he was educated privately, and he has given a romantic account of his early days in *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*. An impartial description of this remarkable boy is given by Sir Henry Layard (*Autobiography and Letters*, vol. i. pp. 48, *sqq.*), who, strangely enough, first saw him in boxing-gloves and shirt-sleeves, and who thought him unkind because he would not answer the questions put to him about the East. But the youth of Disraeli is by this time legendary, and even if we make full allowance for exaggeration, it must have been a dream of splendour and nobility. Determined to succeed in life, he knew that the first step necessary was to call attention to himself, and taking the motto 'Adventures are to the adventurous' for his own, he acted the part of the adventurous youth with an engaging extravagance. Meanwhile his father destined him for the law, and Disraeli spent some weary years at work for which he was obviously unfit. But he was already intent upon literary schemes, and in 1825 he visited Walter Scott and Lockhart at Chiefswood, with a proposal on Murray's behalf that Lockhart should edit *The Representative*. With a magniloquence which foreshadowed his future grandeur, Disraeli impressed upon Lockhart that he was not invited 'to be the editor of a newspaper, but the director-general of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen and important interests.' The fact that Murray entrusted Disraeli with so delicate a mission proves that, young as he was, he was already a personage in society. Moreover, he had dipped his own pen in the inkpot, and a year after his visit to Chiefswood he published *Vivian Grey*, his first romance. Truly this young solicitor's clerk awoke to find himself famous. *Vivian Grey* had all the elements which ensure success; it was young, it was daring, it was gay. Though, as its author afterwards confessed, it was 'the result of imagination, acting on knowledge not acquired by experience,' it was fresh enough and sincere enough to make the young Disraeli a reputation which his every word, his every action, could but increase. The motto, 'Why, then, the world's my oyster, Which I with sword will open,' struck the dominant note of his career, and henceforth all avenues were open to the courageous author. Soon after the publication of his first book he fell suddenly ill, and lost, as he says himself, five years of his life. In 1830, indeed, he sought change in foreign travel, which gave him the opportunity of writing to his family the witty and vivacious series of *Home Letters*, in which the real Disraeli is already alive and alert. Returning to England, he devoted himself with the greatest energy to the composition of romances. *The Young Duke* (1831) was followed by *Contarini Fleming* (1832) and *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy* (1833). These are, perhaps, the most fantastic of all their author's works; they display in the most brilliant fashion Disraeli's love of sentimental romance and bright colours. In all of them the author has a tendency to drop into blank verse, wherever the cessation of dialogue makes it possible to avoid prose. They are all written in an over-ornate style, and are splendid with the spoils of the teeming Orient. 'Jasper and porphyry and agate'—these are the materials out of which Disraeli's famous Palladian piles are constructed. On every page of these early stories there is a pose of poetry, which is less sincere, may be, than the other pose of worldliness. While Alroy sees wonders, Contarini, being 'a child of nature,' 'learns to unlearn.' But at the same time, for all their poetry, the chief merit of Disraeli's first essays in romance is the picture of fashionable life which they present. The gambling scene in the *Young Duke* is a masterpiece of its kind; Horace de Beaufort in *Contarini Fleming*, who thinks everything and everybody a bore, is eminently characteristic; while the maxims which are scattered up and down the sparkling pages are the essence of worldliness. 'A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world, is the way to govern

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mankind,' says Vivian Grey, who, though he took no other refreshment than 'guava and liqueurs,' was already determined to 'manage mankind by studying their temper and humouring their weaknesses.' In truth, remarkable as are these early novels, they would not of themselves have sufficed for immortality. If they possess the exuberance of youth, they possess also youth's absurdity, and they were presently eclipsed by their author's famous trilogy. But in the meantime Disraeli had written three burlesques — *Ixion in Heaven*, *The Infernal Marriage*, and *Popanilla*, which for power and irony may be compared only to the highest, even to Voltaire, upon whose incomparable style they are modelled. That a youth should have produced these three little masterpieces is wonderful indeed; they show no trace of indecision, no touch of immaturity, and they prove that when Disraeli handled irony he instantly forgot the extravagances and mannerisms which at times disturbed the serenity of his prose.



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery by Lockhart Boyle, after Sir John E. Millais, R.A.

But from the first Disraeli recognised that he was a man of action as well as a man of letters. To satisfy his temperament he must discover a profession which brought fame to the adventurous. The Bar was little to his mind. 'Law and bad jokes till we are forty, and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet.' Besides, said Vivian Grey, speaking for his author, 'to be a great lawyer I must give up my chances of being a great man.' And to be a great man Benjamin Disraeli was determined. His mind was made up when early in his life he told Lord Melbourne that he meant to be Prime Minister. His assurance was evident when, being asked at the hustings upon what he stood, he replied magnificently, 'Upon my head.' But seventy years ago the first necessity of an aspirant to politics was interest, and in political interest Disraeli was sadly lacking. He was not the member of a great house for whose majority an easy borough was waiting. He was a Jew, with nothing to help him save his wits; yet he never doubted his ultimate success; and if he ran the risk of debt and embarrassment, he was playing for a big stake and he knew that he would win. Meanwhile he had made himself known to the great world. His extravagant costumes had attained the effect which he deliberately anticipated for them: they had made him talked about; and the publication of his books had enhanced the effect. Layard declares that 'he wore waistcoats of the most gorgeous colours and the most fantastic patterns, with much gold embroidery; velvet pantaloons; and shoes adorned with ribbons.' One wit declared that he was 'hanging in chains,' another that he was aspiring to the post of Lord Mayor. At Gibraltar he changed his cane as the gun fired, and he was not sure whether it was this piece of coxcombry or the authorship of *Vivian Grey* which made him famous. But he had learned the art of presenting himself to the world, the first art which is essential to success, and he practised it with so fine a skill that he would enter no room unobserved, nor ever break the silence which was habitual to him without securing the attention of all the company. When, therefore, he contested High Wycombe (in 1832), he was already a lion who had no need to roar unheard. He stood as an independent candidate, who thought that 'Toryism was worn out, and could not condescend to be a Whig.' The Radicals, with O'Connell and Hume among them, gave him their support, and he proved himself a natural master of political epigram. He made an eloquent appeal to Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham; he advocated triennial parliaments and the ballot; finally, he pronounced himself 'a Conservative to preserve all that is good in our constitution, a Radical to remove all that is bad.'

Unsuccessful in 1832, he failed again two years later, but he made the election memorable by an epigram that is still famous. 'The people,' said he, 'took Reform as some other people take stolen goods, and no questions asked.' But it was not until 1837 that he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, when he was returned for Maidstone as the colleague of Wyndham Lewis, whose widow he married in 1839.

His maiden speech was delivered on 7th December 1837 in answer to O'Connell, whom Disraeli two years before had challenged to a duel, and it was received with shouts of derisive laughter. Disraeli's dandified air, his trick of deliberate and impressive speech, his pallid complexion, his black curls, his eccentric costume, were enough to provoke the scorn of a commonplace house. But Disraeli was indifferent to ridicule. He stood his ground with his customary courage; if he was howled down, he was not dismayed. The day would come, said he, when they would hear him: 'When I rise hereafter in this Assembly a dropped pin shall be heard.'

No man was ever more sincere than Disraeli. His works and acts were all of the same piece. His famous trilogy—*Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*—is but an expression in another medium of his political life. In the early forties the middle class was rising to greatness, and in its rise was doing its best to crush all that was above or below it. To combat a dangerous situation a party had been formed of emancipated Tories, called the Young England Party, pledged to restore their lost comfort to the lower class and its dying influence to the upper. The leaders of the party were Disraeli, Lord John Manners, George Smythe, and Baillie Cochrane; their aspirations are eloquently expressed in Disraeli's trilogy. *Coningsby* (1844), in fact, struck a fresh note: it was the best novel of politics ever written, and save by its author it has not been surpassed. Admirable as were the early novels, brilliant as were *Venetia* and *Henrietta Temple* (with its magnificent portrait of D'Orsay in Count Mirabel), nothing that Disraeli had yet written suggested the ease and mastery of *Coningsby*. It was, like the others, a *roman à clef*. It is not difficult to identify the chief personages in the story. Coningsby is George Smythe, Disraeli's brilliant colleague; while Monmouth and Rigby are presentments, overcharged it is true, of the Marquis of Hertford and his friend John Wilson Croker. Some years later Thackeray tried his hand at the same portraiture, and a comparison of *Vanity Fair* with *Coningsby* proves that in some arts of the novelist Disraeli was incomparably the better man. But the three great novels upon which Disraeli's reputation is established are not merely sketches of character; they are also serious political treatises. No better sketch of English parties as they were at the passing of the Reform Bill exists than *Coningsby*. Tadpole and Taper, who never despaired of the Republic, are immortal. So, too, is Rigby, with his patriotic speeches and his 'slashing' articles. As in his earliest speeches, delivered at High Wycombe, so in *Coningsby* Disraeli went back to Bolingbroke and the theory of the Venetian Republic. And after Bolingbroke, the political influence of *Coningsby* was Pitt, who was determined that 'the sovereign of England should never be degraded into the position of a Venetian Doge,' and the three great elements of whose system were 'a widening of our electoral system, great facilities of commerce, and the rescue of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects from a Puritanic yoke.' But *Coningsby* contained more than this lucid exposition of Pitt's and Bolingbroke's views; it set forth, for the first time, Disraeli's opinion of the Jewish question. In the person of Sidonia, Disraeli celebrated the Jews, who are an 'unmixed race,' and foreshadowed his own boast that he was a full Jew because he believed not only in Moses but in Calvary. Indeed, *Coningsby* is packed with wisdom. Who will ever forget the cry, 'Register, register, register?' Who will ever deny the truth of the aphorism, 'No Government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition'? *Sybil* (1845), maturer in style than *Coningsby*, is also graver in substance; in its pages Disraeli pleaded the cause of the workingman with an eloquence which Carlyle should have appreciated and did not. He was not a Chartist, yet he would have accepted many points of the Charter. But if he put the case against the capitalist with amazing force, he did not denounce an evil without proposing a remedy. He dreamed of an aristocracy which was neither tyrannical nor oppressive. 'Toryism will rise from the tomb,' said he, with splendid optimism, 'over which Bolingbroke shed his last tear, to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty—to secure the social welfare of the people.' In *Tancred* (1847), the last of the trilogy, Disraeli preached once more his favourite gospel of the East. 'The East,' he said, 'is a career,' and he prophesied thus early that Cyprus should be ours, that the Orient should recognise 'the Empress of India as its suzerain.' For the rest, he declared that the two great stimulants to action were 'youth and debt,' and he drew in Fakredeen a man of shifts and expedients comparable to Panurge himself. But while in this trilogy he announced his political creed, he was practising in the House of Commons what he preached in romance. In 1845 he attacked Peel and his party with all the bitterness that was his. He declared that 'the right honourable gentleman had caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes.' In the same spirit of raillery he asserted that Peel traced 'the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle; his precedents are generally tea-kettle precedents;' and then with the note of deeper seriousness pronounced the Conservative Government 'an organised hypocrisy.' So he expounded the same gospel of Toryism

in book and speech; he had resolved into their elements our political parties; he had pierced 'the strange mystification by which that which was national in its constitution had become odious, and that which was exclusive was presented as popular.'

For five-and-twenty years after the publication of *Sybil* Disraeli deserted fiction. Once only within this period did he take up his pen, to write in *George Bentinck* the best political biography in the language. But from the fall of Peel he was the leader of his party, and it was his business to put into practice the splendid doctrines of patriotism which he had set forth in his novels. He led his party in opposition; he served it magnificently in office. In 1852, in 1858, in 1866 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Though he was the absolute master of his party, though he represented in his own Jewish personality all that was aristocratic and orthodox in English politics, he did not attain to the position of Prime-Minister until he was sixty-four years of age. Meanwhile he had educated the Conservatives up to his level of political intelligence; he had passed a Reform Bill which had baffled his opponents; and he reached the zenith of his power and influence when, at the Congress of Berlin (1878), he gave a practical effect to the dreams of his early life.

In 1870, as an interlude to politics, he had published *Lothair*, in some respects his most finished presentation of English society. If its purpose is less deep than the purpose of the trilogy, it is always witty and amazingly true to life. In fact, we know no better picture of the times than this admirable novel, which depends for its interest far more upon an intimate knowledge of human nature than upon the curiosity which prompts us to look for real personages in the characters of fiction. In 1880 was published *Endymion*, in which the author handled the old puppets with his habitual mastery, and yet invented no new drama for their performance. A year later he died, and was buried at Hughenden by the side of the loyal wife who had been the companion of his many triumphs, and of the faithful friend, Mrs Willyams, who had proudly served him. This is not the place to estimate the services which he rendered his country, but it may be said that he was not only the most skilful parliamentarian of his day—he was also a statesman whose foresight and resolution shaped the destinies of England. His life, apart from politics, was distinguished by a singular rectitude and a rare amiability. Though he lived and died a poor man, harassed by debt, he always subordinated his private interests to the public weal. His reputation in literature has been steadily growing since his death. The old legend of 'the Hebrew conjurer' has long been forgotten, and the man who was laughed at by far less intelligent persons than Carlyle is to-day generally recognised as a great novelist. He did not always treat the English language with the respect it deserves. But if he was sometimes careless in word and grammar, he never failed in the making of phrases. In this art his touch was as sure as Heine's own; and innumerable coins stamped with the impress of his wit have passed into the general currency. Above all, he was an acute student of men and women. He understood both the grandeur and littleness of mankind, and he revealed his knowledge to others with an uncommon sincerity. Yet no romance that he wrote is more splendid than the romance of his own life. If he cherished many ambitions, he gratified them all; and he presents the rare and happy spectacle of a career in which literature and experience are indissoluble.

Genius and Youth.

'Nay,' said the stranger; 'for life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret. Do not suppose,' he added, smiling, 'that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern time; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not: I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a Cardinal at fifteen, and according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven, the greatest of Frenchmen.

'Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He, too, died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well then, there were Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men left off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney-General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva; Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every Cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career!' exclaimed the stranger; rising from his chair and walking up and down the room; 'the

secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances! The history of Heroes is the history of Youth.' (From *Coningsby*.)

A Sublime Elopement.

It was clearly a runaway match—never indeed was such a sublime elopement. The four horses were coal-black, with blood-red manes and tails; and they were shod with rubies. They were harnessed to a basaltic car by a single rein of flame. Waving his double-pronged trident in the air, the God struck the blue breast of Cyane, and the waters instantly parted. In rushed the wild chariot, the pale and insensible Proserpine clinging to the breast of her grim lover.

Through the depths of the hitherto unfathomed lake the infernal steeds held their breathless course. The car jolted against its bed. 'Save me!' exclaimed the future Queen of Hades, and she clung with renewed energy to the bosom of the dark bridegroom. The earth opened; they entered the kingdom of the Gnomes. Here Pluto was popular. The lurid populace gave him a loud shout. The chariot whirled along through shadowy cities and by dim highways, swarming with a busy race of shades.

'Ye flowery meads of Enna!' exclaimed the terrified Proserpine, 'shall I never view you again? What an execrable climate!'

'Here, however, indoor nature is charming,' responded Pluto. ''Tis a great nation of manufacturers. You are better, I hope, my Proserpine. The passage of the water is never very agreeable, especially to ladies.'

'And which is our next stage?' inquired Proserpine.

'The centre of Earth,' replied Pluto. 'Travelling is so much improved that at this rate we shall reach Hades before night.'

'Alas!' exclaimed Proserpine, 'is not this night?'

'You are not unhappy, my Proserpine?'

'Beloved of my heart, I have given up everything for you! I do not repent, but I am thinking of my mother.'

'Time will pacify the Lady Ceres. What is done cannot be undone. In the winter, when a residence among us is even desirable, I should not be surprised were she to pay us a visit.'

'Her prejudices are so strong,' murmured the bride. 'O! my Pluto, I hope your family will be kind to me.'

'Who could be unkind to Proserpine? Ours is a very domestic circle. I can assure you that everything is so well ordered among us that I have no recollection of a domestic broil.'

'But marriage is such a revolution in a bachelor's establishment,' replied Proserpine, despondingly. 'To tell the truth, too, I am half frightened at the thought of the Furies. I have heard that their tempers are so violent.'

'They mean well; their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place. I flatter myself you will like my nieces, the Parcæ. They are accomplished, and favourites among the men.'

'Indeed!'

'Oh! quite irresistible.'

'My heart misgives me. I wish you had at least paid them the compliment of apprising them of our marriage.'

'Cheer up. For myself, I have none but pleasant anticipations. I long to be at home once more by my own fireside, and patting my faithful Cerberus.'

'I think I shall like Cerberus; I am fond of dogs.'

'I am sure you will. He is the most faithful creature in the world.'

'Is he very fierce?'

'Not if he takes a fancy to you; and who can help taking a fancy to Proserpine?'

'Ah! my Pluto, you are in love.'

(From *The Infernal Marriage*.)

In Praise of Debt.

Fakredeen was fond of his debts; they were the source, indeed, of his only real excitement, and he was grateful to them for their stirring powers. The usurers of Syria are as adroit and callous as those of all other countries, and possess no doubt all those repulsive qualities which are the consequence of an habitual control over every generous emotion. But, instead of viewing them with feelings of vengeance or abhorrence, Fakredeen studied them unceasingly with a fine and profound investigation, and found in their society a deep psychological interest. His own rapacious soul delighted to struggle with their rapine, and it charmed him to baffle with his artifice their fraudulent dexterity. He loved to enter their houses with his glittering eye and face radiant with innocence, and, when things were at the very worst and they remorseless, to succeed in circumventing them. In a certain sense, and to a certain degree, they were all his victims. True, they had gorged upon his rents and menaced his domains; but they had also advanced large sums, and he had so involved one with another in their eager appetite to prey upon his youth, and had so complicated the financial relations of the Syrian coast in his own respect, that sometimes they tremblingly calculated that the crash of Fakredeen must inevitably be the signal of a general catastrophe.

Even usurers have their weak side; some are vain, some envious; Fakredeen knew how to titillate their self-love, or when to give them the opportunity of immolating a rival. Then it was, when he had baffled and deluded them, or with that fatal frankness, of which he sometimes blushingly boasted, had betrayed some sacred confidence that shook the credit of the whole coast from Scanderoon to Gaza, and embroiled individuals whose existence depended on their mutual goodwill, that, laughing like one of the blue-eyed hyenas of his forests, he galloped away to Canobia, and, calling for his nargilly, mused in chuckling calculation over the prodigious sums he owed to them, formed whimsical and airy projects for his quittance, or delighted himself by brooding over the memory of some happy expedient or some daring feat of finance.

'What should I be without my debts?' he would sometimes exclaim; 'dear companions of my life that never desert me! All my knowledge of humun nature is owing to them: it is in managing my affairs that I have sounded the depths of the human heart, recognised all the combinations of human character, developed my own powers, and mastered the resources of others. What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? What degree of endurance have I not calculated? What play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors, I have disciplined that diplomatic ability, that shall some day confound and control Cabinets. Oh, my debts, I feel your presence like that of guardian angels! If I be lazy, you prick me to action; if elate, you subdue me to reflection; and thus it is that you alone can secure that continuous yet controlled energy which conquers mankind.' (From *Tancred*.)

The Crown and the People.

And thus I conclude the last page of a work which, though its form be light and unpretending, would yet aspire to suggest to its readers some considerations of a very opposite character. A year ago, I presumed to offer the public some volumes that aimed at calling their attention to the state of our political parties; their origin, their history, their present position. In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions, and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the history of their country and in the energies of heroic youth the elements of national welfare. The present work advances another step in the same emprise. From the state of Parties it now would draw public thought to the state of the People whom those parties for two centuries have governed. The comprehension and the cure of this greater theme depend upon the same agencies as the first: it is the past alone that can explain the present, and it is youth that alone can mould the remedial future. The written history of our country for the last ten reigns has been a mere phantasma, giving to the origin and consequence of public transactions a character and colour in every respect dissimilar to their natural form and hue. In this mighty mystery all thoughts and things have assumed an aspect and title contrary to their real quality and style: Oligarchy has been called Liberty; an exclusive Priesthood has been christened a National Church; Sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves the servants of the People. In the selfish strife of factions, two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England, the Monarch and the Multitude; as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the People have disappeared; till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a serf.

It is nearly fourteen years ago, in the popular frenzy of a mean and selfish revolution which emancipated neither the Crown nor the People, that I first took the occasion to intimate, and then to develop to the first assembly of my countrymen that I ever had the honour to address, these convictions. They have been misunderstood, as is ever for a season the fate of Truth, and they have obtained for their promulgator much misrepresentation, as must ever be the lot of those who will not follow the beaten track of a fallacious custom. But Time, that brings all things, has brought also to the mind of England some suspicion that the idols they have so long worshipped, and the oracles that have so long deluded them, are not the true ones. There is a whisper rising in this country that Loyalty is not a phrase, Faith not a delusion, and Popular Liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

That we may live to see England once more possess a free Monarchy and a privileged and prosperous People is my prayer; that these great consequences can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of our Youth is my persuasion. We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous. We must prepare for the coming hour. The claims of the Future are represented by suffering millions; and the Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.

(From *Sybil.*)

The Jewish Race.

The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempt to extirpate them has been made under the most favourable auspices and on the largest scale; the most considerable means that man could command have been pertinaciously applied to this object for the longest period of recorded time. Egyptian Pharaohs, Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, Scandinavian crusaders, Gothic princes, and holy inquisitors have alike devoted their energies to the fulfilment of this common purpose. Expatriation, exile, captivity, confiscation, torture on the most ingenious and massacre on the most extensive scale; a curious system of degrading customs and debasing laws which would have broken the heart of any other people, have been tried, and in vain. The Jews, after all this havoc, are probably more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon the wise, are found in all lands, and, unfortunately, prospering in most. All which proves that it is in vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature, which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior.

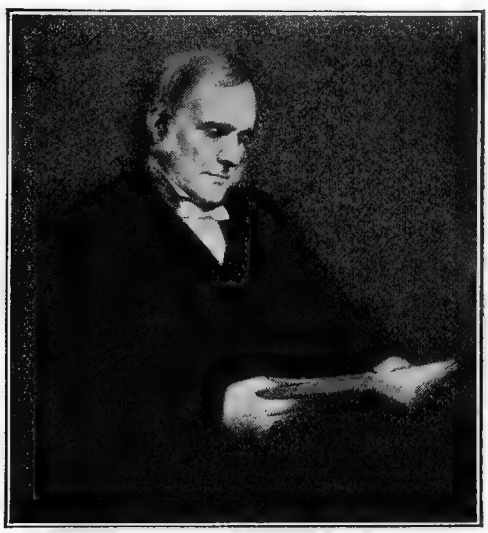
But the influence of a great race will be felt; its greatness does not depend upon its numbers, otherwise the English would not have vanquished the Chinese, nor would the Aztecs have been overthrown by Cortez and a handful of Goths. That greatness results from its organisation, the consequences of which are shown in its energy and enterprise, in the strength of its will and the fertility of its brain. Let us observe what should be the influence of the Jews, and then ascertain how it is exercised. The Jewish race connects the modern populations with the early ages of the world, when the relations of the Creator with the created were more intimate than in these days, when angels visited the earth, and God Himself even spoke with man. The Jews represent the Semitic principle; all that is spiritual in our nature. They are the trustees of tradition, and the conservators of the religious element. They are a living and the most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man. The political equality of a particular race is a matter of municipal arrangement, and depends entirely on political considerations and circumstances; but the natural equality of man now in vogue, and taking the form of cosmopolitan fraternity, is a principle which, were it possible to act on it, would deteriorate the great races and destroy all the genius of the world. What would be the consequence on the great Anglo-Saxon republic, for example, were its citizens to secede from their sound principle of reserve, and mingle with their negro and coloured populations? In the course of time they would become so deteriorated that their states would probably be reconquered and regained by the aborigines whom they have expelled, and who would then be their superiors. But though nature will never ultimately permit this theory of natural equality to be practised, the preaching of this dogma has already caused much mischief, and may occasion much more. The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the equality of man. They have also another characteristic, the faculty of acquisition. Although the European laws have endeavoured to prevent their obtaining property,

they have nevertheless become remarkable for their accumulated wealth. Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy: and it should be the interest of statesmen that this bias of a great race should be encouraged, and their energies and creative powers enlisted in the cause of existing society. (From *Life of Lord George Bentinck.*)

The best Lives of Lord Beaconsfield are those by Froude (1890) and Hitchman (3rd ed. 1885); but neither is satisfactory. A volume of his Letters (1830–52) was edited in 1887 by Mr Ralph Disraeli.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Frederick Denison Maurice (1805–72) was the son of a Unitarian minister, and was born at Normanston near Lowestoft, whence in 1814 the family removed to Frenchay near Bristol; and in 1823 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, thence migrating to Trinity Hall. His reputation at the university for scholarship stood high, but, being at this time a Dissenter, he left Cambridge in 1827 without taking a degree, and commenced a literary career in London. He wrote for the *Westminster Review* and other serials, and for a time edited the *Athenæum*, then recently started. His spirit had been profoundly stirred and influenced by Coleridge, and resolving to take orders in the Church of England, he in 1830 went to Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A., and was ordained a priest in 1834. In that year his novel, *Eustace Conway*, was published without attracting much notice. He became chaplain to Guy's Hospital in 1837; in 1840 he was made Professor of Literature at King's College, London; and there he was Professor of Theology from 1846 till 1853. He was chaplain of Lincoln's Inn from 1846 until 1860, when he accepted the incumbency of Vere Street Chapel, held by him until his election as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in 1866. The publication in 1853 of his *Theological Essays* lost him the professorship of Theology in King's College. The atonement he declared to be not a terrible necessity but a glorious gospel, not of pardon for sin but deliverance from sin; while Christ's definition of life eternal—and so of eternal punishment—he maintained was opposed to the popular doctrine, which he regarded as a mixture of paganism and Christianity. Amongst the views set forth in this and other works were the doctrine that the 'fall of Adam' is not the centre of theology, but an incident in the early education of the race, important only as representing the weakness of man apart from Christ; that creeds, the Bible, the Church, are valuable just in so far as they set forth Christ the King as the object of the faith of man, but as substitutes for that faith are only mischievous. Of some fifty publications, the most important (in many cases originally delivered as sermons or lectures) were his *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, *Religions of the World*, *Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*, *Patriarchs and Lawgivers of the Old Testament*, *The Kingdom of Christ*, *The Doctrine of Sacrifice*, *Theological Essays*, *Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries*, *The Gospel of St John*, *The Conscience*, and *Social Morality*. Maurice strenuously controverted Mansel's views on our knowledge of God, and denounced as false any political economy founded on selfishness and not on the Cross as the ruling power of the universe. He was the mainspring of the movement known as Christian Socialism, and the president of the society for promoting working-men's associations; and was also the founder and first principal of the Working-Man's College, and the founder and the guiding spirit of the Queen's College for Women, in both of which he taught. Though his views were those that came to be called 'Broad Church,' and he had many friends or followers who accepted his main positions, he vehemently repudiated the position of a party-leader. His influence extended throughout all parties in the Church and far beyond the Church, and he profoundly stirred and attracted men of the most various types. Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes were disciples; J. S. Mill and Ruskin acknowledged his power. He rather stimulated to like aims and sympathies than inculcated a doctrine. And it was with some justice complained that his desire to avoid dogmatic definition made some of his positions hard to grasp, and that he was obscure if not confused in thought. His originality and suggestiveness are in his published writings injured by his too great copiousness; but his expositions, though they often seem too like sermons, are constantly marked by profound thoughts and eloquent appeals to heart and conscience.



FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.
From the Portrait by Samuel Laurence in National Portrait Gallery.

A bibliography of Maurice's writings was published by G. J. Gray in 1885. His full name was John Frederick Denison Maurice. His Life, based mainly on his own letters, was written by his son, Major-General Sir John Frederick Maurice, K.C.B. (2 vols. 1884).

John Stuart Mill,*

the distinguished son of a distinguished father, was born in London 20th May 1806. His father, James Mill (see Vol. II. p. 757), was an intimate friend and follower of Jeremy Bentham, and his great aim in regard to the boy was to make him their successor. Writing to Bentham in 1812, when the boy was six years old, James Mill, in reply to an offer to be his guardian, remarked: 'Should I die, the thought that would pinch me most sorely would be leaving the poor boy's mind unmade.' James Mill goes on to say that he accepts the offer of Bentham so as to leave John 'a successor worthy of both of us.' Almost at the earliest dawn of intelligence in his son, James Mill began the process of making his mind. A firm believer in the doctrine of Helvetius that all the differences between men are due to education, the father lost no time in putting the doctrine into practice. In J. S. Mill's *Autobiography* we have a detailed record of the educational experiment. Mill states that he has no recollection when he began to learn Greek, but he was told that it was at the age of three. Latin he began to learn in his eighth year, by which time he had read a number of Greek prose authors, among them being Herodotus, Xenophon's *Cyropædeia* and *Memorials of Socrates*, *Æsop's Fables*, some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius, part of Lucian, two speeches of Isocrates, and six dialogues of Plato. Three years later he read Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Thucydides, and Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, which, under his father's supervision, he carefully analysed and tabulated. From his eighth to his twelfth year the boy had read Cæsar's Commentaries, much of Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, and a great deal of Cicero. In addition to ordinary arithmetic he had learned geometry and algebra; the higher mathematics he had to grapple with under difficulties, as his father could do little to help him in consequence of insufficient mastery of the subject. In English, especially in the sphere of history, his mind ranged over a wide area; Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon he read, and in the history of the Netherlands he took great delight. Imaginative literature was not specially cultivated, but the boy was made familiar with the old favourites—*Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote;* Scott's and Campbell's poetry appealed to him, but Shakespeare and Spenser were sealed books. In his thirteenth year Mill was introduced to studies of a philosophical cast; in addition, he was employed by his father in reading the proofs of his *History of India*, an exercise to which he attributed considerable educational value. In 1819 he was introduced to political economy, upon which his father during their walks delivered lectures, which were reduced to writing by the youthful student. These memoranda served Mill in after-years as notes for his work on political economy.

At this point was concluded the first part of young Mill's early training. He was now to come under new influences. In his fourteenth year he visited France and spent a year with General Sir Samuel Bentham, Jeremy Bentham's brother. During this period Mill learned French and acquired a taste for French manners and thought, which remained through life. Here, too, he began the study of botany. Chemistry in his earlier days had a fascination for him, but the passion died out through lack of facilities for indulging in experiments. In 1821 Mill returned to England and resumed his studies. Condillac occupied his attention, along with his father's *Political Economy* and the French Revolution. He also turned his thoughts to Roman law, and doubtless to help him in this branch of knowledge his father introduced him to Dumont's *Traité de Législation*, based on Bentham's writings. This book proved a turning-point in his mental history; in his *Autobiography* he relates how, when he laid down the last volume of the *Traité*, he became a different being. The principle of utility gave unity to his conceptions, and he realised that he now had a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy, a religion, the inculcation of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life. Other works of Bentham were duly mastered. He also studied Locke, Helvetius, Hartley, and his reading in philosophy was supplemented by Hume, Berkeley, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Brown.

So far Mill's education had been mainly of a solitary nature. He now began to move in society, though of a somewhat exclusive sort; he made the acquaintance of George Grote and John and Charles Austin, enthusiastic Benthamites. He became associated with a larger circle by his connection with the Utilitarian and Speculative Societies, in which were a number of young men who afterwards became famous, like Roebuck, John Sterling, Charles Buller, Macaulay, Samuel Wilberforce, and others. In 1823 Mill's professional career was decided by his appointment to a clerkship in the India House, where he rose through successive promotions to be chief of the office at a salary of £2000 a year. He remained at the India House till the transfer of the Company's government to the Crown in 1858, when he was superannuated on a pension of £1500 a year. Mill's interest in things political and philosophical continued unabated. He became a frequent contributor to the Radical press and also to the *Westminster Review*, which was established by Bentham in 1823 as an organ of advanced views. He edited the *London Review*, which was afterwards incorporated with the *Westminster*, in which many of his noteworthy papers appeared. Mill threw himself eagerly into the political arena. As an indication of his mental standpoint at this period some of the articles contributed to the *London and Westminster* are of great value; his famous pair of essays on Bentham and Coleridge show plainly that Mill's mind was finding the Benthamite horizon

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection "The Stationary State," page 445.

too narrow, and was yearning for an ampler outlook. As a philosophy of life he found Benthamism gravely defective, and he shocked his own immediate Utilitarian circle by a sympathetic exposition of the Idealism of Coleridge. Mill's dissatisfaction with the narrowness and hardness of the Utilitarian creed was intensified by a severe mental crisis through which he passed in the autumn of 1826, probably brought on by excessive intellectual application. The characteristic of the crisis was deadness of feeling, largely due, Mill thought, to exclusive devotion to the habit of analysis inculcated by the Utilitarian philosophy. He found relief in the poetry of Wordsworth. Out of this experience grew two convictions somewhat alien to the creed of his father and Bentham—namely, that while happiness is the test of the results of conduct and the end of life, yet it should not be pursued as the direct end but as an ideal end; aiming at something else, happiness is found by the way. The other conviction was that the Utilitarians took too narrow a view of education; they considered the individual too exclusively as an active reforming being, as mainly devoted to the destruction of error and the propagation of truth—a kind of intellectual machine. Mill now saw that self-culture, the culture of the emotional and passive susceptibilities, were a necessary part of education. His attitude as revealed in the essays on Bentham and Coleridge created considerable distrust among his old friends, especially the Grotes; but he never abandoned the fundamental tenets of the Utilitarian creed. Under the influence of men like Maurice, Sterling, and others who had come under the sway of Coleridge, he gave to Utilitarianism a wider meaning, so as to make it include individual culture as well as intellectual propagandism and revolutionary zeal.

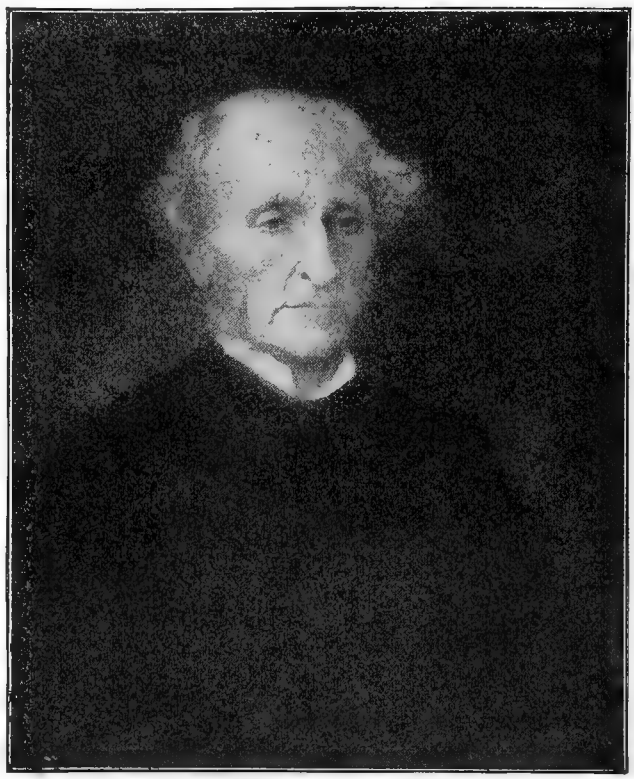
That Mill still remained true to his early faith was made evident when his *Logic* appeared in 1843. It had long been his opinion that the doctrine of necessary truths and intuitions was largely responsible for the strong hold which erroneous beliefs and hurtful institutions have upon society. So long as certain beliefs can be traced back to necessary truths, so long, he said, is it impossible to overthrow these beliefs, and so long will reformers spend their strength in vain in attacking institutions which draw their justification from these beliefs. Mill's aim in the *Logic* is to trace all thought and feeling to experience. The philosophy upon which it rests is mainly that of James Mill improved and strengthened, but in the main the principle of Association is used as the master-key with which to open the psychologic problems of belief and reasoning. The book attained extraordinary popularity; and those who dissented most widely from its views were bound to confess that Mill's work, especially the section dealing with Induction, was the product of a master mind. The *Logic* was followed in 1848 by *The Principles of Political Economy*. Here, too, Mill breaks away from his intellectual ancestors in some important particulars. The Political Economy of James Mill and Ricardo rested on the idea of absolute freedom. The laws of wealth, said they, are as fixed and inflexible as the law of gravitation. In his work J. S. Mill makes a distinction between the laws of production and distribution. The former he holds to be regulated by causes beyond legislative control; but the latter, he thinks, may be modified by institutions and governmental action. At this point Mill touches hands with Socialism, which his predecessors abhorred. He hoped to do in the nineteenth century for political economy what Adam Smith did for it in the eighteenth century; but instead of placing the science on an immovable basis, he succeeded in raising questions of such momentous import that since his time economic science has been in a state of chaos.

In 1851 a great emotional influence came into Mill's life. In that year he married Mrs Taylor, a lady with whom, during her husband's lifetime, he had been on terms of intimacy which met with the strong disapproval of his father and his most intimate friends. The tone of eulogy in which Mill spoke and wrote of his wife completely baffled his associates. Undoubtedly clever, Mrs Taylor was not a woman of transcendent abilities. Carlyle, when asked about her, said: 'She was a woman with a deal of *unwise intellect;* she was always wanting to know how and why and what for.' It would almost seem as if Mill's emotional life, so long repressed by his father and starved by a cast-iron creed, had at this epoch in his life burst its bonds and like a torrent flowed over without discriminating check. His extraordinary devotion to his wife is still to be seen in the inscription he caused to be placed on her grave at Avignon, where she died in 1858.

The years 1858 to 1865 were crowded with literary work. In that period were produced the *Liberty*, the essay on *Utilitarianism*, the book on *Representative Government*, and the *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* and other smaller productions, including a volume of papers on *Comte and Positivism*. In the book on *Liberty*, which is one of the best of his writings, Mill deals with a task which has baffled the intellect of all political thinkers—namely, the task of reconciling the freedom of the individual with the restraints rendered necessary by the needs of the social order. In society, restraints and compulsion there must be. What are their justification, and how far are they to be allowed to interfere with the liberty of the individual? These aspects of a many-sided problem are handled with a courage, lucidity, and grasp which stamped the book as epoch-making in the sphere of political philosophy.

The book on *Representative Government* raises anew questions which the old Radicals believed they had settled for ever. It was a favourite dogma of Bentham and James Mill that the evils of society had their origin in ignorance and mis-

government; hence their fervour in the cause of education and in the attempt to form a scientific theory of government. James Mill's famous essay on Government, which Macaulay attacked so furiously, rested on the assumption that the best form of government was one in which political power was in the hands, not of a monarch or an aristocratic minority, but of a democratic majority. In a word, when power is in the hands of the Community at large the problem will be solved, for according to Bentham and his school the Community cannot have an interest opposite to its own interest; thereby it was thought government would be no longer diverted from its proper end—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—by the sinister interests either of a king or self-seeking aristocrats. In his *Representative Government* we find Mill, as in his other works, calling in question some of the dogmas of his intellectual ancestors. He saw, what James Mill and Bentham failed to see, that there may be such a thing as despotism of a majority as well as of a minority. His book is a careful discussion of the fundamental problems of Government, in which, in his usual fair-minded way, he faces difficulties without shrinking, and though fully in sympathy with democracy, courageously points out its inherent defects and dangers.



JOHN STUART MILL.
From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.
(in National Portrait Gallery; Fred Hollyer, Photo.)

In his essay on Bentham, Mill gave indication of dissatisfaction with the narrow interpretation which the early Utilitarians gave of the emotional side of life. Happiness was conceived by Bentham in rather a crude fashion, the happiness associated with the æsthetic feelings being practically ignored. It was clear that in dealing with Utilitarianism Mill would come into conflict with the crude views of his predecessors. In his *Utilitarianism*, published in 1861, Mill, while holding fast by the greatest happiness theory of Bentham, endeavoured to give an ideal interpretation of happiness, which included elements which Bentham would have repudiated. He was on the right lines, but he had the misfortune to theorise before the new mass of information regarding man's origin and development had crystallised round the evolution theory; consequently, all that is best in the old Utilitarianism has now been incorporated along with his speculations in a new and more enduring framework.

In 1861 Mill turned his attention again to philosophy. In his *Logic* he had set himself to construct a science of reasoning on the lines of the Experience philosophy, but in that book root problems were not dealt with exhaustively. Now he seized the opportunity of travelling over the entire philosophic field by reviewing the Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton. What was intended to be an article swelled into a volume, and was published in 1865. Mill's starting-point is experience. The mind, he holds, has no original intuitions, is not originally supplied with necessary forms of thought. All we know is derived from experience. Experience of what? The answer to that determines the philosophic status of a thinker. The two fundamental facts of knowledge are Matter and Mind. What does experience tell us of Matter? In the course of his criticism of Hamilton, Mill reaches the conclusion that Matter can only be defined as the Permanent Possibility of Sensation—a definition which immediately links the Experience philosophy with Berkeleyan Idealism. And what of Mind? Mind, we are told, may be resolved into a series of feelings with a background of possibilities of feelings, of expectations and recollections. Mill, with his characteristic frankness, is aware of the difficulty of his theory. The supreme difficulty is to understand how with such a theory knowledge itself is possible. Grant that what we know of a material world is simply a series of scattered phenomena. Postulate

a unifying mind working according to definite laws, and there is a possibility of coherent knowledge. But deny unifying power to Mind, reduce Mind to a series of phenomena, and the question arises how out of the two forms of phenomena—material and mental—does a Cosmos rather than a chaos emerge? Mill's psychological theory determines his entire system of thought. If, according to it, we can know nothing of the external world beyond particular aspects of matter, and nothing of mind beyond particular aspects of feeling, obviously all our knowledge is limited to experience. Knowledge resolves itself into a recognition of particulars, and logic becomes the science of thought, whereby by means of induction and deduction the mind lays hold of the order which obtains among the various aspects of phenomena. In the last analysis, Mill's conception of the world is that of a collection of facts grasped by the mind by means of the law of Association, facts existing by no necessity but resting so far as we know on the arbitrary and the accidental.

Insight into Mill's philosophy gives the clue to the essays on Religion which, published after his death, created widespread surprise. He was bound to admit that the present system of things was not held together by any inherent necessity. The notion of necessity, he said, was the product of the law of Association, which led us to think that facts which had been always associated in our experience would always be associated. Thus in another planet things might be so arranged that two and two make five; even in this planet a supernatural revelation with accompanying miracles might well take place. We have no right beforehand to lay down the conditions of the Cosmos; all we have to do is to study phenomena as they present themselves and tabulate the results for our guidance. Thus it comes about that the Experience philosophy of Mill, with its rational induction, leads ultimately, as Taine put it, to 'an abyss of chance, an abyss of ignorance.'

Mill, who had been living at Avignon pursuing his philosophical labours, was suddenly called to another and very different sphere. He was in 1865 invited to become Liberal candidate for Westminster. He laid down certain unique conditions. He refused to canvass or allow any one to canvass for him. He announced that if elected he could not attend to any local interests. He refused to answer any question as to his religious views, and he declared himself to be an advocate of woman's suffrage. Mill was elected by a majority of some hundreds over his Conservative opponent; and in the House of Commons he showed himself very energetic. He was always to be found in the ranks of the progressivists, and with his usual courage never shrank from identifying himself with the unpopular cause. He never, however, was quite at home in the House. He was no orator. He could speak well, but his oratory was too intellectual for a popular assembly; and he never was able, had he been inclined, to sink the philosopher in the politician. Mr Gladstone has left on record his belief that Mill gave a certain dignity to the House by the singular moral elevation of his character—a characteristic which led the great Liberal statesman to call him the Saint of Rationalism. Mill did not long enjoy his parliamentary honours. At the general election in 1868 he was defeated by the Conservative candidate, Mr W. H. Smith (who ultimately became leader of the Conservative party), and retired to his philosophic retreat at Avignon. The defeat was attributed to the fact that Mill sent a subscription to the election expenses of Mr Charles Bradlaugh, the well-known anti-Christian writer and lecturer. Mill occupied his closing years with congenial pursuits. He was elected Lord Rector of St Andrews University, and delivered a Rectorial address on education. A friend said to him how good it was. Mill replied that it ought to be, for he had thought about the subject all his life. He issued a new edition of his father's *Analysis of the Human Mind*, and busied himself with his *Autobiography*, which was published after his death. Suddenly his work was brought to an end. Warnings of failing strength were not wanting; but though he was in his sixty-seventh year, there was nothing to cause anxiety. Indeed, three days before his death he walked fifteen miles on a botanical excursion. Attacked by a local endemic disease, he succumbed on 8th May 1873, and was buried at Avignon. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his speculations, Mill's name and personality will ever bulk largely in the history of nineteenth-century thought.

The Stationary State.

I cannot regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the old school. I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilisation, and those European nations which have hitherto been so fortunate as to be preserved from it may yet have it to undergo. It is an incident of growth, not a mark of decline, for it is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues; as America, in her great civil war, has proved to the world, both by her conduct as a people and by numerous splendid individual examples, and as England, it is to be hoped, would also prove on an equally trying and exciting occasion. But it is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising. Most fitting, indeed, it is that while riches are power,

and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favour or partiality. But the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward.

. . . . . .

There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for a great increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But even if innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and social intercourse has in all most populous countries been obtained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty or grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature—with every rood of land brought into cultivation, which is capable of growing food for human beings; every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up; all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food; every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary, long before necessity compels them to do it.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that a stationary condition of capital and population implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture and moral and social progress; as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on. Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference, that instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, that of abridging labour. Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish. Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall be under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight can the conquests made from the powers of nature by the intellect and energy of scientific discoverers become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and elevating the universal lot.

(From *Political Economy*, vol. ii.)

The Place of Art in Education.

If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue and feel it an object in itself and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel not only actual wrong or actual meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavours, as not merely blamable, but also degrading: to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great universe, of the collective mass of our fellow-creatures, in the face of past history and of the indefinite future—the poorness and insignificance of human life if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder. Thus feeling, we learn to respect ourselves only so far as we feel capable of nobler objects; and if unfortunately those by whom we are surrounded do not share our aspirations, perhaps disapprove the conduct to which we are prompted by them, to sustain ourselves by the ideal sympathy of the great characters in history, or even in fiction, and by the contemplation of an idealised posterity: shall I add, of ideal perfection, embodied in a Divine Being? Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato or Demosthenes or Tacitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers or orators or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in elevating it—in fostering the milder emotions, as the most exalted. It brings home to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and leads us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part; and all those solemn or pensive feelings which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously and predispose us to the reception of anything which comes before us in the shape of duty. Who does not feel himself a better man after a course of Dante or of Wordsworth, or, I will add, of Lucretius or the Georgics, or after brooding over Gray's 'Elegy' or Shelley's 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'? I have spoken of poetry, but all the other modes of art produce similar effects in their degree. The races and nations whose senses are naturally finer and their sensuous perceptions more exercised than ours receive the same kind of impressions from painting and sculpture; and many of the more delicately organised among ourselves do the same. All the arts of expression tend to keep alive and in activity the feelings they express. Do you think that the great Italian painters would have filled the place they did in the European mind, would have been universally ranked among the greatest men of their time, if their productions had done nothing for it but to serve as the decoration of a public hall or a private *salon?* Their Nativities and Crucifixions, their glorious Madonnas and Saints, were to their susceptible Southern countrymen the great school not only of devotional, but of all the

elevated and all the imaginative feelings. We colder Northerns may approach to a conception of this function of art when we listen to an oratorio of Handel or give ourselves up to the emotions excited by a Gothic cathedral. Even apart from any specific emotional expression, the mere contemplation of beauty of a high order produces in no small degree this elevating effect on the character. The power of natural scenery addresses itself to the same region of human nature which corresponds to Art. There are few capable of feeling the sublimer order of natural beauty, such as your own Highlands and other mountain regions afford, who are not, at least temporarily, raised by it above the littleness of humanity, and made to feel the puerility of the petty objects which set men's interests at variance, contrasted with the nobler pleasures which all might share. To whatever avocations we may be called in life, let us never quash these susceptibilities within us, but carefully seek the opportunities of maintaining them in exercise. The more prosaic our ordinary duties, the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling, in which every work seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done; where we learn, while eagerly seizing every opportunity of exercising higher faculties and performing higher duties, to regard all useful and honest work as a public function, which may be ennobled by the mode of performing it —which has not properly any other nobility than that which it gives—and which, if ever so humble, is never mean but when it is meanly done and when the motives for which it is done are mean motives. There is, besides, a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the beautiful, when it is real cultivation and not a mere unguided instinct. He who has learnt what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realise it in his own life—will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self-culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good; for it includes the Good and adds something to it; it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing. Now, this sense of perfection, which would make us demand from every creation of man the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or in anything we do, is one of the results of Art cultivation. No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth; but in Art the perfection is itself the object. If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist. Art, when really cultivated and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained; and by this idea it trains us never to be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are: to idealise, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all our own characters and lives.

(Inaugural Address at St Andrews, 1st Feb. 1867.)

Quite a library of biographical and philosophical literature has grown up round the name of J. S. Mill. No formal biography has appeared, but a great deal of interesting personal details is to be found in the Life of Mill by Alex. Bain, entitled *A Criticism, with Personal Recollections* (1882); in the *Utilitarians*, vol. iii., by Sir Leslie Stephen (1900); and Mr L. Courtney's *John Stuart Mill* (1889). On the personal side the main authority is the *Autobiography*. Expositions and criticisms of Mill's writings have been numerous. Specially valuable are the chapters on Mill in Taine's *History of English Literature*, afterwards published separately in book form. Sir Leslie Stephen gives an acute and sympathetic estimate of Mill in his *Utilitarians;* and an admirable book on the subject is Dr Charles Douglas's *Study of Mill's Philosophy* (1895). Among others are Mr L. Courtney's *The Metaphysics of Mill* (1879), George Grote's *Review of the Work of Mr J. S. Mill* (1868), and *An Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy of Mill*, by John Grote (1870). *Recent British Philosophy*, by Professor Masson (1865), contains a criticism of Mill's book on Sir William Hamilton; and in general literature are frequent references to Mill, such as Mr John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* (1877), the essay in Scherer's *Essays on English Literature* translated by Saintsbury (1891), *Journals of Caroline Fox*, Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1887) and Carlyle's *Life* (1889), by James Anthony Froude.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

William Ewart Gladstone (1809–98) was born at Liverpool, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, M.P., a wealthy corn-merchant there, of Scottish birth and ancestry. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double-first in 1831, he entered the reformed Parliament next year as member for Newark, still virtually a pocket-borough of that Duke of Newcastle who claimed to 'do what he liked with his own.' High-Church and Conservative in his principles, Gladstone was described by Macaulay in 1839 as the 'rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories' who 'reluctantly and mutinously' followed Sir Robert Peel. Gradually, however, the influence of Peel prevailed to draw him to the popular side, so that ultimately, after his electoral defeat at Oxford University in 1865, he became leader of the Liberal party. His political career, in the course of which he was four times Prime-Minister, covered more than sixty years, and displayed an untiring energy and enthusiasm unparalleled in English history. It is not here that the manifold aspects and incidents of that brilliant career can be described—the gradual progress in Liberalism, the masterly Budgets of the sixties, the 'reformation in a flood' which distinguished the first Ministry under his control or the Irish policy which was developed in the second, the ardour of his struggle against the imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield or the audacious energy of his latest adventure, when, in his seventy-eighth year, he declared for Irish Home Rule. Certainly no career in English politics has shown a more varied activity, nor has there been any English statesman who exercised more powerful influence in his day or provoked more bitter opposition. It is for history to decide whether his achievement was

equal to the strenuousness of his effort; but there is no denying that for the last thirty years of his life he was the foremost man in England. As an orator he was not among the very greatest, but as a parliamentary debater he surpassed all contemporaries and predecessors, not excepting even Charles James Fox. In 1894 he retired from office at the age of eighty-two, and the last four years of his life were spent (save for one final political outburst) in literary work. All his days he had been an eager scholar and a fertile writer; his activity in study and in authorship, indeed, was quite as remarkable, though not so important, as his energy in politics. His bent was strongly religious; he was deeply influenced by the Tractarian movement, and his first published work, *The State in its Relations with the Church* (1839), was an elaborate plea for the maintenance of a national ecclesiastical establishment as a teacher of religious truth. Macaulay's slashing review of the book, and the odd irony of fate which destined its author to be the disestablisher of the Church of Ireland, have made this earliest venture the best known, by name at least and at second hand, of all Gladstone's works. It was followed by many others in a more polemical form—notably the pamphlets on *The Vatican Decrees* and *Vaticanism* (1874-75), which showed him essentially an Anglican Catholic; his work on *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* (1890); and his magazine controversy with Huxley in 1890–91 on the Gospel miracles. In these later efforts Gladstone was somewhat hampered by his entire lack of scientific knowledge and interest, which made him, according to Mr Morley's testimony, quite unconscious of the greatness of such a man as Darwin. The same deficiency is conspicuous in his Homeric criticism, embodied in the three volumes entitled *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age* (1858), *Juventus Mundi* (1869), and *Homeric Synchronism* (1876), which are in conflict with the whole tendency of modern Hellenic scholarship. Gladstone, of course, was 'a scholar, and a ripe and good one,' but of the old school, and with all these Oxonian limitations which he himself at times discerned and confessed. Save in politics the intellectual currents of the nineteenth century seemed not to touch him, and his essential aloofness from them was indicated by one of the last labours of his life, the edition of Bishop Butler's works in 1896. Allowing for these defects, however, his culture was singularly wide and various, and his interest (in what attracted him) preternaturally active and intense; the library at St Deiniol's and the eight volumes of *Gleanings of Past Years* (1897) give ample proof of this. Yet his written works can hardly expect immortality: though always dignified, they seldom display, either in thought or language, that distinction which is the mark of literature. Gladstone is at his best not in his books but in his speeches, when the genius of the born orator often flashes out in resonant sentences that will live along with the choice periods of Chatham and Canning.

On the Reform Bill of 1866.

My position, Sir, in regard to the Liberal party is in all points the opposite of Earl Russell's. . . . I have none of the claims he possesses. I came among you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from them, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable service. You received me, as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas—

'Ejectum littore, egentem
Excepi,'

and I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the sentence in regard to me—

'Et regni demens in parte locavi.'

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity, and I may even say with some measure of confidence. And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must for ever be in your debt.

. . . . . .

Sir, we are assailed; this Bill is in a state of crisis and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall with it, as has been declared by my noble friend Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not the last that must take place in the struggle. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may bury the Bill that we have introduced, but we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment—

'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you: they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of Heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain, and to a not far distant, victory.

On Irish Disestablishment, 1869.

I do not know in what country so great a change, so great a transition, has been proposed for the ministers of a religious communion who have enjoyed for many ages the preferred position of an Established Church. I can well understand that to many in the Irish Establishment such a change appears to be nothing less than ruin and destruction; from the height on which they now stand the future is to them an abyss, and their fears recall the words used in *King Lear* when Edgar endeavours to

persuade Glo'ster that he has fallen over the cliffs of Dover, and says:

> 'Ten masts at each make not the altitude
> Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen:
> Thy life 's a miracle!'

And yet but a little while after the old man is relieved from his delusion, and finds he has not fallen at all. So I trust that when, instead of the fictitious and adventitious aid on which we have too long taught the Irish Establishment to lean, it shall come to place its trust in its own resources, in its own great mission, in all that it can draw from the energy of its ministers and its members, and the high hopes and promises of the Gospel that it teaches, it will find that it has entered upon a new era of existence—an era bright with hope and potent for good. At any rate, I think the day has certainly come when an end is finally to be put to that union, not between the Church and religious association, but between the Establishment and the State, which was commenced under circumstances little auspicious, and has endured to be a source of unhappiness to Ireland and of discredit and scandal to England. There is more to say. This measure is in every sense a great measure—great in its principles, great in the multitude of its dry, technical, but interesting details, and great as a testing measure; for it will show for one and all of us of what metal we are made. Upon us all it brings a great responsibility—greatest and foremost upon those who occupy this bench. We are especially chargeable—nay, deeply guilty—if we have either dishonestly, as some think, or even prematurely or unwisely challenged so gigantic an issue. I know well the punishments that follow rashness in public affairs, and that ought to fall upon those men, those Phaetons of politics, who, with hands unequal to the task, attempt to guide the chariot of the sun. But the responsibility, though heavy, does not exclusively press upon us; it presses upon every man who has to take part in the discussion and decision upon this Bill. Every man approaches the discussion under the most solemn obligations to raise the level of his vision and expand its scope in proportion to the greatness of the matter in hand. The working of our constitutional government itself is upon its trial, for I do not believe there ever was a time when the wheels of legislative machinery were set in motion, under conditions of peace and order and constitutional regularity, to deal with a question greater or more profound. And more especially, Sir, is the credit and fame of this great assembly involved. This assembly, which has inherited through many ages the accumulated honours of brilliant triumphs, of peaceful but courageous legislation, is now called upon to address itself to a task which would, indeed, have demanded all the best energies of the very best among your fathers and your ancestors. I believe it will prove to be worthy of the task. Should it fail, even the fame of the House of Commons will suffer disparagement; should it succeed, even that fame, I venture to say, will receive no small, no insensible addition. I must not ask gentlemen opposite to concur in this view, emboldened as I am by the kindness they have shown me in listening with patience to a statement which could not have been other than tedious; but I pray them to bear with me for a moment while, for myself and my colleagues, I say we are sanguine of the issue. We believe, and for my part I am deeply convinced, that when the final consummation shall arrive, and when the words are spoken that shall give the force of law to the work embodied in this measure—the work of peace and justice—those words will be echoed upon every shore where the name of Ireland or the name of Great Britain has been heard, and the answer to them will come back in the approving verdict of civilised mankind.

The authorised Life of Gladstone is that by Mr John Morley. See also the Gladstone bibliography in *Notes and Queries*, 1892–93, and Lives by M'Gilchrist (1868), Barnett Smith (2 vols. 1879), Archer (4 vols. 1883), Russell (1891), Robbins (1894), Justin McCarthy (1897), Sir Edward Hamilton (1898), Sir Wemyss Reid (1899), Mr Herbert Paul's article in the supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1901), and Mr Bryce's in his *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903). Gladstone's own *Fragment of Autobiography* (1868) is an apology for his policy of Irish Disestablishment. His *Speeches and Public Addresses* have been edited by Hutton and Cohen (10 vols. 1894 *et seq.*).

Dr John Brown (1810–82), the author of *Rab and his Friends*, was the son of the Rev. John Brown, an accomplished, saintly, and beloved minister of the Secession Church first at Biggar, then at Edinburgh; and the great-grandson of John Brown of Haddington, the author of the *Self-interpreting Bible* (see Vol. II. p. 646). He was born at Biggar, and was taught by his father till 1822, when the family removed to Edinburgh, and the boy had four years at a classical academy and the High School. After the arts course at the university, he began his medical studies in 1828, and became pupil and apprentice to Syme the eminent surgeon; and after a year at Chatham—the great cholera year—as a surgeon's assistant, he graduated M.D. in 1833 and commenced doctor in Edinburgh. His practice never was large, for he had too many interests to be exclusively professional; his ambitions were hardly those of the fashionable or successful practitioner. His life was quiet and uneventful, save that his latter years were apt to be clouded by fits of depression. His first notable literary work was a review of the pictures at the Edinburgh exhibition of 1846, written for Hugh Miller's *Witness* newspaper, and republished as 'Notes on Art.' In 1847 he contributed on Ruskin's *Modern Painters* to the *North British Review*. 'Rab and his Friends,' originally delivered as a lecture at Biggar, was first printed in 1858 in the volume of papers called *Horæ Subsecivæ* ('leisure hours')—a name subsequently extended to the three volumes (second series, 1861; third series, 1882) which comprise almost all Dr John Brown's writings and, as finally rearranged, appeared in a new edition in 1882–84. Editors and publishers had to 'pester' him to write, for he was more than most men distrustful of his powers, believing that none should venture to publish aught 'unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright.' Herein lay the secret of his writing so little, and of the surpassing charm of the little he did write. Dogs, children, old-world folk, friends gone before, and lowland landscapes—these are the subjects which he wrote on best; his essays on art and on medical history and biography are good, but it is not by them that he will be remembered. Humour is the

chief feature of his genius—humour with its twin-sister pathos ; we find them both at their highest perfection in his sketches of 'Rab' and 'Marjorie'—the uncouth mastiff and the dear dead child. The 'Letter' on his father is one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid by a son. To Minchmoor and Enterkin and Inchmahome Brown is what Wordsworth is to Yarrow ; to Yarrow he himself applied the happy epithet, 'fabulosus as ever Hydaspes.' Writing of nothing that he did not know, he wrote of nothing that he did not love, at least of nothing that he did not greatly care for—hence both the lucidity and the tenderness of his



DR JOHN BROWN.

From the Portrait in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, by permission of Sir George Reid, R.S.A.

essays. They rank with Lamb's, and with Lamb's alone in the language.

From the Letter on his Father to John Cairns, D.D.

One more illustration of his character in connexion with his riding. On coming to Edinburgh he gave up this kind of exercise ; he had no occasion for it, and he had enough, and more than enough, of excitement in the public questions in which he found himself involved, and in the miscellaneous activities of a popular town minister. I was then a young doctor—it must have been about 1840—and had a patient, Mrs James Robertson, eldest daughter of Mr Pirie, the predecessor of Dr Dick in what was then Shuttle Street congregation, Glasgow. She was one of my father's earliest and dearest friends—a mother in the Burgher Israel, she and her cordial husband 'given to hospitality,' especially to 'the Prophets.' She was hopelessly ill at Juniper Green, near Edinburgh. Mr George Stone, then living at Muirhouse, one of my father's congregation in Broughton Place, a man of equal originality and worth, and devoted to his minister, knowing my love of riding, offered me his blood-chestnut to ride out and make my visit. My father said, 'John, if you are going, I would like to ride out with you ;' he wished to see his dying friend. 'You ride !' said Mr Stone, who was a very Yorkshireman in the matter of horses. 'Let him try,' said I. The upshot was that Mr Stone sent the chestnut for me, and a sedate pony—called, if I forget not, Goliath—for his minister, with all sorts of injunctions to me to keep him off the thoroughbred, and on Goliath.

My father had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years. He mounted and rode off. He soon got teased with the short, pattering steps of Goliath, and looked wistfully up at me, and longingly to the tall chestnut, stepping once for Goliath's twice, like the Don striding beside Sancho. I saw what he was after, and when past the toll he said in a mild sort of way, 'John, did you promise *absolutely* I was not to ride your horse?' 'No, father ; certainly not. Mr Stone, I dare say, wished me to do so, but I didn't.' 'Well then, I think we'll change ; this beast shakes me.' So we changed. I remember how noble he looked ; how at home : his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. It was first *evasit*, he was off, Goliath and I jogging on behind ; then *erupit*, and in a twinkling—*evanuit*. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford, I asked a stone-breaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. 'Has he white hair?' 'Yes.' 'And een like a gled's?' 'Yes.' 'Weel then, he's fleein' up the road like the wund ; he'll be at Little Vantage' (about nine miles off) 'in nae time if he haud on.' I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate, neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in ; he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the midst of prayer ; his words as I entered were, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ;' and he was not the least instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride. He never again saw Mrs Robertson, or, as she was called when they were young, Sibbie (Sibella) Pirie. On coming out he said nothing, but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly.

From 'Thackeray's Death.'

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening—such a sunset as one never forgets ; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom ; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness ; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross ; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed he gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word 'Calvary !' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that

evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation ; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

From 'Marjorie Fleming.'

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. 'Marjorie ! Marjorie !' shouted her friend, 'where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?' In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs Keith. 'Come yer ways in, Wattie.' 'No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap.' 'Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw !*' said Mrs Keith. He said to himself, 'On-ding—that 's odd—that is the very word.' 'Hoot, awa ! look here,' and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). 'Tak' yer lamb,' said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid-neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face 'the angry airt,' and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure ! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter ; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be—'Ziccoty, diccoty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccoty, diccoty, dock.' This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers—he saying it after her—

'Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven ;
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven ;
Pin, pan, musky, dan ;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-wan ;
Eerie, orie, ourie ; you, are, out.'

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind ; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behaviour and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm ;* and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating—

'For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears ;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears.'

'If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—'

Or, drawing herself up 'to the height of her great argument'—

'I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit.'

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs Keith, 'She 's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does.'

From 'Minchmoor.'

Now that everybody is out of town, and every place in the guide-books is as well known as Princes Street or Pall Mall, it is something to discover a hill everybody has not been to the top of, and which is not in *Black*. Such a hill is *Minchmoor*, nearly three times as high as Arthur Seat, and lying between Tweed and Yarrow.

The best way to ascend it is from Traquair. You go up the wild old Selkirk road, which passes almost right over the summit, and by which Montrose and his cavaliers fled from Philiphaugh, where Sir Walter's mother remembered crossing, when a girl, in a coach-and-six, on her way to a ball at Peebles, several footmen marching on either side of the carriage to prop it up or drag it out of the moss *haggs ;* and where, to our amazement, we learned that the Duchess of Buccleuch had lately driven her ponies. Before this we had passed the grey, old-world entrance to Traquair House, and looked down its grassy and untrod avenue to the pallid, forlorn mansion, stricken all o'er with eld, and noticed the wrought-iron gate embedded in a foot deep and more of soil, never having opened since the '45. There are the huge Bradwardine bears on each side—most grotesque supporters—with a superfluity of ferocity and canine teeth. The whole place, like the family whose it has been, seems dying out—everything subdued to settled desolation. The old race, the old religion, the gaunt old house, with its small, deep, comfortless windows, the decaying trees, the stillness about the doors, the grass overrunning everything, nature reinstating herself in her quiet way—all this makes the place look as strange and pitiful among its fellows in the vale as would the Earl who built it three hundred years ago if we met him tottering along our way in the faded dress of his youth ; but it looks the Earl's house still, and has a dignity of its own.

We soon found the Minchmoor road, and took at once to the hill, the ascent being, as often is with other ascents in this world, steepest at first. Nothing could be more beautiful than the view as we ascended, and got a look of the 'eye sweet' Tweed hills and their 'silver stream.' It was one of the five or six good days of this summer—in early morning, 'soft' and doubtful ; but the mists drawing up, and now the noble, tawny hills were dappled with gleams and shadows—

'Sunbeams upon distant hills gliding apace'—

the best sort of day for mountain scenery—that ripple of light and shadow brings out the forms and the depths of the hills far better than a cloudless sky ; and the horizon is generally wider.

Before us and far away was the round flat head of Minchmoor, with a dark, rich bloom on it, from the thick, short heather—the hills around being green.

Near the top, on the Tweed side, its waters trotting away cheerily to the glen at Bold, is the famous *Cheese Well*—always full, never overflowing. Here every traveller—Duchess, shepherd, or houseless *mugger*—stops, rests, and is thankful; doubtless so did Montrose, poor fellow, and his young nobles and their jaded steeds, on their scurry from Lesly and his Dragoons. It is called the Cheese Well from those who rest there dropping in bits of their provisions, as votive offerings to the fairies whose especial haunt this mountain was. After our rest and drink, we left the road and made for the top. When there we were well rewarded. The great round-backed, kindly, solemn hills of Tweed, Yarrow, and Ettrick lay all about like sleeping mastiffs—too plain to be grand, too ample and beautiful to be commonplace.

From 'The Enterkin.'

One guard I remember well—M'George. He had been in the army, and was a gentleman—stern and not given to speak; even with his companion the driver he would let a whole day pass in silence—a handsome, firm, keen face. I remember well, too, when I had gone day after day to meet the Mail, to be taken into Edinburgh to school after my vacation among the hills, and to my rapture the Mail was full, and we came back rejoicing at the respite. 'Is she full?' asked again my grave and dear old uncle, six feet and more on his soles. 'Yes,' said M'George, with a gentle grin, and looking me in the face; 'she 's full of emptiness!' whereupon the High School boy was bundled inside, and left to his meditations. Our guard, I must say, came and looked in upon me at each stage, comforting me greatly with some jargonelle pears, the smell and relish of which I can feel now. I fell asleep, of course, and when we stopped at the Black Bull, found myself snug in the potentate's great-coat. All this impressed me the more when I heard of his death many years after. It was a snowstorm—a night of wild drift—in midwinter: nothing like it for years. The Mail from Dumfries was late, and the townspeople of Moffat had gathered at Mrs Cranstoun's inn waiting for it. Up it came. They crowded round M'George, entreating him not to proceed—'At Tweedshaws it 'll be awful.' But he put them aside. 'They' (meaning the Post-Office authorities) 'blamed me once; they 'll never blame me again.' And saddling the two strongest horses, he and the driver mounted and took their way into the night, stumbling dumbly up the street. The driver returned, having at the *Beef-Tub*—a wild hollow in the hills, five miles out of Moffat—given it up in despair, and in time; M'George plunging on, and not to be spoken to. The riderless horse came back at midnight. Next morning at daybreak—the wind hushed, the whole country silent and white—a shepherd saw on the heights at Tweedshaws something bright like a flame. He made his way to it—it was the morning sun shining on the brass-plate of the post-bags, hung up on a bit of paling—we have seen the very stake—and out of the snow stretched a hand, as if pointing to the bags: M'George dead, and, as the shepherd said, 'wi' a kind o' a pleesure on his face.'

'Stern daughter of the voice of God,
We know not anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.'

See Swinburne's Sonnet, *John Brown and his Sisters* (6th ed. 1903), and Peddie's *Recollections of Dr John Brown* (1893).

Bishop Colenso (John William Colenso; 1814–83) was born at St Austell in Cornwall, and graduating in 1836 from St John's College, Cambridge, as second wrangler, was elected a Fellow. Successively assistant-master at Harrow, tutor at Cambridge, and rector of Forncett St Mary in Norfolk, he published handbooks on algebra in 1848 and on trigonometry in 1851, and a volume of *Village Sermons* in 1853, in which same year he was appointed the first Bishop of Natal. He soon mastered the Zulu language, prepared a grammar and dictionary, and translated the Prayer-Book and part of the Bible. In a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans (1861) he rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment. Largely through questions asked and puzzles propounded by his Zulu converts, he became convinced of the improbability of many statements of facts and numbers in the Bible; and *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (7 parts, 1862–79) brought down upon its writer an avalanche of criticism, and was condemned in both Houses of Convocation. In 1864 he was deposed from his see by his Metropolitan, Bishop Gray of Capetown; but on appeal the Privy-Council declared the deposition 'null and void' (1865); and in 1866 the Court of Chancery ordered the payment of his income, with arrears—though Bishop Gray next publicly excommunicated him, and consecrated a new bishop, so that the feud of spiritual jurisdictions and theological controversy lasted for years. In 1874 Colenso visited England and pleaded the cause of Langalibalele, a dispossessed Zulu chief. He was author of *Ten Weeks in Natal* (1855), *The New Bible Commentary Literally Examined* (1871–74), *Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone* (1873), and a volume of *Sermons* (1873). His works on algebra and arithmetic are still standard school-books; his name is remembered as that of, for many years, the best-abused man in England; but his special arguments and contentions now occupy but an infinitesimal place in the established theories of moderate critics. He was prodigiously in earnest, but he was not a profound or widely-read divine, hardly in a professional sense a competent theologian; it was his peculiar hap, being not merely a Churchman but a bishop, to insist, in an inevitable and irritating way, on facts and figures, incredible or self-contradictory, which were completely irreconcilable with the belief in verbal inspiration then still professedly maintained by the orthodox British Churches; as Dean Stanley said, 'He made an epoch in Biblical criticism by his straightforwardness,' though Churchmen and evangelical Nonconformists now often frankly assume Colenso's painful results as foregone conclusions or assumptions, and in such works as the *Encyclopædia Biblica* propound theories much more 'advanced' than Colenso's farthest, and much more subversive of dogmatic orthodoxy. See Life by Sir G. W. Cox (2 vols. 1888).

William Makepeace Thackeray*

was born at Calcutta on the 18th of July 1811. His family had been settled for several generations at Hampsthwaite in the county of York. It was a large and many-branched family, whose energies were engaged in the army, the Church, the learned professions. As with many another English family, the rapid development of India after Clive's successes offered a new and attractive field to the enterprise of the Thackerays. Thus it happened that the grandfather of the novelist, also named William Makepeace, began his career in India in the year 1766, holding several posts in Bengal under the governorship of Cartier. It was distinctly a successful career, the elder William Makepeace Thackeray being a man of energy and capacity. By various speculations, notably as a mighty hunter and snarer of elephants and as a provider of live elephants to the East India Company, the novelist's grandfather was able to make a respectable fortune. In 1776 he married Amelia Richmond, daughter of Colonel Richmond Webb, a descendant of the famous General Webb who fought in the wars of Marlborough, and is figured in *Esmond*. The fourth child of this marriage was Richmond Thackeray, the father of the novelist. Like his father he entered the Company's service ; in 1807 he was appointed secretary to the Board of Revenue in Calcutta. From all accounts, including Sir William Hunter's interesting record, *The Thackerays in India*, Richmond Thackeray was a man of fine culture and artistic taste. In 1810 he married Anne, the daughter of John Harman Becher, and in the year following was appointed to a collectorship which was accounted one of the prizes of the Bengal service. Richmond Thackeray did not live to enjoy further advancement in the service ; he died at Calcutta in 1816, leaving one child only, but one who was destined to make his name immortal. The fatherless boy was despatched to England in 1817 to the care of his aunt, Mrs Ritchie. Sir Leslie Stephen relates that on the way home the ship put in at St Helena, where a black servant took young Thackeray to Longwood and showed him Napoleon —'eating three sheep a day and all the young children he could catch.' This impressive visit, it will be seen, was not forgotten when Thackeray came to write his lectures on 'The Four Georges.' The year following this voyage home his widowed mother was married to Major H. W. Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers. In 1821 the Smyths left India for England, and lived at Addiscombe, where for a while Major Smyth filled the post of superintendent of the East India Company's Military College. After several terms at private schools in the country, Thackeray opened an important phase of his life by entering the Charterhouse in 1822, where he remained until 1828. Of his school life he has left in *Pendennis* and other of his works vivid sketches, some of them distinctly disagreeable. That the Charterhouse should be transformed to 'Slaughterhouse' is sufficiently eloquent of the force of these first impressions. Later, it is shown that time brought some amelioration of his bitterness, and in *The Newcomes* the old school, with more seemly reverence, appears as 'Greyfriars.' But on the whole the 'pretty, gentle boy,' as he is described by his schoolfellow and friend G. S. Venables, felt no great liking for his school. Like some other men of genius, though he was not unpopular, and duly reached the first class and acted as monitor, Thackeray scarcely distinguished himself in the eyes of his masters. He has recorded that he was 'licked into indolence' as a child, and when older was 'abused into sulkiness' and 'bullied into despair.' Evidently, from this reminiscent summary, his boyhood was not marked by the light-hearted joyousness which some have been blessed with. One incident of his school-days must be noted, since it is connected with the literary pseudonym by which he first became known to the public. In a fight with Venables he had the misfortune to come off with a broken nose, which accident led to the characteristic adoption of the name 'Michael Angelo' prefixed to that of Mr Titmarsh. Characteristic, also, were the early proofs he showed of his powers in burlesque and parody. His passion for drawing whimsical or extravagant representations of his fellows found expression while he was still a boy. Naturally, the satiric impulse at first expressed itself in a frolic spirit in broad elementary fashion. He indulged his gift just for the mere fun of it. On leaving school he went to live near Ottery St Mary, and it is recorded that here he made what was probably his first appearance in print with a parody of Moore's poem 'The Minstrel Boy.' Like Pendennis, he made his contribution to the local newspaper. About this time it is said, on the authority of Dr Cornish, the vicar of Ottery, that he adorned a copy of Cary's translation of the *Birds* of Aristophanes with three humorous drawings in water-colour.

In February 1829 Thackeray went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. His stay there was but brief, for in the following year he left. Short as was his experience of university life, there is no doubt it stimulated his natural bias towards literature. He has said that he 'wasted his time' there ; the statement, however, must not be accepted with a rigid literalness. It was not unprofitable to renew his friendship with Venables, and to make others that were to endure for life with Spedding, FitzGerald, Tennyson, Monckton, Milnes, W. H. Brookfield, and other men who were to achieve distinction. In this society his literary tastes were proclaimed. He liked literary discussion, it is said, and helped to found an 'Essay Club,' of which W. H. Thompson, who subsequently became Master of the college, was a member. To a university journal known as *The Snob*—a title

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection "Sir Pitt Crawley Proposes," page 459.

one would like to think he invented—he contributed a mock-heroic poem on Timbuctoo, the subject of the Chancellor's prize poem, in competition for which Tennyson was successful. There were some characteristic couplets in this *jeu d'esprit*. He had a share also in starting *The Gownsman*, a paper established soon after the premature decease of *The Snob*. On leaving Cambridge he spent some time in Paris and Weimar, studying French and German. He applied himself in Paris for a time to the study of drawing, with the intention of becoming an artist; probably it was his distaste for the routine of study rather than the superior attraction of literature that prevented him from acquiring any mastery of the *technique* of the art. Drawing for him became henceforth the handmaid of burlesque and satire. At Weimar he seems to have delighted himself in the social life of the place, and like everybody met the illustrious Goethe, then in the enjoyment of a serene old age and the object of the world's worship. Thackeray's studies here were carried on, as he says, 'lying on a sofa reading novels and dreaming.' This admission, though it hints of idleness, must not be taken literally as implying a wasting of time. Thackeray's humour was apt to indulge itself in self-mockery of this kind. Anthony Trollope, in his contribution to 'English Men of Letters'—a book that suggests more problems of interest than it solves—has a great deal to say about Thackeray's idleness. 'He was always idle,' says this critic. He was not what is called a 'business man,' it may be admitted, neither as a writer nor as an editor. It is evident that Trollope looked upon Thackeray's 'idleness' as a very serious matter. He judged Thackeray by his own standard, and, as is well known, Trollope's method of working was specially regular. The truth is, it seems to me, that he exaggerates what was 'unpractical' in Thackeray. A man of letters is not to be considered idle because he does not produce daily a certain amount of work regularly in a certain number of hours. Nor is it necessary to assume that Thackeray was idle when he reclined on a sofa, reading novels or dreaming; far more certain is it that he was laying by stores of the material of sweet and bitter fancy. 'Je *cuve* mon sujet,' a great French painter said when his friends accused him of idleness. While he was living on the Continent his family wished him to study law, and on his return to England in 1831 he entered the Middle Temple and began to read for the Bar; but he speedily found the study extremely uncongenial, and delivered his mind on the subject in terms of vehement dislike. In the meanwhile he was being thrown more and more into the society of writers and artists, and about this time had made the acquaintance of F. S. Mahony ('Father Prout') and Maginn, then becoming famous as a writer and a wit. Coming of age in 1832, Thackeray inherited a fortune of about £500 a year, and with it the opportunity of gratifying an ambition that is not uncommon among literary men. In the following year he became proprietor and editor of a paper then newly established, known as the *National Standard*. This venture came to an end in a few months, and Thackeray lost £200 by it. The failure did not daunt him. With the assistance of Major Smyth, his stepfather, and of others, in 1836 he became engaged on another newspaper, the *Constitutional*, which, however, ran for little more than a year when the capital invested in it gave out. Trollope declares we have Thackeray's account of this speculation in the amusing description of *Lovel the Widower* of the purchase of 'that neat little paper *The Museum*, of the wheedling Honeyman, and the queer wine merchant and bill-discounter Sherrick.' The fortune that had come to Thackeray in 1832 had disappeared within two years; the loss is accounted for by the failure of an Indian bank, and by certain other speculations besides newspaper enterprises. It is supposed that, like



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
From the Portrait by Samuel Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery.

Pendennis, he had acquired expensive habits at Cambridge, among which was the taste for gambling. On the authority of Sir Theodore Martin, the vivid satirical story of 'The Amours of Deuceace,' told by Mr Yellowplush, was suggested by his own experience. Years after this period he pointed out in the street at Spa a gambler whom he had not seen 'since he drove me down in his cabriolet to my bankers in the city, where I sold out my patrimony and handed it over to him.' It was about the year 1834 that he was confronted with the necessity of working for a living. Although art was his selection, literature was to prevail. In 1836, the year of the starting of the *Constitutional*, Thackeray married the daughter of Colonel Shawe, of Doneraile in County Cork. The marriage took place in Paris, according to Mr F. T. Marzials, who first made known the official record, at the British Embassy on the 20th August. About a month later he began his contributions to the *Constitutional;* but the paper came to an end in the following summer, and Thackeray returned to London. Much more important than these newspaper speculations was the connection which Thackeray formed about this period with *Fraser's Magazine*. What were his claims to be included in the Fraserian brotherhood, in Maclise's drawing for the January number of 1835, is by no means certain. By 1837, however, he was a member of the staff and a regular contributor.

Thackeray was fairly launched on his career through his connection with *Fraser's*. His opportunity had come. It has been asserted that his subsequent contributions to *Punch* gained him immediate popularity. If the *Snob Papers* did more at the time to make his name known than the 'Letters of Mr C. J. Yellowplush,' or such a masterpiece as *Catherine*, or the *Great Hoggarty Diamond*—with which Thackeray signalised his admission to the Fraserian circle—the result was due to certain fortuitous circumstances. It is not to be regarded as an instance of the ephemeral triumphing over the more weighty literary production. When Thackeray began his famous studies, which may be called an Anatomy of Snobbery, *Punch* was rising on the top wave of popularity, thanks to the inimitable drawings of Leech. The subject, too, was 'in the air;' it possessed an irresistible social appeal. Now, although the snob is always with us, I doubt if any member of the present generation can conceive the prodigious effect the *Snob Papers* produced on early Victorian society. The theme was new; the exponent was a master. But now the edge of the novelty is worn down; and although we acknowledge the mastery, we are conscious of certain flaws, certain excesses and insobrieties in the satirical analysis that were not perceptible to the contemporary reader. With regard to the correspondence of Mr C. J. Yellowplush, it is different. Time has not modified the force and piquancy of these amusing sketches which ran through *Fraser's* in 1837–38. 'Miss Shum's Husband' diverts us as it must ever divert. The story of Mr Deuceace, which is told in two sections, is as clear and convincing an example of the blossoming that is the promise of genius as was ever produced by genius. This pungent and bitter little story is unmistakably prophetic—as the sketch of Crab the cynical nobleman alone may show—of the coming *Vanity Fair*. In the *Epistles to the Literati* the satire and burlesque of Mr Yellowplush deal with subjects that enjoy an imperishable vitality. The kind of poetry that is here satirised may take on new guises, but it never dies and ever has admirers of its specious charms. Inflated nonsense in blank verse still passes for poetic drama, and unreal sentiment for pathos or passion. Thackeray's criticism of Bulwer Lytton and Dr Lardner has been censured as savage. He lived to think it too severe, it is said; but I do not think there is any injustice in it. The story of *Catherine*, which appeared in *Fraser's* in 1839–1840, was professedly written in ridicule of certain popular or fashionable novels by Bulwer Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, and others, in which some criminal or vicious person was endowed with the virtues proper to a hero. The burlesque intent of Thackeray is now the least notable thing about *Catherine;* at the time, however, it served a very real purpose, and one that the author believed in all sincerity was eminently needed. There is no doubt of the seriousness of Thackeray's crusade against shams of all kinds, nor of the didactic aim that was involved in it. But, fortunately, his satiric humour was still stronger, as was also the artistic instinct in the story-teller; hence he does not labour with his didactic aim nor put it to an extreme. The reader of *Catherine* speedily forgets it altogether, and it seems to me that when the author recurs to it, in the person of the pseudonymous Ikey Solomons, junior, it is not without a suggestion of sudden transition, as if he too had been better engaged. After all, a little philosophic reflection convinces the reader that the ascription of heroic qualities to lawless characters like Jack Sheppard or Paul Clifford is a very intelligible and very human foible, of which Claude Duval and even Robin Hood are yet more popular examples. It would be easy to make too much of it; this, it is needless to say, is what Thackeray does not do. In writing *Catherine*, he set out to paint vice as a thing

> Of such hideous mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen.

He selected from *The Newgate Calendar* a story of murder of the most revolting kind conceivable, told with all the crudity and brutal realism of which plain prose is capable. For once those excellent attorneys Messrs Knapp and Baldwin, the compilers of that gruesome calendar, have no need, as was their wont, to moralise their tale; the horror of it, one thinks, could not be surpassed. Thackeray adopts but the mere framework. Without using one jot of the horrible

details of the narrative — deliberately, indeed, shedding the whole of it—he leaves an impression of horror which far transcends the original, and is in effect the all-pervading atmosphere of the story. Mr Trollope has little to say of *Catherine* but that it is 'certainly not pleasant reading.' To say that is to say nothing. Thackeray has provided the bald Newgate tale with an extraordinarily effective setting, in which we have something of a microcosm of early eighteenth century times and manners. The society, of course, is none of the choicest. There are those finished rascals, Corporal Brock of Cutts's dragoons, with his commander the showy and trivial Count von Galgenstein, and Ensign Macshane; the pretty and evil-hearted Catherine and the sottish John Hayes and young Billings complete the list of characters in the drama. All are sketched with the fine, incisive touch of the master, while the play of wit and irony is exquisitely light and spontaneous. There is evidence, indeed, that should have instantly proclaimed the new writer in *Fraser's* as a man of genius. Such, for example, is the scene in the Marylebone Gardens, where Galgenstein meets Mrs Cat after many years, and that which tells of the interview between Billings and the Count. Yet *Catherine* scarcely attracted any notice, and to this day remains underrated in general estimation. It may be worth noting the reference made in *Catherine* to Dickens, who had lately written *Oliver Twist*, where Thackeray ironically remarks that 'to tread in the footsteps of the immortal Fagin requires a genius of inordinate stride.' His next contribution to *Fraser's* was *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, a story of the risks that attend speculating in bubble companies, which appeared in 1841. Michael Angelo Titmarsh was announced as its illustrator. The story was no great success at the time, and it is said the author received an editorial intimation to shorten it. While it was in preparation he published, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, *The Paris Sketch-Book*, a collection of sketches grave and gay. Among these 'A Gambler's Death,' a cynical and Defoe-like story, may possibly be a 'true relation.' The characteristic 'Meditations at Versailles' must be noted as containing more than a hint of a famous passage in *The Four Georges*. Thackeray's next contribution to the magazine, *The Confessions of George Fitz-Boodle, and other Papers by Mr Fitz-Boodle*, began to appear in 1842, and made no particular stir. In the same year he went for a tour in Ireland, where he met Charles Lever, and the result of the tour was one of his most delightful travel-books, *The Irish Sketch-Book*, which was published in 1843. The opening month of the year following saw the first instalment in *Fraser's* of what must be considered his second masterpiece: this was *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*. The work originally appeared as written by Mr Fitz-Boodle, with the title *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*. But the incongruity of the association of Fitz-Boodle with Mr Redmond Barry must have struck Thackeray at once, and when issued as a book it appeared as the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*, 'Written by Himself.' Some judges have declared that Thackeray never surpassed this brilliant and amazingly clever study. It is certain he never wrote anything with more spirit and gusto than this life-history of a gambler. The humour and vivacity, the exuberant vanity and cynicism, the prodigious glorification of exploits the reverse of glorious, the exalted tone of suave complacency, that unfalteringly mark the whole recital constitute an example of self-portaiture of the finest and most finished kind. It has been supposed by some that the idea of the character was suggested by the *Memoirs* of Casanova; but beyond the accident that Barry is a gamester there is nothing in common between the two books. The reference to Casanova in Barry's famous defence of gaming is a mere indication that the Irish adventurer knew the Italian by repute; this, of course, merely implies that Thackeray was well read in the subject. Redmond Barry has no real resemblance to Casanova; he never forgets—in a genealogical sense—that he is a gentleman, though a decayed one. The qualities that give Thackeray's work distinction are decidedly not to be discovered in Casanova. While this convincing proof of his genius was being produced in *Fraser's*, Thackeray had established himself as a popular contributor to *Punch*, with burlesque and satire, verse and drawings. From 1842–43 until 1851 he wrote regularly for that journal, and seems to have caught the public interest with a completeness that did not at once attend the appearance of *Catherine* or *Barry Lyndon*. There were the 'Lectures' of Miss Tickletoby on English History and the 'History of the Next French Revolution.' These were followed by the amusing 'Diary' and other papers of the admirable Mr Jeames de la Pluche, with the exquisite 'Ballad' of Berkeley Square. These revelations of life in the 'hupper suckles' need but cursory reminder. The drollery of Jeames's contributions on current topics remains a perennial spring of delight, though some of the old topics cease to agitate us. Succeeding these came the *Snob Papers* in 1846, in which every conceivable type of Snob is sketched, dissected, or tomahawked in a brilliant series of satirical portraits. In the execution of these ridicule and sarcasm are used with an unsparing hand; but it is a light though a certain hand, in spite of the tremendous vigour of attack. There is no doubt that the attraction the subject possessed for Thackeray was peculiar and idiosyncratic. It never wholly deserted him. Much of the satire is still fresh and still applicable; the account, for instance, of the costumes of Miss Snobky and Lady Snobky, as quoted from the *Court Circular*, is not without parallel in our day. The author's comment still holds good of some

of our 'ladies' papers'—'Oh, mothers, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing that is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c. of snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?' In the year following the diverting 'Prize Novelists' began to appear. These wonderful parodies of Bulwer Lytton, Lever, Disraeli, G. P. R. James, and others are among the best of the kind. Some, indeed, are absolutely the best: such are the burlesque-parodies—for they are masterly blends of both forms—of Lever and James and Disraeli. The 'Codlingsby' is beyond question the finest, and in fact unique; it was a severe and unforgettable blow to Disraeli. After many years, in the last novel from his pen, he took his revenge with an exceedingly clever sketch of Thackeray. With these diversions must be named several minor writings of the period, the *Sketches and Travels in London*, for example, and M. A. Titmarsh's *Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, published in 1846, the result of a tour to Egypt in 1844. Thackeray had made a name and was rapidly increasing in reputation. Settled in Young Street, Kensington, he was now at work on the first of his great novels, *Vanity Fair*, which was to set him side by side with Fielding in the forefront of English novelists.

In *Vanity Fair* the genius of Thackeray found its first complete manifestation. To his contemporaries this brilliant satirical comedy was the revelation of a master; it appeared to them as something absolutely new—new in a sense it is not easy to realise at this date. To appreciate it, one must consider the fiction then current and popular. To us who study Thackeray's previous writings it seems a commonplace of criticism to say that *Vanity Fair* is naturally developed from them, and that it exemplifies, in ampler manner and with richer effects, precisely the same gifts of humour and satire, of analysis and observation. *Catherine* and *Barry Lyndon*, and the rest, are so many phases in a development of which *Vanity Fair* and its successors are the inevitable harvest. Here was the perfect fruition perfectly in accord with the promise. If the advance was consistently steady, the sum total of evolution was consistently logical. Few writers of the first rank have so clearly revealed in the first essays of their art the personality of their genius; there are many passages in Thackeray's early writings that might have been written in the prime of his fame and the maturity of his powers. Previously he had appealed to the smaller audience of magazine-readers. *Catherine*, for instance, was not reprinted from *Fraser's* till many years later. *Vanity Fair*, therefore, was not only something amazingly new to the public; its author was practically an unknown man. In this great novel Thackeray found his range and addressed the world. There was a peculiar significance in describing the book as 'a Novel without a Hero;' it was in the nature of a challenge. The novelists of the day, while professing to deal with life as it is, put forth the conventionalised hero and painted in the theatric back-cloth to suit him, evading the facts of life with a bland indifference to truth or verisimilitude. Thackeray would sweep away the cult of sham heroics and sham sentiment then fashionable in fiction. Such was his professed aim in writing *Vanity Fair*. It implied a new kind of novel—new, that is to say, to a generation that had forgotten Fielding and neglected Miss Austen. And like the great master with whose genius he had so much affinity, with much of Fielding's serene detachment from any kind of *parti pris*, with a knowledge and a command of his material comparable only with Fielding, he takes the world as the stage of his social comedy. 'Scenes of all sorts,' as he puts it, he gives us, in which the fool and the rogue, the weak and the brave, single-eye and double-face, play their parts as in 'the world of all of us;' while the inconsistencies, the blind inconsequences, and illusions of life are set forth with an irony that has something piercing in its conviction. A cynic showman, this of *Vanity Fair*, it has been remarked. And if it be cynical to paint the world as it is, to show selfish, clever schemers like Becky Sharp flourishing, while simple goodness and virtue, in the persons of Dobbin and Amelia Sedley, are sorely smitten by fortune, Thackeray's comedy is cynical indeed. But the deduction from this, that the author himself was a cynic and one who delighted in the display of his cynicism, is ludicrously contrary to all that is known of Thackeray's character, and completely refuted by the book itself. There have been readers who ascribe the sentiments of Miss Sharp, for instance, to the author himself. Probably, since humour and imagination are not the property of everybody, there will always be readers of this kind. We must all be cynics if, as is beyond doubt the case, we are all less interested in the love affairs of the amiable Amelia and the long-delayed bliss of the constant Dobbin than in the shifts and wiles with which the immortal Becky Sharp seeks to allure Jos Sedley, Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt, and the rest. It is the social campaign of this brilliant adventuress that yields the main action of the comedy, and in all the rich and diverse characterisation of the novel Becky Sharp is undoubtedly the supreme achievement.

Vanity Fair was issued in monthly numbers from January 1847. In November of the following year Thackeray's next triumphant venture, *Pendennis*, was begun; in this delightful novel he further exemplifies his theory of fiction, and he paints life as it is and the society of his time, uninfluenced by any controlling force save the satiric impulse. In the Preface he announces his purpose in the memorable reference to Fielding: 'Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN.' *Pendennis*, then, is another novel

'without'—in the conventional sense—'a Hero.' Young Pen has his good qualities, but they are inextricably combined with certain elements of weakness which the author, as was his wont, is determined the most careless reader shall not fail to observe. If Pen, for example, slips on the way of right conduct, he will not allow the effect produced to work silently on the reader. Thackeray makes a direct appeal to the reader's conscience, and challenges him as to the truth of his presentation of human weakness. Some, indeed, have found those interpositions of the author too emphatic, and others think them needless ; but with the majority Thackeray's method is both useful and popular, since it promotes a certain *entente cordiale*. Pen, however, with all his errors and his weakness, is an attractive young gentleman, and drawn with a sense of reality that is consistent throughout. The same admirable vitality marks the worldly-minded Major, the inimitable Foker, the memorable Costigan, and Warrington, who more nearly approaches what ladies consider a hero than any character in the book. Miss Laura Bell is perhaps somewhat colourless, and decidedly less 'real' than Amelia Sedley. In Blanche Amory, Thackeray gives one of his most penetrative and characteristic studies. One is not greatly concerned when it looks as if Pen will be captured by this artificial young lady, but it is impossible not to tremble for the impressionable Foker. One of the cleverest character-sketches in the novel is Mr Harry Foker ; the exuberant drollery of it is sustained with wonderful spirit and unfailing truth. Following *Pendennis*—though not immediately, for *Esmond* came between—*The Newcomes* was completed in 1854, and brought additional celebrity to the author. The story is somewhat looser in structure than *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, but its characteristics are the same, the elements of satire and humour are as fresh and keen, both in quality and application, as ever. In no other work of Thackeray are the illusions of life illustrated with greater poignancy. But it is to be noted of *The Newcomes* that the author's favourite moral, '*Vanitas vanitatum*,' is suggested with a tender melancholy that softens the satirical purpose. The youth of Clive Newcome is painted with a more genial hand, though the story closes with a gloom that insidiously effects the reader long before the curtain falls ; so, too, it must be noted that the disasters that befall Colonel Newcome in his old age are not merely to be accounted among the afflictions with which the irony of circumstance overwhelms unselfish and noble characters. The thought of affliction is entirely banished by the dignity of his bearing under misfortune. Everybody knows the suavity and beauty of the picture of Colonel Newcome's life in the Charterhouse ; the exquisite and incomparable final scene, with its measureless pathos and impressive reticence, is among the imperishable things of literature.

In 1852 appeared *Esmond*, a novel beyond question first of its class in English fiction, and also, I am inclined to think, the finest of all the productions of its author. The story differs from the rest in some remarkable ways. In the first place, it is provided with a historical environment that reveals both a close study and a singularly complete assimilation of the fruits of study. The success with which Thackeray has created the atmosphere of Queen Anne's age is universally admitted ; it permeates the whole book, and involves alike ladies and gentlemen, prince and general, wits and men of letters. Excellent is the skill shown by Thackeray in utilising his knowledge of our Augustan age of letters. There is no parade or ostentation. Nothing could be more lightly and dexterously contrived than the introduction in Colonel Esmond's narrative of Steele and Addison. And what admirable sketches those two are ! It is true, I must own, I have not succeeded in recognising Colonel Esmond's sketch of Swift ; but his impression of the Dean of St Patrick's is but a fleeting one, and I cannot altogether accept Thackeray's 'Swift' in the *Lectures*. Admirable, again, is the art by which the personal relation of Colonel Esmond acquires the impersonal tone proper to a narrative. What could better become the friend of Steele, a true gentleman and brave officer, than this sinking of himself in his story ? I do not take Thackeray seriously when, in a mocking humour, he called Esmond a prig ; perhaps he sought thus to revenge himself on a public that convicted him at length of having drawn a hero. In still deeper ways does *Esmond* differ from the other novels. With the exception of Becky Sharp, it must be admitted that the women of his novels are much less complex characters than the men. In Lady Castlewood and her daughter Beatrix we have two characters, differing as much as mother and daughter conceivably may, each with a certain waywardness of temper complicated by various antagonistic qualities, and both drawn with a delicacy of finish and a truth to nature that are unsurpassed. Thackeray has deliberately created a most difficult situation in their relations with Esmond. There is the mother's love of the man who loves her daughter. Baldly put in these terms, the situation appears intolerable. Thackeray's handling of it is consummately masterly ; without paltry evasions of the various points of the difficulty, and without the least transgression of the immutable conditions of the case, he makes a triumphant solution. Most readers, probably own a kind of divided allegiance to those two women ; for my part, I am of the following of the magnificent Beatrix. Who but Thackeray would have dared to work out inexorably the logical development of this proud, imperious, ambitious beauty? Who would not have faltered after that fruitless engagement of Beatrix with the Duke of Hamilton, and have fallen to some example of 'the happy ending'? Genius forbade that infelicity, and de-

creed the terrible crucial scene that closes the fortunes of Beatrix in this novel and stamps Thackeray as a master of his art. Between 1857 and 1859 *The Virginians*, a sequel to *Esmond*, appeared in monthly numbers. Like most sequels, it is by no means equal in ability to its forerunner, though it is full of the signs of Thackeray's genius. One has to confess, however, that the fortunes of the Warringtons are less interesting than the story of Harry Esmond, and the married life of Beatrix is also of a far less moving character than the days of her stormy youth. I confess to a dislike of thinking that the Baroness Bernstein, in whom the Beatrix of old yet lives, could ever have become Mrs Tasker. But something of disillusion was inevitable.

While the novels that have been mentioned were in progress, Thackeray had gained a great popular success as a lecturer with his 'Lectures on the English Humorists,' and, in America, with the 'Four Georges.' He had also written (while *Vanity Fair* was in progress) his 'Christmas Books' and his delightful burlesques, of which *The Rose and the Ring*, published in 1854, is perhaps the most charming. In 1860 Thackeray entered upon a new field of activity as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It has been said he was not a good editor; but it is certain he made the new magazine a prodigious success. In its pages appeared the novels *Lovel the Widower* and *The Adventures of Philip*. In the amusing series of 'Roundabout Papers' he expressed his views on many topics with a gaiety and ease which make those occasional papers the most fascinating of essays. Of his last novel, *Denis Duval*, which was left unfinished, it has been well observed by Sir Leslie Stephen that 'it gave great promise of a return to his old standard'—the standard of *Esmond*, one may observe. But what might have been can only be conjectured. In the early morning of the 20th of December 1863, after an attack of illness the previous evening, the great novelist died. He was only in his fifty-third year.

Sir Pitt Crawley Proposes.

The news of Lady Crawley's death provoked no more grief or comment than might have been expected in Miss Crawley's family circle. 'I suppose I must put off my party for the 3rd,' Miss Crawley said; and added, after a pause, 'I hope my brother will have the decency not to marry again.' 'What a confounded rage Pitt will be in if he does!' Rawdon remarked, with his usual regard for his elder brother. Rebecca said nothing. She seemed by far the gravest and most impressed of the family. She left the room before Rawdon went away that day; but they met by chance below, as he was going away after taking leave, and had a parley together.

On the morrow, as Rebecca was gazing from the window, she startled Miss Crawley, who was placidly occupied with a French novel, by crying out in an alarmed tone, 'Here's Sir Pitt, Ma'am!' and the Baronet's knock followed this announcement.

'My dear, I can't see him. I won't see him. Tell Bowls not at home, or go downstairs and say I'm too ill to receive any one. My nerves really won't bear my brother at this moment,' cried out Miss Crawley, and resumed the novel.

'She's too ill to see you, sir,' Rebecca said, tripping down to Sir Pitt, who was preparing to ascend.

'So much the better,' Sir Pitt answered. 'I want to see *you*, Miss Becky. Come along a me into the parlour,' and they entered that apartment together.

'I wawnt you back at Queen's Crawley, Miss,' the Baronet said, fixing his eyes upon her, and taking off his black gloves and his hat with its great crape hat-band. His eyes had such a strange look, and fixed upon her so steadfastly, that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble.

'I hope to come soon,' she said in a low voice, 'as soon as Miss Crawley is better—and return to—to the dear children.'

'You've said so these three months, Becky,' replied Sir Pitt, 'and still you go hanging on to my sister, who'll fling you off like an old shoe when she's wore you out. I tell you I *want* you. I'm going back to the Vuneral. Will you come back? Yes or no?'

'I daren't—I don't think—it would be right—to be alone—with you, sir,' Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

'I say agin, I want you,' Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. 'I can't git on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You *must* come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come.'

'Come—as what, sir?' Rebecca gasped out.

'Come as Lady Crawley, if you like,' the Baronet said, grasping his crape hat. 'There! will that zatusfy you? Come back and be my wife. Your vit vor't. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the county. Will you come? Yes or no?'

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' Rebecca said, very much moved.

'Say yes, Becky,' Sir Pitt continued. 'I'm an old man, but a good 'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like; spend what you like; and 'av it all your own way. I'll make you a zettlement. I'll do everything reg'lar. Look year!' and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind; but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' she said. Oh, sir—I—I'm *married already*.'

(From *Vanity Fair*.)

Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne.

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He

was in the ball-dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair-head. Nobody was stirring in the house besides—all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before: a hoarse voice shouted 'Brava! Brava!'—it was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sate. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband; and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh, and came forward holding out his hand. 'What, come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?' he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. 'I am innocent, Rawdon,' she said; 'before God, I am innocent.' She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. 'I am innocent.—Say I am innocent,' she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. 'You innocent! Damn you!' he screamed out. 'You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You 're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;' and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. 'You lie, you dog!' said Rawdon. 'You lie, you coward and villain!' And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

'Come here,' he said.—She came up at once.

'Take off those things.'—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering, and looking up at him. 'Throw them down,' he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

'Come upstairs,' Rawdon said to his wife. 'Don't kill me, Rawdon,' she said. He laughed savagely.—'I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?'

'No,' said Rebecca; 'that is'——

'Give me your keys,' Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one; and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

'Did he give you this?' Rawdon said.

'Yes,' Rebecca answered.

'I 'll send it to him to-day,' Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), 'and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you.'

'I am innocent,' said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about—dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go downstairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. Would he kill himself? she thought. Not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely, and profitless! Should she take laudanum, and end it, too—have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position—sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, and in Steyne's pay. 'Mon Dieu, Madame, what has happened?' she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips, or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away.

(From *Vanity Fair*.)

Henry Esmond Returns from the Wars.

'And now we are drawing near to home,' she continued, 'I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after

that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it: how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child: but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall.'

'He gave me his blessing on his death-bed,' Esmond said. 'Thank God for that legacy!'

'Amen, amen! dear Henry,' said the lady, pressing his arm. 'I knew it. Mr Atterbury of St Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it.'

'You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner,' Mr Esmond said.

'I know it, I know it,' she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. 'I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head.'

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

'Do you know what day it is?' she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke: she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

'If—if 'tis so, dear lady,' Mr Esmond said, 'why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon—and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us—gave his ancestor. Frank will give us that. No man there will ask if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is.'

'And my children—and my duty—and my good father, Henry?' she broke out. 'He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen's reign; and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies—it scares me. They will come and visit me; and you will, sometimes, Henry—yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more.'

'I would leave all to follow you,' said Mr Esmond; 'and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?'

'Hush, boy!' she said, and it was with a mother's sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke. 'The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still—yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart; and knows the tears that have washed my sin away—and now—now my duty is here, by my children whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and'——

'And not by me?' Henry said.

'Hush!' she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. 'I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh! it is horrid to look back to that time. It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry—no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to college? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution—both—and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven.'

'I think the angels are not all in heaven,' Mr Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart, and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast, so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

(From *Esmond.*)

Beatrix Esmond welcomes Captain Henry Esmond.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark: her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

'She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes,' says my lord, still laughing, 'Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the Captain?' She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

'Stop,' she said, 'I am grown too big! Welcome, cousin Harry,' and she made him an arch curtsey, sweeping down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

'*N'est-ce pas?*' says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, rapt in admiration of the *filia pulcrior*.

'Right foot forward, toe turned out, so: now drop the curtsey, and show the red stockings, Trix. They 've silver clocks, Harry. The Dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on,' cries my lord.

'Hush, you stupid child!' says Miss, smothering her brother with kisses; and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry, over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said, 'Oh, Harry, we 're so, *so* glad you 're come!'

(From *Esmond.*)

The Death of Colonel Newcome.

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was extremely bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr Goodenough, came to him; he hoped too: but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him, 'Codd Colonel.' 'Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him;' and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr Raine and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr Senior. . . .

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face: and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a

boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, 'Toujours, toujours!' But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. 'He is very bad; he wanders a great deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, 'Take care of him when I'm in India;' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, 'Léonore, Léonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

(From *The Newcomes*.)

At his own wish, Thackeray's family published no Life of the novelist. His daughter, Mrs Richmond Ritchie, contributed valuable material to the 'biographical' edition of his works (1898–99); her *Chapters from some Memoirs* (1894) give reminiscences of his later years. Mrs Ritchie also contributed to the article by Sir Leslie Stephen—the chief authority on the subject—in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In the 'Great Writers' series there is a *Life* by Herman Merivale and F. T. Marzials. Another biography is by Anthony Trollope in the 'English Men of Letters' series. *The Thackerays in India*, by Sir William Hunter, and two books by Mr Eyre Crowe, the artist—*With Thackeray in America* and *Thackeray's Haunts and Homes*—contain interesting matter, the first-named volume with regard to Thackeray's progenitors. There are many references to the novelist in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Mrs Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Hayward's *Correspondence*, the *Personal Recollections* of Sir Frederick Pollock, and in many other works by contemporary writers.

Thackeray's works as published are: *Flore et Zephyr* (eight lithographs by E. Morton, after sketches by Thackeray; 1836); *The Paris Sketch-Book* (1840); *Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank* (1840); *Comic Tales and Sketches, edited and illustrated by Mr Michael Angelo Titmarsh* (1841); *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* and *The Chronicles of the Drum* (1841); *The Irish Sketch-Book* (1843); *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, &c. (1846); *Mrs Perkins's Ball* (1847); *Vanity Fair* (1848); *The Book of Snobs* (1848); *Our Street* (1848); *The History of Pendennis* (1849–50); *Dr Birch and his Young Friends* (1849); *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond* (1849); *Rebecca and Rowena*, illustrated by R. Doyle (1850); *Sketches after English Landscape Painters, by S. Marvy, with short notices by W. M. Thackeray* (1850); *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* (1850); *The History of Henry Esmond* (1852); *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* (1853); *The Newcomes*, illustrated by R. Doyle (1854–55); *The Rose and the Ring* (1855); *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (4 vols., comprising *Barry Lyndon*, &c.; 1855); *The Virginians* (1858–59); *Lovel the Widower* (1861); *The Four Georges* (1861); *The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World* (1862); *Roundabout Papers* (1863); *Denis Duval* (1867); *The Orphan of Pimlico, and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings*, edited by A. T. Thackeray (1876); *Etchings by the late W. M. Thackeray while at Cambridge* (1878); *Letters—1847–1855*, with Introduction by Mrs Brookfield (1887); *Sultan Stork, and other Stories*, with Bibliography by R. H. Shepherd (1887); *Loose Sketches, An Eastern Adventure*, &c. (1894). The first library edition of Thackeray appeared in 1867–69, in twenty-two volumes. Several other editions followed, until in 1883–85 the 'Standard' edition, in twenty-six volumes, came out. To this edition were added certain contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, such as *Catherine*, some newly collected papers from *Punch*, and other *miscellanea*. The 'biographical' edition has been already mentioned. There have been many other editions which need no particular reference.

J. A. BLAIKIE.

Tom Taylor (1817–80), born at Sunderland, studied at Glasgow and Trinity College, Cambridge, came out third classic in 1840, and was elected to a fellowship. Professor of English for two years at University College, London, he was called to the Bar in 1845, and held the office of secretary to the Board of Health and the Local Government Board from 1854 till 1871, when he retired with a pension. It was computed that he produced about a hundred dramatic pieces, original and translated, many of them highly successful, such as *Masks and Faces* (with Charles Reade), *Our American Cousin* (in which Sothern created 'Lord Dundreary'), *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Victims*, *An Unequal Match*, *The Contested Election*, *The Overland Route*, *The Fool's Revenge* (from Victor Hugo), *'Twixt Axe and Crown* (an adaptation from a German original), and *Joan of Arc*. The three last mentioned are historical dramas of a higher order than the others, and to *Joan of Arc* Mrs Tom Taylor (Laura Barker, a musical composer) contributed an original overture and entr'acte. At a Literary Fund banquet in June 1873 Tom Taylor said that, 'while serving literature as his mistress, he had served the State as his master—a jealous one, like the law, if not so jealous—and while contributing largely to literature grave and gay, by help of the invaluable three hours before breakfast, he had given the daily labour of twenty-two of his best years to the duties of a public office.' Besides creating—or manufacturing—his dramatic pieces, Tom Taylor was a steady contributor to *Punch*, and on the death of Shirley Brooks in 1874 succeeded him as editor. He gave to biographical literature the *Autobiography of B. R. Haydon* (1853), compiled and edited from the journals of that unfortunate artist; also the *Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A.* (1859), and the *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds* (1865)—the last commenced by Leslie shortly before his death.

Charles Dickens*

was born on the 7th of February 1812 in Landport near Portsea, his father, John Dickens, being at that time a clerk in the Navy Pay-Office in Portsmouth at a salary of eighty pounds a year. His mother was Elizabeth Barrow, daughter of a lieutenant in the navy, and Charles was the second of the eight children whom she bore to her husband. He received the rudiments of education from his mother. Not being a very strong or healthy child, he was thrown back at a very early age on the companionship of books. Fielding, Smollett, Lesage, and Cervantes were his friends when his health forbade him to take part in the sports of childhood. Quite early, too, he visited theatres in company with James Lamert, a family connection, and thus began to acquire a taste for the stage which lasted throughout his life. At Chatham, whither the family had removed when Charles was four years old, they stayed till 1823, when John Dickens, whose salary had by that time been increased to £350 a year, was called to duty in London at Somerset House, taking lodgings with his wife and children in Bayham Street, Camden Town. Before this Charles had had a year or two at school under Mr Giles, a Baptist minister at Chatham. John Dickens, however—whose character has been drawn for us by Dickens himself in Mr Micawber—at this time became involved in money troubles. The boy's education was in consequence utterly neglected; he blacked the family boots and helped his mother with the younger children, but he still managed to get books and gratify his taste for reading. Eventually the patience of John Dickens's creditors was exhausted, and he was arrested for debt and lodged in the Marshalsea. Charles was provided for by being placed in a blacking warehouse, his chief occupation being the sticking of labels on bottles. On this period of his life he ever afterwards looked back with detestation and bitterness. The family later on followed the father to the Marshalsea and lodged there with him. Later again they moved to Camden Town, Charles, however, remaining, not in, but close to, the prison in another lodging.

Fortunately this period of misery and degradation was not a long one. John Dickens was able at last to pay his debts and to secure his release. In 1825 he left the public service on a pension, and eventually became employed as a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*. Charles in the meantime had been sent to school, in his thirteenth year, at the Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road, where he stayed two years. After a short interval spent at another school he became a clerk in an attorney's office, first in Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards, from 1827 to 1828, in Gray's Inn. He was now, and had been for some years past, in vigorous health, and he resolved to take every opportunity to improve his education and his prospects by his own efforts. He read in the British Museum, and became a skilful writer of shorthand. He now obtained the post of reporter for the *True Sun* in the gallery of the House of Commons, and in 1835 transferred himself to the *Morning Chronicle*, the managers of which soon learned to appreciate his remarkable skill and quickness. By them he was sent to meetings all over the country, and in this way acquired that varied experience both of adventures and of people which was to serve him so well later on. From reporting he soon turned to original work. The first article of the series now known as *Sketches by Boz* appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for December 1833, though it was not until the following August that he used the signature 'Boz,' the nickname of his youngest brother. Begun in the *Monthly Magazine*, the series was continued in the *Evening Chronicle*, an offshoot of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which Dickens was now attached at a weekly salary of seven guineas. In March 1836 the sketches appeared in book form, published by Macrone, who had paid Dickens £150 for the copyright. On 2nd April of the same year Dickens was married to Catherine Hogarth, the eldest daughter of his friend and colleague George Hogarth. At about this time, too, Dickens was writing in a small way for the stage. One piece, *Is She His Wife? or Something Singular*, a comic burletta, was produced at the St James's Theatre in March 1836; another, *The Strange Gentleman*, also a comic burletta, at the same theatre in the following September. Now came the crisis in Dickens's career. Chapman & Hall the publishers were negotiating with Seymour the artist for the publication of a series of plates illustrative of cockney sportsmen. Dickens was applied to by them to write the letterpress. At his suggestion the cockney sporting notion was abandoned, the Pickwick Club was adopted as a basis, and the publication of the monthly parts began in April 1836, Dickens receiving a payment of £15, 15s. a number. Shortly before the appearance of the second number Seymour had committed suicide, and, for one number (the third), R. W. Buss replaced him. Thackeray amongst others had applied for the vacant post, but eventually Hablot K. Brown ('Phiz') was chosen by Dickens to be his illustrator. The success of *The Pickwick Papers* was enormous. Of the first number four hundred copies were prepared; by the time the fifteenth had been reached the sale had increased a hundredfold, and Dickens's fortune was practically made. *Oliver Twist* began to appear (January 1837) in *Bentley's Miscellany* before *Pickwick* ended, and ran on to March 1839; and long before *Oliver* was finished *Nicholas Nickleby* began. After a short interval *Master Humphrey's Clock* began to appear once a week. Originally this series was to have consisted of detached papers, humorous and satirical, and stories; this plan and the title, however, were soon absorbed into *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. The last number of this series appeared on 27th November 1841. In January

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection "Mr Lenville's Apology," page 470.

1842 Dickens sailed for America, with a view to breaking new ground for his next book. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm. This feeling, however, gave way to resentment upon the appearance of *American Notes*, and resentment was followed by a storm of obloquy when *Martin Chuzzlewit* (January 1843 to August 1844) showed Dickens as a merciless satirist of a large number of American characteristics and institutions. The year 1843 saw the appearance of *The Christmas Carol*, the first of the Christmas books. There were four successors—*The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man*. From July 1844 to June 1845 Dickens spent the greater part of his time in Italy. In January 1846 he became the first editor of the *Daily News*, but resigned the post after less than three weeks. To the columns of the *Daily News* he contributed a series of 'Travelling Letters,' subsequently republished as *Pictures from Italy*. In June 1846 he settled at Lausanne, where he began *Dombey and Son*, which he finished in 1848. The book had an immense popularity, and its pecuniary results were very large. *David Copperfield* immediately followed (May 1849 to November 1850). At this time, too, he carried out his plan for the establishment of a weekly magazine; *Household Words* was the title selected for it, and W. H. Wills became assistant editor. *Bleak House* ran in monthly parts from March 1852 to September 1853; *Hard Times* was published in *Household Words* from April to August 1854; and *Little Dorrit* followed in monthly parts from January 1856 to June 1857. This unceasing literary labour did not, however, entirely absorb his energies, for from 1847 to 1852 he occupied himself eagerly with theatrical performances in London and the great provincial towns as actor, stage-manager, and, occasionally, as playwright. During 1855 he spared time to interest himself in various political questions.

In 1856 Dickens bought Gadshill Place, near Rochester; and in 1860, when he sold his London house, he made Gadshill his permanent home. In 1858 he gave his first public reading, and thenceforward he devoted a large part of his time and energy to this kind of entertainment, which proved highly profitable to his finances, though it seriously impaired his health and strength. In the same year Dickens separated from his wife. One consequence of the controversy that arose about this matter was that Dickens quarrelled with Bradbury & Evans, who had been his publishers since 1844, and returned to Chapman & Hall. *Household Words* was given up, and *All the Year Round* took its place. The sale of his Christmas stories in *All the Year Round* reached three hundred thousand. In this journal, too, were published *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) and *Great Expectations* (December 1860 to August 1861). In *Our Mutual Friend* (1864–65) Dickens reverted to the plan of monthly numbers. In November 1867, after a run of extraordinary success as a public reader in England, he sailed for America. He was not in good health: an inflammation of his left foot gave him very great trouble, and the strain of travel upon mind and body overtaxed his strength; but his reception in America was triumphant, and his readings had a magnificent success wherever he gave them. The Americans had forgiven him his criticisms, and their attendance at his readings swelled his bank-balance by nearly £20,000. He returned to England in May 1868, and began another series of readings, which, however, he was eventually ordered by his doctors to abandon. In the autumn of 1869 he set to work on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which appeared (first number April 1870) in monthly parts, and was immediately successful. On the 8th of June 1870, after working at his book all day, he had a sudden stroke, and died on the following day. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 14th of June 1870.



CHARLES DICKENS.
From a Photograph in the possession of Mr F. G. Kitton.

So ended, in his fifty-ninth year, the great and beneficent genius who through the course of a whole generation had held the minds of English-speaking

folk spell-bound. From the time when the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* began to the day when death came upon him with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* still unfinished, his influence had been as widespread as its strength was incontestable. His life, after its first few wretched years, had been in its broad public aspect a happy one, for he had been able to employ all his powers to the full extent of their capacity. He sprang quickly into fame, and from that moment was able to banish all fear of penury. Thus, with the additional incentive that came to him from the enthusiastic admiration of innumerable readers, he was enabled to throw all the energies of his being into the occupation he consciously excelled in, to say everything he most wanted to say with the knowledge that every word would go straight to its mark. No life could well have been more thoroughly lived or more delightful.

As soon as he had died a question as to the probable endurance of his popularity was raised—chiefly, perhaps, by those who had depreciated it during his life. Dickens, so it was said, depends for his force and his interest on accidents that had passed away even before he ceased to write. Stage-coaches have stopped running; their drivers are an extinct type: how will it be possible to interest succeeding generations in the humours of Tony Weller and the mottle-faced man? The Fleet prison and the Marshalsea exist no longer: who can now care about a description of their enormities? The modern sick-nurse is a gentle and refined lady: will anybody believe that a Gamp or a Prig could ever have spread an aroma of gin over suffering humanity? And so forth, and so forth.

In one sense these questions have been quietly answering themselves. Edition after edition of the novels was published during the lifetime of Dickens. He has been dead for a generation, most of the copyrights have expired, but the stream of editions continues to flow. Other publishers have seized upon the books, and send them out in all shapes and sizes. So far as mere popularity is concerned, and so far as it can be tested by sales, this might seem to be a conclusive answer for the present. Nor must it be forgotten that in America, where there was no first-hand knowledge of the accidents to which reference has been made, where there were no Tony Wellers, no Marshalseas, and no Gamps, and no Courts of Chancery capable of spinning a case out for generations, the popularity of Dickens became at once as great as it was at home, while his readers were even more numerous. France and Germany, too, gave him hosts of admirers. Without pushing the point too far, it is surely to some extent permissible to infer the verdict of posterity from the judgment of foreign readers. To put it in a different way, it seems hardly conceivable that any generation of Englishmen should cease to take pleasure in these home-bred characters which have delighted foreigners utterly separated from them—at any rate so far as their outward presentment is concerned—by temperament and history.

The fact is that a great part of the force of Charles Dickens's books depends not on the permanence of the institutions he describes, or of the particular occupations assigned to his characters, but on the extraordinary sympathy and insight with which he imagined them and on the living strength with which he endowed them. Stage-coaches, to be sure, are not now the only method of travelling, but men still drive horses, grow stout in the occupation, and deliver caustic apophthegms on life. Sarah Gamp no longer nurses; but, apart from nursing, the great tribe of Gamp still flourishes, with all the humour, the inverted tenderness, and the indifference to mortality and its sufferings that distinguished its founder. Driven from the sick-bed, its members are still occupied as charwomen, caretakers, or as bedmakers in the college rooms of Cambridge. All these characters, in short, remain as true to life in a broad sense as they were when Dickens dragged them forth from their natural obscurity. The non-essentials have changed; the type is still the same. Or take as different examples Messrs Dodson & Fogg, or Mr Vincent Crummles and his company. The whole status and many of the duties of solicitors have altered in the course of the last sixty years; but can any one deny that there have been, and are, sharp and 'downy' practitioners ready to take advantage of a foolish client, and basing their hope of costs on the riches of a more modern Pickwick? The jargon they talk is different, because the processes of law have changed; but the nature of Dodsons and Foggs is immutable. As to Crummles and his flock, they are touring somewhere in the provinces at this moment, though they travel by railway instead of along the posting roads. Even now at some remote railway station that sublime manager's successor is straining a Nicholas Nickleby to his breast, exclaiming as he does so, 'Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy,' while the porters and the passengers on the platform are laughing as did the lookers-on round the door of the coach in which the original Nicholas departed for London. So the list might be almost indefinitely extended. Mrs Bardell, the amorous, with Mrs Cluppins and the rest of her satellites; Mr Justice Stareleigh, the model of grotesque judicial obtuseness; Bumble, the archetype of pudding-headed beadledom; Uncle Pumblechook, trampling pompously on the inferior poor, and cringing to the prosperous; Mr Toots, the non-consequential; Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby, those forlorn and soft-hearted mariners, helpless against the onslaughts of the implacable MacStinger; Miss Pross, the victor in single combat over Madame Defarge; Mr F.'s Aunt, with her trilogy of immortal irrelevancies—'There's mile-stones on the Dover Road,' 'I hate a fool,' and 'When we lived at Henley, Barnes's gander was stole by tinkers'—these and a hundred

others, all as broadly conceived and as inimitably described, remain with us and have become a part of the common history and everyday life of our race.

How came Dickens to write as he did, or, indeed, to write at all? His family associations were not literary; his education, such as it was, was unliterary to the last degree. No great school or university can claim him as its pupil. If we had no record except of his childish years of misery, followed by a few glimpses of him in after-life as a successful reader, an excellent actor, and an agreeable host, it might be as hard for some meticulous critics to believe that he wrote *Dombey and Son*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and *A Tale of Two Cities* as it is for Baconian enthusiasts to believe that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. John Forster's life of his friend may, however, prevent the investigator in the year 2200 from imputing the authorship of the novels to Sir Thomas Talfourd, who, be it remembered, was not only a member of Parliament and a judge, but also wrote four tragedies, one of which, at least, was produced on the stage. In short, this question cannot be answered by a set of formulæ in the case of Dickens any better than in the case of any other great creator. No doubt the difficulty of accounting for Dickens, if the expression may be used, is increased by the very force of his originality. He is not related either to Richardson or to Scott; and though a connection can be established between his work and the tradition bequeathed by Fielding and Smollett, he is widely separated from both of them, as from all his predecessors and contemporaries, by the form he adopted, by the point of view from which he regarded it and the treatment by which he developed it.

What we know of Dickens is this: As a boy he was what he remained all his life through—nervous, highly strung, excitable, profoundly sensitive and imaginative to the last degree, extraordinarily impressionable, and as tenacious in recollecting as he was quick in registering the impressions he received. This boy, so sensitive and shrinking, found himself the sport of fate. The misfortunes of his father were visited upon his innocent head with a force increased tenfold by his helplessness and his sense of the injustice of the visitation. To be degraded through a father's calamity is the sharpest stroke that can fall upon a boy, for a boy can make no allowances; he can only realise the exceeding bitterness of his own lot. My father, he says in effect, is a grown man; he can fight for himself. But I am made a mockery to my companions by his fall; my days are rendered hateful to me, and I cannot lift a hand to better my condition or to help him. So the Marshalsea prisoner's son, forced into an occupation against which his whole being revolted and of which he could never trust himself in after-life to speak, became a lonely and a morbid boy. He took refuge in books and the fancies their reading gave him, resolving, too, that if ever the chance came to him after he had grown up he would strike a blow against injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy in high places, and against all the wretchedness and pain that they brought upon gentle and innocent creatures. This was the noble revenge he planned for himself. His chance was to come sooner than he could have expected. The *Sketches by Boz* had made him known to a few who were able to appreciate keen powers of observation, strong sympathy, a curious knowledge of human nature, and a lively and direct style of writing as displayed by a man hitherto unknown. The *Pickwick Papers* instantly made him famous. The young man of twenty-five found himself the master of the great public. He had secured an immense army to follow him, and could now lead his crusade. Even in *Pickwick* he had shown us a good man struggling against adversity and temporarily overwhelmed by it. He followed it with *Oliver Twist*, in which he drew directly, not on his own special boyish experiences, but on the feelings roused by them, in order to present to us the terrible picture of a boy wronged from his birth, driven by accident into infamous surroundings, and emerging through horror and despair to justice and peace. *Nicholas Nickleby* takes up the tale again. Nicholas himself (though, like Martin Chuzzlewit, he is nothing but an automaton framed for the display of proper feeling and the utterance of correct phrases), Kate Nickleby, Smike, and the rest of the boys at Dotheboys Hall—they are all based on the suffering of unmerited pain: they appeal to us because they are beaten down by the schemes of wicked men no less than by their own circumstances; and their appeal is brought poignantly home to us because their creator had himself suffered, and through their mouths was telling the story of his wrongs. And the same motive runs through most of the novels, strong and direct in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*, less forcible in some of the others, but undeniably present in nearly all. Thus Dickens's books—those, that is to say, on which his fame chiefly rests—were emphatically novels with a purpose. Sometimes, as when he attacked the debtors' prisons, the Yorkshire schools, the Court of Chancery, or the Circumlocution Office, they had not only the broad purpose just indicated, but a special sub-purpose of their own. It is unnecessary to argue at length the question raised by those who hold that a story should be told for the story's sake only, that it depends for its excellence as a work of art only on the interest of its scheme and the literary manner in which it is presented, and that any such object as the reform of general humanity or the remedy of special abuses by the inculcation of a moral is not merely alien to the story-teller's craft, but also weakens and degrades his story. We may admit that an attack on the abuses of a public institution or a Government office does

not of itself necessarily make a good story: the chances, perhaps, are rather in favour of its being a bad one; but everything depends on the treatment. There can be no valid reason why a writer who feels strongly with regard to some particular form of roguery, injustice, or folly should not employ his humour, his knowledge of human nature, and his observation for the purpose of showing the world how mean and unworthy is the object of his dislike. It is absurd to lay down a rule which forbids novelists to have a moral purpose, or permits them to have it only when it is so carefully disguised as to be unrecognisable. In short, we can delight in Scott and Dumas and Robert Louis Stevenson without ceasing to take our pleasure in Victor Hugo, in Dickens, and in Charles Reade. To depreciate a novelist merely because he is also a moralist is like blaming a lighthouse because it does not happen to be a bonfire.

The appearance of the *Pickwick Papers* revealed to the world a new and delightful force. Here was a writer who had thrown off the shackles of convention, who knew the simple everyday life of humble people and portrayed it with a humour as fresh as it was irresistible, who carried his readers with him from scene to scene and incident to incident by the amazing energy of his own animal spirits and his imaginative power. Certainly the publishers had neither intended nor hoped for such a result. Their plan has been already described. In a happy moment for themselves and the English-speaking world they pitched upon Dickens as their writer. He took up the plan and developed it to suit his own ideas, altered it and added to it as he went along, and finally reduced it to something like unity. Complete unity, of course, it could not have, for no art could weld together satisfactorily the detached fragments of its beginning or make them harmonise entirely with its progress and its end. The touchstone in this matter is Mr Samuel Pickwick himself. The eponymous President of the Pickwick Club is introduced to us as a grotesque and pompous old noodle, an object not of sympathy, but of ridicule. If we skip from the first chapter to the last page of the book, we find that Mr Pickwick 'retains all his former juvenility of spirit. . . . He is known to all the poor people about, who never fail to take their hats off, as he passes, with great respect. The children idolise him, and so, indeed, does the whole neighbourhood.' Could any one have respected or idolised the Pickwick of Chapter I.? The young writer was, however, to show immediately that he was capable of writing a consistent story, and of compelling the attention of his readers by an intense magic power no less than by humour and pathos. While *Pickwick* was appearing he was engaged upon *Oliver Twist*. Its publication gave him a definite place in English literature. Nothing so grim, so remorseless, and so direct had ever before moved the conscience of the public in the guise of fiction. Its author was recognised as one who, without the vast learning of Victor Hugo, could do in English what that great master had done in French in *Notre Dame de Paris* a few years before—could show the elemental passions of humanity struggling under the dominating influence of ἀνάγκη, and could purge the emotions by pity and terror. Henceforward his own reputation was on his special ground his only serious rival. But he was in the full flush of his youth and energy, and within the next six years he produced *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*, an astonishing record of achievement for a man of thirty-one. For the rest, the tale of his work may be read in his biography. It would be idle to pretend that he was at all times equal to his highest standard; *Little Dorrit* is not without tediousness, and *Our Mutual Friend* is the least satisfactory of all his efforts. But *Little Dorrit* was followed by *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations;* and after *Our Mutual Friend* came his last book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which proved him to be still possessed of all his ancient power and variety of sympathy and of interest.

One part of Dickens's secret has already been indicated: he had lived amongst the common people, he knew their habits and their modes of speech, and he rendered them with the faithful accuracy of genius—which is a very different thing from the accuracy of the instantaneous photographer who can present to us fractional moments of attitude and gesture never caught by mortal eye. He has been assailed for being a dealer in exaggeration, a caricaturist. The charge may be admitted while the implication is denied. The true caricaturist is not he who gives us a gigantic head perched on a diminutive body supported by infinitesimal legs, but he who in his portrait represents with emphasis those tricks of feature, of gesture, or even of dress that reveal the inward character. In this sense Dickens was a caricaturist. It need not be contended that he always succeeded, or that in his desire for emphasis he never overdrew: Mr Carker and Mr Carker's gleaming teeth are only one example out of many. And in the satire of 'society' Dickens failed. But where he knew the class he could draw the man belonging to it, and draw him with unmatched truth and sympathy and humour. If Carker is to be called for the plaintiff, the defence can retort crushingly with Miss Tox, Dr Blimber, Mr Toots, and Captain Cuttle. Steerforth and Rosa Dartle can be overwhelmed with the two Peggotys, Mrs Gummidge, Mr Micawber, Traddles, and Miss Trotwood. Those who accuse Dickens of not being 'natural' bring forward the special exceptions. In order to prove their point they are willing to forget the great mass of his characters and the richness of humour and humanity with which he dowered them. We may grant to these accusers that Dickens's occasional use of 'label-names' was a source of some weakness to him, and for this reason: If you call a

character Scrooge, or Verisopht, or Gradgrind, you stamp him once for all and set him apart to be what his name indicates and nothing more. Subsequently you may wish to develop or to change his nature, but the fatal name hampers you. It is harder to believe that a Scrooge could become generous and sympathetic and cheerful than it would be if his name had been, let us say, Roland or Oliver. A man who begins by wanting 'facts, nothing but facts,' might, of course, on some future day 'bend his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances, making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity, and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio into his dusty little mills;' but before he does it (in a book) he ought to drop the name of Gradgrind. And as to Lord Frederick Verisopht, the case is much the same. The description of his quarrel with Sir Mulberry Hawk and the subsequent duel is one of the most powerful in fiction, but it is vitiated by his absurd name. It seems hardly possible to believe that this mixture of pap and cotton-wool could have behaved like a real man, or that 'he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed'—unless he had merged his family label in some territorial title suggesting peace, reform, and all the domestic virtues.

The pathos of Dickens has been a subject of somewhat bitter controversy. It could move so unsentimental a critic as Jeffrey to tears; it has been assailed by later critics—on whom, by the way, Mr Swinburne has discharged some crashing thunderbolts (*Quarterly Review*, July 1902). Much may be admitted even by the most thorough-going admirers of Dickens. It was not generally in the nature of his impassioned genius to allow the situation he had created to speak for itself, or to submit to the noble and eloquent reticence which has made the death-scene of Colonel Newcome a masterpiece. Carried away by the intensity of his emotion, he added detail after detail and sentence after sentence, heaping pathos upon pathos in his ardent desire to impress his own sense of tears upon his readers. These, too, if they once yield to his spell, are carried away, and their hearts are wrung by the bitterness and irreparable affliction that Dickens sets before them. They are inclined to resent as an intrusion upon sacred ground the subsequent appearance of the cold critic who, having analysed the bitterness and dissected the affliction, tells them that by all the rules of art they ought to have scoffed and not to have wept. They may allow his canons, but they will always prefer to abide by the test of their own feelings. Nor must it be forgotten that, even if in the case of Little Nell and Paul Dombey Dickens overcharged the vials of sentiment, he showed more than once, and notably in *A Tale of Two Cities*, that he could describe mortal things without a trace of the excess with which he has been charged.

The general style of Dickens's writing was virile and direct. He had a full command of nervous English, and he used it with a joyous sort of vigour to give flesh and blood to the shapes that filled his memory and to the creatures of his imagination. Reinforced, as it was, by sympathy and humour, by a drollery as refreshing as it was unexpected, and by a fierce indignation against wrong, this power became irresistible. Sometimes its very force, working under the stimulus of a violent and lurid imagination, led him astray. The wind, the speed of a post-chaise, the gloom and terror of a murky river, become under its influence portentous human elements of the story, and the story-teller is lost in the rhapsodist and the prophet. On the other hand, it must be said that this imaginative power often stood him in good stead. To cite only one instance, it would not be easy to match in our literature the tremendous descriptions of Jonas Chuzzlewit's guilty agony before and after he committed the murder. Even the bluff humour of the guard of the coach and Mr Pecksniff's hypocritical friendliness are fitted into the terrible description of Jonas before the crime; and Mrs Gamp plays her part in the dreadful final scene. This is the Æschylean side of Dickens, just as in the apostrophes to Tom Pinch with their thee-ings and thou-ings there is found the sham Euripidean which led him into an excess of sentimentality, finding its expression in long passages of bad blank verse. In the construction of his stories Dickens varied very much. It has already been pointed out how the origin of the *Pickwick Papers* necessarily made the story one of detached scenes. But *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, though they do possess definite plots, scarcely attain nearer to an essential unity than *Pickwick*. Their gloomy plots are in reality subordinate to the detached incidents that give them their living interest. In other books, however, Dickens kept a firm grasp on his central story, and made it control the incidents. In nearly everything he wrote, certainly in every book that preceded *Bleak House*, the astounding vigour and vitality of the writer are the chief elements. Body and soul, heart and brain, and muscular energy—all that he was, and all that he felt or saw—were thrown into his work, which, from the impulse of his own overwhelming animation, took upon it life and energy. And if here and there a reader, and in particular a reader of academic mind, is startled by riotous exuberance or offended by excess of sentimentality, even he can turn for instant relief to innumerable scenes of profound and touching insight. Such passages as the dialogues between little Paul and Mrs Pipchin, or the description of David Copperfield's sorrowful sense of importance when the death of his mother was announced, reveal the master no less surely than the broad humours of the Gamps and Wellers and Micawbers. Indeed, it is possible to make a thousand deductions from the sum of Dickens's merits and yet to leave him

securely established, we may hope for many a generation to come, in the enthusiastic and grateful affection of the race for which he wrote.

Mr Lenville's Apology.

He [Mr Folair] had no doubt reported that Nicholas was in a state of extreme bodily fear; for when that young gentleman walked with much deliberation down to the theatre next morning at the usual hour, he found all the company assembled in evident expectation, and Mr Lenville, with his severest stage face, sitting majestically on a table, whistling defiance.

Now, the ladies were on the side of Nicholas, and the gentlemen (being jealous) were on the side of the disappointed tragedian; so that the latter formed a little group about the redoubtable Mr Lenville, and the former looked on at a little distance in some trepidation and anxiety. On Nicholas stopping to salute them, Mr Lenville laughed a scornful laugh, and made some general remark touching the natural history of puppies.

'Oh!' said Nicholas, looking quietly round, 'are you there?'

'Slave!' returned Mr Lenville, flourishing his right arm, and approaching Nicholas with a theatrical stride. But somehow he appeared just at that moment a little startled, as if Nicholas did not look quite so frightened as he had expected, and came all at once to an awkward halt, at which the assembled ladies burst into a shrill laugh.

'Object of my scorn and hatred!' said Mr Lenville, 'I hold ye in contempt.'

Nicholas laughed in very unexpected enjoyment of this performance, and the ladies, by way of encouragement, laughed louder than before; whereat Mr Lenville assumed his bitterest smile, and expressed his opinion that they were 'minions.'

'But they shall not protect ye!' said the tragedian, taking an upward look at Nicholas, beginning at his boots and ending at the crown of his head, and then a downward one, beginning at the crown of his head and ending at his boots—which two looks, as everybody knows, express defiance on the stage. 'They shall not protect ye—boy!'

Thus speaking, Mr Lenville folded his arms, and treated Nicholas to that expression of face with which, in melodramatic performances, he was in the habit of regarding the tyrannical kings when they said, 'Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat;' and which, accompanied with a little jingling of fetters, had been known to produce great effects in its time.

Whether it was the absence of the fetters or not, it made no very deep impression on Mr Lenville's adversary, however, but rather seemed to increase the good humour expressed in his countenance; in which stage of the contest, one or two gentlemen, who had come out expressly to witness the pulling of Nicholas's nose, grew impatient, murmuring that if it were to be done at all it had better to be done at once, and that if Mr Lenville didn't mean to do it he had better say so, and not keep them waiting there. Thus urged, the tragedian adjusted the cuff of his right coat-sleeve for the performance of the operation, and walked in a very stately manner up to Nicholas, who suffered him to approach to within the requisite distance, and then, without the smallest discomposure, knocked him down.

Before the discomfited tragedian could raise his head from the boards, Mrs Lenville (who, as has been before hinted, was in an interesting state) rushed from the rear rank of ladies, and uttering a piercing scream, threw herself upon the body.

'Do you see this, monster? Do you see *this?*' cried Mr Lenville, sitting up, and pointing to his prostrate lady, who was holding him very tight round the waist.

'Come,' said Nicholas, nodding his head, 'apologise for the insolent note you wrote to me last night, and waste no more time in talking.'

'Never!' cried Mr Lenville.

'Yes—yes—yes,' screamed his wife. 'For my sake—for mine, Lenville—forgo all idle forms, unless you would see me a blighted corse at your feet.'

'This is affecting!' said Mr Lenville, looking round him, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. 'The ties of nature are strong. The weak husband and the father—the father that is yet to be—relents. I apologise.'

(From *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chap. XXIX.)

Mrs Gamp in the Home of the Moulds.

The premises of Mr Mould were hard of hearing to the boisterous noises in the great main streets, and nestled in a quiet corner, where the City strife became a drowsy hum, that sometimes rose, and sometimes fell, and sometimes altogether ceased, suggesting to a thoughtful mind a stoppage in Cheapside. The light came sparkling in among the scarlet-runners, as if the churchyard winked at Mr Mould, and said, 'We understand each other;' and from the distant shop a pleasant sound arose of coffin-making with a low melodious hammer, rat, tat, tat, tat, alike promoting slumber and digestion.

'Quite the buzz of insects,' said Mr Mould, closing his eyes in a perfect luxury. 'It puts one in mind of the sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts. It's exactly like the woodpecker tapping.'

'The woodpecker tapping the hollow *elm* tree,' observed Mrs Mould, adapting the words of the popular melody to the description of wood commonly used in the trade.

'Ha, ha!' laughed Mr Mould. 'Not at all bad, my dear. We shall be glad to hear from you again, Mrs M. Hollow elm tree, eh? Ha, ha! Very good indeed. I've seen worse than that in the Sunday papers, my love.'

Mrs Mould, thus encouraged, took a little more of the punch, and handed it to her daughters, who dutifully followed the example of their mother.

'Hollow *elm* tree, eh?' said Mr Mould, making a slight motion with his legs in his enjoyment of the joke. 'It's beech in the song. Elm, eh? Yes, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, that's one of the best things I know!' He was so excessively tickled by the jest that he couldn't forget it, but repeated twenty times, 'Elm, eh? Yes, to be sure. Elm, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my life, you know, that ought to be sent to somebody who could make use of it. It's one of the smartest things that ever was said. Hollow *elm* tree, eh? Of course. Very hollow. Ha, ha, ha!'

Here a knock was heard at the room door.

'That's Tacker, I know,' said Mrs Mould, 'by the wheezing he makes. Who that hears him now would suppose he'd ever had wind enough to carry the feathers on his head?—Come in, Tacker.'

'Beg your pardon, ma'am,' said Tacker, looking in a little way, 'I thought our Governor was here.'

'Well, so he is,' cried Mould.

'Oh! I didn't see you, I 'm sure,' said Tacker, looking in a little further. 'You wouldn't be inclined to take a walking one of two, with the plain wood and a tin plate, I suppose?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr Mould; 'much too common. Nothing to say to it.'

'I told 'em it was precious low,' observed Mr Tacker.

'Tell 'em to go somewhere else. We don't do that style of business here,' said Mr Mould. 'Like their impudence to propose it. Who is it?'

'Why,' returned Tacker, pausing, 'that 's where it is, you see. It 's the beadle's son-in-law.'

'The beadle's son-in-law, eh?' said Mould. 'Well, I 'll do it if the beadle follows in his cocked hat; not else. We may carry it off that way, by looking official; but it 'll be low enough then. His cocked hat, mind!'

'I'll take care, sir,' rejoined Tacker. 'Oh! Mrs Gamp 's below, and wants to speak to you.'

'Tell Mrs Gamp to come upstairs,' said Mould.—'Now, Mrs Gamp, what 's *your* news?'

The lady in question was by this time in the doorway, curtsying to Mrs Mould. At the same moment a peculiar fragrance was borne upon the breeze, as if a passing fairy had hiccoughed, and had previously been to a wine-vaults.

Mrs Gamp made no response to Mr Mould, but curtsied to Mrs Mould again, and held up her hands and eyes, as in a devout thanksgiving that she looked so well. She was neatly but not gaudily attired, in the weeds she had worn when Mr Pecksniff had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and was perhaps the turn of a scale more snuffy.

'There are some happy creatures,' Mrs Gamp observed, 'as time runs back'ards with, and you are one, Mrs Mould; not that he need do nothing except use you in his most owldacious way for years to come, I 'm sure, for young you are and will be. I says to Mrs Harris,' Mrs Gamp continued, 'only t' other day—the last Monday evening fortnight as ever dawned upon this Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale—I says to Mrs Harris when she says to me, "Years and our trials, Mrs Gamp, sets marks upon us all,"—"Say not the words, Mrs Harris, if you and me is to be continual friends, for sech is not the case. Mrs Mould," I says, making so free, I will confess, as use the name' (she curtsied here), '"is one of them that goes agen the obserwation straight; and never, Mrs Harris, whilst I 've a drop of breath to draw, will I set by, and not stand up, don't think it." "I ast your pardon, ma'am," says Mrs Harris, "and I humbly grant your grace; for if ever a woman lived as would see her feller creeturs into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp."'

At this point she was fain to stop for breath; and advantage may be taken of the circumstance to state that a fearful mystery surrounded this lady of the name of Harris, whom no one in the circle of Mrs Gamp's acquaintance had ever seen, neither did any human being know her place of residence, though Mrs Gamp appeared on her own showing to be in constant communication with her. There were conflicting rumours on the subject; but the prevalent opinion was that she was a phantom of Mrs Gamp's brain—as Messrs Doe and Roe are fictions of the law—created for the express purpose of holding visionary dialogues with her on all manner of subjects, and invariably winding up with a compliment to the excellence of her nature.

'And likeways what a pleasure,' said Mrs Gamp, turning with a tearful smile towards the daughters, 'to see them two young ladies as I know'd afore a tooth in their pretty heads was cut, and have many a day seen—ah, the sweet creeturs!—playing at berryins down in the shop, and follerin' the order-book to its long home in the iron safe! But that 's all past and over, Mr Mould'—as she thus got in a carefully regulated routine to that gentleman, she shook her head waggishly—'that 's all past and over now, sir, an't it?'

'Changes, Mrs Gamp, changes!' returned the undertaker.

'More changes, too, to come, afore we 've done with changes, sir,' said Mrs Gamp, nodding yet more waggishly than before. 'Young ladies with such faces thinks of something else besides berryins, don't they, sir?'

'I am sure I don't know, Mrs Gamp,' said Mould, with a chuckle.—'Not bad in Mrs Gamp, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, you do know, sir!' said Mrs Gamp; 'and so does Mrs Mould, your 'ansome pardner too, sir; and so do I, although the blessing of a daughter was deniged me; which, if we had had one, Gamp would certainly have drunk its little shoes right off its feet, as with our precious boy he did, and arterwards send the child a errand to sell his wooden leg for any money it would fetch as matches in the rough, and bring it home in liquor—which was truly done beyond his years, for ev'ry individgle penny that child lost at toss or buy for kidney ones; and come home arterwards quite bold, to break the news, and offering to drown himself if that would be a satisfaction to his parents. Oh, yes, you do know, sir,' said Mrs Gamp, wiping her eye with her shawl, and resuming the thread of her discourse. 'There 's something besides births and berryins in the newspapers, an't there, Mr Mould?'

Mr Mould winked at Mrs Mould, whom he had by this time taken on his knee, and said, 'No doubt. A good deal more, Mrs Gamp.—Upon my life, Mrs Gamp is very far from bad, my dear!'

'There 's marryings, an't there, sir?' said Mrs Gamp, while both the daughters blushed and tittered. 'Bless their precious hearts, and well they knows it! Well you know'd it too, and well did Mrs Mould, when you was at their time of life! But my opinion is, you 're all of one age now. For as to you and Mrs Mould, sir, ever having grandchildren'——

'Oh! Fie, fie! Nonsense, Mrs Gamp,' replied the undertaker. 'Devilish smart, though. Ca-pi-tal!' This was in a whisper. 'My dear'—aloud again—'Mrs Gamp can drink a glass of rum, I dare say.—Sit down, Mrs Gamp, sit down.'

Mrs Gamp took the chair that was nearest the door, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, feigned to be wholly insensible to the fact of a glass of rum being in preparation, until it was placed in her hand by one of the young ladies, when she exhibited the greatest surprise. (From *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chap. XXV.)

Dinner at Dr Blimber's.

Grace having been said by the Doctor, dinner began. There was some nice soup; also roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, pie, and cheese. Every young gentleman had

a massive silver fork, and a napkin; and all the arrangements were stately and handsome. In particular, there was a butler in a blue coat and bright buttons, who gave quite a winey flavour to the table-beer—he poured it out so superbly.

Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blimber, Mrs Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Doctor Blimber, Mrs Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there. Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr Feeder, on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked behind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul.

Only once during dinner was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the Doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said—

'It is remarkable, Mr Feeder, that the Romans'——

At the mention of this terrible people, their implacable enemies, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the Doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number who happened to be drinking, and who caught the Doctor's eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Doctor Blimber's point.

'It is remarkable, Mr Feeder,' said the Doctor, beginning again slowly, 'that the Romans, in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one imperial banquet'——

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.

'Johnson,' said Mr Feeder, in a low reproachful voice, 'take some water.'

The Doctor, looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed—

'And when, Mr Feeder'——

But Mr Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the Doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn't keep his eye off Johnson, and thus was caught in the fact of not looking at the Doctor, who consequently stopped.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Mr Feeder, reddening. 'I beg your pardon, Doctor Blimber.'

'And when,' said the Doctor, raising his voice, 'when, sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt—incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes'——

'Take some water, Johnson—dishes, sir,' said Mr Feeder.

'Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes'——

'Or try a crust of bread,' said Mr Feeder.

'And one dish,' pursued Doctor Blimber, raising his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, 'called, from its enormous dimensions, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants'——

'Ow, ow, ow!' (from Johnson).

'Woodcocks'——

'Ow, ow, ow!'

'The sounds of the fish called scari'——

'You'll burst some vessel in your head,' said Mr Feeder. 'You had better let it come.'

'And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea,' pursued the Doctor, in his severest voice; 'when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember that we have a Titus'——

'What would be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy?' said Mr Feeder.

'A Domitian'——

'And you're blue, you know,' said Mr Feeder.

'A Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Heliogabalus, and many more,' pursued the Doctor, 'it is, Mr Feeder—if you are doing me the honour to attend—remarkable; VERY remarkable, sir'——

But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that although both his immediate neighbours thumped him on the back, and Mr Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lips, and the butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the sideboard, like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed, and then there was a profound silence.

'Gentlemen,' said Doctor Blimber, 'rise for grace! Cornelia, lift Dombey down'—nothing of whom but his scalp was accordingly seen above the table-cloth. 'Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning before breakfast, without book, and from the Greek Testament, the first chapter of the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians. We will resume our studies, Mr Feeder, in half-an-hour.'

(From *Dombey and Son*, Chap. XII.)

Jack Bunsby's Marriage.

These peaceful scenes, and particularly the region of Limehouse Hole and thereabouts, were so influential in calming the captain, that he walked on with restored tranquillity, and was, in fact, regaling himself, under his breath, with the ballad of Lovely Peg, when, on turning a corner, he was suddenly transfixed and rendered speechless by a triumphant procession that he beheld advancing towards him.

This awful demonstration was headed by that determined woman, Mrs MacStinger, who, preserving a countenance of inexorable resolution, and wearing conspicuously attached to her obdurate bosom a stupendous watch and appendages, which the captain recognised at a glance as the property of Bunsby, conducted under her arm no other than that sagacious mariner; he, with the distraught and melancholy visage of a captive borne into a foreign land, meekly resigning himself to her will. Behind them appeared the young MacStingers, in a body, exulting. Behind them, two ladies of a terrible and steadfast aspect, leading between them a short gentleman in a tall hat, who likewise exulted. In the wake appeared Bunsby's boy, bearing umbrellas. The whole were in good marching order; and a dreadful smartness that pervaded the party would have sufficiently announced, if the intrepid countenances of the ladies had been wanting, that it was a procession of sacrifice, and that the victim was Bunsby.

The first impulse of the captain was to run away. This also appeared to be the first impulse of Bunsby, hopeless

as its execution must have proved. But a cry of recognition proceeding from the party, and Alexander MacStinger running up to the captain with open arms, the captain struck.

'Well, Cap'en Cuttle!' said Mrs MacStinger, 'this is indeed a meeting! I bear no malice now. Cap'en Cuttle, you needn't fear that I'm a-going to cast any reflections. I hope to go to the altar in another spirit.' Here Mrs MacStinger paused, and drawing herself up, and inflating her bosom with a long breath, said, in allusion to the victim, 'My 'usband, Cap'en Cuttle!'

The abject Bunsby looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor at his bride, nor at his friend, but straight before him at nothing. The captain putting out his hand, Bunsby put out his; but, in answer to the captain's greeting, spake no word.

'Cap'en Cuttle,' said Mrs MacStinger, 'if you would wish to heal up past animosities, and to see the last of your friend, my 'usband, as a single person, we should be 'appy of your company to chapel. Here is a lady here,' said Mrs MacStinger, turning round to the more intrepid of the two, 'my bridesmaid, that will be glad of your protection, Cap'en Cuttle.'

The short gentleman in the tall hat, who it appeared was the husband of the other lady, and who evidently exulted at the reduction of a fellow-creature to his own condition, gave place at this, and resigned the lady to Captain Cuttle. The lady immediately seized him, and, observing that there was no time to lose, gave the word, in a strong voice, to advance.

The captain's concern for his friend, not unmingled at first with some concern for himself—for a shadowy terror that he might be married by violence possessed him, until his knowledge of the service came to his relief, and remembering the legal obligation of saying, 'I will,' he felt himself personally safe so long as he resolved, if asked any question, distinctly to reply, 'I won't'—threw him into a profuse perspiration, and rendered him for a time insensible to the movements of the procession, of which he now formed a feature, and to the conversation of his fair companion. But as he became less agitated, he learned from this lady that she was the widow of a Mr Bokum, who had held an employment in the Custom House; that she was the dearest friend of Mrs MacStinger, whom she considered a pattern for her sex; that she had often heard of the captain, and now hoped he had repented of his past life; that she trusted Mr Bunsby knew what a blessing he had gained, but that she feared men seldom did know what such blessings were until they had lost them, with more to the same purpose.

All this time the captain could not but observe that Mrs Bokum kept her eyes steadily on the bridegroom, and that whenever they came near a court or other narrow turning which appeared favourable for flight, she was on the alert to cut him off if he attempted escape. The other lady, too, as well as her husband, the short gentleman with the tall hat, was plainly on guard, according to a preconcerted plan; and the wretched man was so secured by Mrs MacStinger, that any effort at self-preservation by flight was rendered futile. This, indeed, was apparent to the mere populace, who expressed their perception of the fact by jeers and cries; to all of which the dread MacStinger was inflexibly indifferent, while Bunsby himself appeared in a state of unconsciousness.

The captain made many attempts to accost the philosopher, if only in a monosyllable or a signal; but always failed, in consequence of the vigilance of the guard, and the difficulty, at all times peculiar to Bunsby's constitution, of having his attention aroused by any outward and visible sign whatever. Thus they approached the chapel, a neat whitewashed edifice, recently engaged by the Reverend Melchisedech Howler, who had consented, on very urgent solicitation, to give the world another two years of existence, but had informed his followers that then it must positively go.

While the Reverend Melchisedech was offering up some extemporary orisons, the captain found an opportunity of growling in the bridegroom's ear—

'What cheer, my lad, what cheer?'

To which Bunsby replied, with a forgetfulness of the Reverend Melchisedech, which nothing but his desperate circumstances could have excused—

'D——d bad.'

'Jack Bunsby,' whispered the captain, 'do you do this here o' your own free will?'

Mr Bunsby answered, 'No.'

'Why do you do it, then, my lad?' inquired the captain, not unnaturally.

Bunsby, still looking, and always looking with an immovable countenance, at the opposite side of the world, made no reply.

'Why not sheer off?' said the captain.

'Eh?' whispered Bunsby, with a momentary gleam of hope.

'Sheer off,' said the captain.

'Where 's the good?' retorted the forlorn sage. 'She 'd capter me agen.'

'Try!' replied the captain. 'Cheer up! Come! now 's your time. Sheer off, Jack Bunsby!'

Jack Bunsby, however, instead of profiting by the advice, said in a doleful whisper—

'It all began in that there chest o' yourn. Why did I ever conwoy her into port that night?'

'My lad,' faltered the captain, 'I thought as you had come over her, not as she had come over you. A man as has got such opinions as you have!'

Mr Bunsby merely uttered a suppressed groan.

'Come!' said the captain, nudging him with his elbow, 'now 's your time! Sheer off! I'll cover your retreat. The time 's a-flying. Bunsby! it 's for liberty. Will you once?'

Bunsby was immovable.

'Bunsby!' whispered the captain, 'will you twice?'

Bunsby wouldn't twice.

'Bunsby!' urged the captain, 'it 's for liberty; will you three times? Now or never!'

Bunsby didn't then, and didn't ever; for Mrs MacStinger immediately afterwards married him.

(From *Dombey and Son*, Chap. LX.)

David Copperfield hears of his Mother's Death.

'David Copperfield,' said Mrs Creakle, leading me to a sofa, and sitting down beside me, 'I want to speak to you very particularly. I have something to tell you, my child.'

Mr Creakle, at whom of course I looked, shook his head without looking at me, and stopped up a sigh with a very large piece of buttered toast.

'You are too young to know how the world changes every day,' said Mrs Creakle, 'and how the people in it

pass away. But we all have to learn it, David; some of us when we are young, some of us when we are old, some of us at all times of our lives.'

I looked at her earnestly.

'When you came away from home at the end of the vacation,' said Mrs Creakle, after a pause, 'were they all well?' After another pause, 'Was your mamma well?'

I trembled without distinctly knowing why, and still looked at her earnestly, making no attempt to answer.

'Because,' said she, 'I grieve to tell you that I hear this morning your mamma is very ill.'

A mist rose between Mrs Creakle and me, and her figure seemed to move in it for an instant. Then I felt the burning tears run down my face, and it was steady again.

'She is very dangerously ill,' she added.

I knew all now.

'She is dead.'

There was no need to tell me so. I had already broken out into a desolate cry, and felt an orphan in the wide world.

She was very kind to me. She kept me there all day, and left me alone sometimes; and I cried, and wore myself to sleep, and awoke and cried again. When I could cry no more, I began to think; and then the oppression on my breast was heaviest, and my grief a dull pain that there was no ease for.

And yet my thoughts were idle; not intent on the calamity that weighed upon my heart, but idly loitering near it. I thought of our house shut up and hushed. I thought of the little baby, who, Mrs Creakle said, had been pining away for some time, and who, they believed, would die too. I thought of my father's grave in the churchyard, by our house, and of my mother lying there beneath the tree I knew so well. I stood upon a chair when I was left alone, and looked into the glass to see how red my eyes were, and how sorrowful my face. I considered, after some hours were gone, if my tears were really hard to flow now, as they seemed to be, what, in connection with my loss, it would affect me most to think of when I drew near home—for I was going home to the funeral. I am sensible of having felt that a dignity attached to me among the rest of the boys, and that I was important in my affliction.

If ever child was stricken with sincere grief, I was. But I remember that this importance was a kind of satisfaction to me, when I walked in the playground that afternoon while the boys were in school. When I saw them glancing at me out of the windows as they went up to their classes, I felt distinguished, and looked more melancholy, and walked slower. When school was over, and they came out and spoke to me, I felt it rather good in myself not to be proud to any of them, and to take exactly the same notice of them all as before.

(From *David Copperfield*, Chap. IX.)

Life of Dickens, by John Forster (3 vols. 1872; abridged by George Gissing, 1902); *Letters*, edited by his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, and his daughter Mary (3 vols. 1880–82); *Charles Dickens*, by G. A. Sala (1870); *Charles Dickens*, by F. T. Marzials, 'Great Writers' series, with good bibliography by J. P. Anderson (1887); *Dickens*, by A. W. Ward, 'Men of Letters' series (1882); *Childhood and Youth of Dickens*, by Robert Langton (1883); article on Dickens in *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Leslie Stephen (1888); *Charles Dickens in Pen and Pencil*, by F. G. Kitton (1889); *Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings, and Personality*, by F. G. Kitton (1902).

R. C. LEHMANN.

John Forster (1812–76), the eldest son of a cattle-dealer at Newcastle, was educated for the Bar, but early devoted himself to periodical writing. His political articles in the London *Examiner*, for which he commenced writing in 1833, attracted more attention than is usually bestowed on newspaper leaders, owing to their vigour and point, consistency, and outspoken honesty. He edited successively the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the *Daily News*, and from 1847 to 1856 the *Examiner*. He was the author of many vigorous and suggestive biographical and historical essays, such as the two volumes of *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* articles reprinted in 1858, and the elaborate series dealing with the times and statesmen of the English Commonwealth—*The History of the Grand Remonstrance* (1860); *The Arrest of the Five Members* (1860); *Sir John Eliot, a Biography* (1864); and *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth* (1836–39). These latter give evidence of industrious research, but Dr Gardiner has shown that they are marred by frequent inaccuracies. Forster's literary memoirs are *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith* (1848; 2nd and improved ed. 1854), one of the most popular biographies in English literature; *Walter Savage Landor* (2 vols. 1868); *The Life of Charles Dickens* (3 vols. 1871–74); and the first volume of a *Life of Swift* (1875). His Life of Dickens was assailed as having exposed with too great frankness the failings of his hero; a more valid objection is that in the method of treatment adopted the biographer is almost as prominent as his subject. Forster, who became secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy in 1855, and a Commissioner in Lunacy in 1861, was an indefatigable student and a constant and devoted friend; and, as was said by the *Times* after his death, those who at first sight thought him obstinate and overbearing were ready to confess that they had in reality found him to be one of the tenderest and most generous of men.

Literature and Copyright.

'It were well,' said Goldsmith on one occasion, with bitter truth, 'if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy.' The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in formâ pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every Continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day; but if they have laboured with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labour of their producers.

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time.

(From Forster's *Goldsmith*, Chap. XXII.)

Samuel Smiles, born at Haddington in 1813, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and having practised for a while in his native town and in Leeds, became editor of a Leeds paper, but from 1845 till 1866 was a railway secretary. He wrote a Life of George Stephenson (1857); but it was the success of his book on *Self-Help* (1859), erelong translated into nearly a score of languages, which led him to become a professional author and compiler. Books on character, thrift, duty, and life and labour followed, and in 1861 his well-known *Lives of the Engineers* (2 vols.). There were further several collections of lives of men notable in the history of invention and industry, books on Boulton and Watt, on Nasmyth, Wedgwood, on John Murray the publisher, and numerous other interesting British personages, as well as on Jasmin the Provençal poet and on the Huguenots in England and in France.

William Edmonstoune Aytoun (1813–65) was born in Edinburgh, from the Academy proceeded to the university, and in 1833–34 studied German at Aschaffenburg. In 1835 he became, like his Whig father, a Writer to the Signet, and in 1840 was called to the Scottish Bar. To his mother he owed his love of ballad-lore and Jacobitism, and, taking early to literary work, he entered in 1836 on his lifelong connection with *Blackwood*. A prize-poem, *Judith*, had commended him to Professor Wilson (Christopher North), afterwards his father-in-law. In 1845 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the university, and in 1852 was made Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland, his duties as supreme judicial authority for the islands not involving his absence from the courts in Edinburgh. His *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* (1849), some on Macaulayan lines, some on other well-known models, made him famous; and the mingled martial verve, tender regrets, and whole-hearted Jacobite fervour of the lays (though not free from melodramatic elements) have secured them a permanent vitality—there have been well-nigh half a hundred editions and reprints, some of them elaborately illustrated. The first of the lays, 'The Burial March of Dundee,' was printed in *Blackwood* in 1843. *Bothwell* (1856) was a poem dealing with the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots. Much of his best work appeared first in *Blackwood*, and many of his contributions, both in prose and verse, are witty and humorous, whether with or without a measure of satire and caricature—the story of the 'Glenmutchkin Railway' and 'How I became a Yeoman,' notable examples, being amongst the most popular and amusing of the *Tales from Maga*. *Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy* (1854), professedly by 'T. Percy Jones,' was a brilliant skit on (amongst others) George Gilfillan, 'Festus' Bailey, Sydney Dobell, and Alexander Smith, thereafter known as 'the spasmodic school;' it appeared first in *Blackwood* as a bogus criticism with extracts, then as a complete poem. But the thing, 'typifying intellect without principle,' and in some things curiously anticipating Nietzsche, contained so much power, imagination, and poetry that it was for a while accepted by many as a mere original. *Norman Sinclair* (1861), a semi-autobiographical (and rather diffuse) novel, was one of the things that first saw the light in the magazine. Along with his friend Theodore Martin, whom he had met in college about 1832, Aytoun had produced the famous *Book of Ballads, edited by Bon Gaultier*—a series of burlesque poems and parodies contributed to *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* in 1842–44, and collected in 1855; and to the same poetical partnership we owe a happy translation

of the ballads of Goethe (1858). The *Bon Gaultier Ballads*—whimsical but not unkindly-meant parodies and imitations of many poets and many styles—well-nigh rivalled the *Rejected Addresses* or the *Ingoldsby Legends* in popularity; and though some of them are rather futile, they are still constantly reissued, and have themselves become models for the imitator. Aytoun wrote poems on subjects as various as 'Œnone,' 'Blind old Milton,' and 'Hermotimus,' translated from Romaic as well as from German and the classics, and edited a collection of Scottish ballads. There is a Life by Sir Theodore Martin (1867); and see Miss Masson's *Pollok and Aytoun* (1899).



WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.
After the Bust by P. Park.

From 'The Burial March of Dundee.'

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
As we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us,
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow;
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the royal martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If you look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee!'

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of Death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert.
Judge how looked the Saxons then,

When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like the tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
Amongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening-star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace! . . .
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

(From *The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*)

Sonnet to Britain, by the D—— of W——.

Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
O Britain! O my country! words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered *Sauve qui peut!*
And Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks;
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies, in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foeman droop;
Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

(From *Bon Gaultier.*)

From 'Firmilian.'

Three hours of study—and what gain thereby?
My brain is reeling to attach the sense
Of what I read, as a drunk mariner
Who, stumbling o'er the bulwark, makes a clutch
At the wild incongruity of ropes,
And topples into mud!
Good Aristotle!
Forgive me if I lay thee henceforth by,
And seek some other teacher. Thou hast been,
For many hundred years, the bane and curse
Of all the budding intellect of man.
Thine earliest pupil, Alexander—he
The most impulsive and tumultuous sprite
That ever spurned old systems at the heel,
And dashed the dust of action in the eyes
Of the slow porers over antique shards—
Held thee, at twenty, an especial fool.
And why? The grand God-impulse in his heart
That drove him over the oblique domain
Of Asia and her kingdoms, and that urged
His meteor leap at Porus' giant throat—
Or the sublime illusion of the sense
Which gave to Thais that tremendous torch
Whence whole Persepolis was set on fire—
Was never kindled surely by such trash
As I, this night, have heaped upon my brain!
Hence, vile impostor! [*Flings away the book.*
Who shall take his place?
What hoary dotard of antiquity
Shall I invite to dip his clumsy foot
Within the limpid fountain of my mind,
And stamp it into foulness? Let me see—
Following Salerno's doctrine, human lore
Divides itself into three faculties,
The Eden rivers of the intellect.
There's Law, Theology, and Medicine,
And all beyond their course is barren ground.
So say the Academics; and they're right,
If learning's to be measured by its gains.
The Lawyer speaks no word without a fee—
The Priest demands his tithes, and will not sing
A gratis mass to help his brother's soul.
The purgatorial key is made of gold:
None else will fit the wards;—and for the Doctor,
The good kind man who lingers by your couch,
Compounds you pills and potions, feels your pulse,
And takes especial notice of your tongue;
If you allow him once to leave the room
Without the proper greasing of his palm,
Look out for Azrael!
So, then, these three
Maintain the sole possession of the schools;
Whilst, out of doors, amidst the sleet and rain,
Thin-garbed Philosophy sits shivering down,
And shares a mouldy crust with Poetry!

And shall I then take Celsus for my guide,
Confound my brain with dull Justinian's tomes,
Or stir the dust that lies o'er Augustine?
Not I, in faith! I've leaped into the air,
And clove my way through æther, like a bird
That flits beneath the glimpses of the moon,
Right eastward, till I lighted at the foot
Of holy Helicon, and drank my fill
At the clear spout of Aganippe's stream.

I 've rolled my limbs in ecstasy along
The self-same turf on which old Homer lay
That night he dreamed of Helen and of Troy :
And I have heard, at midnight, the sweet strains
Come quiring from the hill-top, where, enshrined
In the rich foldings of a silver cloud,
The Muses sang Apollo into sleep.
Then came the voice of universal Pan,
The dread earth-whisper, booming in mine ear—
'Rise up, Firmilian—rise in might!' it said ;
'Great youth, baptised to song! Be it thy task,
Out of the jarring discords of the world,
To recreate stupendous harmonies
More grand in diapason than the roll
Among the mountains of the thunder-psalm!
Be thou no slave of passion. Let not love,
Pity, remorse, nor any other thrill
That sways the actions of ungifted men,
Affect thy course. Live for thyself alone.
Let appetite thy ready handmaid be,
And pluck all fruitage from the tree of life,
Be it forbidden or no. If any comes
Between thee and the purpose of thy bent,
Launch thou the arrow from the string of might
Right to the bosom of the impious wretch,
And let it quiver there! Be great in guilt!
If, like Busiris, thou canst rack the heart,
Spare it no pang. So shalt thou be prepared
To make thy song a tempest, and to shake
The earth to its foundation—Go thy way!'
I woke, and found myself in Badajoz.
But from that day, with frantic might, I 've striven
To give due utterance to the awful shrieks
Of him who first imbued his hand in gore—
To paint the mental spasms that tortured Cain!

Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., born in Edinburgh in 1816, was educated at the High School and university, and in 1846 settling in London, became a prosperous parliamentary solicitor. Besides his poetical labours in collaboration with Aytoun (see page 475), he translated Horace, Catullus, Virgil, and Goethe's *Faust;* the *Vita Nuova* of Dante ; the *Correggio* and *Aladdin* of the Danish poet Œhlenschläger ; *King René's Daughter*, a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Hertz ; and *Poems and Ballads* by Heine. He was selected by Queen Victoria to write the *Life of the Prince Consort* (5 vols. 1874–80), on its completion being made a K.C.B. He wrote Lives also of Professor Aytoun (1867), of Lord Lyndhurst (1883), of the Princess Alice (1885), and of his own wife (1901), whom he married in 1851—Helen Faucit (1820–1898), the accomplished actress, and author of the delightful studies *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters* (1885).

Sir Arthur Helps (1813–75), born at Streatham in Surrey, passed from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a member of the famous Apostles' Club, along with Maurice, Trench, Monckton Milnes, and Tennyson. He was private secretary first to Spring-Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer ; next to Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary ; and on the fall of the Melbourne Ministry he retired to enjoy twenty years of lettered leisure. Appointed Clerk to the Privy-Council (1860), he became well known to Queen Victoria, who formed a high opinion of his character and talents. Thus he was employed to edit the *Principal Speeches and Addresses of the late Prince Consort* (1862), and the Queen's own *Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* (1868). His first work was a series of aphorisms, *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*, published as early as 1835 ; his next, *Essays written in the Intervals of Business* (1841). Two poor plays followed, then *The Claims of Labour* (1844). *Friends in Council* (two series, 1847–59) was a collection of wonderfully attractive discussions on social questions, thrown into a conversational form. The same familiar speakers (Milverton, Ellesmere, and Dunsford) reappeared in *Realmah* (1869), *Conversations on War and General Culture* (1871), and *Talk about Animals and their Masters* (1873). His strong interest in the question of slavery prompted his *Conquerors of the New World* (1848–52), and the greater work, *The Spanish Conquest in America* (4 vols. 1855–61). Out of his studies for this history grew his admirable biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes. Other books were a Life of Thomas Brassey, *Companions of my Solitude*, *Casimir*, *Maremma*, *Brevia*, and treatises on government and social pressure. Helps, who was made successively D.C.L., C.B., and K.C.B. (1872), was a most suggestive essayist, revealing everywhere acuteness, humour, a satire which gives no pain, and a keen sense of man's social responsibilities ; his style is unusually clear and graceful. But though many of his works—especially *Friends in Council* and *Realmah*—were eminently popular, his message was mainly to his contemporaries.

Discovery of the Pacific by Balboa.

Early in September 1513 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa set out on his renowned expedition for finding 'the other sea,' accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burdens. He went by sea to the territory of his father-in-law, King Careta, by whom he was well received, and accompanied by whose Indians he moved on into Poncha's territory. This cacique took flight, as he had done before, seeking refuge amongst his mountains ; but Vasco Nuñez, whose first thought in his present undertaking was discovery and not conquest, sent messengers to Poncha, promising not to hurt him. The Indian chief listened to these overtures, and came to Vasco Nuñez with gold in his hands. It was the policy of the Spanish commander on this occasion to keep his word : we have seen how treacherous he could be when it was not his policy ; but he now did no harm to Poncha, and, on the contrary, he secured his friendship by presenting him with looking-glasses, hatchets, and hawk-bells, in return for which he obtained guides and porters from among this cacique's people, which enabled him to prosecute his journey. Following Poncha's guides, Vasco Nuñez and his men commenced the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called

Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops, meaning to make a vigorous attack; but they could not withstand the discharge of the firearms; indeed, they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands—not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain, to the number of six hundred. In speaking of these people, Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, and how all the words might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentions—and there is reason for thinking that he was rightly informed—that there was a region not two days' journey from Quarequa's territory, in which Vasco Nuñez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coast. Leaving several of his men, who were ill, or over-weary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nuñez and his men took twenty-five days to do it in, suffering much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions. A little before Vasco Nuñez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to it. It was a sight which any man would wish to be alone to see. Vasco Nuñez bade his men sit down while he alone ascended and looked down upon the vast Pacific, the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Falling on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favour shown to him in his being the first man to discover and behold this sea; then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up. When they had come, both he and they knelt down and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words: 'You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be certain, for as it has turned out true what King Comogre's son told of this sea to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us that we may enjoy all that there is in it.' Every great and original action has a prospective greatness, not alone from the thoughts of the man who achieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may go on acquiring more and more significance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nuñex then beheld, occupies more than one-half of the earth's surface, is an element of thought which in our minds lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror; indeed, Peter Martyr likens Vasco Nuñez to Hannibal showing Italy to his soldiers.

Sir William Smith (1813–93), who by his dictionaries of classical and Christian learning rendered great service to general culture in the nineteenth century, was the son of an Enfield householder. He studied classics at University College, London, after being articled to a solicitor, and becoming a teacher, was soon editing classical manuals and writing for the *Penny Cyclopædia*. His *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, largely his own work, with contributions from scholars like J. W. Donaldson, Benjamin Jowett, Henry George Liddell, and George Long, appeared in 1842, and was ultimately much extended. Other dictionaries of which he was mainly editor were those of Greek and Roman biography and mythology (1849), of ancient geography (1857), of the Bible (1860–65), of Christian antiquities (with Cheetham, 1875–80), and of Christian biography (1877–87). He also edited smaller dictionaries of classical subjects, a 'Principia' series of school-books, students' manuals of various kinds, and an annotated Gibbon; he wrote a 'student's' history of Greece; and from 1867 till his death he edited the *Quarterly Review*. LL.D., D.C.L., and Ph.D. of Leipzig, he was knighted in 1892.

Mark Pattison (1813–84) was born at Hornby in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and brought up in the neighbouring parish of Hauxwell, of which his father had become rector. The eldest of twelve children (of whom ten were daughters), he was educated at home until he entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1832. A shy and awkward lad, diffident and hesitating, he suffered much in his first years as an undergraduate, but duly took his Bachelor's degree in 1836 with a second-class in classics, was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, and ordained deacon. Under the dominant influence of Newman he gave himself first to the study of theology, wrote two *Lives of the Saints*, translated for the 'Library of the Fathers,' and almost followed his master into the fold of Rome. We have his own account of his spiritual growth out of the Puritanism of his home into Anglicanism, and see how the still wider horizon of the Catholic Church opened itself up before his eyes, only to disappear before 'the highest development, when all religions appear in their historical light as efforts of the human spirit to come to an understanding with that Unseen Power whose presence it feels, but whose motives are a riddle.' The reaction from Newmanism reawakened his zeal for pure scholarship; he became a tutor of exceptional influence, and acting head of the college as sub-rector, under Dr Radford. At Radford's death (1851) Pattison was kept out of the headship which was his right, and a further unsuccessful attempt was made to deprive him of his fellowship on a technical plea. The result of his disappointment was that for ten years he took little real interest in the life of Oxford. He published

an article on education in the *Oxford Essays*, acted on a commission on education in Germany, and served for three months of 1858 as *Times* correspondent at Berlin. Meanwhile he gave himself to severe and unbroken study, and scholars soon came to recognise his Roman hand in the columns of the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, and the *Saturday Review*. His report on German education appeared in 1859; his paper on 'Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750,' was one of the famous *Essays and Reviews* (1860). At length in 1861 he was elected Rector of his college, but, though he made an exemplary head, the spring and elasticity of earlier days were gone. In 1862 he married the accomplished Emilia Frances Strong, afterwards Lady Dilke, who helped him to make Lincoln a social and intellectual centre for a world much wider than the walls of Oxford. Down to his last illness he lived wholly for study, maintaining the mediæval rather than the modern ideal of the scholar's life. Everything he wrote was characteristic; nowhere else among contemporaries could be found such fullness of knowledge set in such terse and vigorous English. Yet his standard of perfection was so high that his actual achievement is rather suggestive than representative of his powers, and the greatest project of his life—the study of Scaliger—remains a fragment printed in his collected *Essays* (1889). He actually published *Suggestions on Academical Organisation* (1868); admirably annotated editions of Pope's *Essay on Man* (1869) and *Satires and Epistles* (1872); the monograph on *Isaac Casaubon* (1875), which grew out of his Scaliger studies; *Milton*, almost the best book in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1879); the *Sonnets* of Milton (1883); and a collection of *Sermons* (1885). His volume of posthumous *Memoirs* (1885) was a strikingly frank judgment of himself and others, and a remarkable revelation of a singular moral and intellectual personality.

George Gilfillan (1813–78), son of the Secession minister at Comrie, studied at Glasgow University, and from 1836 till his death was minister of a Secession (later United Presbyterian) congregation in Dundee. But it was by a series of papers on the literary men of the time that he became known. These, ultimately published as a *Gallery of Literary Portraits* (3 vols. 1845–54), were originally contributed to a Dumfries newspaper edited by Gilfillan's friend Thomas Aird, and from the first were immensely popular and stimulating. He had a high reputation as an eloquent preacher and genial-liberal theologian, but henceforward wrote, edited, and compiled incessantly, being remarkable rather for the warmth and width of his literary sympathies than for his critical acumen. For Nichol, an Edinburgh publisher, he edited a comprehensive series of British poets, with memoirs, dissertations, and notes (48 vols. 1853–1860). He celebrated the Scottish Covenanters, the English Puritans, and the Secession preachers in volumes; wrote Lives of Burns, Scott, David Vedder, and others; published, besides sermons, lectures, and smaller theological works, *Alpha and Omega* (1850), a volume of Bible studies, and *Bards of the Bible* (1851), which reached a seventh edition in 1887; and in his *History of Man* (1856) produced a curious melange of autobiography and fiction. (The *Sketches Literary and Theological*, published in 1881 after his death, were excerpts from an unfinished continuation of this work.) His only poem in verse—though much of his prose was dithyrambic, rhetorical, and full of audacious flights of fantasy—was *Night, a Poem* (in nine books, 1867), which, spite of many years' polishing, turned out to be less poetic and popular than his prose.

David Livingstone (1813–73), greatest of missionary explorers, was born at Blantyre in Lanarkshire, and from ten till twenty-four years old worked in a cotton-mill there. Resolving to become a missionary, he was trained for the service of the London Missionary Society; and sailing for Africa a fully-equipped medical missionary in 1840, he laboured for years amongst the Bechuanas. Repulsed by the Boers when he attempted to establish native missionaries in the Transvaal, he struck north and discovered Lake Ngami; and between 1852 and 1856 made his famous journey westward across the continent to the Atlantic, amidst sicknesses, perils, and difficulties without number. The story of his adventures and of his discovery of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi awakened extraordinary enthusiasm, and was recorded in his *Missionary Travels* (1857). He next took service under Government as chief of an expedition for exploring the Zambesi, and between 1858 and 1863, when he was recalled, studied the Zambesi, Shiré, and Rovuma rivers; discovered Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa; and became convinced that, spite of Portuguese officials and slave-traders, Nyassa and its basin was the best field for missionary and commercial enterprise. His second book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries* (1865), was largely designed to expose the Portuguese slave-dealers. His next journey, begun in 1866, was undertaken on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, to settle vexed questions as to the sources of the Nile and the watershed of Central Africa. He discovered Lakes Moero and Bangweolo; saw the Lualaba, which he supposed to be the upper Nile, though not certain it was not (what it proved to be) the upper Congo; and, after severe illness, found Mr Stanley, or was found by him, at Ujiji on Tanganyika (in November 1871). Stanley had been sent by the *New York Herald* to look for and succour him, and the two examined Tanganyika and decided it was not part of the Nile basin. But spite of ill-health determined to solve the problem, he returned to Bangweolo, and in Ilala was found dead by his attendants (1st May 1873), who, faithful to the last, carried his body to the coast. By his strenuous and self-denying labours and his singularly great

and valuable geographical discoveries, he had worthily earned the resting-place in Westminster Abbey to which he was borne nearly a year after his death in Central Africa. His own *Last Journals*, published in 1874, bring the record of his great third journey down to within a few days of its tragic close.

The indomitable and powerful but simple and noble character of the man is reflected in his literary work, which is artless and straightforward, without any attempt at securing literary effect. His books are but an accident of his work. His most exciting adventures and his most brilliant discoveries are told in the main with the same unaffected simplicity as the most ordinary daily experiences; though episodes like his first great adventure with the lion and his first view of the Victoria Falls stand out from the background of painfully plotted marchings and delays, daily recurring successes and failures, and frankly recorded hopes and aspirations.

Robert Nicoll (1814–37) was the son of a ruined farmer at Auchtergaven in Perthshire. After being an apprenticed grocer at Perth, he managed a circulating library at Dundee; and having steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he became editor of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly paper representing extreme Liberal opinions. He overworked himself in an election contest; at twenty-three died of consumption at Trinity near Edinburgh; and was buried in Leith. He wrote songs and occasional poems marked by simplicity, tenderness, and some humour. Some of the Scotch poems of this lad of twenty-three are still remembered by his countrymen; among the best-known are 'We are Brethren a',' 'Thoughts of Heaven,' 'The Dew is on the Summer's greenest Grass.'

See the Memoir by Mrs Johnstone in the edition of 1844, and the biography by P. R. Drummond (1884).

Charles Mackay (1814–89), author of 'Cheer, Boys! Cheer!' and a hundred other songs vastly popular in their day, was born, the son of a half-pay naval lieutenant, at Perth. His mother being dead, he spent his first eight years with a nurse in a lonely house on the Firth of Forth. He was educated at the Caledonian Asylum in Hatton Garden, and later at Brussels acquired a knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish. While acting as private secretary to an ironmaster near Liége he began contributing French articles and English poems to Belgian newspapers. In 1834, having returned to London, he published his first volume, *Songs and Poems*, and began his career as a journalist. From the office of the *Sun* he passed to that of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in 1844 became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*. Meanwhile he had written a *History of London;* a romance, *Longbeard, Lord of London;* and books on *The Thames and its Tributaries* and on *Popular Delusions*, as well as two further volumes of poetry. It was while he was in Glasgow in 1846 that some of his songs were set to music by Henry Russell, and suddenly attained a world-wide popularity, selling in editions of hundreds of thousands. Glasgow University conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1846; and in 1852 he became editor of the *Illustrated London News*. In the previous year this paper had begun to issue musical supplements, each containing an original song by Mackay set to an old English air by Sir Henry Bishop. These also proved immensely popular, and were afterwards collected and published as *Songs by Charles Mackay*. He was entertained to a banquet at the Reform Club to celebrate his starting of the *London Review* in 1860; but neither this nor *Robin Goodfellow*, another periodical he took in hand, proved successful. As *Times* correspondent during the American Civil War he discovered and revealed the Fenian conspiracy in America. During his later years many volumes, both of prose and poetry, came from his pen. Among others were a *History of the Mormons*, a fantastic book on Gaelic etymology, and two interesting volumes of reminiscences. By his first wife he had three sons (one of them Eric—1851–98—author of half-a-dozen volumes of verse) and a daughter; and Miss Marie Corelli was his adopted child.

Cheer, Boys! Cheer!—The Departing Emigrants.

Cheer, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow;
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
So farewell, England! Much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England! farewell evermore!
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for honest labour—
Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

Cheer, boys! cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the West.
Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the mountain and the forest,
And boundless prairies ripe with golden grain.
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! united heart and hand!—
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest labour—
Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

Who shall be Fairest?

Who shall be fairest?
Who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When Fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring;

Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of life when its pleasures take wing!
She shall be fairest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest, and dearest,
Named but with honour and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;
Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's Duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore.

Frederick William Faber (1814–63) was born at Calverley in Yorkshire, passed from Shrewsbury School to Harrow, and thence to Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1834 he was elected a scholar of University College, in 1837 a Fellow. Already he had come under the influence of Newman, and in 1845, after three years' tenure of the rectory of Elton in Huntingdonshire, he followed him into the Roman fold, and at Birmingham founded a community of converts, 'the Wilfridians,' he himself being Brother Wilfrid, from his *Life of St Wilfrid* (1844). With his companions he joined in 1848 the Oratory of St Philip Neri, of which a branch was then established in England by Newman; next year a branch under Faber's care was established in London, and finally located at Brompton in 1854. Faber wrote many theological works; but his fame rests upon his hymns—'The Pilgrims of the Night,' 'The Land beyond the Sea,' 'My God, how wonderful Thou art,' 'Souls of men, why will ye scatter?' are amongst those in use by Christians of all denominations; for though they were designed for the use of English Roman Catholic fellow-believers, many of them have been heartily adopted as a fervent expression of their faith alike by English Churchmen and by evangelical Nonconformists. A collection of a hundred and fifty of them was published in 1862. See the Lives by J. E. Bowden (1869; new ed. 1892) and his brother, F. A. Faber (1869).

Sir John William Kaye (1814–70), son of a London solicitor, was educated at Eton and Addiscombe, served in the Bengal Artillery for ten years, and was ultimately John Stuart Mill's successor as secretary of a department in the East India Company's office in London. He wrote a memorable series of works, begun by a novel in 1845, and including the famous history of *The War in Afghanistan* (2 vols. 1851) and *The Sepoy War in India* (3 vols. 1857–58; completed by Malleson as *The History of the Indian Mutiny*, 6 vols. 1890), besides histories of the East India Company and of Christianity in India, and Lives of Sir John Malcolm and other Indian soldiers and statesmen. His works showed not only conscientious research but much of the true historical spirit, and were written with a dignity suited to his subjects. His name was a household word in India, both amongst Anglo-Indians and natives. He was K.C.S.I. and F.R.S.

William Henry Giles Kingston (1814–80), though born in London, was the son of a merchant in Oporto, and there spent much of his youth. He had already published two stories and a book of Portuguese travel, when he found his life-work in the immediate success of *Peter the Whaler* (1851), the first of over a hundred and fifty similar books for boys, simple, vigorous, healthy in tone, and full of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Among the most popular were *The Three Midshipmen* (1862), *The Three Lieutenants* (1874), *The Three Commanders* (1875), and *The Three Admirals* (1877). Kingston took an active interest in many philanthropic schemes, such as seamen's missions and assisted emigration. A Portuguese knighthood was conferred on him in 1842 for helping to bring about a commercial treaty with England.

Samuel Phillips (1814–54), son of a Hebrew shopkeeper in Regent Street, tried the stage, studied at London and Göttingen, and at Cambridge was qualifying for orders in the Church of England when his father died. After a vain struggle with the family business, he took to writing for a livelihood, his best-known novel, *Caleb Stukely* (sent to *Blackwood* in 1842) just serving to save him and his wife from starvation. In 1845 he became a leader-writer to the *Times*, a post he held all the rest of his life; he was also 'literary director' to the Crystal Palace from 1853.

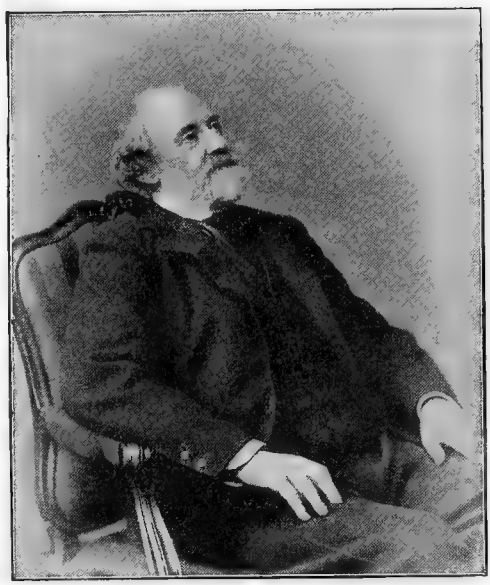
Charles Reade was born at Ipsden House in Oxfordshire, on the 8th of June 1814. The youngest of eleven, he came on both sides of good lineage, his father a squire; from his mother, a clever woman of strong Evangelical convictions, he 'inherited his dramatic instinct.' After five years (largely flogging) at Iffley, and six under two other and milder private tutors, in 1831 he gained a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1835, having taken a third-class in honours, was duly elected to a lay fellowship. Next year he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1843 was called to the Bar, having meanwhile made the first of many tours abroad and at home, and developed a craze for trading in violins. 'I studied the great art of Fiction for fifteen years before I presumed to write a line of it,' is his own report; and it was not till 1850 that he put pen seriously to paper, 'writing first for the stage—about thirteen dramas, which nobody would play.' Through one of these dramas, however, he formed his platonic friendship with Mrs Seymour, a warm-hearted actress, who from 1854 till her death in 1879 kept house for him. She animated, counselled, guided him; and, apart from his quarrels and lawsuits—which were many

—his life after 1852 is little except a record of the production of plays and novels, by the former of which he generally lost money, though by the latter he won profit and fame. The plays include *Masks and Faces* (1852), written in conjunction with Tom Taylor, and having Peg Woffington for its leading character; *Gold* (1853), the germ, and *Sera Nunquam* (1865), the dramatised form, of *Never too Late;* and *Drink* (1879), an adaptation of Zola's *L'Assommoir*. Of his eighteen novels may be mentioned *Peg Woffington* (1853); *Christie Johnstone* (1853), with a Newhaven fisher-lass for its central figure; *It is Never too Late to Mend* (1856), a tale of prison abuses and life in Australia; *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861), its hero the father of the great Erasmus; *Hard Cash* (1863), levelled against private lunatic asylums; *Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy* (1866); *Foul Play* (1869), in conjunction with Dion Boucicault, against ship-knackers; *Put Yourself in his Place* (1870), against trades-unions; *A Terrible Temptation* (1871); and *A Woman-hater* (1877), on behalf of woman's rights. His last years clouded by sorrow and ill-health, he died at Shepherd's Bush on Good Friday, 11th April 1884, and was buried in Willesden churchyard beside his 'beloved friend.'

Charles Reade has not been usually accounted one of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, though Sir Walter Besant unhesitatingly ranked him with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; but few would hesitate to place him foremost, or amongst the very foremost, of the second order. He is sometimes coarse, theatrical sometimes rather than dramatic, and sometimes even dull, weighed down with his authorities—the blue-books, the books of travel, the all too copious scrap-books and note-books with which he fettered his imagination. With the greatest novelists the reader is conscious only of the story, with him one is always conscious of the story-teller; some tone or mannerism from time to time jars upon us. And yet what a story-teller he is—how he carries us with him, stirs us, saddens, gladdens, terrifies, delights! By critics, however, he has been very variously judged. Thus humour and pathos have been denied him by some, and by others recognised as peculiarly his gifts; it has been affirmed that 'Reade invented the True Woman,' and contrariwise declared that 'of the woman who is essentially of our time he has never had even the faintest conception;' one enthusiastic admirer has discovered 'in the short *Wandering Heir* at least half-a-dozen situations all new and all strong,' and to a not unfriendly censor it appeared 'very decidedly the worst of Reade's shorter stories.' These things need not perplex the admirers of *Griffith Gaunt*, of the fight with the pirates, of the bursting of the reservoir, and of the scenes at the gold-diggings. But it may be broadly asserted that critics pass a unanimously favourable verdict on *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which Mr Swinburne—from whom praise is praise indeed—places 'among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative;' extolling its stirring adventure and inexhaustible incident not more than 'its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardour and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its humour, the frequent passion of its pathos.' And Mr Swinburne does not understand how any competent judge of letters could possibly hesitate to affirm of Reade that 'he was at his very best, and that not very rarely, a truly great writer of a truly noble genius.'

The Fight with the Bear.

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the



CHARLES READE.
From a Photograph by Lombardi.

dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces distant.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

'Denys!' he cried. 'Oh, God! Denys!'

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it Denys said in a sickening whisper—

'THE CUB!'

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it.* DEATH.

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage): she raised her head big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide

at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

'Shoot!' screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

'Shoot, man! ten thousand devils, shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!' and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found, how, her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

'My hour is come,' thought he. 'Let me meet death like a man.' He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and clenching his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

'Keep aloof!' cried Denys, 'or you are a dead man.'

'I care not;' and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, 'Take that! take that!'

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. 'Get away, idiot!'

He was right: the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her fore-paw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, 'Go out on the bough!' He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him shooting upwards at a slight angle: he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong: she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this. It crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

As the fearful monster crawled growling towards him, incongruous thoughts coursed through his mind. Margaret: the Vulgate, where it speaks of the rage of a she-bear robbed of her whelps—Rome—Eternity.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang; he glanced down; Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the bear snarled, and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged; and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay, for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

(From *The Cloister and the Hearth*.)

Captain Dodd's Battle with the Pirates.

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first; he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter-boat, by way of a parting kick.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him; they thought they had beaten him off. Dut Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever: he would soon wear, and cross the *Agra's* defenceless bows, to rake her fore and

aft at pistol-shot distance: or grapple, and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a-weather, to give the deck guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the *Destroyer*. As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death-blow to hope, Monk fired again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear: 'Our ammunition is nearly done!'

Dodd seized Sharpe's hand convulsively, and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them; and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, 'Cutlasses! and die hard!'

At that moment the master gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain-shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it clean into the sea ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail; the latter overlapping the deck and burying itself, black flag and all, in the sea; and there, in one moment, lay the *Destroyer* buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

'Silence!' roared Dodd, with his trumpet. 'All hands make sail!'

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's bows, within eighty yards; and sore was the temptation to rake him; but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation.

He hailed the mizen-top: 'Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?'

'I rather think we can,' said Fullalove, 'eh, colonel?' and tapped his long rifle.

The ship no sooner crossed the schooner's bows than a Malay ran forward with a linstock. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. A tall Portuguese, with a movement of rage, snatched it up, and darted to the gun: the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's bow-chaser, and crashed into the *Agra's* side, and passed nearly through her.

'Ye missed him! Ye missed him!' cried the rival theorist, joyfully. He was mistaken: the smoke cleared, and there was the pirate captain leaning wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew uttering yells of dismay and vengeance. They jumped, and raged, and brandished their knives, and made horrid gesticulations of revenge; and the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly; and the wounded captain raised his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and she bore up in chase, and jamming her fore latine as flat as a board, lay far nearer the wind than the *Agra* could, and sailed three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant-vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off: if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing, and the sea to rise a little.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore strait.'

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter-deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute; his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor anything external; it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

'Sharpe,' said he at last, 'there *must* be a way out of them both with such a breeze as this is now; if we could but see it.'

'Ay, *if*,' groaned Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

'About ship!' said he, softly, like an absent man.

'Ay, ay, sir!'

'Steer due north!' said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to ensure co-operation in the delicate and dangerous manœuvres that were sure to be at hand.

The wind was W.N.W.: he was standing north: one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken mast and yards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, luffed up, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying immediately, put his helm hard up and ran under the pirate's stern while he was jammed up in the wind, and with his five eighteen pounders raked him fore and aft, then paying off, gave him three carronades crammed with grape and canister; the rapid discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner: the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea. Dodd squared his yards and bore away.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate wore and fired his bow-chasers at the now flying *Agra*, split one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar,

and made a hole in the foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow-chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth-bore question than they went up.

The great patient ship ran environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the *Agra* had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring masterstroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of her way. The pirate crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern the consort thundered; but the *Agra's* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbour.

'Starboard!' said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

'Starboard it is.'

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

'Port!' said Dodd quietly.

'Port it is.'

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know:* she reared her lofty figure-head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout; it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the *Agra's* heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

'Port!' said Dodd, calmly.

'Port it is.'

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped: oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one colour now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasps' stings. CRASH! the Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside: down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the *Agra*, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulphing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

(From *Hard Cash.*)

The *Memoir* (1887), by his brother and a nephew, is not a happy piece of biography. *Readiana* (1882) is a collection of the novelist's fragments; and *Extracts* from his works, with an Introduction by Mrs Ireland, appeared in 1891. See Mr Swinburne's *Miscellanies* (1886) for an estimate. Mr Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences* (1899) recognises his many admirable qualities, but insists on his self-complacency and litigiousness.

Anthony Trollope (1815–82), third son of Mrs Frances Trollope (see page 276), was born in London and brought up at Harrow. His childhood and boyhood were made singularly squalid and miserable by the disorder of his home and the misfortunes of his father, an eccentric barrister who ruined himself by bad temper and foolish speculations. Boarded—one can hardly say educated—at Harrow School and Winchester College for nearly eleven years, he was snubbed and neglected by the masters, and bullied and excluded from all games and companionship by the boys. A final catastrophe in his father's affairs in 1834 drove the family to Belgium, where Anthony somehow got the offer of a commission in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and proceeded to acquire the necessary knowledge of French and German as usher in a private school

at Brussels. An appointment in the British Post-Office, however, brought him speedily back to London, and from 1834 to 1841 he was a junior clerk in the head office at St Martin's-le-Grand. Notorious as a hopelessly incompetent public servant, and leading, according to his own account, a somewhat irregular life, he yet contrived to pick up a fair knowledge of English literature, mastering French and Latin for reading purposes, and even thinking it possible he might write a novel. The turning-point of his career came in 1841, when he accepted the unpromising situation of a 'surveyor's clerk' in the postal service in the west of Ireland. Severed from the mean associations of his youth, he suddenly developed remarkable energy and ability at his work as well as an unexpected passion for fox-hunting, gained the confidence of his superiors, married happily in 1844, and three years later realised his visions by publishing his first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. That effort, however, and its two immediate successors, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848) and *La Vendée* (1850), fell almost dead from the press, and it was not till 1855 that he attracted notice by *The Warden*, the first and not the least pleasing of the 'Barsetshire' novels. It was followed in 1857 by *Barchester Towers*, which in the formidable Mrs Proudie added a new character to English fiction, and by the other volumes of the series—*Doctor Thorne* (1858), *Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867). These novels, which contain the best of his work, were the fruit of a two-years' expedition through the south-west of England for the improvement of the rural delivery of letters; but it is noteworthy that Trollope seems never to have been familiar in that cathedral-town society which he is acknowledged to have described so well. He wrote in all about fifty novels, some of which, like *The Three Clerks* (1858) and *Orley Farm* (1862), were founded on memories of his early life. Others were *Castle Richmond*, *Can You Forgive Her?* *Miss Mackenzie*, *The Claverings*, *Phineas Finn*, *He knew he was Right*, *John Caldigate*, *Ayala's Angel*, *The Fixed Period*, and *An Old Man's Love*. His last novel, *The Land Leaguers*, was unfinished at his death in 1882. In addition, he utilised his business journeys and pleasure tours for the rather too hasty production of volumes on *The West Indies* (1859), *North America* (1862), *Australia and New Zealand* (1873), and *South Africa* (1878). He was one of the founders of the *Fortnightly Review*, became first editor of *St Paul's* magazine in 1867, and in 1868 stood without success as a parliamentary candidate for Beverley. Most of his ventures outside of fiction were unlucky. Dean Merivale somewhat cruelly acknowledged a presentation copy of his contribution to the series of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' with a tribute of thanks for 'your comic Cæsar;' and it must be acknowledged that his monographs on Cicero and Thackeray are unsatisfactory. Artistically his novels are faulty enough, as indeed they were bound to be from his practice of writing to time with his watch upon the desk. He is lacking, moreover, in good taste and intellectual elevation. Yet the readableness and essential healthiness of his best work are incontestable; and just as little can it be denied that he had a shrewd eye for certain aspects of life and society, a gift of character-drawing, and the knack of telling a story. Probably the best criticism of his work as a novelist is his own summing-up of one of his books. 'The story was thoroughly English. There was a little fox-hunting and a little tuft-hunting, some Christian



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villainy. There was much Church, but more love-making. And it was downright honest love.'

Mr Slope Bids Farewell.

'Mr Slope,' said the bishop, 'it has become necessary that I should speak to you definitively on a matter that has for some time been pressing itself on my attention.'

'May I ask whether the subject is in any way connected with myself?' said Mr Slope.

'It is so—certainly—yes, it certainly is connected with yourself, Mr Slope.'

'Then, my lord, if I may be allowed to express a wish, I would prefer that no discussion on the subject should take place between us in the presence of a third person.'

'Don't alarm yourself, Mr Slope,' said Mrs Proudie; 'no discussion is at all necessary. The bishop merely intends to express his own wishes.'

'I merely intend, Mr Slope, to express my own wishes—no discussion will be at all necessary,' said the bishop, reiterating his wife's words.

'That is more, my lord, than we any of us can be

sure of,' said Mr Slope; 'I cannot, however, force Mrs Proudie to leave the room; nor can I refuse to remain here if it be your lordship's wish that I should do so.'

'It is his lordship's wish, certainly,' said Mrs Proudie.

'Mr Slope,' began the bishop in a solemn, serious voice, 'it grieves me to have to find fault. It grieves me much to have to find fault with a clergyman; but especially so with a clergyman in your position.'

'Why, what have I done amiss, my lord?' demanded Mr Slope, boldly.

'What have you done amiss, Mr Slope?' said Mrs Proudie, standing erect before the culprit, and raising that terrible forefinger. 'Do you dare to ask the bishop what you have done amiss? Does not your conscience'——

'Mrs Proudie, pray let it be understood, once for all, that I will have no words with you.'

'Ah, sir, but you will have words,' said she; 'you must have words. Why have you had so many words with that Signora Neroni? Why have you disgraced yourself, you a clergyman too, by constantly consorting with such a woman as that—with a married woman—with one altogether unfit for a clergyman's society?'

'At any rate, I was introduced to her in your drawing-room,' retorted Mr Slope.

'And shamefully you behaved there,' said Mrs Proudie, 'most shamefully. I was wrong to allow you to remain in the house a day after what I then saw. I should have insisted on your instant dismissal.'

'I have yet to learn, Mrs Proudie, that you have the power to insist either on my going from hence or on my staying here.'

'What!' said the lady; 'I am not to have the privilege of saying who shall and who shall not frequent my own drawing-room! I am not to save my servants and dependents from having their morals corrupted by improper conduct! I am not to save my own daughters from impurity! I will let you see, Mr Slope, whether I have the power or whether I have not. You will have the goodness to understand that you no longer fill any situation about the bishop; and as your room will be immediately wanted in the palace for another chaplain, I must ask you to provide yourself with apartments as soon as may be convenient to you.'

'My lord,' said Mr Slope, appealing to the bishop, and so turning his back completely on the lady, 'will you permit me to ask that I may have from your own lips any decision that you may have come to on this matter?'

'Certainly, Mr Slope, certainly,' said the bishop; 'that is but reasonable. Well, my decision is that you had better look for some other preferment. For the situation which you have lately held I do not think that you are well suited.'

'And what, my lord, has been my fault?'

'That Signora Neroni is one fault,' said Mrs Proudie; 'and a very abominable fault she is; very abominable and very disgraceful. Fie, Mr Slope, fie! You an evangelical clergyman indeed!'

'My lord, I desire to know for what fault I am turned out of your lordship's house.'

'You hear what Mrs Proudie says,' said the bishop.

'When I publish the history of this transaction, my lord, as I decidedly shall do in my own vindication, I presume you will not wish me to state that you have discarded me at your wife's bidding—because she has objected to my being acquainted with another lady, the daughter of one of the prebendaries of the chapter?'

'You may publish what you please, sir,' said Mrs Proudie. 'But you will not be insane enough to publish any of your doings in Barchester. Do you think I have not heard of your kneelings at that creature's feet—that is, if she has any feet—and of your constant slobbering over her hand? I advise you to beware, Mr Slope, of what you do and say. Clergymen have been unfrocked for less than what you have been guilty of.'

'My lord, if this goes on I shall be obliged to indict this woman—Mrs Proudie I mean—for defamation of character.'

'I think, Mr Slope, you had better now retire,' said the bishop. 'I will enclose to you a cheque for any balance that may be due to you; and, under the present circumstances, it will of course be better for all parties that you should leave the palace at the earliest possible moment. I will allow you for your journey back to London, and for your maintenance in Barchester for a week from this date.'

'If, however, you wish to remain in this neighbourhood,' said Mrs Proudie, 'and will solemnly pledge yourself never again to see that woman, and will promise also to be more circumspect in your conduct, the bishop will mention your name to Mr Quiverful, who now wants a curate at Puddingdale. The house is, I imagine, quite sufficient for your requirements; and there will, moreover, be a stipend of fifty pounds a year.'

'May God forgive you, madam, for the manner in which you have treated me,' said Mr Slope, looking at her with a very heavenly look; 'and remember this, madam, that you yourself may still have a fall;' and he looked at her with a very worldly look. 'As to the bishop, I pity him!' And so saying, Mr Slope left the room. Thus ended the intimacy of the Bishop of Barchester with his first confidential chaplain.

(From *Barchester Towers*.)

Frank Gresham's First Speech.

He felt rather sick at heart when Mr Baker got up to propose the toast as soon as the servants were gone. The servants, that is, were gone officially; but they were there in a body, men and women, nurses, cooks, and ladies'-maids, coachmen, grooms, and footmen, standing in the two doorways to hear what Master Frank would say. The old housekeeper headed the maids at one door, standing boldly inside the room; and the butler controlled the men at the other, marshalling them back with a drawn corkscrew.

Mr Baker did not say much; but what he did say, he said well. They had all seen Frank Gresham grow up from a child; and were now required to welcome as a man amongst them one who was so well qualified to carry on the honour of that loved and respected family. His young friend, Frank, was every inch a Gresham. Mr Baker omitted to make mention of the infusion of De Courcy blood, and the countess, therefore, drew herself up on her chair and looked as though she were extremely bored. He then alluded tenderly to his own long friendship with the present squire, Francis Newbold Gresham the elder; and sat down, begging them to drink health, prosperity, long life, and an excellent wife to their dear young friend, Francis Newbold Gresham the younger.

There was a great jingling of glasses, of course; made

the merrier and the louder by the fact that the ladies were still there as well as the gentlemen. Ladies don't drink toasts frequently; and, therefore, the occasion coming rarely was the more enjoyed. 'God bless you, Frank!' 'Your good health, Frank!' 'And especially a good wife, Frank!' 'Two or three of them, Frank!' 'Good health and prosperity to you, Mr Gresham!' 'More power to you, Frank, my boy!' 'May God bless and preserve you, my dear boy!' and then a merry, sweet, eager voice, from the far end of the table, 'Frank! Frank! do look at me; pray do, Frank; I am drinking your health in real wine; ain't I, papa?' Such were the addresses which greeted Mr Francis Newbold Gresham the younger as he essayed to rise upon his feet for the first time since he had come to man's estate.

When the clatter was at an end, and he was fairly on his legs, he cast a glance before him on the table, to look for a decanter. He had not much liked his cousin's theory of sticking to the bottle; nevertheless, in the difficulty of the moment, it was well to have any system to go by. But, as misfortune would have it, though the table was covered with bottles, his eye could not catch one. Indeed, his eye at first could catch nothing, for the things swam before him, and the guests all seemed to dance in their chairs.

Up he got, however, and commenced his speech. As he could not follow his preceptor's advice as touching the bottle, he adopted his own crude plan of 'making a mark of some old covey's head,' and therefore looked dead at the doctor.

'Upon my word, I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen and ladies—ladies and gentlemen I should say—for drinking my health, and doing me so much honour, and all that sort of thing. Upon my word I am. Especially to Mr Baker. I don't mean you, Harry; you're not Mr Baker.'

'As much as you're Mr Gresham, Master Frank.'

'But I am not Mr Gresham; and I don't mean to be for many a long year if I can help it; not at any rate till we have had another coming of age here.'

'Bravo, Frank! and whose will that be?'

'That will be my son, and a very fine lad he will be; and I hope he'll make a better speech than his father. Mr Baker said I was every inch a Gresham. Well, I hope I am.' Here the countess began to look cold and angry. 'I hope the day will never come when my father won't own me for one.'

'There's no fear, no fear,' said the doctor, who was almost put out of countenance by the orator's intense gaze. The countess looked colder and more angry, and muttered something to herself about a bear-garden.

'Gardez Gresham; eh? Harry! mind that when you're sticking in a gap and I'm coming after you. Well, I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the honour you have all done me, especially the ladies, who don't do this sort of thing on ordinary occasions. I wish they did; don't you, doctor? And talking of ladies, my aunt and cousins have come all the way from London to hear me make this speech, which certainly is not worth the trouble; but, all the same, I am very much obliged to them.' And he looked round and made a little bow at the countess. 'And so I am to Mr and Mrs Jackson, and Mr and Mrs and Miss Bateson, and Mr Baker—I'm not at all obliged to you, Harry—and to Mr Oriel and Miss Oriel, and to Mr Umbleby, and to Dr Thorne, and to Mary—I beg her pardon, I mean Miss Thorne.' And then he sat down, amid the loud plaudits of the company, and a string of blessings which came from the servants behind him.

After this the ladies rose and departed. As she went Lady Arabella kissed her son's forehead, and then his sisters kissed him, and one or two of his lady-cousins; and then Miss Bateson shook him by the hand. 'Oh, Miss Bateson,' said he, 'I thought the kissing was to go all round.' So Miss Bateson laughed and went her way; and Patience Oriel nodded at him, but Mary Thorne, as she quietly left the room, almost hidden among the extensive draperies of the grander ladies, hardly allowed her eyes to meet his.

He got up to hold the door for them as they passed; and as they went he managed to take Patience by the hand; he took her hand and pressed it for a moment, but dropped it quickly, in order that he might go through the same ceremony with Mary, but Mary was too quick for him.

'Frank,' said Mr Gresham as soon as the door was closed, 'bring your glass here, my boy;' and the father made room for his son close beside himself. 'The ceremony is over now, so you may leave your place of dignity.' Frank sat himself down where he was told, and Mr Gresham put his hand on his son's shoulder and half caressed him, while the tears stood in his eyes. 'I think the doctor is right, Baker; I think he'll never make us ashamed of him.'

'I am sure he never will,' said Mr Baker.

'I don't think he ever will,' said Dr Thorne.

The tones of the men's voices were very different. Mr Baker did not care a straw about it; why should he? He had an heir of his own as well as the squire; one also who was the apple of *his* eye. But the doctor—he did care; he had a niece, to be sure, whom he loved, perhaps as well as these men loved their sons; but there was room in his heart also for young Frank Gresham.

After this small *exposé* of feeling they sat silent for a moment or two. But silence was not dear to the heart of the Honourable John, and so he took up the running.

'That's a niceish nag you gave Frank this morning,' said he to his uncle. 'I was looking at him before dinner. He is a Monsoon, isn't he?'

'Well, I can't say I know how he was bred,' said the squire. 'He shows a good deal of breeding.'

'He's a Monsoon, I'm sure,' said the Honourable John. 'They all have those ears, and that peculiar dip in the back. I suppose you gave a goodish figure for him?'

'Not so very much,' said the squire.

'He's a trained hunter, I suppose?'

'If not, he soon will be,' said the squire.

'Let Frank alone for that,' said Harry Baker.

'He jumps beautifully, sir,' said Frank. 'I haven't tried him myself, but Peter made him go over the bar two or three times this morning.'

The Honourable John was determined to give his cousin a helping hand, as he considered it. He thought that Frank was very ill-used in being put off with so incomplete a stud, and thinking also that the son had not spirit enough to attack his father himself on the subject, the Honourable John determined to do it for him.

'He's the making of a very nice horse, I don't doubt. I wish you had a string like him, Frank.'

Frank felt the blood rush to his face. He would

not for worlds have his father think that he was discontented, or otherwise than pleased with the present he had received that morning. He was heartily ashamed of himself in that he had listened with a certain degree of complacency to his cousin's tempting; but he had no idea that the subject would be repeated—and then repeated, too, before his father, in a manner to vex him on such a day as this, before such people as were assembled there. He was very angry with his cousin, and for a moment forgot all his hereditary respect for a De Courcy.

'I tell you what, John,' said he, 'do you choose your day, some day early in the season, and come out on the best thing you have, and I'll bring, not the black horse, but my old mare; and then do you try and keep near me. If I don't leave you at the back of God-speed before long, I'll give you the mare and the horse too.'

(From *Doctor Thorne.*)

Trollope's character and career are best described in his frank and amusing *Autobiography* (1883), in the kindly estimate in Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* (1902), and in the sketch in Mr Bryce's *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903).

ROBERT AITKEN.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope (1810–92), elder brother of the novelist, was educated at Winchester and Oxford in happier circumstances than poor Anthony, in 1841 settled in Italy, and died at Clifton. He wrote several books on Italian history and biography, the most notable of which are *The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici*, *A Decade of Italian Women*, a *History of Florence*, and a *Life of Pius IX.*; and produced a number of novels such as *La Beata*, *Marietta*, *Lindisfarne Chase*, *Gemma*, *The Garstangs*, and *The Dream Numbers*. His second wife, **Frances Eleanor Trollope**, wrote *Aunt Margaret's Trouble* (1866), *Black Spirits and White* (1877), *That Unfortunate Marriage* (1888), and, with her husband, *The Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets* (1881). See his autobiographical *What I Remember* (1887–89).

Henry Cockton (1807–52), comic novelist, born in London, died at Bury St Edmunds, where in 1841 he had married and become a maltster. Save for their illustrations, his ten works are almost wholly forgotten but one—*Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist* (1840), which is largely extravaganza.

John Stuart Blackie (1809–95), born in Glasgow of Kelso ancestry, was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities, and during 1829–30 studied at Göttingen, Berlin, and Rome. In 1834 he published a good verse translation of Goethe's *Faust*, and passed advocate at the Edinburgh Bar; but from 1841 to 1852 was Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and then of Greek at Edinburgh till 1882. A versatile, vivacious, irrepressible writer and talker, he took an active part in educational reform, figured as the champion of Scottish nationality, and in 1874–76 raised funds for the foundation of a Celtic chair in Edinburgh University. He published an admirable metrical translation of Æschylus in 1850, and one of the *Iliad* in ballad metre in 1866, as well as several volumes of verse. His prose works dealt with subjects in moral and religious philosophy, the method of history, and the land laws, and included *Self-Culture* (1873), *Horæ Hellenicæ* (1874), and a short Life of Burns. There is a Life of Blackie by Miss Stoddart (2 vols. 1895), and a shorter sketch by his nephew (1895).

William Bell Scott (1811–90), poet-painter and brother of the Blake-like painter David Scott, was born in Edinburgh and settled in London in 1837, but exhibited only twenty pictures between 1840 and 1869, on subjects mostly historical or poetical. From 1843 till 1858 he was in charge of the government school of art at Newcastle, and till 1885 a South Kensington examiner. His principal work was the series of pictures of Northumbrian history at Wallington Hall; he also executed a series from *The King's Quair* at Penkill Castle near Girvan. He published five volumes of poetry, a Memoir of his brother (1850), *Half-hour Lectures on Art* (1861), *Albert Dürer* (1869), and *The Little Masters* (1879) in the 'Great Artists' series. He was one of Rossetti's intimates. His Autobiography, edited by Professor Minto (1892), created not a little surprise and irritation by its frank personal criticisms.

Sir Thomas Erskine May (1815–86), educated at Bedford School, became assistant-librarian of the House of Commons in 1831, clerk-assistant in 1886, and Clerk of the House in 1871. Successively C.B. and K.C.B., he was on his retirement (1886) created Baron Farnborough. His *Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament* (1844; 10th ed. 1901) has been translated into various languages. His *Constitutional History of England, 1760–1860* (1861–63; 3rd ed. 1871), is practically a continuation of Hallam. His *Democracy in Europe* (1877) showed varied learning and studious impartiality.

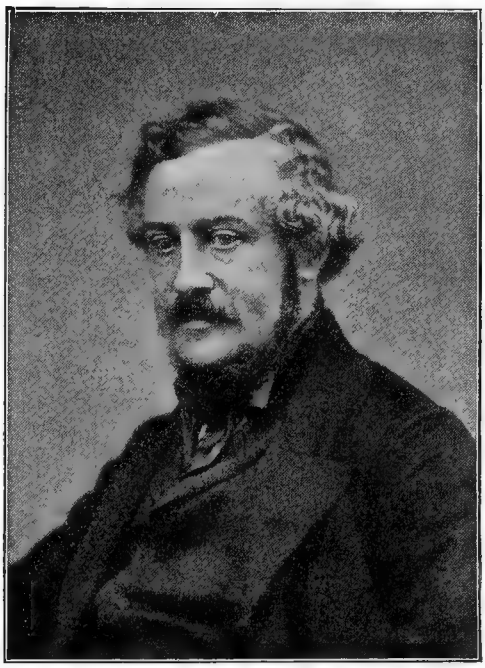
Whitworth Elwin (1816–1900), born at his father's house of Thurning in Norfolk, studied at Caius College, Cambridge; served as curate in Somerset; and succeeding in 1849 to the family living of Booton in his native county, lived in his country rectory all the rest of his life. In 1843 he began to write in the *Quarterly*, and was editor, in succession to Lockhart, from 1853 to 1860, coming to London once a quarter only for a short sojourn. His best articles were perhaps those on Johnson and Goldsmith, Sterne and Fielding, Gray and Cowper. In 1860 he undertook to complete Croker's edition of Pope, and by 1872 had published five volumes of it; but, becoming tired of the task, left the other five volumes of the magistral edition to be edited by Mr Courthope. Like his articles in the *Quarterly*, his notes and introductions in the *Pope* are important and admirably written contributions to English literary history and to criticism. As editor of the *Quarterly*

Elwin was eminently autocratic, put a swift end to the dominance of Croker, and freely altered, condensed, expanded, and reconstructed his contributors' work without respect of persons. He rarely or never answered letters, and often left them in piles unopened. He had strong opinions and prejudices—cared little for Tennyson, and was contemptuous of Browning, Matthew Arnold, and George Eliot. He loved science, but derided Darwin and belittled Huxley and Tyndall. In painting and music he had equally strong and individual likes and dislikes; and he rebuilt his church on imposing lines from his own plans without professional advice. A collection of his essays was published by his son, with a Memoir, as *Some Seventeenth Century Men of Letters* (2 vols. 1902).

Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810–89) was born at Marylebone, son of an eminent surgeon, and studied at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church, Oxford, where in 1831 he defeated Gladstone over a theological essay. Prevented by a stammer from taking orders, he yet was called to the Bar (1835), but soon found the vocation that pleased him in a life of authorship. His first volume, *Sacra Poesis*, had been published anonymously in 1832; *Geraldine* (1838), designed as a continuation of *Christabel*, was severely handled by the critics. But of his forty works, one had an amazing success—*Proverbial Philosophy* (1838–76) brought him and his publisher a profit of 'something like £10,000 apiece.' The first of the four series ran through sixty editions; by 1881 a million copies of the work had been sold in America; and it was translated into French and Danish. Though *Proverbial Philosophy* is but a heap of platitudes in stilted prose cut into lengths which have neither rhyme nor rhythm, texts from it were quoted as authoritative, and put to strange uses—thus it is recorded that Mr Spurgeon proposed to the lady who became his wife by help of a passage from Tupper. His practical inventions were less successful—safety horse-shoes, glass screw-tops to bottles, steam-vessels with the paddles inside, and the like. And his *War Ballads*, *Rifle Ballads* (in support of the Volunteer movement), and *Protestant Ballads* never attained to popularity. *Rides and Reveries of Mr Alsop Smith* (1857) was a satire; on his novel, *The Crock of Gold* (1844), a two-act melodrama was founded by Edward Fitzball. Tupper was elected to the Royal Society, and received the Oxford D.C.L., as well as Prussian and other foreign distinctions; and he was twice received in America with enthusiasm. His home was at Albury in Sussex; from time to time he gave readings from his own works to audiences in England and Scotland. In 1873 he received a pension of £120, and next year Allibone's *Dictionary* intimated that a baronetcy was expected to be conferred. But he had some savage tomahawking to endure at the hands of the reviewers—as from *Fraser* in October 1852. From his huge 'archives' (in Bozzy's self-complacent use of the word) he compiled *My Life as an Author* (1886).

The Child of Sensibility.

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry cold,
Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the society of men:
He grieveth, and hath deep reasons; for falsehood hath wronged his trust,
And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled with the briars of suspicion.
For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath hoped well!



MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.
From a Photograph by Maull & Fox.

How few there be among men who forget themselves for other!
Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals,
Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.
And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged that sacred name,
For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an enemy;
And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board:
But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want?
Such be as vultures round a carcass, assembled together for the feast;
But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they specks among the clouds.
There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have thy confidence;
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee:

To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion:
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friendship,
Yet verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a friend.

(From *Proverbial Philosophy.*)

Albert Smith (1816–60)—in full ALBERT RICHARD SMITH—was the son of a surgeon at Chertsey, was educated at Merchant Taylors', and having qualified in London, commenced practice with his father; but taking to lecturing and light literature, he had erelong published over a score of books, some of them illustrated by Leech. He wrote much for *Bentley's Miscellany* and for *Punch*, and produced or adapted many pieces for the stage. His novels include *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury* (1844), *The Scattergood Family* (1845), *The Marchioness of Brinvilliers* (1846), *Christopher Tadpole* (1848), and *The Pottleton Legacy* (1849); of his 'entertainments,' the first (after a tour in the East) was 'A Month at Constantinople;' the most successful was 'The Ascent of Mont Blanc' (1852). Edmund Yates prefixed a Life of him to an edition (1860) of the *Mont Blanc*.

Edwin Waugh (1817–90), the Lancashire poet, was born a shoemaker's son at Rochdale, and after a little irregular schooling was apprenticed to a local printer and bookseller; he read industriously all books he could find about Lancashire and its traditions, as well as general literature, and on the expiration of his apprenticeship worked as journeyman in London and elsewhere. At Rochdale he on his return established a literary institute, and in 1847 was made assistant-secretary to the Lancashire Public School Association; and with his removal to Kelsal near Manchester he became one of the most active members of the Manchester Literary Club. His first sketches of Lancashire life and character appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*, and at once attracted friendly attention to the author. Among his numerous prose writings may be cited his *Factory Folk during the Cotton Famine*, the *Besom Ben Stories* (possibly the best of his humorous pieces), *The Chimney-Corner* (a series of exquisite village idyls), and the admirable descriptions of natural scenery in his *Tufts of Heather*, *Irish Sketches*, and *Rambles in the Lake Country*. But it is as a singer rather than as a story-teller that our author will be best remembered. For several years he had been in the habit of contributing dialect songs to various periodicals, and these pieces, first collected in 1859 as *Poems and Songs*, secured for their author immediate recognition as a poet. Rivalling all known north of England dialect poems, and comparing favourably with the best work of the rustic followers of Burns, these rude lyrics won the hearts of his countrymen by the power, pathos, and kindly humour with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his country-people; indeed, few poems enjoy such popularity in Lancashire as Waugh's 'Come whoam to the childer an' me.' As an expositor of dialect Waugh merits high praise. The nice shades of local *patois* current in villages separated by only a few miles are tenderly discriminated, and the idiom is nowhere maintained to the tedium of the general reader, but relieved by brilliant descriptive passages written in terse and pure English. Outside his native country Waugh's rendering of dialect is somewhat less happy, and the specimens of the country speech of Cumberland and Ireland, as given in *Jannock* and *Irish Sketches*, can scarcely be accounted a success. For some years he lived solely by writing in prose and verse, giving occasionally readings from his own pieces, and in 1882 received a small pension from the Civil List. In failing health he removed to New Brighton, Cheshire, where he spent his last years.

The best edition of Waugh's collected works is that in eleven volumes, with Caldecott's illustrations (1881–89). A selection in eight volumes (1892–93) has a Memoir of him by the editor, Mr Milner.

Charles William Shirley Brooks was born 29th April 1816, in London, and was the son of an architect. At the age of sixteen he was articled to his uncle, a solicitor at Oswestry, and passed the examination of the Incorporated Law Society, but drifted into journalism, and became a contributor of poetry and prose to the periodicals. For five sessions he was in the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons, and wrote the parliamentary summary for the *Morning Chronicle*. Much miscellaneous writing was done by him for this journal, and in 1853 he was its special commissioner to inquire into the condition and labour of the poor in Russia, Syria, and Egypt. The result of his investigations was given in a series of letters, subsequently reprinted in a book called *Russians of the South*. Brooks edited the *Literary Gazette* 1858–59, and for a time the *Home News*. He wrote several light and bright pieces for the stage, and two novels, *Aspen Court* (1853) and *The Gordian Knot* (1858). For a while a contributor to rival comic papers, in 1851 Brooks joined the staff of *Punch*, and was soon recognised as its leading contributor, his 'Essence of Parliament' being extremely popular. At the death of Mark Lemon in 1870 he was appointed editor, and conducted the paper until his death on 23rd February 1874. On his deathbed he wrote *Election Epigrams* and *The Situation*, which appeared in *Punch* after his death. His best poetical pieces contributed to *Punch* were issued in book form in 1883 under the title of *Wit and Humour*.

Francis Edward Smedley (1818–64), a cripple born at Marlow, took early to writing, his half-dozen works including *Frank Fairlegh* (1850), *Lewis Arundel* (1852), and *Harry Coverdale's Courtship* (1855), in which horsemanship and

hunting divide the interest with the orthodox passion. Bright cheery books, these appeared originally in *Sharpe's Magazine*, of which he for a time was editor, and they were illustrated by Cruikshank and 'Phiz.'

Frederick William Robertson (1816–53) was born in London, the son of an artillery captain, and was educated for the army at Beverley, at Tours, at Edinburgh Academy, and at Edinburgh University. Resolving, however, to take orders, he studied at Brasenose, Oxford, from 1837 to 1840, but was in nowise moved by the current Newmanism to depart from the Evangelicalism in which he had been brought up. Ordained in 1840, he for nearly a year held a curacy at Winchester, where his health broke down; but a walking tour on the Continent restored it, and at Geneva he married the daughter of a Northamptonshire baronet. In 1842 he became curate of Christ Church, Cheltenham. Here he suffered much from despondency, and having passed through a severe mental struggle, he found his faith in Evangelicalism shaken by the intolerance of its partisans. After preaching to the English church at Heidelberg for a time, and holding a curacy in Oxford, in 1847 he became incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, where his earnestness, originality, and wide sympathy arrested public attention. But the comprehensiveness of his Christian ideal exposed him to not a little odium—he was suspected alike by Evangelicals and High Churchmen; for he was unquestionably a Broad Church thinker, though not of the school of Maurice or of Kingsley. Indeed, he could not be said to belong to any school; and while he sympathised warmly with what was best in all schools, he was strongly conscious of his differences from them, and never hesitated to denounce what he thought contrary to his own fervent conception of Christian truth, based essentially on the historical significance of the life of Christ, revealing at once sonship with God and brotherhood with man. He was naturally vehement and even passionate; and his keen, perhaps morbid, sensitiveness contributed its share to the power of emotion, the spirituality of thought, the delicate suggestiveness, the infectious enthusiasm of his sermons, which, without rhetorical eloquence or striking originality, wielded a quite extraordinary influence on English religious temper. During his last years he suffered from disease of the brain. He resigned in June 1853 because the vicar of Brighton had refused to confirm his nomination of a curate, and died two months later. He published but one sermon—the five series (1855–90) so well known over the English-speaking world are really recollections, sometimes dictated and sometimes written out by himself for friends, but in abbreviated form; yet even so they reveal an exceptional religious genius and an unique type of the preacher's power. Expository lectures on the Epistle to the Corinthians (1859) and notes on Genesis (1877) were printed, and a volume of *Lectures and Addresses* (1858), reissued with additions as *Literary Remains* (1876). He had translated Lessing's *Education of the Human Race* (1858), and prepared an admirable analysis of *In Memoriam* (1862). Some early verses, not of much importance, were privately printed. His letters are hardly inferior to his sermons in charm and power; and the *Life and Letters* by Mr Stopford Brooke (1865) at once took a place amongst classic English biographies. The extracts are from lectures delivered in 1852 to the Mechanics' Institute at Brighton.

Poetry and the Working Classes.

And this alone would be enough to show that the Poetry of the coming age must come from the Working Classes. In the upper ranks, Poetry, so far at least as it represents their life, has long been worn out, sickly, and sentimental. Its manhood is effete. Feudal aristocracy with its associations, the castle and the tournament, has passed away. Its last healthy tones came from the harp of Scott. Byron sang its funeral dirge. But tenderness, and heroism, and endurance still want their voice, and it must come from the classes whose observation is at first hand, and who speak fresh from nature's heart. What has Poetry to do with the Working Classes? Men of work! we want our Poetry from you—from men who will dare to live a brave and true life; not like poor Burns, who was fevered with flattery, manful as he was, and dazzled by the vulgar splendours of the life of the great, which he despised and still longed for; but rather like Ebenezer Elliot, author of the Corn Law Rhymes. Our soldier ancestors told you the significance of high devotion and loyalty which lay beneath the smoke of battlefields. Now rise and tell us the living meaning there may be in the smoke of manufactories, and the heroism of perseverance, and the poetry of invention, and the patience of uncomplaining resignation. Remember the stirring words of one of your own poets:

> 'There 's a light about to break,
> There 's a day about to dawn:
> Men of thought, and men of action!
> Clear the way!'

Poetry and War.

Through the physical horrors of warfare, Poetry discerned the redeeming nobleness. For in truth, when war is not prolonged, the kindling of all the higher passions prevents the access of the baser ones. A nation split and severed by mean religious and political dissensions suddenly feels its unity, and men's hearts beat together at the mere possibility of invasion. And even woman, as the author of the *History of the Peninsular War* has well remarked, sufferer as she is by war, yet gains; in the more chivalrous respect paid to her, in the elevation of the feelings excited towards her, in the attitude of protection assumed by men, and in the high calls to duty which arouse her from the frivolousness and feebleness into which her existence is apt to sink. I will illustrate this by one more anecdote from the same campaign to which allusion has been already made—Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Scinde.

A detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant, with eleven men, chanced to become separated from the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine, which they expected soon to terminate, but which suddenly deepened into an impassable chasm. The officer in command signalled to the party an order to return. They mistook the signal for a command to charge; the brave fellows answered with a cheer, and charged. At the summit of the steep mountain was a triangular platform, defended by a breastwork, behind which were seventy of the foe. On they went, charging up one of those fearful paths, eleven against seventy. The contest could not long be doubtful with such odds. One after



BENJAMIN JOWETT.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

another they fell: six upon the spot, the remainder hurled backwards; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number. There is a custom, we are told, amongst the hillsmen, that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle, his wrist is bound with a thread either of red or green, the red denoting the highest rank. According to custom, they stripped the dead, and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found their corpses stark and gashed; but round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread!

I think you will perceive how Poetry, expressing in this rude symbolism unutterable admiration of heroic daring, had given another aspect to war than that of butchery; and you will understand how, with such a foe, and such a general as the English commander, who more than once refused battle because the wives and children of the enemy were in the hostile camp, and he feared for their lives, carnage changed its character, and became chivalry; and how it was that the British troops learned to treat their captive women with respect; and the chieftains of the Cutchee hills offered their swords and services with enthusiasm to their conqueror; and the wild hill-tribes, transplanted to the plains, became as persevering in agriculture as they had been before in war.

A fine poetic rendering of this story is 'The Red Thread of Honour' in Sir Francis Hastings Doyle's *Return of the Guards, and other Poems* (1866).

Benjamin Jowett (1817–95), Master of Balliol, was born at Camberwell and educated at St Paul's School and Balliol, Oxford, where he was eminently distinguished—for he won the Hertford in 1837, a classical first in 1839, and the Latin essay in 1841. Already a Fellow in 1838, he was tutor from 1840 till his election as Master in 1870; from 1855 to 1893 he was Regius Professor of Greek. He fought for toleration when the Newmanites were being persecuted in Oxford, and was himself early regarded as heretically 'Broad Church.' The mastership of his college was not given him in 1854; and strenuous agitation kept from him the usual emoluments attached to the Greek chair for ten years. For his article 'On the Interpretation of Scripture' in *Essays and Reviews* (1860) he was tried but acquitted by the Vice-Chancellor's court. He published a famous commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans (1855; 3rd ed. 1894), in which his attitude to inspiration and to the doctrine of the atonement was by conservatives regarded as unsatisfactory. But he is best known by his translation, with learned and suggestive introductions, of the dialogues of Plato (1871; 3rd ed. 1892) and his (less happy) versions of Thucydides (1881) and the *Politics* of Aristotle (1885). With Professor Campbell he was responsible for an edition of Plato's *Republic* (1894). As Master of Balliol his influence permeated the college to a degree almost unexampled. He was made Doctor by Leyden (1875), Edinburgh (1884), and Cambridge (1890), and was Vice-Chancellor of the university from 1882 till 1886. On the whole it may be said that his work on Plato was more remarkable for the perfect English of the translation and the pregnant thoughts of the introductions than for his exact philological scholarship in rendering the Greek. He made no attempt to reconstruct Plato's philosophy as a system, nor did he think this possible or desirable. He did not greatly value system in philosophy or theology; many of those not unfriendly to him thought the sum of his own beliefs was no system, but a series of compromises. He certainly founded no party and headed no school, was to the end charged with vagueness and mistiness, and gave an uncertain sound on doctrines the Church has always regarded as fundamental. But he was an eminently pregnant and suggestive thinker and writer, warmly attached to what he regarded as the central truths of religion. His pupils included many of the men who have become most eminent in their time, and most of them regarded him with warm devotion.

In the latter years of his mastership he was the subject of a kind of hero-worship in Oxford; in spite of his formidable power of snubbing the inconsiderate, he was very popular with the students. His witty sayings were in everybody's mouth, and many others were fathered on him he would have failed to recognise. He cherished warm friendships with old pupils, delighted in the intimacy of his most eminent contemporaries, and was rather a striking than an eloquent talker; he uttered himself more copiously in letters to his friends. He worked hard for the well-being of his college, and was zealous in promoting educational reform. His essays and translations rank him high amongst English writers. Three collections of his sermons have been published (1895–1901), *College Sermons*, sermons on biographical subjects and the like, and *Sermons on Faith and Doctrine.*

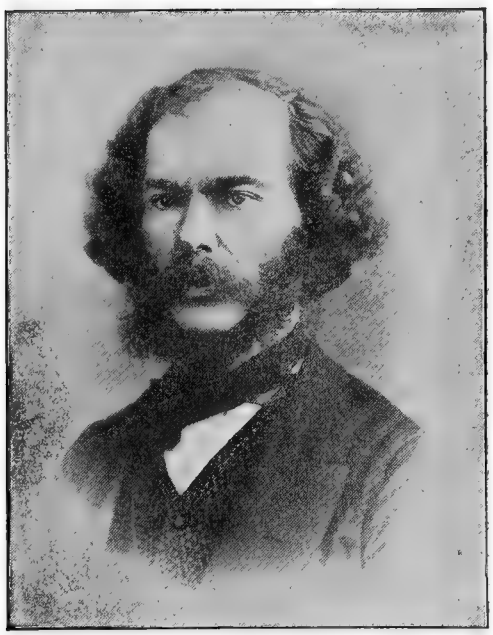
Immortality.

Again, believing in the immortality of the soul, we must still ask the question of Socrates, 'What is that which we suppose to be immortal?' Is it the personal and individual element in us, or the spiritual and universal? Is it the principle of knowledge or of goodness, or the union of the two? Is it the mere force of life which is determined to be, or the consciousness of self which cannot be got rid of, or the fire of genius which refuses to be extinguished? Or is there a hidden being which is allied to the Author of all existence, who is because he is perfect, and to whom our ideas of perfection give us a title to belong? Whatever answer is given by us to these questions, there still remains the necessity of allowing the permanence of evil, if not for ever, at any rate for a time, in order that the wicked 'may not have too good a bargain.' For the annihilation of evil at death, or the eternal duration of it, seem to involve equal difficulties in the moral order of the universe. Sometimes we are led by our feelings, rather than by our reason, to think of the good and wise only as existing in another life. Why should the mean, the weak, the idiot, the infant, the herd of men who have never in any proper sense the use of reason, reappear with blinking eyes in the light of another world? But our second thought is that the hope of humanity is a common one, and that all or none have a right to immortality. Reason does not allow us to suppose that we have any greater claims than others, and experience sometimes reveals to us unexpected flashes of the higher nature in those whom we have despised. Such are some of the distracting thoughts which press upon us when we attempt to assign any form to our conceptions of a future state.

Again, ideas must be given through something; and we are always prone to argue about the soul from analogies of outward things which may serve to embody our thoughts, but are also partly delusive. For we cannot reason from the natural to the spiritual, or from the outward to the inward. The progress of physiological science, without bringing us nearer to the great secret, has perhaps tended to remove some erroneous notions respecting the relations of body and mind, and in this we have the advantage of the ancients. But no one imagines that any seed of immortality is to be discerned in our mortal frames. The result seems to be that those who have thought most deeply on the immortality of the soul have been content to rest their belief on the agreement of the more enlightened part of mankind, and on the inseparable connection of such a doctrine with the existence of a God and our ideas of divine justice—also in a less degree on the impossibility of thinking otherwise of those whom we reverence in this world. And after all has been said, the figure, the analogy, the argument, are felt to be only approximations in different forms to the expression of the common sentiment of the human heart.

(From the Introduction to the *Phædo* of Plato.)

The official *Life and Letters* by Dr Evelyn Abbott and Professor Lewis Campbell appeared in 1897, followed by another volume of *Letters* (1899). Studies of him were published by Mr Tollemache (1895), Sir Leslie Stephen (1898), and Mr C. G. Montefiore (1900). And two volumes of selections from his sacred and secular writings have been published by Professor Lewis Campbell (1902).



GEORGE HENRY LEWES.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

George Henry Lewes (1817–78) was born in London, the grandson of the comedian Charles Lee Lewes. Educated partly at Greenwich under Dr Burney, and partly in Jersey and Brittany, he spent some time in a notary's office, and then in the house of a Russian merchant; tried medicine, but could not stand the operating-room; and in 1838 went to Germany for two years. On his return to London he tried the stage as a profession, but soon was at work as a Penny Encyclopædist and Morning Chronicler, as contributor to a dozen journals, reviews, and magazines, and as editor of the *Leader* (1851–54), and of the *Fortnightly* (1865–66), which he himself had founded. His versatility was remarkable; many of his innumerable articles are on dramatic subjects—the drama in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Ancient Greece—but also on Browning, Tennyson,

Disraeli, Macaulay, Dumas, and Leopardi. He had exceptional gifts as a theatrical critic. In Mr Frederic Harrison's words, he 'began life as a journalist, a critic, a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, and an essayist; he closed it as a mathematician, a physicist, a chemist, a biologist, a psychologist, and the author of a system of abstract general philosophy.' An intellect clear and sharp if not profound, a wit lively and piquant if not very rich, and a style both firm and graceful made Lewes an eminent critic, biographer, and populariser of science and of what he accepted as philosophy.

The last twenty-four years of his life were coloured by his close relations with George Eliot. He had been married, but unhappily, in 1840; divorce was not practicable; but in 1854 he and Miss Evans went to Germany, and thenceforward till his death they lived as man and wife, not without embarrassment to both. Lewes greatly helped to encourage George Eliot in her literary work, though one cannot but believe that his advice and influence must in many respects have been disadvantageous. Neither of his own novels, *Ranthorpe* (1847) and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet* (1848), had or could have any permanent place in literature, and their slender merits consist in direct borrowings from the French; the second, aiming to illustrate three types of character, the gay, the gentle, the decided, satirises current fallacies, follies, and delusions. His successful play, *The Game of Speculation*, is largely a reproduction of Balzac's *Mercadet;* his comparatively original *Noble Heart* and *Chain of Events* were failures on the stage and are now forgotten.

His *Biographical History of Philosophy* (1845) was in the third edition recast and expanded as *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.* He had a singular gift in popularising dissertations on philosophical and psychological subjects; but as he started from the Comtist position that metaphysics leads to nothing, his history of philosophy is rather a history of the vanity of philosophising. By degrees he drifted farther from Comte's position, and insisted that psychology was entitled to rank as a scientific study. As he was neither trained in philosophy nor a completely equipped biologist, there is much of the amateur in all his works on philosophical subjects, which are rather unsystematic but frequently brilliant disquisitions, sometimes containing original and luminous suggestions that have been adopted by authoritative physiologists such as Wundt. He associated psychology and physiology more closely than was then usual. Among works in this department are his exposition of *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences* (1853); *The Physiology of Common Life* (1859–60); *Aristotle* (1864—showing that his anticipations of modern scientific results were smaller than is sometimes alleged); and *Problems of Life and Mind* (1874–79), dealing in five volumes with the foundations of a creed, the physical basis of mind, the study of psychology, and mind as a function of the organism. Among Lewes's works were also *Seaside Studies* (1858) and *Studies in Animal Life* (1862); a book on *The Spanish Drama* (1846); an apologetic Life of Robespierre (1848); *On Actors and the Art of Acting* (1875). But by far his best-known work is his *Life and Works of Goethe* (2 vols. 1855), which not merely took its place as the standard English Life, but was made the basis of two French works on Goethe, and had before the end of the century passed through sixteen editions in the German translation. It has defects, no doubt, especially in the view of those who emphasise the spiritual element in Goethe. Lewes disliked mysticism, allegory, and much that Germans love; but the book is eminently interesting and readable, and is sane and sensible and independent in criticism. *The Story of Goethe's Life* (1873) is an abridgment.

Weimar in 1775.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The Trent, between Trentham and Stafford—'the smug and silver Trent,' as Shakspeare calls it—will give you an idea of this stream. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley, and stands some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. 'Weimar,' says the old topographer Mathew Merian, 'is *Weinmar*, because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer*. But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases.'

On a first acquaintance, Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments. It is so quiet, so simple; and though ancient in its architecture, has none of the picturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German cities. The stone-coloured, light-brown, and apple-green houses have high-peaked, slanting roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller. One learns to love its quiet, simple streets and pleasant paths, fit theatre for the simple actors moving across the scene; but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was of course very different from that presented now; but by diligent inquiry we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city walls were still erect; gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were six or seven hundred houses, not more, most of them very ancient. Under these roofs were about seven thousand inhabitants—for the most part not handsome. The city gates were strictly guarded. No one could pass through them in cart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book; even Goethe, minister and favourite, could not escape this tiresome formality, as we gather from one of his letters to the Frau von Stein, directing her to go out alone, and meet him beyond the

gates, lest their exit together should be known. During Sunday service a chain was thrown across the streets leading to the church to bar out all passengers—a practice to this day partially retained: the chain is fastened, but the passengers step over it without ceremony. There was little safety at night in those silent streets; for if you were in no great danger from marauders, you were in constant danger of breaking a limb in some hole or other, the idea of lighting streets not having presented itself to the Thuringian mind. In the year 1685 the streets of London were first lighted with lamps; and Germany, in most things a century behind England, had not yet ventured on that experiment. If in this 1854 Weimar is still innocent of gas, and perplexes its inhabitants with the dim obscurity of an occasional oil-lamp slung on a cord across the streets, we may imagine that in 1775 they had not even advanced so far. And our supposition is exact.

A century earlier stage-coaches were known in England; but in Germany public conveyances, very rude to this day in places where no railway exists, were few and miserable, nothing but open carts with unstuffed seats. Diligences on springs were unknown before 1800, and what they were even twenty years ago many readers doubtless remember. Then as to speed; if you travelled post, it was said with pride that seldom more than an hour's waiting was necessary before the horses were got ready, at least on frequented routes. Mail travelling was at the rate of five English miles in an hour and a quarter. Letters took nine days from Berlin to Frankfort, which in 1854 require only twenty-four hours. So slow was the communication of news that, as we learn from the Stein correspondence, so great an event as the death of Frederick the Great was only known as a rumour a week afterwards in Carlsbad. 'By this time,' writes Goethe, 'you must know in Weimar if it be true.' With these facilities it was natural that men travelled but rarely, and mostly on horseback. What the inns were may be imagined from the unfrequency of travellers and the general state of domestic comfort.

Death of Goethe.

The following morning—it was the 22nd March 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in the easy-chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie [his daughter-in-law] on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background!' Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and on awakening asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength; and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more.

See the works cited in the article on George Eliot, especially the Life of her by Mr Cross (1885–86); and articles on Lewes by Anthony Trollope in the *Fortnightly* for January 1879, and by Professor Sully in the *New Quarterly* for October 1879.

Alexander Bain (1818–1903), writer on philosophy, was born in Aberdeen, filled the chair of Logic there from 1860 to 1881, and then was elected Rector of his university. Associationist and empiricist, he was conspicuous in bringing physiology to bear on psychological research and method; and from 1855 onwards published nearly a score of works—the most important *The Senses and the Intellect* (1855), *The Emotions and the Will* (1859), *Mental and Moral Science* (1868), *Logic* (1870), *Education as a Science* (1879), and books on the two Mills, besides works on grammar and rhetoric.

Henry Longueville Mansel (1820–71), Dean of St Paul's, was born at Cosgrove rectory, Northamptonshire, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' and at St John's College, Oxford. Successively reader in Philosophy and Waynflete professor there, he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History and canon of Christ Church in 1867, and Dean of St Paul's in 1869. Pupil and part-editor of Hamilton, he went beyond his master in emphasising the relativity of knowledge—alleging, to the consternation of many, that we have no positive conception of the attributes of God. His works include, besides an edition of Aldrich's *Logic* (1849), *Prolegomena Logica* (1851), *Metaphysics* (1860; written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), *The Limits of Religious Thought* (Bampton Lectures, 1858), *The Philosophy of the Conditioned* (1866), and *The Gnostic Heresies* (with Life, 1874). See Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men* (1888).

Sir Austen Henry Layard (1817–94) was born in Paris, the son of a Ceylon civilian and grandson of a London physician of Huguenot descent. He passed his boyhood mainly in Italy, spent six years in a solicitor's office in London, but resolved to seek an appointment in Ceylon. Passing by way of Constantinople into Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Persia, he became fascinated by these countries and keenly interested in attempts made by M. Botta and others to excavate ancient Nineveh. Sir Stratford Canning made him a wandering agent in those parts (giving him £200 a year), and encouraged his scheme of digging at Nimrûd and Kuyunjik, a business to which he was led by his happy genius—for he had little or no educational equipment for such a task. His successes moved the British Museum to take up the scheme—the inscriptions and the reliefs, the winged human-headed bulls, and other relics brought to light being sent to our national collec-

tions, where they still form a most conspicuous feature. Layard erroneously identified Nimrûd, where he exposed several palaces, with Nineveh (really at Kuyunjik) instead of with Calah. But his discoveries were great and brilliant; and his book on *Nineveh and its Remains* (1848), followed by *The Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon* (1853), after he had excavated with success at Kuyunjik and elsewhere, made him famous as 'Nineveh Layard,' although his first book had little to do with Nineveh, but with the palaces of Ashur-nasir-pal, Esarhaddon, and Shalmaneser II. at Calah, another capital of the Assyrian kings. Received with enthusiasm as a great discoverer, he was presented with the freedom of the city of London, was made D.C.L. by Oxford, and was Lord Rector of Aberdeen University 1855–56; and he became M.P. for Aylesbury 1852–57, for Southwark 1860–69, Foreign Under-Secretary 1861–66, Chief Commissioner of Works 1868–69. In 1869 he went as British Ambassador to Spain, and in 1877 to Constantinople, where he strenuously supported Beaconsfield's policy. His philo-Turkish sympathies during and after the war provoked comment at home; and in 1878, having been made a G.C.B., he withdrew from public life. Two volumes of bas-reliefs in plates were called *Monuments of Nineveh* (1849 and 1853), and he issued abridged editions of his two descriptive books. He was a skilled excavator and a good describer, but no archæologist; the decipherment of the inscriptions was done by Rawlinson and others. But he was keenly interested in Italian art, revised Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, edited a handbook to Rome, and wrote the Introduction to the English version of Morelli's great book on the Italian painters and their methods. In 1887 he published an interesting volume on his *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia;* his *Autobiography and Letters* was edited in 1903 by the Hon. W. N. Bruce, who made it known that a work by Layard on his diplomatic experiences would at some future date be given to the public. The extracts are from his first book.

Nimroud.

It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them: its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab who guided my small raft gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to ensure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Arthur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad.

The Unearthing of a Winged Bull.

On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his

basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

Sir George Webbe Dasent (1817–96) was born in St Vincent, of which his father was Attorney-General; the family, of Norman-French extraction, had owned property in the West Indies since the Restoration. He was educated at Westminster School and King's College, London, and graduated B.A. from Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1840. Through John Sterling he came to know his father 'The Thunderer,' Carlyle, Mill, Julius Hare, and Thackeray. In 1841 he went to Stockholm as secretary to the British Envoy, and during his four years' sojourn there developed his love for the Scandinavian literature and mythology, in which he was encouraged by Jakob Grimm. About 1840 he had begun to write for the *Times;* on his return to England in 1845 he became assistant-editor to Mr Delane (whose sister he married), and for twenty-five years filled this post with great ability. Called to the Bar in 1852, and made D.C.L., he was for thirteen years Professor of English Literature and Modern History at King's College. He often acted as Civil Service examiner in English and modern languages, from 1870 to 1892 was a Civil Service Commissioner, and was knighted in 1876. He more than once visited Iceland. Among his works were four novels —*The Annals of an Eventful Life*, *Three to One*, *Half a Life*, and *The Vikings of the Baltic;* an Icelandic grammar; a translation of *The Prose or Younger Edda* (1842), dedicated in gratitude for encouragement to Carlyle; *Popular Tales from the Norse* (1859) and *Tales from the Fjeld* (1874), both from the Norwegian of Asbjörnsen; and translations from the Icelandic of the *Saga of Burnt Njal* (1861) and the *Story of Gisli the Outlaw* (1866), as also of the Orkney and Hacon sagas for the Rolls Series in 1894. A Life of Delane by him has been withheld from publication till 'the times are ripe.' His Introduction to Asbjörnsen's *Popular Tales* was a solid contribution to folklore, and was by him considered his best piece of work; his command of terse and vigorous English is best known to the average reader from *Burnt Njal.* He wrote frequently for the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and *Fraser's Magazine.* A new edition of the *Popular Tales*, with a biographical Preface by his son, was issued in 1903.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell (1818–78) was the son of Mr Stirling of Keir, and it was only on the death of his uncle, Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, in 1865, and his succession to the estates, that he assumed the baronetcy and changed his name to Stirling-Maxwell. He was born at Kenmure House near Glasgow; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; travelled in Italy, Spain, and the Levant (1839–42); and sat in the House of Commons as Conservative representative for Perthshire. He repeatedly visited Spain, and lived mainly a life of learned leisure, but was Rector of the Universities of St Andrews and of Edinburgh, Chancellor of Glasgow University, D.C.L., and K.T.; and he died of fever at Venice. His second wife was the Hon. Mrs Norton (see page 386). His minor publications—save the first, poems published in 1839—mainly concern bibliography and engravings. His first important work was *The Annals of the Artists of Spain* (3 vols. 1848), part of which was rewritten and published separately as *Velazquez and his Works* (1855). The book showed remarkably wide information and great good taste, proved highly entertaining, and completely eclipsed all earlier works dealing with the subject, though the style was somewhat laboured. *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* (1852) supplied deficiencies and corrected errors in the popular account of the emperor in Robertson's History. Stirling-Maxwell had access to documents unknown to Robertson, and was greatly more familiar with Spanish literature; and his story, while adding materially to what had been known of Charles's last years, rather impaired the romantic conception till then prevalent. At once accepted as authoritative and admirable by scholars like Richard Ford, Prescott, and Motley, it is still by far the most complete and interesting account in English, though Mignet in France and Gachard in Belgium have both dealt more exhaustively with the same subject. Stirling-Maxwell's most elaborate work, at which he had been working ever since he finished the *Cloister Life*, was not published till 1883, five years after his death—*Don John of Austria, or Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century.* He had bestowed much labour on precise verification of facts, and on the perfecting of the style, which is simpler and clearer than in his earlier works.

Charles V., even after his retirement to the cloisters at Yuste (in February 1557), continued to wield the imperial power as firmly and almost as fully as he had done at Augsburg or Toledo, though he joined earnestly in the religious observances of the monks, and even performed special rites

himself. In the *Cloister Life* Stirling-Maxwell thus tells how

Charles performed a Funeral Service for Himself.

About this time [August 1558], according to the historian of St Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his Majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said that certainly it would, pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandrilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord Praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares and years and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut-tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

There is a biographical note in the six-volume edition of Stirling-Maxwell's *Works* (1891), which includes *The Artists of Spain* (new ed.), *The Cloister Life* (4th ed.), and a volume of *Essays, Addresses*, &c.

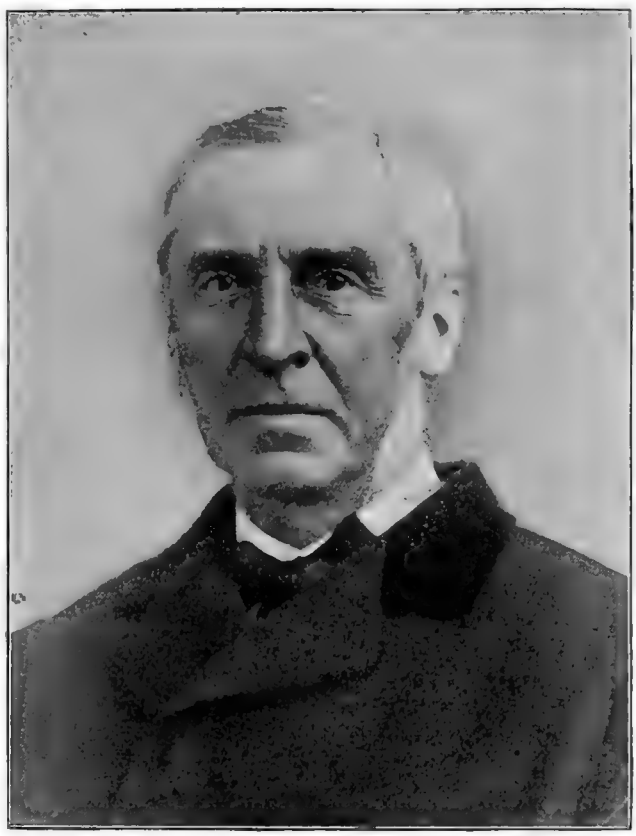
James Anthony Froude.*

Like his master, Carlyle, Froude holds a place apart among the historical writers of his age: both the one and the other (due proportion guarded) are, in the first place and pre-eminently, prophets and men of letters rather than historical specialists. In choosing to write history, both were primarily determined not by the simple scientific desire of ascertaining what had actually happened in the past, but by the consideration that historical narrative was a suitable vehicle for the expression of their individual views regarding man's life and destiny. In the case of Froude the distinction is forced upon us at once by the character of his work as a whole, and by the special gifts and temperament of which it is the expression. He belongs to a different order of spirits from Hallam or Macaulay or Freeman; and it is as a literary artist and a teacher of complex and illusive nature that he presents himself equally in his writings and in his mental history.

James Anthony Froude was born at Dartington near Totnes, Devonshire, 23rd April 1818. His father was Archdeacon of Totnes, and, according to his son, was a typical English Churchman of the period preceding the upheaval caused by the Tractarian movement. The Church 'he regarded as part of the constitution, and the Prayer-book as an Act of Parliament which only folly or disloyalty could quarrel with.' 'Dissent in all its forms,' adds his son, 'was a crime in our house.' In certain traits of the archdeacon's character we find suggestions at once of contrast and resemblance to his distinguished son. He had been 'a hard rider' in youth; and it was a marked trait in his son that all through life he was passionately fond of outdoor

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection entitled "History," page 504.

sports, and was never happier than when he had a rod or a gun in his hand, or was steering his yacht in the English Channel. The archdeacon was 'a Tory of the old school;' and, after a fashion of his own, Anthony was likewise a Tory of increasing intensity to the close of his days. On the other hand, there was 'a sort of Stoicism about Archdeacon Froude's character which sometimes surprised those who had only seen him for a day or two.' His son admired the Stoical type beyond all others, but Stoicism is the last characteristic we should think of attributing to him either in youth or age. It is evident, indeed, that father and son were of essentially different natures, and that the one never quite understood the other. And not only with his father, but also with his two elder brothers, Hurrell and William, Froude never appears to have been in cordial sympathy. Hurrell, whose brilliant gifts and enthusiastic temper made him one of the most distinguished figures among his contemporaries at Oxford, was one of Newman's most ardent associates in his mission of de-Protestantising the Church of England, and, as Anthony's future career was to show, the mission was one which appealed neither to his heart nor his head. As for the second brother, William, his tastes lay in another direction than those of Anthony—mechanical science being the subject to which he devoted himself with all the ability which was the common inheritance of the family. 'From his early years,' we are told by a friend of the family, 'Anthony felt chilled, crushed, and fettered;' and, as such an experience is never outlived, it may partly explain that undertone of austerity which is seldom absent from anything he wrote. But, if his home was uncongenial, he was in lively sympathy with the surroundings where his home lay. It was in youth that he acquired that love of the sea which remained the chief pleasure of his life; and it was then, also, that he acquired that interest in those 'forgotten worthies'—the naval heroes of his native Devon—to whose exploits he has devoted some of his most brilliant pages. And from these two interests we may deduce another characteristic—his passionate patriotism, which to foreigners is the predominating note of his work as a historian.



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

After three years (1830–33) spent at Westminster School, and other two at a private school at Merton, Froude proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford, at the age of seventeen. The High Church movement, of which Newman, a fellow of Oriel, was the inspiring leader, was then in full flood; and from the example of his brother Hurrell, it was to be expected that Anthony would naturally be drawn into it. Newman was prepared to give him a warm welcome; but from the first Froude showed that he meant to take a way of his own. He held himself aloof from Newman and his friends, and gave the general impression 'that he combined in a rare degree self-confidence, imagination, and inquiry.' His experience in his college was thus a repetition of his experience of home, and he was again thrown in upon himself by uncongenial surroundings. Though he took only a second-class in the Final Schools, he showed his aptitude for the studies of his later life by winning the Chancellor's English prize for an essay on 'The Influence of Political Economy on the Moral and Social Welfare of the Nation,' while in the same year (1842) he was elected to a fellowship in Exeter College. Froude had as yet shown no enthusiasm for the new religious movement, but his action now proved that, for a time at least, he was to some degree under its influence. In the *Life of St Ninian*, which he wrote for Newman's series of the Lives of the English Saints, his mental

and spiritual attitude is as correct as either his brother Hurrell or Newman could have wished; he speaks of the 'awful note of heresy' with pure sacramental fervour, and he virtually accepts all the astonishing miracles of the saint. As about the same date (1844) he also took Deacon's orders, it seemed as if he had definitively chosen his career.

But the spell of Newman over Froude, if it was ever real, was of brief duration. In 1847 he published a volume entitled *Shadows of the Clouds*, under the pseudonym of Zeta, and in 1848 his *Nemesis of Faith* (anonymously). Taken together these two books reveal a moral and intellectual distemper which is a vivid commentary on the spiritual strain which their author had undergone. Morally, they are the product of a nature which had lost its bearings in the conflict of morbid sentiments and emotions; intellectually, they prove that Froude had lost his faith not only in Tractarianism, but in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. The loss of his fellowship, his abandonment of the Church, and his resignation of the headmastership of the High School of Hobart Town in Tasmania, to which he had been appointed, were the necessary consequences of his spiritual transformation. His 'Sturm und Drang' period, the only period at which we have a glimpse into his inner life, was now at an end; and a fortunate destiny had brought him into contact with a teacher who renewed his moral basis and gave a direction to his life which he was henceforth to follow with such happy results for English literature. Froude ungrudgingly acknowledged his debt to the teaching and example of Carlyle, and the whole scope and tendency of his work bear manifest proof of the extent of his obligation. The fundamental ideas of Carlyle—his views regarding the function of great men, his contempt for the *vox populi*, his deification of force as the expression of ethical value, his antagonism to the developments of modern civilisation—all these are likewise the stock ideas of Froude, who saves his originality only by his individual manner of expressing them.

Froude had turned his thirtieth year when he broke with his past by the publication of his *Nemesis of Faith;* and henceforward the world knows him only as the indefatigable author who speedily took his place among the chief literary figures of his time. In the *Westminster Review* he began that series of papers, continued in *Fraser's Magazine* (of which he was editor from 1860 to 1874) and in other magazines, which are collected in the four volumes entitled *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. The general character of these papers is the sufficient proof that their author was essentially the 'man of letters' rather than the historical specialist. The historical specialist hesitates to pass beyond his proper domain, knowing as he does what accumulated knowledge is necessary towards a well-grounded judgment; but Froude in these short studies discusses philosophers and poets, theologians and saints, statesmen and commanders of every age and country. He made no pretension to add to our knowledge regarding the different subjects which he treated; but only pedantry would deny that, in adorning as he did every theme that he touched, he clothed them with an interest which it is not the least valuable function of literature to evoke.

In 1856 appeared the first two volumes of his greatest literary achievement, his *History of England from the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the Spanish Armada*, which, in his own words, was 'the companion of twenty years of pleasant but unintermittent labour.' Like all Froude's historical work, it was conceived with a controversial intention, and it expressed at once the new influence of Carlyle and his rebound of feeling from his Tractarian bondage. In his delineation of Henry VIII., the most original part of his work, both of these tendencies were focussed; he made him a figure in the mould of Carlyle's 'heroes,' and in so doing passed judgment on the High Church view that Henry was merely the unscrupulous author of an unhappy schism. Few books have been subjected to more searching criticism; but no fair reader will deny the justice of the estimate of the work as a whole pronounced by Bishop Stubbs, a historian whose methods and general views were so fundamentally opposed to Froude's own. It is a book, says Bishop Stubbs, to 'which even those who differ in principle from the writer will not refuse the tribute of praise, as a work of great industry, power, and importance.' Equally polemical in intention and equally inspired by the Carlylean oracle was *The English in Ireland*, which appeared in three volumes between 1871 and 1874. The immediate occasion of the book was Mr Gladstone's policy of conciliation towards Ireland, and its object was to prove that only by the strong hand could Ireland be made a prosperous country and a tolerable neighbour. His *Cæsar, a Sketch* (1879) in which the hero is again the providential 'strong man,' Froude regarded as his best book, an opinion which was not shared by Carlyle, whose brief comment on it was—'It tells me nothing of Cæsar.'

From the beginning of his career as an author, Froude had shown that he deliberately meant that each of his books should produce a sensation; and an opportunity now came to him of surpassing all his previous efforts in this direction. As literary executor of Carlyle, it devolved on him to be at once his editor and his biographer, and by the manner in which he performed both tasks he evoked a storm of controversy which is hardly to be paralleled in the history of English literature. Of his edition of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1881) it may be safely said that no English writer of eminence ever gave a work to the public with such cynical disregard of the primary duties of an editor. To take but one example of his negligence—surely Froude should have laid his hand on his heart

when he made Carlyle speak of his friend Sir Henry Taylor's 'morbid vanity,' when the words he actually wrote were 'marked veracity.' Inaccuracy had from the first been Froude's besetting sin, but the general public now first realised the full measure of the sins of which he was capable under this head. With regard to the portrait of Carlyle which he has drawn in the biography (1882–84), there will probably be always a difference of opinion; but it is to be noted that to the great majority of those who knew Carlyle as well as Froude himself (the only fitting judges) it seemed an essentially distorted image, the creation of the idiosyncrasies of the man who drew it. Nevertheless, of all Froude's books it is doubtless the one which will preserve his name longest; the eminence and distinctiveness of its subject and the skill of the biographer combine to make it a representative book of an epoch, and as such it has its only companion in Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

A few pleasant incidents had diversified Froude's somewhat stormy career as a man of letters. In 1869 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of St Andrews—an honour which he described as the first public recognition which he had received; in 1876 he was appointed a member of the Scottish University Commission; and in 1875 he was sent out as a commissioner to South Africa, for whose troubles he prescribed his borrowed panacea of a benevolent dictatorship. Two unofficial journeys, one to the Australian colonies and the other to the West Indies, resulted in his *Oceana* (1886) and the *West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses* (1888)—in both of which, though he expressed the hope it might be otherwise, he as usual 'trod on many corns.' But the distinction of his life which he valued most came to him near its close. In 1892 he was made Regius Professsor of History in Oxford, and thus, by an irony which he keenly appreciated, he came to sit in the chair of his adversary Freeman, who in season and out of season had denounced him as a sciolist and a charlatan. He held his appointment only for two years, but in that space he crowned his long and industrious life by the most charming books that came from his hand—*The Life and Letters of Erasmus* (1894), *Elizabethan Seamen of the Sixteenth Century* (1895), and *Lectures on the Council of Trent* (1896). He died on the 20th of October 1894 at Salcombe, his home in his native Devon.

In many passages of his writings Froude has told us how he thought history should be conceived and written. 'The address of history,' he says, 'is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions.' 'History,' he says again, is 'nature's drama,' should be written like a drama, and should teach like a drama. A science of history he scouted as a vain imagination, and maintained that, if our knowledge of the past taught us anything, it was 'that we should draw no horoscopes.' But, if history cannot be reduced to a science for the guidance of states, it performs a service of no less importance: 'It is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong.' In his own treatment of history Froude gave the freest play to these conceptions. The essential character of his chief historical writings is that they are conceived and written as dramas. Ever in his foreground there is a great central figure—hero or villain—round whom all events cluster, and with reference to whom they are selected and appraised. This personage develops in his hands, not as the rigid scrutiny of facts should determine, but in the fashion in which a character grows in the mind of the creative artist. Such are his delineations of Henry VIII., of Thomas Cromwell, of Mary Stewart, of Charles V., of Julius Cæsar, and, it may be added, of Carlyle—all of whom, before he has done with them, become gigantesque figures with their natural traits distorted beyond recognition. Equally characteristic of Froude as a historian is his insistence on the ethical import of persons and events. In this respect he, of course, resembles his master, Carlyle; but, though he owes to Carlyle his fundamental ethical principles, it was by his own natural instincts that he was primarily concerned with the problems of human destiny. In the case of Froude, as in the case of Carlyle, it was but the accident of circumstances that made him a historian and not an official preacher; and to his ethical fervour is doubtless due the polemical tone which is present in most of what he wrote. 'Having nobody to abuse,' he writes to his friend [Sir] John Skelton, with reference to his *Oceana*, 'I am like trying to fly a kite without wind.'

History thus conceived makes a wide popular appeal; and Froude possessed precisely the requisite gifts for the successful exemplification of his theories. He was master of a style which by its rapidity, clearness, and idiomatic grace is unsurpassed for the purposes of pure narrative. As much a man of the world as a student, he knew the range of common interest, selected his facts accordingly, and in his presentation of them had an unerring instinct as to the limits of the average intelligence. Moreover, though the only dull book he ever wrote was his romance, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, he had in a high degree that 'picturesque sensibility' which instinctively apprehends the poetic aspects of persons and events, and can make them visible to others. From these eminent merits, however, large abatements have to be made; his inaccuracy was such that in matters of fact he cannot be quoted with confidence, and there are few writers of equal intellectual force whose judgments carry less authority than Froude's. Yet, after every reserve, he remains one of the most interesting and important literary figures of his time. For the general public he has done the invaluable service of making history an attractive study; and English literature owes him a debt of another kind and of not less account: no writer has done more than Froude to maintain the best

traditions of English prose in that middle style which is the work-a-day instrument of every literature.

History.

What, then, is the use of History? and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past and nothing of the future, why waste our time over so barren a study?

First, it is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last: not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways.

That is one lesson of History. Another is, that we should draw no horoscopes; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions leave the world changed—perhaps improved—but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tübingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now [February 1864].

The most reasonable anticipations fail us—antecedents the most apposite mislead us; because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything—some element which we detect only in its after-operation.

But this, it may be said, is but a meagre outcome. Can the long records of humanity, with all its joys and sorrows, its sufferings and its conquests, teach us no more than this? Let us approach the subject from another side.

If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention, perhaps among others, this, that his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another; and when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved—something which the artist gives, and which the philosopher cannot give.

It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to say Shakespeare's supreme *truth* lies. He represents real life. His dramas teach as life teaches—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics as nature does, on right and wrong; but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is. In the subtle interflow of good and evil—in the unmerited sufferings of innocence—in the disproportion of penalties to desert—in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it; and, in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding—knowing well that the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child.

(From 'The Science of History' in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, vol. i.)

Flight of Mary Stuart from Holyrood to Dunbar after the Murder of Rizzio.

The important point gained, Darnley would not awake suspicion by returning to the Queen; he sent her word privately that 'all was well;' and at eight in the evening Stewart of Traquair, Captain of the Royal Guard; Arthur Erskine, 'whom she would trust with a thousand lives;' and Standen, a young and gallant gentleman, assembled in the Queen's room to arrange a plan for the escape from Holyrood. The first question was where she was to go. Though the gates were no longer occupied, the Palace would doubtless be watched; and to attempt flight and to fail would be certain ruin. In the Castle of Edinburgh she would be safe with Lord Erskine, but she could reach the Castle only through the streets, which would be beset with enemies; and unfit as she was for the exertion, she determined to make for Dunbar.

She stirred the blood of the three youths with the most touching appeal which could be made to the generosity of man. Pointing to the child that was in her womb, she adjured them by their loyalty to save the unborn hope of Scotland. So addressed, they would have flung themselves naked on the pikes of Morton's troopers. They swore they would do her bidding be it what it would; and then, 'after her sweet manner and wise directions, she dismissed them till midnight to put all in order as she herself excellently directed.'

'The rendezvous appointed with the horses was near the broken tombs and demolished sepultures in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood.' A secret passage led underground from the palace to the vaults of the abbey; and at midnight Mary Stuart, accompanied by one servant and her husband—who had left the lords under pretence of going to bed—'crawled through the charnel-house, among the bones and skulls of the antient kings,' and 'came out of the earth' where the horses were shivering in the March midnight air.

The moon was clear and full. 'The Queen with incredible animosity was mounted *en croup* behind Sir Arthur Erskine upon a beautiful English double gelding,' 'the King on a courser of Naples;' and then away—away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed; 'six in all—their Majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the Queen.' In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe. (From the *History of England*, Chap. XLIV.)

Froude's account of the escape is based on a letter of Standen's. *The King* is Darnley, and *animosity* means 'spirit.' Prestonpans is nearer Edinburgh than Seton, and should accordingly come first.

Character of Erasmus.

Trouble enough and anxiety enough! Yet in the midst of bad health and furious monks—it is the noblest feature in him—his industry never slackened, and he drew out of his difficulties the materials which made his name immortal. He was for ever on the wing, searching libraries, visiting learned men, consulting with politicians or princes. His correspondence was enormous. His letters on literary subjects are often treatises in themselves, and go where he would his eyes were open

to all things and persons. His writings were passing through edition on edition. He was always adding and correcting; while new tracts, new editions of the Fathers, show an acuteness of attention and an extent of reading which to a modern student seems beyond the reach of any single intellect. Yet he was no stationary scholar confined to desk or closet. He was out in the world, travelling from city to city, gathering materials among all places and all persons, from palace to village alehouse, and missing nothing which had meaning or amusement in it. In all literary history there is no more extraordinary figure. Harassed by orthodox theologians, uncertain of his duties in the revolutionary tempest, doubtful in what country to find rest or shelter, anxious for his future, anxious for his life (for he knew how Orthodoxy hated him, and he had no wish to be a martyr in an ambiguous cause), he was putting together another work which, like *Moria*, was to make his name immortal. Of his learned productions, brilliant as they were, Erasmus thought but little. He considered them hastily and inaccurately done; he even wondered how any one could read them. But his letters, his *Moria*, and now the *Colloquies*, which he was composing in his intervals of leisure, are pictures of his own mind, pictures of men and things which show the hand of an artist in the highest sense, never spiteful, never malicious, always delightful and amusing, and finished photographs of the world in which he lived and moved. The subject might be mean or high, a carver of genius will make a work of art out of the end of a broomstick. The journey to Brindisi was a common adventure in a fly-boat; Horace has made it live for ever. Erasmus had the true artist's gift of so handling everything that he touched, vulgar or sublime, that human interest is immediately awakened, and in these *Colloquies*, which are the record of what he himself saw and heard, we have the human inhabitants of Europe before us as they then were in all countries except Spain, and of all degrees and sorts; bishops and abbots, monks and parish priests, lords and commoners, French grisettes, soldiers of fortune, treasure-seekers, quacks, conjurers, tavern-keepers, there they all stand, the very image and mirror of the time. Miserable as he often considered himself, Erasmus shows nothing of it in the *Colloquies*. No bitterness, no complainings, no sour austerity or would-be virtuous earnestness, but everywhere a genial human sympathy which will not be too hard upon the wretchedest of rogues, with the healthy apprehension of all that is innocent and good.

(From *Life and Letters of Erasmus*, Lecture 11.)

Froude left injunctions that no authorised biography of him should be written. For the early part of his life our chief sources of information are his Essay, entitled 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation' (*Short Studies*, vol. iv.), and Canon Mozley's *Reminiscences* (vol. ii.). Regarding his later life there are interesting details in *The Table-Talk of Shirley* ([Sir] John Skelton). See also Mr Pollard's article in the Appendix to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and Mr David Wilson's *Mr Froude and Carlyle* (1898). Estimates of Froude are given by Sir Leslie Stephen (*National Review*, January 1901) and by Mr Goldwin Smith (*North American Review*, clix. 677). In 1903, in reply to criticism by Mr Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton-Browne, there appeared a posthumous volume, entitled *My Relations with Carlyle*, in which Froude defended his estimates of Carlyle and his wife, and maintained his own fairness as executor; printing a letter from his co-executor, Sir James Stephen, completely approving Froude's discharge of his trust. *The Nemesis of Froude* was a rejoinder by Sir James Crichton-Browne.

P. HUME BROWN.

Ernest Jones (1819–69)—in full, ERNEST CHARLES JONES—Chartist poet, was the son of Major Charles Jones, equerry to the Duke of Cumberland who became King of Hanover. The major lived long on his German estate, and the son, born at Berlin, was carefully educated at Lüneburg, and early became a poet and a politician. He came to England with his father in 1838, was popular in society, published a highly romantic novel, *The Wood Spirit* (1841), and in 1841 was called to the Bar. In 1846 he threw himself strongly into the Chartist movement, supported Feargus O'Connor energetically on the platform and in the press, and was believed to have resigned brilliant prospects to become a political agitator. In 1848 he was active as far north as Aberdeen, but, arrested at Manchester, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for seditious speeches. On his release he was for a while the leader of the lost cause, and in his *Notes to the People* wrote a history of the democratic movement and edited a *People's Paper*. When the Chartists disappeared as a party he, to the disgust of the faithful remnant, was content to energise as a mere Radical and advocate land nationalisation. About the same time he resumed practice at the Bar, and began to write industriously—at first sensational novels and tales, such as *The Lass and the Lady*, *The Maid of Warsaw*, *Woman's Wrongs*, *Beldagan Church*, *The Painter of Florence*. Landor praised enthusiastically the poem that gave name to *The Battle Day and other Poems* (1855). In 1857 Jones published *The Revolt of Hindostan* (privately printed in 1850), a poem said to have been written with his own blood in an old Prayer-book while he was in prison; *Corayda and other Poems* appeared in 1859. He continued to issue pamphlets and lecture in the democratic cause, had stood unsuccessfully for Parliament repeatedly from 1847 on, and was expected to get in for Manchester as Radical member when he suddenly died. His best-known lyrics were 'The Song of the Poor,' 'The Song of the Day-labourers,' 'The Song of the Factory Slave,' and 'The Song of the Poorer Classes.'

Angus Bethune Reach (1821–56), born at Inverness, came to London in 1842, and wrote much for *Punch*, for many of the magazines, and for the newspapers. His two novels were *Clement Lorimer* (1848; illustrated by Cruikshank) and *Leonard Lindsay* (1850); but, spite of failing health, he produced innumerable satirical and social sketches and dramatic trifles.

Thomas Mayne Reid (1818–83), known as a story-teller to a world-wide circle of readers as 'Captain Mayne Reid' (he dropped the 'Thomas'), was born at Ballyroney, County Down, a Scoto-Irish Presbyterian minister's son, his mother being of Scottish Borderer blood, and was himself educated for the ministry in Ulster. But with quite other ambitions he in 1840 emigrated to New

Orleans, and either by stress of circumstances or a happy instinct entered on the oddly diversified career that in his novels he turned to such good account. Successively storekeeper and negro-overseer, schoolmaster and play-actor, hunter and sharpshooter in the Indian wars, he from time to time plunged into journalism ; but in 1847 he took service in the United States army, and as lieutenant distinguished himself in the Mexican war—especially at the storming of Chapultepec, where he was so severely wounded that his life was despaired of, and he never completely recovered from his injuries. When convalescent he began his first novel, *The Rifle Rangers* (published 1850). But in 1849, a United States captain, he came to Europe to offer his sword to the Hungarian revolutionists. Finding that the revolutionary movement had already been crushed, he established himself in or near London and embarked on the business of novel-writing ; and this was henceforward the work of his life, varied only by unlucky building speculations and three years' journalistic enterprise in New York. His last years he spent at Ross in Herefordshire. In a long succession of novels—well over thirty in number—he utilised to the full the strangely varied adventures of his own early career. His vigorous style and the profusion of daring feats, perils, hairbreadth escapes, and romantic episodes riveted the attention of two or three generations of young readers. His romances are lacking in artistic form, but at times he attained to high excellence in narrative style and in description of scenery and character. Among the best known of his stories (in which he sometimes at least took Fenimore Cooper as model) are *The Scalp Hunters* (1851), *The Boy Hunters* (1852), *The Young Voyageurs* (1853), *The War Trail* (1857), *The Maroon* (1862), *The Headless Horseman* (1866), *The Castaways* (1870), and *The Free Lances* (1881). Many of these tales were translated into French and German.



THOMAS MAYNE REID.
From a Photograph by Maull & Fox.

Mayne Reid found time to write also books on natural history for boys and on croquet. The *Memoir* published by his widow in 1890 was in 1900 expanded into a full record of his life and adventures.

Ebenezer Jones (1820–60) was born at Islington, of a Welsh family, and was bred a Calvinist. In 1837 he was forced by his father's long illness to turn clerk in a City warehouse ; his hours were from eight to eight six days a week. But long ere this he had been writing verses, and now he was powerfully stimulated by influences so various as those of Shelley, Carlyle, and Robert Owen. In 1843 he published his *Studies of Sensation and Event*, poems amazingly unequal, crude, eccentric, and faulty, or even at times 'excruciatingly bad,' yet 'full of the very essence of poetry,' as was ultimately recognised by Browning and Rossetti. But at the time—spite of kindly encouragement from Bryan Waller and Hengist Horne—Jones saw his work was rejected by the world, and he published no more, save a pamphlet on the *Land Monopoly* (1849), which anticipated Henry George by thirty years in proposing to nationalise the land ; and three powerful poems, 'To the Snow,' 'To Death,' and 'When the world is burning,' not long before his death. He lived by professional work as an accountant. In 1844 he had married a niece of Edwin Atherstone (see page 146), but the marriage brought only misery and a separation. See three articles by Mr Watts-Dunton in the *Athenæum* (1878), and two notices by Sumner Jones (Ebenezer's elder brother, himself a poet) and W. J. Linton prefixed to a reprint of the *Studies* (1879).

John Tulloch (1823–86), born at Bridge of Earn, studied at St Andrews and Edinburgh, and after holding charges in Dundee and elsewhere, was in 1854 appointed Principal and Professor of Divinity in St Mary's College, St Andrews. In 1879–80 he was the editor of *Fraser*. He wrote on theism, on the Reformation and its leaders (1859 and 1861), on Pascal, on sin, and on modern religious thought (1884–85). But his principal work was *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century* (1872 ; new ed. 1886), a standard authority. Mrs Oliphant wrote his Life (1888).

Philip James Bailey.*

Philip James Bailey (1816–1902), poet, was born at Nottingham on 22nd April 1816. His father, Thomas Bailey, owned and edited the *Nottingham Mercury* from 1845 to 1852. Educated at various schools in his native town, in 1831 he matriculated at Glasgow University, which in 1901 conferred on him the degree of LL.D. In 1836 he settled at Basford, just out of Nottingham, and devoted himself to the production of his masterpiece, *Festus*, which was published anonymously by William Pickering in 1839. In 1840 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but he never practised. In 1856 he received a Civil List pension of £100. From 1864 to 1876 he lived in Jersey, travelling from time to time in Switzerland, France, and Italy. Returning to England, he resided near Ilfracombe till 1885, when he moved to Blackheath. In his later years he lived in retirement with his wife, whose death in 1896, after a union of thirty-three years, tried him sorely. On 6th September 1902, at the age of eighty-six, he died at his house in the Ropewalk, Nottingham. He was never in close touch with literary circles, though about 1870 he was sometimes present at Westland Marston's symposia, where Rossetti, Swinburne, 'Orion' Horne, and other celebrities were wont to meet. He was sweet, gentle, and rather timid in nature. Superbly handsome in physique and countenance, he rivalled Tennyson in the art of looking like a poet.

No poem like *Festus* has ever been written by a boy of twenty. It is a miracle of mature immaturity. Its vogue was almost Byronic. Twelve editions have been issued in England, and over thirty in America. The poem was praised by Tennyson, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and other eminent men. 'I can scarcely trust myself,' wrote Tennyson, 'to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance.' The success of *Festus* stereotyped Bailey's poetic impulse, which was wasted in vain attempts to imitate himself. *The Angel World* (1850), *The Mystic* (1855), *The Age* (1858; a weak satire), and *The Universal Hymn* (1867) failed. The poet rashly tried to propitiate oblivion by incorporating 'The Angel World' and portions of the other poems in later editions of *Festus*. The result was disastrous. A new generation recoiled in dismay from a philosophical poem of over forty thousand lines, and *Festus* joined the limbo of books that are revered unread. If the poem is to recapture its first fame, its earlier and better form must be restored.

Festus is a variant of that Faust legend which has haunted literature since its birth in the Book of Job. It owes little to Goethe or to Marlowe; their Fausts are incarnations of pessimism, *Festus* is an incarnation of optimism. It has been called an epic drama, but although it is divided into fifty-two scenes, the action is epic rather than dramatic. The sublimity of its action equals, and its moral altitude surpasses, other epics. Modern thought sees far beyond the spiritual horizon of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. Their poetry is imperishable; much of their morality is outworn. *Festus* presents a loftier view of God and Man than any other world-poem. In it deity is more humane and humanity more divine. It adumbrates a prophetic ideal of a divine humanity which will ultimately transmute all evil into all good. Doomsman of time, Festus impersonates the destiny of humanity, moving thought cycles of sin and suffering towards that harmony with itself which is harmony with the Infinite. Lucifer,



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.
From a Photograph by A. W. Cox, Nottingham.

who guides him through the universe of sensation, is not the more conventional fiend of Marlowe or of Goethe, but a subtle symbol of the evil that is half good and the good that is half evil. The action sweeps through celestial, terrestrial, and infernal space towards its stupendous culmination, the apotheosis of Festus, the last man, whose attainment of spiritual sovereignty is the signal for the end of all things. Magnificent is the passage in which Festus describes the withering of the world:

> The earth is breaking up, all things are thawing,
> River and mountain melt into their atoms;
> A little time and atoms will be all.
> The sea boils, and the mountains rise and sink
> Like marble bubbles bursting into death.
> O thou Hereafter, on whose shore I stand,
> Waiting each toppling moment to engulf me,
> What am I? Say, thou Present; say, thou Past,
> Ye three wise children of Eternity!
> A life, a death, and an immortal? all?
> Is this the threefold mystery of man?
> The lower darker Trinity of earth?

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company.

'Tis vain to ask. Nought answers me, not God.
The air grows thick and dark. The sky comes down.
The sun draws round him streaky clouds, like God
Gleaning up wrath. Hope hath leapt off my heart,
Like a false sibyl, fear-smote from her seat,
And overturned it. I am bound to die. .
God, why wilt thou not save? The great round world
Hath wasted to a column 'neath my feet.
I'll hurl me off it, then, and search the depth
Of space in this one infinite plunge. Farewell
To earth and heaven and God. Doom, spread thy lap,
I come, I come. But no, may God forbear
To judge the tempted purpose of my heart.
Me hath he stablished here, and he will save,
And I can smile destruction in the face.
Let his strong hand compress the marble world,
And wring the starry fire-blood from its heart,
Still on this earth-core I rejoice in God,
I know him and believe in him as Love,
And this divinest truth he hath inspired,
Mercy to man is justice to himself. .
Open thine arms, O death, thou fine of woe
And warranty of bliss. I feel the last
Red mountainous remnant of the earth give way.
The stars are rushing upwards to the light,
My limbs are light and liberty is mine.
The spirit's infinite purity consumes
The sullied soul. Eternal destiny
Opens its bright abyss. I am God's.
God. Man, die!

Judged solely and separately by the moral and spiritual grandeur of its imaginative conception, *Festus* is not inferior to any other epic. Issuing with volcanic intensity out of the fiery heart of youth, it moves majestically amid the stars. The poet, unlike Antæus, falters only when he touches earth. It is in the more familiar scenes that his genius flags. Youth is not ripely humorous or nobly patient, and in the frantic haste of his feverish toil, Bailey failed to fuse all the episodes and incidents, characters and conceptions, into a lucid and harmonious whole. In architectonic symmetry *Festus* is as far below the great epics as it is above them in imaginative conception. Bailey knew better than he built. His soul outran his hand; his imagination outsoared his technique. The poem lacks not only the vaster rhythms and deeper harmonies, but it is full of minor technical flaws. Metrical irregularities abound; the lyrical interludes are feeble; many of the characters are shadowy. The amorous ratiocinations of *Festus*, Angela, Clara, Helen, and Elissa mar the austerity of the theme. Doubtless they are meant to show the regenerative nobility of womanhood, but this platonic parliament of platonic loves brings a breath of incongruity into the severe heroism of the action. Nevertheless, in spite of its manifold defects, *Festus* stands unchallengeably among the great spiritual epics of the world. Its profound significance will be gradually perceived as religion emerges from the mists and morasses of mechanical theologies, for it foreshadows the only Christian philosophy which can endure. Bailey, indeed, was far in advance of his time and of our time. His mystical optimism is equally repugnant to scientific and to religious materialism; but as science and religion abandon their unreal antagonisms for common and co-ordinated research in the unexplored field of spiritual experience, his imaginative solution of the problem of life will find a juster evaluation. Like all possible solutions, it is and must always be a splendid hypothesis; but until a still more magnificent hypothesis be evolved, it will be supreme.

In the realm of absolute poetry *Festus* has never been adequately appraised. It occupies a lonely pinnacle whose altitude has not yet been measured by a comparative criticism which is apt to overvalue purely literary skill and purely technical virtuosity. What is Bailey's place in Victorian literature? In our judgment, not far below Tennyson and Browning. At its best, his blank verse is as fine as any since Marlowe or since Milton. His imaginative energy is of the first order. He sees in flashing symbols; he thinks in thunder and lightning. His passionate mind pours out mighty torrents of majestic imagery. An artificer of terse phrase and gnomic epigram, his incandescent style is shaped by the powerfully wielded hammer of his imagination on the iron anvil of his thought. In his work there are faint vestiges of Miltonic and Shakespearian influence, his lyrics are debased by Byronisms, but of other poets there is barely an echo. On the other hand, many poets, both contemporary and posterior, dead and living, great and small, have borrowed from Bailey. *Festus* is a vast quarry of poetry out of which many a block has been and will be hewn; and although its author is not yet numbered by literary pundits among the great poets of the nineteenth century, it is certain that a critic will arise, or soon or late, to do for him what Addison did for Milton. In the meantime, this brief estimate may help to broaden the basis of a reputation hitherto perilously poised on the sliding sands of religious whim.

The best passages in *Festus* are too long to be quoted here, and too fine to be mutilated; but the quality of its poetry may be shown by a few characteristic lines:

The visionary landscapes of the skies,
The golden capes far stretching into heaven.

It was the rush of God's world-winnowing wing.

Earth heaves with tomblets as the sea with waves.

Love's heart turns sometimes faint, like a sick pearl.

Why, deathling, wilt thou long for heaven?

Lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow.

Nought happens but what happens to oneself.
A wreck
Whose board scarce floats flush with the face of death.

The dreamy struggles of the stars with light.

To most man's life but showed
A bridge of groans across a stream of tears.

God's hand hath scooped the hollow of the world.
I feel death blowing hard at the lamp of life.
Art is man's nature, nature is God's art.
Like autumn's leaves distained with dusky gold.
To live like light or die in light like dew.
Drowned lands and verdurous meadows submarine.
And age but presses with a halo's weight.
It is the sun,
God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens.
Loaded with golden rain of annual stars.
The heavens grow darker as they purer grow.
Time's sun, declining down the eternal skies,
Leaves his last shining shadow upon the sea.

Bailey's blank verse often reaches a serene spontaneity of verbal beauty. In such passages as Lucifer's address to Night, the large rhythm moves on the surface of the thought as the waves move on the surface of the sea :

Night comes, world-jewelled, as my bride should be.
Start forth the stars in myriads at the sign
Of light, divine usurper, as to wage
War with the lines of darkness ; and the moon,
Pale ghost of light, comes haunting the cold earth
After the sun's red sea-death, quietless.
Immortal Night, I love thee. Thou and I
Are of one strain, the eldest blood of God.
He makes, we mar, together, all things, all
But our own selves.

The poem marches with spacious strides through a dazzling pageant of symbol and simile, massively epic in its grandeur :

As when by sunset hues
Invited, some fair falcon, whose broad eye
Mirrors the welkin, through air's shadowy blue
Wheeling with wing unwavering, every plume
Stretched tense, 'mid sky serenely balanced, calls
Forth from his eyrie, crown of sea-faced crag,
Her mightier mate ; these twain each other now
In unconceived ellipse, curve following curve,
Redoubled rainbow-like, outsweep ; thrice o'er
Snatch from ambition's touch the zenith : mock
With playful fall the expectant earth ; now, thwart,
In arbitrary and intercircling flights,
Their mutual orbits emulous ; this below
Echoing the other's cry on high, till heaven
Closes, by hint of stars, the rapt contest.

The whole range of poetic vision is found in *Festus*. The audacity of the theme would be ridiculous were it not made sublime by the most solemn, the most sombre, and the most tremendous images, swift, simple, concrete, concentrated, direct. The dream of Festus is an impassioned and piercing fantasy :

Up we flew
Sheer through the shining air, far past the sun's
Broad blazing disk ;—past where the great, great snake
Binds in his bright coil half the host of heaven ;—
Past that great sickle saved for one day's work
When he who sowed shall reap creation's field ;—
Past those bright diademed orbs which show to man
His crown to come ; up through the starry strings
Of that high harp close by the feet of God,
Which he, methought, took up and struck, till heaven
In love's immortal madness rang and reeled ;
The stars fell on their faces, and far off
The wild world halted, shook his burning mane,
Then, like a fresh-blown trumpet-blast, went on,
Or like a god gone mad. On, on we flew,
I and the spirit, far beyond all things
Of measure, motion, time, and aught create,
Where the stars stood on the edge of the first nothing,
And looked each other in the face and fled ;—
Past even the last long starless void, to God ;
Whom straight I heard, methought, commanding thus :
Immortal, I am God. Hie back to earth
And say to all that God doth say—love God !
Lucifer. God visits men a-dreaming : I, awake.
Festus. And my dream changed to one of general doom.
Wilt hear it ?
Lucifer. Ay, say on. 'Tis but a dream.
Festus. God made all mind and motion cease, and lo !
The whole was death and peace. An endless time
Obtained in which the power of all made failed.
God bade the worlds to judgment and they came,
Pale, trembling, corpse-like. To the souls therein
Then spake the Maker : deathless spirits, rise !
And straight they thronged around the throne. His arm
The Almighty then uplift, and smote the worlds
Once, and they fell in fragments like to spray
And vanished in their native void. He shook
The stars from heaven like raindrops from a bough,
Like tears they poured adown creation's face.
Spirit and space were all things. Matter, death,
And time left nought, not even a wake, to tell
Where once their track o'er being.

Magnificent, too, is the pæan which Festus chants to the sun :

Shepherd of worlds and harmonist of heaven,
The music of whose golden lyre is light.

The holiest mystery of poetic magic trembles in such lines as these :

Jewels are baubles only, whether pearls
From the sea's lightless depths, or diamonds
Culled from the mountain's crown, or chrysolith,
Cat's-eye, or moonstone, or hot carbuncle,
That, from the bed of Eden's sunniest stream
Extracted, lamped the ark, what time the roar
Of lions pining for their free sands smote
The hungry darkness.

Not even Shakespeare confronted the irony of existence with a more august regard :

Long we live thinking nothing of our fate,
For in the morn of life we mark it not,
It falls behind : but as our day goes down
We catch it lengthening with a giant's stride,
And ushering us unto the feet of night.

Not even Milton carved sterner thoughts in more adamantine phrase than the inspired singer who sang of

Men who walk up to fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested, from the world's hard hand and gripe,

Men who, like death, all bone and all unarmed,
Have ta'en the giant world by the throat and thrown him,
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
At peril of his life; who shed great thoughts
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves
In a kindly largesse to the soil it grew on;
Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,
Like sound upon the falling of a force;
Whose words, if winged, are with angel's wings;
Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them;
Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are open
To the whole noon of nature; these I have waked
And wept o'er night by night, oft pondering thus:
Homer is gone; and where is Jove? and where
The rival cities seven? His song outlives
Time, tower, and god—all that then was, save heaven.

Not even Wordsworth has surpassed the heavy beauty of the four glamour-laden words into which Bailey pours the cosmic romance of the soul:

The rich star-travelled stranger.

Not even Dante forged imaginative utterance more fierily poignant than the simple words in which Festus, with sword-like pathos, addresses the spirit of his Beatrice:

Immortal, from thine eye
Wipe out the tear of time.

And where in all poetry can we find a more tremulously ecstatic sob of love than this?—

Come to the light, love. Let me look on thee.
Let me make sure I have thee. Is it thou?
Is this thy hand? Are these thy velvet lips,
Thy lips so lovable? Nay, speak not yet,
For oft, as I have dreamed of thee, it was
Thy speaking woke me. I will dream no more.
Am I alive? And do I really look
Upon those soft and sea-blue eyes of thine,
Wherein I half believe I can espy
The riches of the sea? Nay, heavenly hued,
As though they had gained from gazing on the skies
Their high and starry beauty. These dark rolled locks!
Oh God, art thou not glad, too, he is here?

Shimmering with romantic innuendo, these lines are the very voice of love, uttering an ecstasy of sobbing joy and trembling rapture that suddenly flames into a glory of divine invocation transcendently daring in its triumphant egoism. The angels in *Festus* are mystically incorporeal:

Light as a leaf they step, or the arrowy
Footing of breeze upon a waveless pool,
Sudden and soft, too, like a waft of light,
The beautiful immortals come to me.

Often the poet chisels out of verbal marble a subtle beauty that rivals the rhythmic curves of plastic art. Here is a statue of death which a Michelangelo could hardly better:

Behold there Death!
Throned on his tomb, entombed in his throne,
Just as he ceased he rests for aye; his scythe
Still wet out of his bloody swath, one hand
Tottering sustains, the other strikes the cold
Drops from his bony brow; his mouldy breath
Tainteth all air.

Another nuance of visionary glamour glimmers in this ravishing nightscape:

Eve came, the dewy night stole forth dim-veiled,
Arcturus, heavenly oxherd, bowed his knee
Star-cusped, upon the hill, as though with all
His worlds he worshipped God, his conquering head
Bowed 'neath the orb-gemmed crown, hollow with heaven,
God o'er him holds as one who had striven with God,
And gained the day o'er deity.

And yet another in this magical symphony of gloom:

Wave
On wave of darkness, like the shadowy tides
Of that tenebrous sea which billowing breaks
Soundless on lunar promontories.

The poet brandishes the bright sword of optimism in the procession of mortality:

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood,
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart;
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years, in thought, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things, God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles, and the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close
It dims his well-worn scythe. But no, the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due: 'tis they who saved us,
Saved us from woe and want and servitude.
The rapid and the deep, the fall, the gulph,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life,
And life so varied hath more loveliness
In one day, then a creeping century
Of sameness.

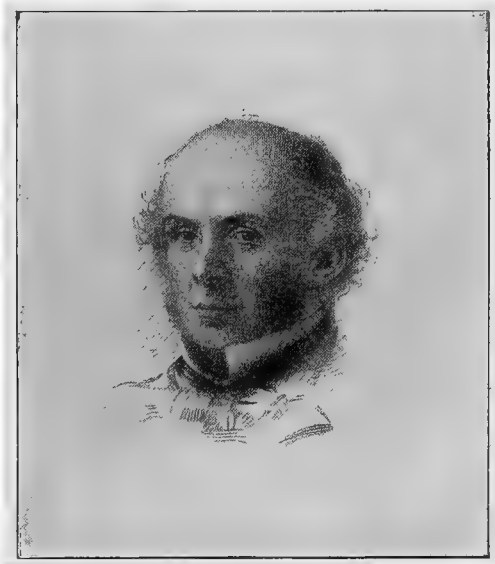
The heroically youthful optimism of *Festus* falls like a snowflake on the feverish lips of the modern pessimist. It rejects the superstitious creeds of cynicism and the blind dogmas of materialism, affirming that life is lifeworthy, being an endless pursuit of an eternal ideal by everlasting runners:

Star on star the heavens fulfil
Their issue, and truth quickens here the soul
Dipped in substantial lighting of the sun
Spiritual, and with the eternal saving saved.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–61) was born at Liverpool, the son of a cotton-merchant of good Denbighshire stock, who in 1822 emigrated to Charleston in South Carolina. There the boy lived a home-life of singular happiness, until in 1828 he was sent back to school first at Chester, and next year at Rugby, where Dr Arnold profoundly impressed him. Here he gained every honour the school had to bestow, became a powerful swimmer and a crack goalkeeper, and edited and wrote much for the *Rugby Magazine*. In November 1837 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, astonished all who knew his powers by obtaining only a second-class in 1841, but in 1842 was elected a Fellow of Oriel. As tutor from 1843 he laboured for five years, usually spending the long vacation among the Welsh mountains, by the Cumberland lakes, or in the Scottish Highlands. For a time he fell under the spell of Newman's influence, but this was soon followed by a period of severe inward struggle; erelong he shook himself free of the neo-Catholic movement, and in 1848 felt it his duty to withdraw from Oriel. A little earlier in the same year he had published his first long poem, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, a 'Long Vacation pastoral' in rough hexameter verse. He next spent some time in travelling in France and Italy, part of the time with Emerson, and was appointed on his return (October 1849) Warden of University Hall, London. His life here was far from congenial, but he found much help in the warm friendship of Carlyle. At Rome, in 1849, he had produced his *Amours de Voyage*, also in hexameter; and at Venice, during a holiday in 1850, he wrote *Dipsychus*, a poem of much deeper significance, in which the representative of idealism is vanquished by the spirit of the world. In 1852 he resigned his office, and sailed to America in the same ship with Lowell and Thackeray; but an examinership in the Education Office soon recalled him to England, and in June 1854 he married. He took a keen interest in the work of his wife's cousin, Florence Nightingale; his life was truly described as uneventful but full of work. In the spring of 1856 he was nominated secretary to a Commission for examining military schools on the Continent; but his health now began to give way, and after visits to Greece, Constantinople, the Pyrenees, and Italy, he was carried off at Florence by paralysis succeeding a malarial fever.

Clough's poetry reflects with singular sincerity all the spiritual unrest and conflict of his life, his passionate love of truth, and intense longing for reality. His hexameters are extraordinarily rugged, at times even harsh and unrhythmical, though in the later editions of the *Bothie* (originally called *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*) their uncouthness was much toned down. Even at the best this peculiarity imparts an air of something approaching burlesque. His few short lyrics are much more perfect in form and matter; but his best gift was doubtless his humour, which is of a rare and indeed exceptional quality, and is well exemplified in the prose epilogue to *Dipsychus*. He had command also of pathos and of irony, possessed the gift of character-drawing, conveyed a sense of joy in life and the beauties of nature, and was perhaps too trenchant in satire and sceptical speculation. His defects repel many readers, and Mr Swinburne pronounces him simply a bad poet. Lowell, on the other hand, thinking more of matter than form, is recorded in his Life to have said the *Bothie* was to his thinking one of the most charming books ever written; and he thus forecast its author's true significance: 'We have a



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.
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foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dying before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the sterner requirements of his art, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived.' Clough is the subject of Matthew Arnold's elegy *Thyrsis*, one of the finest tributes of passionate admiration to the dead in the English language, and almost worthy to be compared with *In Memoriam*.

Woman and Man.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could they see, could
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic,
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some tenderest girl, now
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if only

Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed from her, mind you,
Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man only can offer,
Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue of Hellas ;—
Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's heart, as into Eden
Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of earth uncorrupted,
Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an helpmeet for him,
Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to his spirit,
Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever himself is,
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be with him ;—
Oh, if they saw it and knew it, we soon should see them abandon
Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-room,
Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for plain linsey-woolsey,
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies!
So, feel women, not dolls ; so feel the sap of existence
Circulate up through their roots from the far-away centre of all things,
Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that is topmost!
Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted ourselves in the seeing,
Bending with blue cotton gown skirted up over striped linsey-woolsey,
Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering cattle,
Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld and kissed her,
Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,
Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching soft to the shoulders,
Comely in gracefullest act, one arm uplifted to stay it,
Home from the river or pump, moving stately and calm to the laundry ;
Ay, doing household work, as many sweet girls I have looked at,
Needful household work, which some one, after all, must do,
Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking, and scouring,
Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden uprooting potatoes.

(From *The Bothie.*)

Autumn in the Highlands.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Then when brackens are changed and heather-blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern, green trees are bonnie ;
Alders are green, and oaks ; the rowan scarlet and yellow ;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-rings,
Cover her now o'er and o'er ; she is weary, and scatters them from her.
There upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip.

(From *The Bothie.*)

The Existence of God.

'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
'And truly it 's a blessing,
For what He might have done with us
It 's better only guessing.'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
'Or really, if there may be,
He surely didn't mean a man
Always to be a baby.'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
The tradesman thinks, ''twere funny
If He should take it ill in me
To make a little money.'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
'It matters very little,
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual.'

Some others, also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none, when they are well,
And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple ;
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people ;

Youths green and happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion ;
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion ;

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like Him.

Dipsychus in Venice.

Yet I could think, indeed, the perfect call
Should force the perfect answer. If the voice
Ought to receive its echo from the soul,
Wherefore this silence? If it *should* rouse my being,
Why this reluctance? Have I not thought o'ermuch
Of other men, and of the ways of the world?
But what they are, or have been, matters not.
To thine own self be true, the wise man says.
Are then my fears myself? O double self!
And I untrue to both! Oh, there are hours
When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,
And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,
Familiar faces, and familiar books,
Study, and art, upliftings unto prayer,
And admiration of the noblest things,
Seem all ignoble only ; all is mean,
And nought as I would have it. Then at others
My mind is in her rest ; my heart at home
In all around ; my soul secure in place,
And the vext needle perfect to her poles.
Aimless and hopeless in my life I seem
To thread the winding byways of the town,
Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,

All at cross-purpose even with myself,
Unknowing whence or whither. Then at once,
At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,
And view all mapped below; islands, lagoon,
A hundred steeples and a million roofs,
The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,
And the broad Adriatic. Be it enough;
If I lose this, how terrible! No, no,
I am contented, and will not complain.
To the old paths, my soul! Oh, be it so!
I bear the workday burden of dull life
About these footsore flags of a weary world,
Heaven knows how long it has not been; at once,
Lo! I am in the spirit on the Lord's Day
With John in Patmos. Is it not enough,
One day in seven? and if this should go,
If this pure solace should desert my mind,
What were all else? I dare not risk this loss.
To the old paths, my soul!

Say not the struggle nought availeth.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Less noteworthy than Clough's poetry was his revision of 'the translation called Dryden's' of Plutarch's *Lives*. F. T. Palgrave edited Clough's *Poems*, with a Memoir, in 1862; and Clough's widow his *Poems and Prose Remains*, with a delightful Life (2 vols. 1869). Reference should also be made to Samuel Waddington's *Arthur Hugh Clough, a Monograph* (1883); and the *Memoirs* (1897) of Clough's sister, Anne Jemima (1820–92), the first Principal of Newnham College at Cambridge.

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, on 12th June 1819, and passed his childhood at Barnack in the Northamptonshire fen country, and at Clovelly in his native Devon. From the Helston School he passed to King's College, London; but going afterwards to Magdalen College, Cambridge, he took his degree in 1842—first-class in classics, senior optime in mathematics—and was five months after ordained to the curacy of Eversley in Hampshire, where—from 1844 as rector—he spent the rest of his life, having married in the year in which he was presented to his living. His theology was to a large extent based on an abhorrence of the Calvinistic doctrine of rewards and punishments, on F. D. Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*, and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.

His dramatic poem, *The Saint's Tragedy*, 'the true story of Elizabeth of Hungary,' and a graphic presentation of mediæval piety, appeared in 1848; and it was immediately followed (1849) by *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, novels revealing the work of a convinced Radical or 'Christian Socialist,' and dealing with modern social questions in a bold and eminently original manner. The hero of *Alton Locke*, 'tailor and poet,' is found in a London workshop; *Yeast* deals with the condition of the English agricultural labourer. The influence of these books was very marked; and if Kingsley wrote nothing more to the same purpose, it was not so much that time had modified his views as that his views had modified the times. For Kingsley had thrown himself with all the ardour of youth and of his own impetuous nature into various schemes for the improvement of the condition, material, moral, and religious, of the working-classes—subjects more familiar now than they were in 1844. In this work he was associated with F. D. Maurice, the recognised leader of the movement known as 'Christian Socialism;' and under the well-known pseudonym of 'Parson Lot' he published an immense number of articles on current topics, especially in the *Christian Socialist* and *Politics for the People*. In 1853 appeared *Hypatia*, a powerful and affecting picture of early Christianity in conflict with Greek philosophy at Alexandria in the beginning of the fifth century; the beauty of Greek philosophy, and of at least one Greek philosophical teacher, in the person of the heroine, is perhaps too sharply contrasted with the bigotry of Cyprian and the savagery of the monks who murdered the virgin martyr of Neoplatonism. *Alexandria and her Schools* (1854) was also the theme of a course of lectures delivered in Edinburgh. *Westward Ho!* (1855), a tale of Elizabethan England and the Spanish Main, of Devonshire worthies and their Spanish foemen, is—in parts at least—as life-like as anything in the whole range of romantic literature. The tone of the book is free, hearty, perhaps all too English and too Protestant, and, like the author himself, at once strong and tender. Perhaps more than any other of his works, it displays his gift of dramatic presentation and his skill in the poetic description of scenery. But some critics prefer his first two novels, as more real and more thoroughly sincere, to all their successors; they certainly contained Kingsley's 'message.' In *Two Years Ago* (1857) he sketched with a master-hand the North Devon scenery so dear to the west-countryman, and touched again on social problems and on the Crimean war, gold-digging in Australia, and American institutions; and *Hereward the Wake* (1866), a novel of the days of the Conqueror, brought a remarkable series of works of fiction to a close. In 1860 the University of Cambridge had chosen their author to be Professor of History, and his inaugural lecture was published at the end of that year under the title of *The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History. The Roman and the Teuton* (1864) is also based upon

his Cambridge lectures. Neither a profound metaphysician nor a precise logician, he was a picturesque rather than a deeply read or accurate historian; and his lectures were rather severely handled by the critics. *Water Babies* (1863), called 'a fairy-tale for a land baby,' took a place of its own in the literature of fantasy for children; other works were, besides many volumes of sermons, *Glaucus*, on the wonders of the shore (1854); *The Heroes*, Greek fairy-tales (1856); *Town Geology* (1872); *Prose Idylls* (1873); *Health and Education* (1874). In 1869 Kingsley resigned his professorship and was appointed a canon of



CHARLES KINGSLEY.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Chester; in 1871 he made his voyage to the tropics, of whose scenery he had written so enthusiastically; and on his return to Eversley from the West Indies he gave to the world one of its most charming books of travel, *At Last*. In 1873 he was appointed a canon of Westminster and chaplain to the Queen; he died at Eversley on 23rd January 1875. By nature he was hot-tempered, frank, and combative; his 'muscular Christianity' (a phrase he himself disliked) was cheerful and robust. He had to live down much animosity and suspicion alike on political and theological grounds; and though ultimately he became apparently reconciled to the existing social order, he remained to the last an outspoken Broad-Churchman and an eager polemic. His controversy with Newman, in which the Cardinal secured a great dialectical success, has already been referred to at page 338. Many of Kingsley's essays are charming.

His poetry, like his prose works, reflects his eager, strenuous, open, sympathetic character, and is frank, simple, and straightforward, not seeking to probe spiritual depths, but not without its own characteristic charm. Two lyrics have by universal consent become everywhere well known as proverbs —'The sands of Dee' and 'Three fishers went sailing,' both tender, musical, simple, and perfect in their own way; but they are less characteristic of the man and his temperament than verses that ring with his own joy in free and strenuous life—'The Last Buccanier,' 'The Outlaw,' the 'Ode to the North-East Wind,' 'The Delectable Day.'

Sixteenth Century Lotus-Eaters.

Forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, 'There they are;' and Amyas, pushing himself gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the farther side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its farther side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which dropped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half-hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems; but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm-leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth or the deep toll of the bell-bird came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream-bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with arnotta and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic coca-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the waterfall—

> 'While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Did pass into his face.'

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaiting palm-fibres into a basket; the other was boring the stem of a huge milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of

laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shade in which it bathed the whole delicious scene.

Amyas stood silent for a while, partly from noble shame at seeing two Christian men thus fallen of their own self-will; partly because—and he could not but confess that—a solemn calm brooded above that glorious place, to break through which seemed sacrilege even while he felt it duty. Such, he thought, was Paradise of old; such our first parents' bridal bower! Ah! if man had not fallen, he too might have dwelt for ever in such a home—with whom? He started, and shaking off the spell, advanced sword in hand.

The women saw him, and sprang to their feet, caught up their long pocunas, and leaped like deer each in front of her beloved. There they stood, the deadly tubes pressed to their lips, eying him like tigresses who protect their young, while every slender limb quivered, not with terror, but with rage. Amyas paused, half in admiration, half in prudence; for one rash step was death. But rushing through the canes, Ayacanora sprang to the front, and shrieked to them in Indian. At the sight of the prophetess the women wavered; and Amyas, putting on as gentle a face as he could, stepped forward, assuring them in his best Indian that he would harm no one.

'Ebsworthy! Parracombe! Are you grown such savages already that you have forgotten your captain? Stand up, men, and salute!' Ebsworthy sprang to his feet, obeyed mechanically, and then slipped behind his bride again, as if in shame. The dreamer turned his head languidly, raised his hand to his forehead, and then returned to his contemplation. Amyas rested the point of his sword on the ground, and his hands upon the hilt, and looked sadly and solemnly upon the pair. Ebsworthy broke the silence, half reproachfully, half trying to bluster away the coming storm.

'Well, noble captain, so you 've hunted out us poor fellows, and want to drag us back again in a halter, I suppose?'

'I came to look for Christians, and I find heathens; for men, and I find swine. I shall leave the heathens to their wilderness, and the swine to their trough.—Parracombe!'

'He 's too happy to answer you, sir. And why not? What do you want of us? Our two years' vow is out, and we are free men now.'

'Free to become like the beasts that perish? You are the Queen's servants still, and in her name I charge you'——

'Free to be happy,' interrupted the man. 'With the best of wives, the best of food, a warmer bed than a duke's, and a finer garden than an emperor's. As for clothes, why the plague should a man wear them where he don't need them? As for gold, what 's the use of it where Heaven sends everything ready-made to your hands? Hearken, Captain Leigh. You 've been a good captain to me, and I 'll repay you with a bit of sound advice. Give up your gold-hunting, and toiling and moiling after honour and glory, and copy us. Take that fair maid behind you there to wife; pitch here with us; and see if you are not happier in one day than ever you were in all your life before.'

'You are drunk, sirrah! William Parracombe! Will you speak to me, or shall I heave you into the stream to sober you?' 'Who calls William Parracombe?' answered a sleepy voice. 'I, fool!—your captain.' 'I am not William Parracombe. He is dead long ago of hunger, and labour, and heavy sorrow, and will never see Bideford town any more. He is turned into an Indian now; and he is to sleep, sleep, sleep for a hundred years, till he gets his strength again, poor fellow'——

'Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! A christened Englishman, and living thus the life of a beast!'

'Christ shall give thee light?' answered the same unnatural, abstracted voice. 'Yes; so the parsons say. And they say, too, that he is Lord of heaven and earth. I should have thought his life was as near us here as anywhere, and nearer too, by the look of the place. Look round,' said he, waving a lazy hand, 'and see the works of God, and the place of paradise, whither poor weary souls go home and rest, after their masters in the wicked world have used them up, with labour and sorrow, and made them wade knee-deep in blood—I 'm tired of blood, and tired of gold. I 'll march no more; I 'll fight no more; I 'll hunger no more after vanity and vexation of spirit. What shall I get by it? Maybe I shall leave my bones in the wilderness. I can but do that here. Maybe I shall get home with a few pezos, to die an old cripple in some stinking hovel, that a monkey would scorn to lodge in here. You may go on; it 'll pay you. You may be a rich man, and a knight, and live in a fine house, and drink good wine, and go to court, and torment your soul with trying to get more, when you've got too much already; plotting and planning to scramble upon your neighbour's shoulders, as they all did—Sir Richard, and Mr Raleigh, and Chichester, and poor dear old Sir Warham, and all of them that I used to watch when I lived before. They were no happier than I was then; I 'll warrant they are no happier now. Go your ways, captain; climb to glory upon some other backs than ours, and leave us here in peace, alone with God and God's woods, and the good wives that God has given us, to play a little like school children. It 's long since I 've had play-hours; and now I 'll be a little child once more, with the flowers, and the singing-birds, and the silver fishes in the stream, that are at peace, and think no harm, and want neither clothes, nor money, nor knighthood, nor peerage, but just take what comes; and their heavenly Father feedeth them, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—and will he not much more feed us, that are of more value than many sparrows?'

'And will you live here, shut out from all Christian ordinances?'

'Christian ordinances! Adam and Eve had no parsons in Paradise. The Lord was their priest, and the Lord was their shepherd, and he 'll be ours too. But go your ways, sir, and send up Sir John Brimblecombe, and let him marry us here church fashion—though we have sworn troth to each other before God already—and let him give us the Holy Sacrament once and for all, and then read the funeral-service over us, and go his ways, and count us for dead, sir—for dead we are to the wicked worthless world we came out of three years ago. And when the Lord chooses to call us, the little birds will cover us with leaves, as they did the babies in the wood, and fresher flowers will grow out of our graves, sir, than out of yours in that bare Northam churchyard there beyond the weary, weary, weary sea.'

His voice died away to a murmur, and his head sank

on his breast. Amyas stood spell-bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were in his eyes the possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit, told him that it must be a lie: but how to prove it a lie? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly farther and farther off the more he sought for it. . . .

A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder; and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward: before he reached the spot those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora; for, with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyas's blade; down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse:

> 'And all stood still who saw him fall,
> While men might count a score.'

'O Lord Jesus,' said Amyas to himself, 'thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou hast put me!'

They bore away the lithe corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mould; and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, like one who walks in sleep. Ebsworthy, sobered by the shock, entreated to come too; but Amyas forbade him gently. 'No, lad; you are forgiven. God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you; and then, if it still be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong; in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare. Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men.'

And so Amyas departed. He had come out stern and proud, but he came back again like a little child.

(From *Westward Ho!*)

The Last Buccanier.

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish Main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I 'm old and going—I 'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, this world 's so hard, I can't be worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove, I 'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

Ode to the North-East Wind.

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play!

Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can override you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What 's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

Young and Old.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

(From *The Water Babies.*)

His widow published his Life and Letters in 1876 (2 vols.); and there is a monograph on Kingsley as a 'Christian Socialist' and reformer by Kaufmann (1892). A collected edition of his works appeared in twenty-eight volumes in 1879–81; an *édition de luxe* of the *Life and Works* was issued in 1901–3 in nineteen volumes, of which the sixteenth was occupied by the poems. Mrs Harrison, distinguished as a novelist under the pen-name of 'Lucas Malet,' is his youngest daughter.

George Henry Kingsley (1827–92), the second brother in a gifted family, was born at Islington, was educated at King's College School, and graduated in medicine at Edinburgh and at Paris. His devotion to professional duty in a time of cholera was commemorated by his brother in *Two Years Ago.* In attendance on patients he travelled much; and he wrote, besides *Notes on Sport and Travel*, one famous book, *South Sea Bubbles, by the Earl and the Doctor*—his *compagnon de voyage* on this occasion being the Earl of Pembroke.—His daughter, **Mary Henrietta Kingsley,** was educated mainly at home on account of her weak health, and early became a voracious but desultory reader of books of all kinds. And after the death of both father and mother she resolved to travel and study the manners and customs of uncivilised peoples. She made two journeys in the Congo country, in the Cameroons, and on the Ogowé; her *Travels in West Africa* (1897), besides being 'rich in incident and bubbling over with racy humour,' showed a marvellous instinct for looking at savage rites, religions, and usages from the native point of view; and her original and unconventional views on some missionary methods, and on the services of the traders to Europe and civilisation, provoked criticism, but proved the writer's absolute good faith and unscrupulous desire to do justice to all aspects of truth. She had planned another voyage to study 'fishes and fetishes,' but at Cape Town volunteered to nurse sick Boer prisoners, and fell a victim to enteric fever in the Simon's Town hospital.

Henry Kingsley (1830–76), the younger brother of Charles, was born at Barnack rectory, near Stamford, and was brought up at Clovelly and Chelsea. From King's College, London, he passed in 1850 to Worcester College, Oxford, but went down in 1853 without a degree, and started for the Australian gold-diggings. He never talked of his colonial experiences, but is known to have been for a time in the mounted police. He turned up again at Chelsea in 1858, and next year wrote at Eversley *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn*, which, like *The Hillyars and the Burtons* (1865), is full of the strong, vivid life of the antipodes. Still, *Ravenshoe* (1861) is his masterpiece. *Austin Elliot* (1863), *Mademoiselle Mathilde* (1868), and *Stretton* (1869) deserve men-

tion; but his later works are of much less value, save perhaps his children's story, *The Boy in Grey* (1871). He married in 1864, and settled at Wargrave near Henley, then migrated in 1869 to Edinburgh to become the editor of the Liberal *Daily Review*. It was not a success, and he was glad next year to turn war correspondent. His best novels are manly, pathetic, strong; yet even the best are full of most obvious faults—elementary solecisms, bad Irish and worse Scottish dialect, frequent improbabilities, and occasional impossibilities. Besides, as the critics have told us, they all 'lack distinction of style.' Yet how noble (he loved that epithet) they often are! That a story should move one to tears or laughter, better still to both, is a true test of excellence; Henry Kingsley's stories are hard to read aloud, for wanting to laugh, or else wanting not to cry. There is an edition of them, with a Memoir (1894) by Mr Clement Shorter.

A Bushranger.

It was one wild dreary day in the spring; a day of furious wind and cutting rain; a day when few passengers were abroad, and when the boatmen were gathered in knots among the sheltered spots upon the quays, waiting to hear of disasters at sea; when the ships creaked and groaned at the wharfs, and the harbour was a sheet of wind-driven foam, and the domain was strewed with broken boughs. On such a day as this, Major Buckley and myself, after a sharp walk, found ourselves in front of the principal gaol in Sydney.

We were admitted, for we had orders; and a small, wiry, clever-looking man, about fifty, bowed to us as we entered the whitewashed corridor, which led from the entrance-hall. We had a few words with him, and then followed him.

To the darkest passage in the darkest end of that dreary place; to the condemned cells. And my heart sank as the heavy bolt shot back, and we went into the first one on the right.

Before us was a kind of bed-place. And on that bed-place lay the figure of a man. Though it is twenty years ago since I saw it, I can remember that scene as though it were yesterday.

He lay upon a heap of tumbled blankets, with his face buried in a pillow. One leg touched the ground, and round it was a ring, connecting the limb to a long iron bar, which ran along beneath the bed. One arm also hung listlessly on the cold stone floor, and the other was thrown around his head—a head covered with short black curls, worthy of an Antinous, above a bare muscular neck, worthy of a Farnese Hercules. I advanced towards him.

The governor held me back. 'My God, sir,' he said, 'take care. Don't, as you value your life, go within length of his chain.' But at that moment the handsome head was raised from the pillow, and my eyes met George Hawker's. Oh Lord! such a piteous, wild look. I could not see the fierce, desperate villain who had kept our country-side in terror so long. No, thank God, I could only see the handsome curly-headed boy who used to play with James Stockbridge and myself among the gravestones in Drumston churchyard. I saw again the merry lad who used to bathe with us in Hatherleigh water, and whom, with all his faults, I had once loved well. And seeing him, and him only, before me, in spite of a terrified gesture from the governor, I walked up to the bed, and, sitting down beside him, put my arm round his neck.

'George! George! Dear old friend!' I said. 'Oh George, my boy, has it come to this?'

I don't want to be instructed in my duty. I know what my duty was on that occasion as well as any man. My duty as a citizen and a magistrate was to stand at the farther end of the cell, and give this hardened criminal a moral lecture, showing how honesty and virtue, as in my case, had led to wealth and honour, and how yielding to one's passions had led to disgrace and infamy, as in his. That was my duty, I allow. But then, you see, I didn't do my duty. I had a certain tender feeling about my stomach which prevented me from doing it. So I only hung there, with my arm round his neck, and said, from time to time, 'Oh George, George!' like a fool.

He put his two hands upon my shoulders, so that his fetters hung across my breast, and he looked me in the face. Then he said, after a time, 'What! Hamlyn? Old Jeff Hamlyn! The only man I ever knew that I didn't quarrel with. Come to see me now, eh? Jeff, old boy, I'm to be hung to-morrow.'

'I know it,' I said. 'And I came to ask you if I could do anything for you. For the sake of dear old Devon, George.'

'Anything you like, old Jeff,' he said, with a laugh, 'so long as you don't get me reprieved. If I get loose again, lad, I'll do worse than I ever did yet, believe me. I've piled up a tolerable heap of wickedness as it is, though. I've murdered my own son, Jeff. Do you know that?'

I answered, 'Yes; I know that, George; but that was an accident. You did not know who he was.'

'He came at me to take my life,' said Hawker. 'And I tell you, as a man who goes out to be hung to-morrow, that, if I had guessed who he was, I'd have blown my own brains out to save him from the crime of killing me. Who is that man?'

'Don't you remember him?' I said. 'Major Buckley.'

The Major came forward, and held out his hand to George Hawker. 'You are now,' he said, 'like a dead man to me. You die to-morrow; and you know it, and face it like a man. I come to ask you to forgive me anything you may have to forgive. I have been your enemy since I first saw you: but I have been an honest and open enemy; and now I am your enemy no longer. I ask you to shake hands with me. I have been warned not to come within arm's-length of you, chained as you are. But I am not afraid of you.'

The Major came and sat on the bed-place beside him.

'As for that little animal,' said George Hawker, pointing to the governor, as he stood at the farther end of the cell, 'if he comes within reach of me, I'll beat his useless little brains out against the wall, and he knows it. He was right to caution you not to come too near me. I nearly killed a man yesterday; and to-morrow, when they come to lead me out—— But with regard to you, Major Buckley, the case is different. Do you know I should be rather sorry to tackle you; I'm afraid you would be too heavy for me. As to my having anything to forgive, Major, I don't know that there is anything.

If there is, let me tell you that I feel more kind and hearty toward you and Hamlyn for coming to me like this to-day than I 've felt toward any man this twenty year. By-the-bye, let no man go to the gallows without clearing himself as far as he may. Do you know that I set on that red-haired villain, Moody, to throttle Bill Lee, because I hadn't pluck to do it myself?'

'Poor Lee!' said the Major.

'Poor devil!' said Hawker. 'Why, that man had gone through every sort of villainy, from' (so and so up to so and so, he said; I shall not particularise) 'before my beard was grown. Why, that man laid such plots and snares for me when I was a lad, that a bishop could not have escaped. He egged me on to forge my own father's name. He drove me on to ruin. And now, because it suited his purpose to turn honest, and act as faithful domestic to my wife for twenty years, he is mourned for as an exemplary character, and I go to the gallows. He was a meaner villain than ever I was.'

'George,' I asked, 'have you any message for your wife?'

'Only this,' he said; 'tell her I always liked her pretty face, and I'm sorry I brought disgrace upon her. Through all my rascalities, old Jeff, I swear to you that I respected and liked her to the last. I tried to see her last year, only to tell her that she needn't be afraid of me, and should treat me as a dead man; but she and her blessed pig-headed lover, Tom Troubridge, made such knife and pistol work of it that I never got the chance of saying the word I wanted. She 'd have saved herself much trouble if she hadn't acted so much like a frightened fool. I never meant her any harm. You may tell her all this if you judge right, but I leave it to you. Time 's up, I see. I ain't so much of a coward, am I, Jeff? Good-bye, old lad, good-bye.'

That was the last we saw of him; the next morning he was executed with four of his comrades.

(From *Geoffry Hamlyn.*)

F. HINDES GROOME.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797–1851), born in London, was the only child of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. In her seventeenth year she eloped to the Continent with Shelley, and after living with him for two years, she was married to him when his first wife, Harriet, had committed suicide. In the summer of 1816 Byron, Shelley, and Mary were living on the banks of the Lake of Geneva; and the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. Having during a week of rain amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed to write something in imitation of them. Thus began Byron's tale of the *Vampire*, which Polidori, his physician, completed and published as his patron's. But the most memorable result of the story-telling compact was Mrs Shelley's romance of *Frankenstein*, recognised on its publication in 1817 as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife. It is on the model of *St Leon*. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein is sent to the University of Ingolstadt, where, having already dabbled in magic and mystery, he pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits sepulchres and dissecting-rooms, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue succeeds in discovering the secret of life. Full of his discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and after revolting experiments constructs a gigantic figure eight feet high, and, a veritable modern Demiurgus, breathes into its nostrils the breath of life. The Monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, haunts him like a spell, murders his friend, and strangles his bride. Frankenstein pursues him to the Arctic regions, and then perishes of cold and anguish; while the Monster disappears from the scene, resolved to put a period to his unhallowed existence.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

From the Portrait (1841) by R. Rothwell, R.H.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

After the death of her husband, Mrs Shelley—who was left with an only surviving son to inherit the baronetcy—returned to London, and devoted herself to literary pursuits, producing *Valperga* (1823), *The Last Man* (1826), *Perkin Warbeck*, *Lodore* (1835; largely autobiographical), and other works of fiction, none of which merited the success of *Frankenstein*, though several of them contain admirable passages. Her father-in-law, when making her an allowance, insisted on the suppression of the volume of Shelley's *Posthumous Poems* which she had issued in 1824. She wrote industriously and gracefully for the annuals, contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's *Poetical Works* (1839), and also edited Shelley's *Essays*, *Letters from Abroad*, *Translations and Fragments* (1840). Her last book

was a record of her travels with her son in Italy and Germany. She was buried at Bournemouth.

There are Lives by Mrs Julian Marshall (1889) and Mrs W. M. Rossetti (in the 'Eminent Women Series,' 1890).

Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury (1812–80) was born at Measham, Derbyshire, and from 1854 lived at Chelsea, to be near her intimate friends, the Carlyles. *The Half-Sisters* and *The Sorrows of Gentility* were by far the best known of the series of novels which included also *Zoe*, *Marian Withers*, *Constance Herbert*, and *Right or Wrong*—not to speak of stories for children and short tales of various kinds. Delicate health alone prevented her from becoming a regular writer for the *Times*; she was for many years a constant contributor to the *Athenæum* and a member of its staff; her theological views were 'advanced;' and her brilliant and humorous conversational gifts 'made her a social force in literary and artistic circles.' Her indiscreet gossip unduly affected Froude's view of the relations between Mr and Mrs Carlyle. See her *Letters to Mrs Carlyle*, edited by Mrs Ireland (1892).—Her sister, Maria Jane (1800–33), wrote poetry; articles in the annuals and in the *Athenæum*; *Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Character* (1825); *Letters to the Young* (1828); and *The Three Histories* (of an enthusiast, a nonchalant, and a realist; 1830). Wordsworth addressed his poem of *Liberty* to her. She married in 1832 an Indian chaplain, the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, and died of cholera at Poonah.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton (1812–85), a daughter of the first Earl Granville, was born at Tixall Hall in Staffordshire, and in 1833 married Alexander George Fullerton, an officer in the Guards. Her father was ambassador in Paris, and the young couple were for the first eight years of their married life in Lord Granville's household. The husband became a Catholic in 1843; and Lady Georgiana, two years after publishing her first story, *Ellen Middleton* (1844), also became a convert to Catholicism. The rest of her life was mainly devoted to charitable and religious works and the writing of tales of religious subject or tendency—amongst them *Grantley Manor* (1847), *Too Strange not to be True* (1864), *Constance Sherwood* (1864), *A Stormy Life* (1864), *Mrs Gerald's Niece* (1871), and *A Will and a Way* (1881). Two were written and first published in French—*La Comtesse de Bonneval* (1857) and *Rose Leblanc* (1861). She published two volumes of verse, and wrote or translated the story of several saintly lives. After her son's death she became one of the Tertiaries of the order of St Francis; she helped in establishing the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul in England, and was herself one of the founders of a minor order of women. Dying at Bournemouth, she was buried in the cemetery of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. Several of her novels are still read and reprinted; the most popular, *Too Strange not to be True*, being the history of a pious but much-afflicted French emigrant to Canada. See her Life by Father Coleridge, from the French of Mrs Craven (1888); and Miss Yonge in *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* (1897).

Mrs Henry Wood (1814–87), novelist, whose maiden name was Ellen Price, was born at Worcester, married early Mr Henry Wood, a ship-agent living in France, and after his death settled in London, and commenced writing for the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*. Her temperance story, *Danesbury House* (1860), was followed by *East Lynne* (1861), which had an almost unexampled success. Having found her public, Mrs Wood poured forth upwards of thirty more novels, perhaps the best *The Channings* (1862), *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* (1863), *Oswald Cray* (1864), *A Life's Secret* (1867), *Dene Hollow* (1871), *Within the Maze* (1872), and *Pomeroy Abbey* (1878). Her work rarely rises above the commonplace, though she revealed some power in the analysis of character in her anonymous *Johnny Ludlow* stories (1874–80). In 1867 she acquired the monthly *Argosy*, and her novels went on appearing in it long after her death. No novelist of her day was more popular with girls of the middle class. Her son published *Memorials* of her in 1895.

Charlotte Brontë,* third child of the Rev. Patrick Brontë and Mary Branwell, his wife, was born at Thornton, Bradford, 21st April 1816. Her father was an Irishman of County Down, a man of strong character and some literary talent. His wife, who was a native of Penzance, died of cancer on 15th September 1821, leaving behind her six children. By this time Patrick Brontë had removed to Haworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he remained to his death. It was a large village of nearly five thousand inhabitants, most of the people being engaged in the woollen manufacture.

The motherless children were cared for by their aunt, Miss Branwell, and they displayed an extraordinary precocity of talent. Their father treated them as his intellectual equals, and discussed with them the public affairs of the day. They had very little intercourse with their neighbours; their refuge was in the unenclosed, untilled, heathery moors, with their becks and hollows. The two eldest daughters were sent, in July 1824, to a school for clergymen's daughters at Cowan Bridge near Kirby-Lonsdale, and Charlotte and Emily followed in September. A low fever broke out in the school, and Maria and Elizabeth became seriously ill, and were taken home only to die. Though Charlotte was but eight years old, the habit of observation had set in, and she attributed the death of her sisters to their cruel treatment in the school, an injury avenged in the opening scene of *Jane Eyre*. At Haworth, where the diminished family now gathered, Miss Branwell gave the girls

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection "Mme Rachel," page 523.

lessons, and their father told them the news. The three sisters, Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Anne, and their brother, Branwell, devoted themselves to writing, and Charlotte composed in a few years some twenty or thirty tales as well as many poems. In 1831 she went again to school at Roe Head, a country house between Leeds and Huddersfield, and made the friendship of Ellen Nussey and Mary and Martha Taylor. On her letters to Miss Nussey our knowledge of her life is mainly based. Mary and Martha Taylor suggested the Rose and Jessy Yorke of *Shirley*. Returning to her home in 1832, Miss Brontë found that her brother Branwell had contracted vicious habits, and he was to the last a source of increasing misery to the family. She had experiences as a school-teacher, and as a governess at a salary of £20 a year; the discipline of teaching was pronounced 'equally painful and priceless.' The sisters began to think of starting a school, and in February 1842 Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels in order to improve their knowledge of foreign languages. They entered the school kept by M. Héger and his wife in the Rue d'Isabelle.

There can be no doubt that this was the decisive event in Miss Brontë's life. It was then she began to live and to write out of her heart. She was nearly twenty-six, and had written incessantly but without the smallest success. Though she had received two proposals of marriage, her heart had never been touched. She had never met a man of intellect, culture, and imagination. Yet through all the years she craved for intellectual sympathy, and at last she found it. M. Héger, then twenty-six, was a man of accomplishment, enthusiastic, passionate, tender, and religious in his nature. His pupil regarded him with steadily growing affection and admiration. He recognised her gifts and pitied her loneliness. After spending nine months at Brussels, the Brontë girls returned to Haworth Vicarage on the death of their aunt. Emily remained at home to keep house for her father, but Charlotte returned to Brussels. She wrote to Miss Nussey: 'I returned to Brussels after aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal, for more than two years, of happiness and peace of mind.' The attempts to explain away these words make them only more significant. During her second period at Brussels Charlotte Brontë instructed M. Héger and his brother-in-law in English. She suffered much from low spirits, and on one occasion paid a visit to the confessional. She says to Emily: 'I actually did confess—a real confession,' a confession doubtless not of sin but of pain. By the advice of her friend Mary Taylor she suddenly returned on 18th January 1844. A month after she wrote: 'I suffered much before I left Brussels. I think however long I live I shall not forget what the parting with M. Héger cost me.' She carried on a correspondence with her teacher for eighteen months, but it was sharply ended through the intervention of Madame Héger. There was nothing dishonourable in the episode, and it is obvious that M. Héger never felt for his pupil anything more than friendship. But the result was deep and abiding.

She returned to a very gloomy home. Her brother Branwell, who had become thoroughly vicious—an opium-eater, a drunkard, and a confirmed liar—was dismissed from a situation as tutor, returned to his father's house, and after years of steady deterioration, during which his sisters endured unspeakable agonies, died in September 1848. He was intellectually the weakest of the family; there is little trace of talent in his writings. The enforced contact with shameless vice from which the sisters had to suffer left its mark upon their works.

Miss Brontë's thoughts turned to literature, and the three sisters put together a little volume of verses, published at their expense, in May 1846, by Messrs Aylott & Jones. The sisters adopted the pseudonyms Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. These corresponded with their initials. One or two critics recognised the excellence of Ellis Bell's work, but it appears that only two copies of the book were sold. Later on Miss Brontë reissued the volume, with additional poems from the literary remains of Ellis and Acton Bell. Miss Brontë had written a novel, *The Professor*, based on her Brussels experience, and sent it to various publishers. The manuscript shows that the title originally chosen was *The Master*. It went to six publishers, and was returned without comment; but Mr W. S. Williams, the reader to Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., and a critic of rare discernment, saw its value, and Miss Brontë was advised to write a novel of the three-volume size. *The Professor* made only two regulation volumes; otherwise it would probably have been accepted. The book did not appear till after Miss Brontë's death, and has been unaccountably depreciated by critics; it is, however, an exquisitely fresh and tender love-story, and the heroine, Frances Evans Henri, is perhaps the most charming in Charlotte Brontë's gallery. It gives full proof of the writer's power, and Miss Brontë herself never swerved in her high estimate of its value. It is a story of the love between a master and his pupil, a subject from which Miss Brontë's thoughts never moved far. Messrs Smith and Elder couched their refusal of the tale in such reasonable and courteous terms as were almost an encouragement. Miss Brontë replied that she had a second narrative in three volumes now in progress and nearly completed, to which she had endeavoured to impart a more vivid interest than belonged to *The Professor*. The publishers desired to see the manuscript, which was despatched to them on 24th August. It was accepted, printed, and published by 16th October, and in a very short time, and without the aid of the critics, attained a great success. One of its

reviewers thus commenced his article: 'Since the publication of *Grantley Manor* no novel has created so much sensation as *Jane Eyre*.' The secret of Miss Brontë's triumph is not at all obscure. She combined passion with power of expression. The glow and energy of the story held its readers captive. Very soon there came fierce protests against its unconventionality. Miss Rigby (see page 387), in the *Quarterly Review*, went so far as to suggest that the writer might be a woman 'who for some sufficient reason had long forfeited the society of her sex;' and the *North British Review* followed suit by saying that 'if *Jane Eyre* be the production of a woman, she



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

From an Engraving after the Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A., by permission of Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.

must be a woman unsexed.' Doubtless the book was unusually outspoken. The obsession of Branwell's conduct and conversation at the time she wrote it goes further than anything else to account for this. There is also abundant testimony that her father and one or two men who visited her home talked before her, if not to her, with as little reticence as Rochester talked to Jane Eyre. Her experience of Brussels schoolgirls must also be reckoned. However, the main point to be noted is that the subject in itself was absolutely unconventional. In this, as in all her novels, she describes love not from the man's but from the woman's point of view. She lifts the veil from the love-agonies of her heroines, and expresses the suffering which women are doomed to bear in silence. It has often been said that Charlotte Brontë's books are autobiographical, and this is true in a very real sense. She drew her characters from life; some of them, she admitted, were merely photographs. But in another sense, equally important, her books do not render the outward part of her own experience. As we know her, Charlotte Brontë was a martyr to her sense of duty. She lived for her family—her father, her sisters, her brother, her servants. She would suffer nothing to shake the supremacy of her home duties, and almost denied herself the solace of friendship. But her heroines have no tie to home or family: they are able to choose and shape their destinies; they enter the world free, and yet with qualities of culture and feeling that bring to them at last the full investiture of life through love. She writes much of love requited; but her main theme is the suffering of love which is in doubt, the pain of unrequited affection. Did she know it? For answer we quote her own words: 'Details, situations which I do not understand and cannot personally inspect, I would not for the world meddle with. . . . Besides, not one feeling on any subject, public or private, will I ever affect that I do not really experience.' The grounds of the main objections that have been taken to Miss Brontë's novels are their occasional outspokenness and their unsparing revelations of the heart. The second edition of *Jane Eyre*, with a dedication to Thackeray, appeared in January 1848. Thackeray had already expressed his admiration of the book, though he complained that the plot was familiar to him. Miss Brontë said meekly that she had read few novels, and that she imagined the plot was original. Her intense but strictly critical and qualified admiration of Thackeray seems to have been based entirely on *Vanity Fair*, the first number of which appeared in January 1847 and the last in July 1848.

There was eager speculation on the authorship of *Jane Eyre*. Many critics thought the book must have been written by a man. Others believed that a man and a woman had been at work together, and the names of Barry Cornwall and his wife were suggested. But one, the able critic in the *Christian Remembrancer*, said: 'We, for our part, cannot doubt that the work is written by a female, and, as certain provincialisms indicate, by one from the north of England.' It is impossible to trace the literary connections of *Jane Eyre*, but it has been suggested that in Charlotte Brontë's conception of love there are distinct traces of Harriet Martineau's forgotten novel, *Deerbrook*. There are also hints of the influence of *Pamela*, which, we know, was read by her father, and imitated by him in a little book. The attempts to suggest foreign origin are not plausible.

Miss Brontë, who had kept her secret even from her publishers, went up to London in July 1846 with her sister Anne and revealed herself. After a short visit, they returned to a sorely tried home. Branwell Brontë died, as we have said, in September

1848, Emily in December, and Anne Brontë in May 1849. During this painful time Miss Brontë was writing *Shirley*, which is the brightest of her stories. She had partially escaped from sweet and bitter memories. Nearly every character in the book was a Yorkshire friend. It was impossible any longer to hide the secret of the authorship. The Yorke family in particular were 'almost daguerreotypes' of the Taylors. Shirley Keeldar, the heroine, represents traces of her sister Emily; Louis Moore, the tutor, is the inevitable M. Héger; Mr Helstone is a Mr Roberson, a fighting Tory parson of the thirties. The love-story of Robert and Caroline is even more beautiful than that of Louis and Shirley. In both cases the man is dominant. *Shirley* expressed Charlotte Brontë in her happiest mood, and will always be the favourite novel of many readers, though *Jane Eyre* has been more esteemed by the public and *Villette* by the critics.

Miss Brontë's genius had by this time brought her into a circle of friendly admirers, and among others she came to know Thackeray, G. H. Lewes, Mrs Gaskell, and Miss Martineau. With none of these, however, was she on terms of real intimacy. She was shy and shrinking, melancholy and self-conscious, and her feeble, nervous, suffering body was always sinking to its fall. There could be no greater contrast than that between her fiery soul and her extreme reserve and timidity. Outwardly her life was one of decorous, uneventful simplicity, but as a writer she plunged boldly into the whirl of passion, and never hesitated to lay bare the inner sanctuary of feeling. Yet her friendships and her fame gave her pleasure. 'How should I be with youth past, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? In that case I should have no world at all: the raven, weary of surveying the deluge and without an ark to return to, would be my type. As it is, something like a hope and motive sustains me still.'

Villette, her last completed story, and artistically the most perfect of all, is a reproduction of her life in Brussels, with touches from more recent experience. It appeared in the beginning of 1853. Her publisher, Mr George Smith, and his mother are among the characters, and it contains a description of Rachel's acting which Miss Brontë had seen in London. The book was received with a burst of acclamation. Harriet Martineau protested against the place it gave to love, and Anglican journals against its attacks on sacerdotalism. But its picture of love, its romance, its poetry, its sarcasm, and occasional playfulness captivated the world. *Villette* is an autobiography in the fullest sense of the word. Charlotte herself is Lucy Snowe, and M. Héger is Paul Emanuel. Her father urged that the story should end happily with the marriage of the professor and his pupil. Miss Brontë, however, was inflexible. The lovers are left unwedded. Amidst all the praise the writer's heart was sinking. Her courage was failing; the oppressive quietness of her home-life, and, above all, the haunting memories of Brussels, crushed her spirits. Solitude fearfully aggravated other evils. She sat day by day in her chair, with saddest memories for her only company, late into the night, conversing with the spirits of the dead. A gleam of happiness came before the end. Her father's curate, Mr A. B. Nicholls, had long loved her. Though Miss Brontë esteemed him, she thought him narrow and uncongenial in feelings and tastes. Her father furiously opposed the match; he thought that his famous daughter would be throwing herself away on a curate with £100 a year. Miss Brontë was touched at last by the steadfast devotion of Mr Nicholls, her father yielded, and she was married on 19th June 1854. After a visit with her husband to his Irish relations, she returned to Haworth. Her married life was very happy, but her health became precarious; she sank steadily, and died on 31st March 1855 of an illness incidental to childbirth. Her last words were: 'Oh, I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy.' So ended a deeply shadowed life. Her early friend, Mary Taylor, declared that Mrs Gaskell's biography was 'not so gloomy as the truth,' that Miss Brontë had lived all her days in a walking nightmare of poverty and self-suppression. For her three great books she received only £1500; practically all this sum was saved and bequeathed to her husband. It was her lot to be unfortunate in almost all things; but her fortitude remained unshaken. She was rigidly faithful to her views of duty, and though often wounded she was never stained. It has been well said that 'no apology need be offered for any single feature of Charlotte Brontë's life and character.' The vitality of her works is undiminished, and to-day they are as widely read as ever.

Mme. Rachel.

The theatre was full-crammed to its roof: royal and noble were there: palace and hotel had emptied their inmates into those tiers so thronged and so hushed. . . . I wondered if she would justify her renown: with strange curiosity, with feelings severe and austere, yet of riveted interest, I waited. She was a study of such nature as had not encountered my eyes yet: a great and new planet she was: but in what shape? I waited her rising.

She rose at nine that December night: above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might; but that star verged already on its judgment day. Seen near, it was a chaos—hollow, half-consumed; an orb perished or perishing—half lava, half glow. . . .

What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti: a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in flame. . . . I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man: in each of her eyes sat a devil. The evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature; and as the actions rose and the stir deepened, how widely they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote HELL on her straight,

haughty brow. They tuned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate and Murder and Madness incarnate she stood.

It was a marvellous sight: a mighty revelation.

It was a spectacle low, horrible, immoral.

Swordsmen thrust through, and dying in their blood on the arena sand; bulls goring, horses disembowelled, made a meeker vision for the public—a milder condiment for a people's palate—than Vashti torn by seven devils: devils which cried sore and rent the tenement they haunted, but still refused to be exorcised.

Suffering had struck that stage empress; and she stood before her audience, neither yielding to, nor enduring, nor, in finite measure, resenting it: she stood locked in struggle, rigid in resistance. She stood, not dressed, but draped in pale antique folds, long and regular like sculpture. A background and entourage and flooring of deepest crimson threw her out, white like alabaster—like silver: rather, be it said like Death.

Where was the artist of the Cleopatra? Let him come and sit down and study the different visions. Let him seek here the mighty brawn, the muscle, the abounding blood, the full-fed flesh he worshipped: let all materialists draw nigh and look on.

I have said that she does not *resent* her grief. No, the weakness of that word would make it a lie. To her, what hurts becomes immediately embodied: she looks on it as a thing that can be attacked, worried down, torn in shreds. Scarcely a substance herself, she grapples to conflict with abstractions. Before calamity she is a tigress; she rends her woes, shivers them in convulsed abhorrence. Pain, for her, has no result in good: tears water no harvest of wisdom: on sickness, on death itself, she looks with the eye of a rebel. Wicked, *perhaps*, she is, but also she is strong; and her strength has conquered Beauty, has overcome Grace, and bound both at her side, captives peerlessly fair and docile as fair. Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each mænad movement royally, imperially, incedingly upborne. Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo. Fallen, insurgent, banished, she remembers the heaven where she rebelled. Heaven's light, following her exile, pierces its confines and discloses their forlorn remoteness.

(From *Villette*, Chap. XXIII.)

Rain.

But Jessie, I will write about you no more. This is an autumn evening wet and wild. There is only one cloud in the sky, but it curtains it from pole to pole. The wind cannot rest: it hurries sobbing over hills of sullen outline, colourless with twilight and mist. Rain has beat all day on that church tower: it rises dark from the stony enclosure of its graveyard: the nettles, the long grass, and the tombs all drip with wet. This evening reminds me too forcibly of another evening some years ago: a howling, rainy autumn evening too—when certain who had that day performed a pilgrimage to a grave new-made in a heretic cemetery, sat near a wood-fire on the hearth of a foreign dwelling. They were merry and social, but they each knew that a gap never to be filled had been made in their circle. They knew they had lost something whose absence could never be quite atoned for so long as they lived; and they knew that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth which covered their lost darling, and that the sad sighing gale was mourning above her buried head. The fire warmed them; Life and Friendship yet blessed them; but Jessie lay cold, coffined, solitary—only the sod screening her from the storm.

(From *Shirley*, Chap. XXIII.)

Hope Dead.

Jane Eyre—who had been an ardent, expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold solitary girl again: her life was pale; her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hay-field and corn-field lay a frozen shroud: lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow, and the woods which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead—struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first-born in the land of Egypt. I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing; they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive. I looked at my love; that feeling which was my master's—which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle; sickness and anguish had seized it; it could not seek Mr Rochester's arms—it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh, never more could it turn to him, for faith was blighted—confidence destroyed! . . . One idea only still throbbed life-like within me—a remembrance of God: it begot an unuttered prayer: these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered; but no energy was found to express them—

'Be not far from me, for trouble is near: there is none to help.'

It was near; and as I had lifted no petition to Heaven to avert it—as I had neither joined my hands, nor bent my knees, nor moved my lips—it came: in full heavy swing the torrent poured over me.

(From *Jane Eyre*, Chap. XXVI.)

Villette by Moonlight.

Hush! The clock strikes. Ghostly deep as is the stillness of this house, it is only eleven. While my ear follows to silence the hum of the last stroke, I catch faintly from the built-art capital a sound like bells, or like a band—a sound where sweetness, where victory, where mourning blend. Oh to approach this music nearer, to listen to it alone by the rushy basin! Let me go—oh let me go! What hinders, what does not aid freedom? . . . Quiet Rue Fossette! I find on this pavement that wanderer-wooing summer night of which I mused; I see its moon over me; I feel its dew in the air. But here I cannot stay; I am still too near old haunts; so close under the dungeon, I can hear the prisoner's moan. This solemn peace is not what I seek, it is not what I can bear: to me the face of that sky bears the aspect of a world's death. The park also will be calm—I know, a mortal serenity prevails everywhere—yet let me seek the park. . . . Villette is one blaze, one broad illumination; the whole world seems abroad; moonlight and heaven are banished: the town, by her own flambeaux, beholds her own splendour—gay dresses, grand equipages, fine horses, and gallant riders throng the bright streets. I see even scores of masks. It is a

strange scene, stranger than dreams. . . . That festal night would have been safe for a very child. Half the peasantry had come in from the outlying environs of Villette, and the decent burghers were all abroad and around, dressed in their best. My straw hat passed amidst cap and jacket, short petticoat, and long calico mantle, without, perhaps, attracting a glance; I only took the precaution to bend down the broad leaf gipsy-wise, with a supplementary ribbon—and then I felt safe as if masked.

Safe I passed down the avenues—safe I mixed with the crowd where it was deepest. To be still was not in my power, nor quietly to observe. I drank the elastic night air—the swell of sound, the dubious light, now flashing, now fading. (From *Villette*, Chap. XXXVIII.)

Prayer.

Not always do those who dare such divine conflict prevail. Night after night the sweat of agony may burst dark on the forehead; the supplicant may cry for mercy with that soundless voice the soul utters when its appeal is to the Invisible. 'Spare my beloved,' it may implore. 'Heal my life's life. Rend not from me what long affection entwines with my whole nature. God of heaven—bend—hear—be clement!' And after this cry of strife, the sun may rise to see him worsted. That opening morn which used to salute him with the whisper of zephyrs, the carol of skylarks, may breathe as its first accents, from the dear lips which colour and heat have quitted—'Oh, I have had a suffering night. This morning I am worse. I have tried to rise. I cannot. Dreams I am unused to have troubled me.'

Then the watcher approaches the patient's pillow and sees a new and strange moulding of the familiar features, feels at once that the insufferable moment draws nigh, knows it is God's will his idol shall be broken, and bends his head, and subdues his soul to the sentence he cannot avert, and scarce can bear.

Happy Mrs Pryor! She was still praying, unconscious that the summer sun hung above the hills, when her child softly woke in her arms. No piteous unconscious moaning—sound which so wastes our strength that, even if we have sworn to be firm, a rush of unconquerable fears sweeps away the oath—preceded her waking. No space of deaf apathy followed. The first words spoken were not those of one becoming estranged from this world, and already permitted to stray at times into realms foreign to the living. Caroline evidently remembered with clearness what had happened. (From *Shirley*, Chap. XXV.)

Love.

'Love a crime! No, Shirley: love is a divine virtue—obtrusiveness is a crime; forwardness is a crime; and both disgust: but love!—no purest angel need blush to love. And when I see or hear either man or woman couple shame with love, I know their minds are coarse, their associations debased.' . .

'You sacrifice three-fourths of the world, Caroline.'

'They are cold—they are cowardly—they are stupid, on the subject, Shirley! They never loved—they never were loved!'

'Thou art right, Lina! And in their dense ignorance they blaspheme living fire, seraphs—brought from a divine altar.'

'They confound it with sparks mounting from Tophet!' (From *Shirley*, Chap. XVII.)

The Brontë literature is considerable, but practically all the facts are contained in Mrs Gaskell's biography, edited by Clement Shorter, and in Mr Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* (1896). The latter work contains many letters to Miss Nussey, W. S. Williams, and others. *Charlotte Brontë, a Monograph*, by T. Wemyss Reid (1877), is based on Miss Nussey's letters. Some information may be obtained from *Pictures of the Past*, by F. H. Grundy (1879), and F. A. Leyland's *The Brontë Family* (1886), but neither book is quite trustworthy. Dr Wright's work, *The Brontës in Ireland* (1893), is legendary. A very convenient reprint of Miss Brontë's letters, in chronological order, was issued by Mr J. Horsfall Turner for private circulation, but very few copies are extant. Mr Augustine Birrell's little book in the 'Great Writers' series is marked by its sense and humanity. Almost all the existing material is now in print, the letters to M. Héger having probably been destroyed. A complete edition of her Works, with Introductions by Mrs Humphry Ward, was issued in 7 vols. in 1899–1900; a complete edition, with some new matter, and Introductions by the present writer, was published in 1903. Criticisms are very numerous; the most important is *A Note on Charlotte Brontë*, by Mr Swinburne (1877). A work full of judicious comment is *The Brontës: Fact and Fiction*, by Angus M. Mackay (1897). The *Transactions* of the Brontë Society include some valuable papers and an excellent bibliography. Of the numerous critical essays among the most important are two articles on *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Eugene Forçade (1848 and 1849); these were considered by Charlotte Brontë the best interpretations of her novels. The *Christian Remembrancer* in 1848, 1853, and 1857 published acute criticisms, to one of which Miss Brontë replied (see *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. xxxv.). We may note also the essays by W. C. Roscoe in the *National Review*, reprinted in his *Essays* (1860); Sir Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library* (3rd series, 1879), and his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography;* Sir John Skelton in *Essays in History and Biography* (1883).

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Emily Jane Brontë was born at Thornton in 1818, and died at Haworth on 19th December 1848, leaving behind her one imperishable novel, *Wuthering Heights*, and some poems which cannot be forgotten. She was an enigma in life; she remains an enigma in death. She went in infancy to the school at Cowan Bridge, and was for some time in 1836 a teacher in a school at Halifax, where she worked from six in the morning till eleven at night. Later on, she was with Charlotte during her first period at Brussels. For the rest, she remained at Haworth, and is said to have been an excellent housekeeper. She had no intimacies except with her sister Anne, and their correspondence has been destroyed. Her two sisters, her father, her brother, her dog, and the old servant in the house were necessary to her, but she never studied their comfort nor returned their confidence. It was said of her that she never showed a regard for any human creature, that all her love was reserved for animals. This is an exaggeration; but her reserve was extreme. She could not live away from the moors, and whenever she was absent she suffered from vehement home-sickness. Miss Nussey tells us that on the top of a moor or in a deep glen she was a child in spirit for glee and enjoyment, that few people had the gift of looking and smiling as she could look and smile. The only man for whom she showed any friendship was a curate, Mr Weightman. She had an exceptional gift for music. Her poems showed remarkable force and vigour, as well as deep feeling. Her creed was never put into explicit form, but it is manifest that she was far

from adopting the doctrines of the Church. In December 1847 her novel, *Wuthering Heights*, was published by T. C. Newby, with her sister's story, *Agnes Grey*, the two making three volumes. Newby was a commission publisher of no high character. The sisters paid him £50, and he issued an edition of two hundred and fifty copies. Charlotte Brontë went over it carefully after Emily's death, and it is now printed with Charlotte's corrections. Emily Brontë did not live long enough to witness its recognition; she died on 19th December 1848, refusing medical advice, doggedly rejecting sympathy, and clinging passionately to life. The earlier critics of *Wuthering Heights* dwelt on its inhuman characteristics, and it obtained its first recognition from Sydney Dobell in an article published in the *Palladium*. Dobell refused to believe that Ellis Bell and Currer Bell were distinct, and urged Currer Bell to write as she wrote in *Wuthering Heights*. Though he deprecated the employment of the author's wonderful pencil on a picture so destitute of moral beauty and human worth, he declared that *Wuthering Heights* was such an elaboration of a rare and fearful form of mental disease—so terribly strong, so exquisitely subtle—with such niceties in its transitions, such intimate symptomatic truth in its details, as to be at once a psychological and medical study. The book bore everywhere the stamp of high genius, though one looked back at the whole story as to a world of brilliant figures in an atmosphere of mist. Mr Dobell's judgment was confirmed by Matthew Arnold, who wrote of Emily as one

> Whose soul
> Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died.

Mr Swinburne in a noble panegyric reckons her the greatest genius of the Brontë sisters.

The attempts made by Dr Wright to find the origin of *Wuthering Heights* in Irish stories, and by Mrs Humphry Ward to connect the book with the German romantic movement, have failed. Equally without foundation is the story that Branwell Brontë had a share in the book. Charlotte Brontë writes after his death: 'My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature—he was not aware that they had ever published anything.' She also points out that her sisters wrote from the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and their stores of observation. Emily Brontë remains the sphinx of literature.

Distraction.

She found childish diversion in pulling the feathers from the rents she had just made, and ranging them on the sheet according to their different species: her mind had strayed to other associations.

'That's a turkey's,' she murmured to herself, 'and this is a wild duck's; and this is a pigeon's. Ah, they put pigeons' feathers in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! Let me take care to throw it on the floor when I lie down. And here is a moor-cock's; and this—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Bonny bird; wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor! It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells, and it felt rain coming. This feather was picked up from the heath; the bird was not shot: we saw its nest in the winter, full of little skeletons. Heathcliff set a trap over it, and the old ones dared not come. I made him promise he'd never shoot a lapwing after that, and he didn't. Yes, here are more! Did he shoot my lapwings, Nelly? Are they red, any of them? Let me look.'

'Give over that baby work,' I interrupted, dragging the pillow away and turning the holes towards the mattress, for she was removing its contents by handfuls. 'Lie down and shut your eyes: you're wandering. There's a mess! The down is flying about like snow.'

I went here and there collecting it.

'I see in you, Nelly,' she continued dreamily, 'an aged woman: you have grey hair and bent shoulders. This bed is the fairy cave under Penistone Crags, and you are gathering elf-bolts to hurt our heifers; pretending, while I am near, that they are only locks of wool. That's what you'll come to fifty years hence: I know you are not so now. I'm not wandering: you're mistaken, or else I should believe you really *were* that withered hag, and I should think I *was* under Penistone Crags; and I'm conscious it's night, and there are two candles on the table making the black press shine like jet.'

(From *Wuthering Heights*, Chap. XII.)

The Old Stoic.

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!'

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

Anne Brontë would have been forgotten if it had not been for her sisters. Born at Thornton in 1819, she died at Scarborough in May 1849. She had two unhappy experiences as a governess; but, with the exception of a visit to London, she only once left her native county. She was in every way more normal than her sisters, gentle, pleasing in appearance, and intellectually commonplace. She was devoutly evangelical, but declined to believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Her two books, *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, have value as throwing light on the Brontë experience; in some of her religious poems she rises above mediocrity. But it is perhaps to be regretted that her novels, especially *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, should continue to be reprinted. This was Charlotte Brontë's opinion. Anne had none of the power and fire of her sisters, but was almost as taciturn as they.

Practically everything that is known of Emily Brontë is to be found in Chapter VI. of Mr Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*. The Preface by Charlotte Brontë for the reprint of *Wuthering Heights* in 1850 is singularly affecting. Mr Dobell's article appeared in the *Palladium* for September 1850; the *Palladium* was an Edinburgh magazine written mainly by members of the 'spasmodic' school. It is reprinted in his *Biography* (vol. i. p. 163). Some of Emily's school exercises appear in *The Woman at Home* (vol. ii. p. 445). The volume on Emily Brontë by A. M. F. Robinson is of little value, and is mainly concerned with Branwell Brontë. For Anne, reference may be made to Currer Bell's biographical notice, and to the chapter in Mr Shorter's book.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Mrs Gaskell (ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON) was born in Lindsay Row, now part of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on 29th September 1810. She was the daughter, by his first marriage, of William Stevenson, an ex-Unitarian minister, who, after a chequered career, had settled as Keeper of the Records to the Treasury in London. Her mother, who was a Miss Holland, daughter of Mr Holland of Sandlebridge in Cheshire, died within a month after the child's birth. The infant was transferred almost immediately to the care of her mother's sister, Mrs Lumb, at Knutsford in Cheshire, a quaint little country-town about fifteen miles from Manchester. Knutsford is the place she afterwards described as Cranford in her book bearing that title, and as Hollingford in *Wives and Daughters;* there Mrs Gaskell spent most of her childhood and girlhood, growing up a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was two years a pupil in a school at Stratford-on-Avon, and paid lengthened visits to London, Edinburgh, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. On 30th August 1832 she was married to the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester. Her first publication was a poem, written in conjunction with her husband and published in *Blackwood*, January 1837, under the title 'Sketches among the Poor.' It was followed by a sketch of Clopton Hall near Stratford-on-Avon, contributed to William Howitt's book, *Visits to Remarkable Places* (1838). In 1847 she finished her first novel, *Mary Barton;* the scene was laid in Manchester, and the book dealt with the period of distress which suggested Disraeli's *Sybil*. Her aim was to represent the thoughts and feelings of the workman. The novel appeared anonymously in 1848, and was received with enthusiasm, winning the praise of Miss Edgeworth, Carlyle, and Landor. Early in 1850 Dickens invited Mrs Gaskell's co-operation in his new venture, *Household Words*, and the first number contained the beginning of a short story, 'Lizzie Leigh.' This was followed by many short stories and articles covering a long period. Her second important novel, *Ruth*, though written with more finish than *Mary Barton*, dealt, perhaps unsuccessfully, with a difficult ethical problem, and was less popular. Her most enduring work, *Cranford*, appeared irregularly in *Household Words* from 1851 to 1853. It sold slowly, but its place in English literature is assured. It shows a specially clear and tender comprehension of a calm autumnal existence, as clear as Miss Austen's and much more tender; it had a marked effect on the early work of George Eliot. More ambitious was her next novel, *North and South*, published in 1855, which returns to the problem of the working classes. In 1857 Mrs Gaskell published her biography of Charlotte Brontë, based on personal knowledge and full and accurate investigation, and written with conspicuous skill and charm. Recent investigations have only confirmed its substantial truth. It must be admitted, however, that Mrs Gaskell showed herself singularly reckless in her treatment of living people, and she had to withdraw various passages under threat



MRS GASKELL.

From a Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A., in the possession of Miss Gaskell, Manchester.

of libel. In 1859 she published a volume of short stories, under the title *My Lady Ludlow*. *Sylvia's Lovers* (1863), which is perhaps the least satisfactory of her novels, depends for its story on the press-gang at the close of the eighteenth century, its scene being laid in Whitby. To 1863 also belongs the beautiful little idyl, *Cousin Phillis*. Mrs Gaskell's last story, *Wives and Daughters*, is her fullest and ripest; but she did not live to finish it. On Sunday, 12th November 1865, without a moment's warning, she died from disease of the heart, in the company of her daughters, and at the country-house at Holybourne, Hampshire, which she had purchased with the proceeds of her last book. Mrs Gaskell wrote many articles, which have never been collected, in *All the Year Round*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Her short stories have been collected in several volumes, and the complete edition of her novels and tales was issued in eight volumes in 1872–73. Though not a writer of

the first rank, she succeeded more than most in measuring her powers and in achieving her ambitions. Her work moves between the manufacturing cities and the quiet country-towns, and she is more successful in the latter than in the former; her effects are produced by a multitude of tender and delicate touches, rather than by dark shadows or brilliant lights. No one describes like her a society where the stage of life to which belonged vivid passion, forcible incident, and absorbing motives has passed by for the principal personages of her story, and has not yet arrived for the secondary characters.

There is no authorised Life of Mrs Gaskell; but see *Mrs Gaskell*, by Miss Flora Masson (1903), the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by the same writer, and that in the *Dictionary of National Biography* by Dr. A. W. Ward. The best criticism is by William Minto in the *Fortnightly Review* (vol. xxiv.). See also the obituary notice in the *Saturday Review* (1865) by Mr John Morley (?).

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.



JEAN INGELOW.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Jean Ingelow (1820–97) was the daughter of a banker at Boston in Lincolnshire, her mother being of Aberdeenshire stock, and lived in the fen country or at Ipswich till about 1863, when she settled permanently in London. Her first efforts in verse were published anonymously as *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings* (1850). It was her second volume of *Poems* (1863), which ran through four impressions in a year, that revealed her gift and her accomplishment—seen especially perhaps in 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire in 1571.' Much of her poetry is of a religious, introspective cast; simplicity, grace, tenderness, pathos, and sympathy are conspicuous characteristics; perhaps the ballads best show her power to move. She wrote many admirable stories for and about children, like *Mopsa the Fairy* (5th ed. 1891) and *Stories told to Children;* and a series of successful novels, amongst them *Off the Skelligs* (1872), *Fated to be Free* (1875), *Don John* (1876), and *Sarah de Berenger* (1879). A one-volume edition of her poems was issued in 1898; *Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow*, published anonymously, appeared in 1901.

Eliza Cook (1818–89), daughter of a London brazier, contributed to magazines from an early age, and issued volumes of poetry in 1835 (*Lays of a Wild Harp*), 1838, 1864, and 1865. For five years she conducted *Eliza Cook's Journal* (1849–1854), and reissued great part of her contributions to it in *Jottings from my Journal* (1860). *Diamond Dust* (1865) contained aphorisms and apophthegms; her last book of verse, *New Echoes*, had appeared in 1864. 'The Englishman' ('There's a land that bears a well-known name') and 'The Rover's Song' ('I'm afloat—I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide') are among her most successful things. 'The Old Arm-Chair,' 'God Speed the Plough,' and 'The Raising of the Maypole' also appealed to a wide audience; but many of her poems are very conventional and wooden. She sometimes affected a kind of imitation Scotch; apostrophised 'Charlie O'Ross, wi' the sloe-black een,' as 'the laddie wha blithely comes wooin' o' me;' and celebrated Burns's memory in stanzas with the refrain: 'Oh, bonnie sweet Robin is nae dead and gane.'

Adelaide Ann Procter (1825–64) inherited her poetic gift from her father, B. W. Procter ('Barry Cornwall;' see page 227), and at eighteen as contributor to a *Book of Beauty* was writing verses. But most of her poems were published in *Household Words* (from 1853) and *All the Year Round*, though Dickens, her father's friend, did not for some time know who was the 'Miss Berwick' from whom her verses professedly came. Her poems were collected in two volumes, *Legends and Lyrics*, in 1858; a tenth edition appeared in 1866; and there were reprints in 1895, 1900, and 1901. Miss Procter, who became a Roman Catholic in 1851, took a lively interest in schemes for furthering the well-being of working women. The later years of her life were clouded by sickness, and she died of consumption after a long illness. Amongst the best known of her narrative poems are the legends of Provence and of Bregenz, 'The Angel's Story,' and 'The Story of a Faithful Soul.' Most of her best poetry is of a serious cast. 'Cleansing Fires' and 'The Lost Chord,' familiar as household words, are more solemn and significant than many hymns; and 'The Message' is grave and tender. Of her actual hymns two in common use are 'I do not ask, O Lord,' and 'My God, I thank Thee who hast made.'

George Eliot

is the name by which the great English novelist, MARY ANN or MARIAN EVANS, elected to be known as an author. The youngest daughter of the second family of Robert Evans, a Warwickshire land-agent, she was born at Arbury Farm, near Nuneaton, on the 22nd November 1819. Four months later her father removed to the farm of Griff, 'a charming, red-brick, ivy-covered house,' and this was her home for the first twenty-one years of her life. Evans was a man of strongly marked and strenuous character, many of the leading traits of which were transferred by his daughter to Adam Bede and Caleb Garth; and of the life at Griff, many of the features are given in the sketch of Maggie Tulliver's and Tom's childhood in *The Mill on the Floss*, especially her relation to her brother Isaac. Between five and nine she was at school at Attleboro, then at Nuneaton, and between thirteen and sixteen at Coventry. She lost her mother, whom she loved devotedly, in 1836, and from the marriage of her elder sister Christiana (1837) took entire charge of her father's house. Masters came over from Coventry to teach her German, Italian, and music; and of music she was passionately fond throughout life. She was also an immense reader. Her worship for Scott dated, she tells us, from the age of seven; 'and afterwards when I was grown up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott's novels.' In 1841 her brother Isaac married and took Griff, and her father removed to Coventry, where she became acquainted with Charles Bray, a writer on the philosophy of necessity from the phrenological standpoint, and with his brother-in-law, Charles Hennell, who had published in 1838 a rationalistic *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity.* Evangelicalism had a strong hold on her from fifteen to two-and-twenty, and she seems at first to have hoped to convert her new friends; but by 1842 she had so greatly offended her father by refusing to go to church that he threatened to break up his household and go to live with his married daughter. Subsequently she withdrew her objection to church-going, and the breach was avoided. At the opening of 1844 the work of translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu* was transferred from Mrs Hennell to Marian Evans, and at this she worked laboriously and in very scholar-like fashion until its publication in 1846. Her father died in May 1849, and in June she went abroad with Mr and Mrs Bray, who left her at Geneva. In March 1850 she returned to England, and began to write for the *Westminster Review;* and in September 1851 she became its assistant-editor, and the centre of a literary circle, two of whose members were Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes (q.v.). It was then that she translated Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, the only book that bore her real name.

Gradually her intimacy with Mr Lewes grew, and in 1854 she formed a connection with him which lasted until his death in 1878. In the July of that year they went abroad together, staying three months at Weimar, where Lewes was preparing for his *Life of Goethe.* After a longer stay at Berlin, they returned and took up their abode first at Dover, then at East Sheen, and finally at Richmond. At Berlin she had read to him a bit of description of life in a farmhouse, and to Lewes's influence the impulse to novel-writing is almost certainly due; but if we judge from the defects of Lewes's own novels, we may doubt whether his influence on her work was



GEORGE ELIOT.

From the Etching by P. Rajon, after Sir F. Burton's Drawing, by permission of Messrs Seeley & Co.

altogether for good. In 1856 she attempted her first story, *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton;* it came out in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1857, and at once showed that a new author of great power had risen. *Mr Gilfil's Love Story* and *Janet's Repentance* followed, the former based on an Arbury episode. All three were reprinted as *Scenes from Clerical Life* (1857), 'by George Eliot,' that pseudonym being adopted 'because George was Mr Lewes's Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced name.' The brilliant story of *Adam Bede* (1859) had the most marvellous success; but, to George Eliot's amazement and annoyance, a Mr Liggins, who had lived in the same district of the Midlands as herself, had the effrontery to claim the authorship, and Mr Blackwood had actually to intervene ere Liggins was discredited. *The Mill on the Floss* (1860) is, as has been said, largely autobiographical in its earlier part; but its 'St Ogg's' is Gainsborough, which George Eliot visited in September

1859. *Silas Marner* (1861), *Romola* (1863), and *Felix Holt, the Radical* (1866), appeared next in succession. *Romola*, a story of Florence in Savonarola's time, appeared originally in the *Cornhill*, and brought her £7000. Her first poem, *The Spanish Gypsy* (1868), was followed next year by *Agatha*, *The Legend of Jubal*, and *Armgart;* and in 1871–1872 appeared *Middlemarch*, by some considered her greatest work. After that *Daniel Deronda* (1876), a Jewish story, showed a marked falling off; so, too, did *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879), a volume of somewhat miscellaneous essays. *Essays and Leaves from a Notebook* (1884) consisted of old articles from the *Westminster*, *Fraser's*, and other serials.

After the death of Mr Lewes in 1878 George Eliot, who was always exceedingly dependent on some one person for affection and support, fell into a very melancholy state, from which she was roused by the solicitous kindness and attention of Mr John Cross, a friend of her own and of Mr Lewes's since 1869, and to him she was married on the 6th May 1880. Their married life lasted but a few months; she died in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on the 22nd December of the same year, and is buried in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to that of Mr Lewes.

As a novelist, George Eliot will probably always stand among the greatest of the English school; above Richardson, whom she greatly admired, and with whose painstaking and elaborate style of portraiture she had something in common, though in her preference for studies taken from simple rural life, from commonplace subjects so delineated as to bring out the humorous side of human shortcomings and the overmastering power of pitiable passions, she approached nearer to the still greater genius of Fielding. But her mind had not the movement and vivacity of Fielding's. If it had had that movement, that elasticity, that freedom of life in it, her genius would probably have shown itself much earlier than it did, and not waited till she was close upon forty before it betrayed even its existence. In early life she seems to have given her whole mind to the higher problems of life, and to have declared them virtually insoluble before she took refuge in portraying the disappointments, the breakdowns, the narrow discontents, as well as the generous hopes and unsatisfied ideals of other human beings. Having accepted with her usual too great docility the negative view of those who held that Christianity is a mere dream dreamt in the idealising mood of eager human aspiration, she passed on sadly to a pitying study of man in the frame of mind of one who is determined to make the best of a bad business. And she extracted, perhaps, from our human lot all the good that it is possible for any one to extract from it who has once come deliberately to the conclusion that, though something may be done to elevate, and a good deal to alleviate it, and though not a little amusement may be extracted from it, yet that no power can really transfigure it, and that the more modest the aim, the less serious will be the inevitable disappointment. This subdued tone of regret that the highest human endeavour is destined to be baffled runs through all her tales; and it can hardly be doubted that their pervading melancholy is at least in some degree due to the false step which she herself, under the influence of a negative school of religious thought, had deliberately taken, when she sacrificed her own life to the ends of a connection out of which most of the joy, and almost all the sacredness, were taken by the unnatural and morally humiliating circumstances under which she entered upon it. It was greatly to her credit that in spite of these circumstances she steadily refused to lower the moral ideal at which she aimed, though she pursued it with scanty hope and without the assistance of the faintest trust in the help of any higher power.

George Eliot's mind was one of extraordinary reflective power, but deficient in vivid personal instincts. She notices in *Silas Marner* how slowly impressions grow up within us, and how little we are sometimes aware of the origin of even those impressions which are destined to produce the greatest effects upon our character and external life. 'Our consciousness,' she says, 'rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us. There have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.' Her *Life and Letters* appear to show that the suave and long-drawn melancholy and somewhat artificial condition of self-repression in which she lived grew upon her more and more as 'the sap circulated' and fed her ideal of the true relation of husband and wife. In story after story she attempted to impress upon others the absolute sacredness of the relations to which her own action had apparently shown her to be indifferent. Her most impressive stories, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda* were all penetrated with the desire to show how selfish and desecrating what is called love may be without marriage, and how equally selfish and desecrating marriage may be without love; yet at every return to that subject there seems to be, in her treatment of the theme, less of hopefulness, less of awe, less of testimony to the sharp remorse which follows wrong-doing, less of vivid instinct, more of the tone of tragic warning, more of a tendency to acquiescence in inevitable misery.

Her studies of English farmers and tradesmen and of the lower middle class of the Midland counties are hardly surpassed in English literature, and give us at least as good a view of the life of the Midland counties, as masterly and full-length portraits of the slow-moving, beef-consuming, habit-ridden population of those counties in the earlier nineteenth century, as Sir Walter Scott

has given us of the Borders and Highlands in older days, with their wilder and more adventurous people. But there is a great difference in method between the two novelists, corresponding pretty closely to the difference between their favourite subjects. Sir Walter loved to show his favourites embarked in perilous adventures. George Eliot, on the other hand, is seldom so successful as when she patiently develops her characters in rather slow but humorous dialogue—such dialogue as Shakespeare loved to interpolate in his plays when he chose to show us how the 'Goodman Dull' of the Midlands talked away in his stupid but comfortable self-satisfaction. Perhaps now and then she a little overdoes this microscopic view of inarticulate natures. In that curious short story of hers, *The Lifted Veil*, she gives a picture of a man with a quite preternatural insight into the vagrant and frivolous background of the minds of those amongst whom he lives, who is made to complain of 'the obtrusion on my mind of the mental process going forward in first one person and then another, with whom I happened to be in contact; the vagrant, frivolous ideas and emotions of some uninteresting acquaintance . . . would force themselves on my consciousness like an importunate, ill-played musical instrument, or the loud activity of an imprisoned insect.' Had not George Eliot herself some curious gift of the same kind? She seems sometimes to have had the buzz of dull but excited gossip almost revealed to her by a kind of disagreeable intuition, and to have written it down at too great length in order to rid herself of its leaden predominance over her imagination.

At all events, she is greatly inferior to Scott in play and richness of pictorial imagination, in rapidity of movement, and in warmth of colour. *Romola*, her one historical romance—though it is full of subtlety of conception, contains some very striking figures, and is painted with a surprising minuteness of realistic detail is a doubtful success. Sir Walter Scott never failed in making the chief historical figure of his historical romances the most interesting figure in his group. George Eliot did not thus succeed in painting Savonarola; it was in Tito and Tessa that she achieved her great successes. As regards the historical background of *Romola*, one can hardly say that it holds its place at all as compared with even the least successful historical romance of Sir Walter Scott. George Eliot's imagination was not buoyant enough to travel back into these far regions of history, and create them anew for us; nor does her story move rapidly enough to make up for the difficulty of transporting our sympathies to so distant a region. We miss the vividness and we miss the action which are needful for the art of historical romance.

In her poetry, too, George Eliot falls far short of Sir Walter Scott; she is sombre, stately, even Miltonic after a fashion of her own, but Miltonic without Milton's felicity and charm. She is as grandiose as Milton without being as grand. Sometimes she attains true grandeur—though not Milton's sweet and winning grandeur—as in her delineation of the selfishness that remained at the heart even of the inspired musician Jubal:

> This little pulse of self that living glowed
> Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
> The light of music through the vague of sound,
> Ached smallness, still in good that had no bound.

Usually she falls quite short of true grandeur in her poetry, and seems to be impressive without actually impressing the reader. The rhythm is laboured, the thought is laboured, the feeling is laboured, and the effect is more artificial than artistic.

Perhaps the most curious feature of George Eliot's genius is that she wrote so very much better and with so much more ease when she was writing dramatically than she did when she was writing her own thoughts in her own name. There is hardly a good letter—considered as a letter—in the whole three volumes, made up chiefly out of her letters, which Mr Cross gave to the world. There is, on the contrary, hardly an ineffective speech put into the mouth of any of the characters whom she delineated in her novels. Sir Walter Scott has given us a far larger proportion of ineffectively painted characters than George Eliot, though also a greater number of effectively painted characters. There is hardly a country squire, or dairymaid, or poacher, or innkeeper, or country lad or lass to whom George Eliot does not give a thoroughly individual voice; but when she comes to speak for herself, her voice is measured, artificial, monotonous, and a little over-sweet. Her letters read as if they were turned out by machinery, though machinery invented by some gently intellectual and laborious mind. Scott's letters are delightful reading; Miss Brontë's are full of interest; even Miss Austen's, though they disappointed everybody, give the impression of a lively and observant mind. But George Eliot's have no freedom or personal stamp upon them, unless the absence of personal feeling be itself a personal stamp. It almost seems as if her mind had been intended more as an instrument for interpreting the minds of others, more as a phonograph through the agency of which the natures of all the various interlocutors with whom she met could be delicately registered and made to report themselves to the world, than as a distinct organ of her own taste and purpose. George Eliot is in the highest degree original in her power of interpreting others, but she gives an effect of faded second-hand suavity when she comes to interpret herself. Nevertheless she will be named in the same category with Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, perhaps even above Miss Austen, if only for the richness and quantity of her admirable work.

Death of Mrs Barton.

The following Wednesday, when Mr and Mrs Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said—

'If you please 'm, the shepherd says, have you heard as Mrs Barton 's wuss, and not expected to live?'

Mrs Hackit turned pale, and hurried out to question the shepherd, who, she found, had heard the sad news at an alehouse in the village. Mr Hackit followed her out and said, 'You 'd better have the pony-chaise, and go directly.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. 'Rachel, come an' help me on wi' my things.' When her husband was wrapping her cloak round her feet in the pony-chaise, she said—

'If I don't come home to-night, I shall send back the pony-chaise, and you 'll know I 'm wanted there.'

'Yes, yes.'

It was a bright frosty day, and by the time Mrs Hackit arrived at the Vicarage, the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage and pair standing at the gate, which she recognised as Dr Madeley's, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the kitchen door that she might avoid knocking, and quietly questioned Nanny. No one was in the kitchen, but, passing on, she saw the sitting-room door open, and Nanny, with Walter in her arms, removing the knives and forks, which had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

'Master says he can't eat no dinner,' was Nanny's first word. 'He 's never tasted nothin' sin' yisterday mornin' but a cup o' tea.'

'When was your missis took worse?'

'O' Monday night. They sent for Dr Madeley i' the middle o' the day yisterday, an' he 's here again now.'

'Is the baby alive?'

'No; it died last night. The children 's all at Mrs Bond's. She come and took 'em away last night, but the master says they must be fetched soon. He 's upstairs now, wi' Dr Madeley and Mr Brand.'

At this moment Mrs Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot, in the passage; and presently Amos Barton entered, with dry despairing eyes, haggard and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting-room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but Milly's work-basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children's toys overturned in the bow-window. But when he saw Mrs Hackit come towards him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent-up fountain of tears was opened; he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

'Bear up, Mr Barton,' Mrs Hackit ventured to say at last; 'bear up, for the sake o' them dear children.'

'The children,' said Amos, starting up. 'They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Milly will want to'——

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Mrs Hackit understood him, and said, 'I 'll send the man with the pony-carriage for 'em.'

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr Madeley and Mr Brand, who were just going.

Mr Brand said: 'I am very glad to see you are here, Mrs Hackit. No time must be lost in sending for the children. Mrs Barton wants to see them.'

'Do you quite give her up, then?'

'She can hardly live through the night. She begged us to tell her how long she had to live, and then asked for the children.'

The pony-carriage was sent; and Mrs Hackit, returning to Mr Barton, said she would like to go upstairs now. He went upstairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west; the sun was just setting, and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Milly lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The feather-bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress, with her head slightly raised by pillows. Her long fair neck seemed to be struggling with a painful effort; her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but the nurse, and the mistress of the free school, who had come to give her help from the beginning of the change.

Amos and Mrs Hackit stood beside the bed, and Milly opened her eyes.

'My darling, Mrs Hackit is come to see you.'

Milly smiled and looked at her with that strange, far-off look which belongs to ebbing life.

'Are the children coming?' she said, painfully.

'Yes; they will be here directly.'

She closed her eyes again.

Presently the pony-carriage was heard; and Amos, motioning to Mrs Hackit to follow him, left the room. On their way downstairs she suggested that the carriage should remain to take them away again afterwards, and Amos assented.

There they stood in the melancholy sitting-room—the five sweet children, from Patty to Chubby—all with their mother's eyes—all, except Patty, looking up with a vague fear at their father as he entered. Patty understood the great sorrow that was come upon them, and tried to check her sobs as she heard her papa's footsteps.

'My children,' said Amos, taking Chubby in his arms, 'God is going to take away your dear mamma from us. She wants to see you to say good-bye. You must try to be very good and not cry.'

He could say no more, but turned round to see if Nanny was there with Walter, and then led the way upstairs, leading Dickey with the other hand. Mrs Hackit followed with Sophy and Patty, and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Milly had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking towards the door. They all stood by the bedside—Amos nearest to her, holding Chubby and Dickey. But she motioned for Patty to come first, and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said—

'Patty, I 'm going away from you. Love your papa. Comfort him; and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you.'

Patty stood perfectly quiet, and said, 'Yes, mamma.'

The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean towards her and kiss her; and then Patty's great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her towards him and pressed her head gently to him, while Milly beckoned Fred and Sophy, and said to them more faintly—

'Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good and not vex her.'

They leaned towards her, and she stroked their fair heads, and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy; but they thought, perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again.

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her. Little Walter said, 'Mamma, mamma,' and stretched out his fat arms and smiled; and Chubby seemed gravely wondering; but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere; his little heart swelled and he cried aloud.

Then Mrs Hackit and Nanny took them all away. Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs Bond's again; but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony-carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By-and-by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly—

'My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very—happy.'

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past. About half-past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

'Music—music—didn't you hear it?'

Amos knelt by the bed and held her hand in his. He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream. He did not know when she was gone. But Mr Brand, whom Mrs Hackit had sent for before twelve o'clock, thinking that Mr Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him, and said—

'She feels no more pain now. Come, my dear sir, come with me.'

'She isn't *dead?*' shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr Brand, who had taken him by the arm. But his weary, weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room.

(From *The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton.*)

Mr Tulliver and the Uncles and Aunts.

'Why,' said Mr Tulliver, not looking at Mrs Glegg, but at the male part of his audience, 'you see, I've made up my mind not to bring Tom up to my own business. I've had my thoughts about it all along, and I made up my mind by what I saw with Garnett and *his* son. I mean to put him to some business, as he can go into without capital, and I want to give him an eddication as he'll be even wi' the lawyers and folks, and put me up to a notion now an' then.'

Mrs Glegg emitted a long sort of guttural sound with closed lips, that smiled in mingled pity and scorn.

'It 'ud be a fine deal better for some people,' she said after that introductory note, 'if they'd let the lawyers alone.'

'Is he at the head of a grammar-school, then, this clergyman—such as that at Market Bewley?' said Mr Deane.

'No—nothing o' that,' said Mr Tulliver. 'He won't take more than two or three pupils—and so he'll have the more time to attend to 'em, you know.'

'Ah, and get his eddication done the sooner: they can't learn much at a time when there's so many of 'em,' said Uncle Pullet, feeling that he was getting quite an insight into this difficult matter.

'But he'll want the more pay, I doubt,' said Mr Glegg.

'Ay, ay, a cool hundred a-year—that's all,' said Mr Tulliver, with some pride at his own spirited course. 'But then, you know, it's an investment; Tom's eddication 'ull be so much capital to him.'

'Ay, there's something in that,' said Mr Glegg. 'Well, well, neighbour Tulliver, you may be right, you may be right:

> "When land is gone and money's spent,
> Then learning is most excellent."

I remember seeing those two lines wrote on a window at Buxton. But us that have got no learning had better keep our money, eh, neighbour Pullet?' Mr Glegg rubbed his knees and looked very pleasant.

'Mr Glegg, I wonder *at* you,' said his wife. 'It's very unbecoming in a man o' your age and belongings.'

'What's unbecoming, Mrs G.?' said Mr Glegg, winking pleasantly at the company. 'My new blue coat as I've got on?'

'I pity your weakness, Mr Glegg. I say it's unbecoming to be making a joke when you see your own kin going headlongs to ruin.'

'If you mean me by that,' said Mr Tulliver, considerably nettled, 'you needn't trouble yourself to fret about me. I can manage my own affairs without troubling other folks.'

'Bless me,' said Mr Deane, judiciously introducing a new idea, 'why, now I come to think of it, somebody said Wakem was going to send *his* son—the deformed lad—to a clergyman, didn't they, Susan?' (appealing to his wife).

'I can give no account of it, I'm sure,' said Mrs Deane, closing her lips very tightly again. Mrs Deane was not a woman to take part in a scene where missiles were flying.

'Well,' said Mr Tulliver, speaking all the more cheerfully, that Mrs Glegg might see he didn't mind her, 'if Wakem thinks o' sending his son to a clergyman, depend on it I shall make no mistake i' sending Tom to one. Wakem's as big a scoundrel as Old Harry ever made, but he knows the length of every man's foot he's got to deal with. Ay, ay, tell me who's Wakem's butcher, and I'll tell you where to get your meat.'

'But lawyer Wakem's son's got a hump-back,' said Mrs Pullet, who felt as if the whole business had a funereal aspect; 'it's more nat'ral to send *him* to a clergyman.'

'Yes,' said Mr Glegg, interpreting Mrs Pullet's observation with erroneous plausibility, 'you must consider that, neighbour Tulliver; Wakem's son isn't likely to follow any business. Wakem 'ull make a gentleman of him, poor fellow.'

'Mr Glegg,' said Mrs G., in a tone which implied that her indignation would fizz and ooze a little, though she was determined to keep it corked up, 'you'd far better hold your tongue. Mr Tulliver doesn't want to know your opinion nor mine neither. There's folks in the world as know better than everybody else.'

'Why, I should think that's you, if we're to trust your own tale,' said Mr Tulliver, beginning to boil up again.

'O, *I* say nothing,' said Mrs Glegg sarcastically. 'My advice has never been asked, and I don't give it.'

'It'll be the first time, then,' said Mr Tulliver. 'It's the only thing you're over-ready at giving.'

'I've been over-ready at lending, then, if I haven't been over-ready at giving,' said Mrs Glegg. 'There's folk I've lent money to, as perhaps I shall repent o' lending money to kin.'

'Come, come, come,' said Mr Glegg soothingly. But Mr Tulliver was not to be hindered of his retort.

'You've got a bond for it, I reckon,' he said; 'and you've had your five per cent., kin or no kin.'

'Sister,' said Mrs Tulliver pleadingly, 'drink your wine, and let me give you some almonds and raisins.'

'Bessy, I'm sorry for you,' said Mrs Glegg, very much with the feeling of a cur that seizes the opportunity of diverting his bark towards the man who carries no stick. 'It's poor work, talking o' almonds and raisins.'

'Lors, sister Glegg, don't be so quarrelsome,' said Mrs Pullet, beginning to cry a little. 'You may be struck with a fit, getting so red in the face after dinner, and we are but just out o' mourning, all of us—and all wi' gowns craped alike and just put by—it's very bad among sisters.'

'I should think it *is* bad,' said Mrs Glegg. 'Things are come to a fine pass when one sister invites the other to her house o' purpose to quarrel with her and abuse her.'

'Softly, softly, Jane—be reasonable—be reasonable,' said Mr Glegg.

But while he was speaking, Mr Tulliver, who had by no means said enough to satisfy his anger, burst out again:

'Who wants to quarrel with you?' he said. 'It's you as can't let people alone, but must be gnawing at 'em for ever. *I* should never want to quarrel with any woman, if she kept her place.'

'My place, indeed!' said Mrs Glegg, getting rather more shrill. 'There's your betters, Mr Tulliver, as are dead and in their grave, treated me with a different sort o' respect to what you do—*though* I've got a husband as 'll sit by and see me abused by them as 'ud never ha' had the chance if there hadn't been them in our family as married worse than they might ha' done.'

'If you talk o' that,' said Mr Tulliver, 'my family's as good as yours—and better, for it hasn't got a damned ill-tempered woman in it.'

'Well!' said Mrs Glegg, rising from her chair, 'I don't know whether you think it's a fine thing to sit by and hear me swore at, Mr Glegg; but I'm not going to stay a minute longer in this house. You can stay behind, and come home with the gig—and I'll walk home.'

'Dear heart, dear heart!' said Mr Glegg in a melancholy tone, as he followed his wife out of the room.

'Mr Tulliver, how could you talk so?' said Mrs Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

'Let her go,' said Mr Tulliver, too hot to be damped by any amount of tears. 'Let her go, and the sooner the better: she won't be trying to domineer over *me* again in a hurry.'

(From *The Mill on the Floss.*)

A Conversation in the 'Rainbow.'

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the 'Rainbow,' had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their draughts of beer were a funereal duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last Mr Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher:

'Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?'

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, 'And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John.'

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

'Was it a red Durham?' said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

'Red it was,' said the butcher, in his good-humoured husky treble—'and a Durham it was.'

'Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of,' said the farrier, looking round with some triumph; 'I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she 'd a white star on her brow, I 'll bet a penny?' The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

'Well, yes—she might,' said the butcher slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. 'I don't say contrairy.'

'I knew that very well,' said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; 'if *I* don't know Mr Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that 's all. And as for the cow you 've bought, bargain or no bargain, I 've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will.'

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

'I 'm not for contradicking no man,' he said; 'I 'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I 'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it 's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it.'

'Well, it 's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is,' pursued the farrier angrily; 'and it was Mr Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham.'

'I tell no lies,' said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, 'and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black: he 's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it 's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I 'll stick to; but I 'll quarrel wi' no man.'

'No,' said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; 'and p'rhaps you aren't pig-headed; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you didn't say she 'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you 're at it.'

'Come, come,' said the landlord; 'let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you: you 're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr

Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the "Rainbow" 's the "Rainbow." And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr Macey? You remember when first Mr Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?'

Mr Macey, tailor and parish-clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly, in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said:

'Ay, ay; I know, I know; but I let other folks talk. I 've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley: they 've learnt pernouncing; that 's come up since my day.'

(From *Silas Marner*.)

O may I Join the Choir Invisible.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man. . . .
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

(1867.)

[The above article on George Eliot is abridged from that originally written for *Chambers's Encyclopædia* in 1889 by Richard Holt Hutton. See the Life of her edited by J. W. Cross (3 vols. 1885–86); the books on her by Miss Blind (1883), Mr Oscar Browning (1890), Joseph Jacobs (1891), and Sir Leslie Stephen ('Men of Letters,' 1902); *Essays*, by F. W. H. Myers (1883); *Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Jane Austen—Studies in their Works*, by H. H. Bonnell (1903); R. H. Hutton's *Essays* (1871) and his *Modern Guides of English Thought*; and Scherer's *Essays in English Literature*. Scherer said George Eliot was inferior to no one of her sex except Madame de Staël (George Sand not being excepted) in depth, brilliancy, and flexibility of genius; and he endorsed Lord Acton's opinion that George Eliot was the most considerable literary personality that had till then appeared since the death of Goethe.]

Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823–1901), the only daughter of a Hampshire squire and magistrate, was born at Otterbourne near Winchester; and when Keble came to Hursley vicarage (to which the living of Otterbourne was annexed) he found her an intellectual, impressionable, and well-educated girl of thirteen. When she began to write authorship was considered unladylike, and a family council consented to the publication of *Abbey Church* only on condition that she should not accept the pecuniary returns for any personal end—a condition she then and afterwards cheerfully complied with. She gained a large constituency of readers by her *Heir of Redclyffe* (1853) and its successors; and her industry may be judged from the fact that within forty-four years (1848–92) she had published well over a hundred volumes (almost three annually), besides books translated and edited, and work done as editor of the *Monthly Packet*. Her novels are straightforward and natural, show not a little dramatic skill and literary grace, and inculcate a high and healthy morality, though they



CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

have not the charm of works of genius. Many of them are made the vehicle of High Church opinions; for though Miss Yonge was bred in an evangelical household, the teaching of the Tractarians and her close personal friendship with Keble were the most outstanding influences in the formation of her life and thought. An unwonted element of chivalry was happily grafted on the realism of contemporary English domestic life. Charles Kingsley said *Heartsease* was the most wholesome and delightful novel he had ever read; and, singular to relate (as it seems to us now), William Morris, Burne Jones, and their group at Oxford adopted as their model the hero of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, Sir Guy Morville, a Crusader in modern life. The profits from the *Heir of Redclyffe* were largely devoted to fitting out a missionary schooner for Bishop Selwyn; as were the returns from the *Daisy Chain*

to building a missionary college in New Zealand. Miss Yonge published several historical works (including eight volumes of *Cameos from English History*); books on military commanders, good women, and golden deeds; a work on *Christian Names* (1863); a *Life of Bishop Patteson* (1873); and a monograph on *Hannah More* (1888), with whom she had so much in common. An illustrated edition of her more popular novels was issued in 1888–89 in thirty-five volumes. There is a Life of her by Miss Christabel Coleridge (1903).

Mrs Craik (1826–87) was better known by her maiden name of Dinah Maria Mulock, and better still as 'the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.' The daughter of a Nonconformist minister of Irish extraction, she was born at Stoke-upon-Trent;



MRS CRAIK.
From the Portrait by Hubert Herkomer, R.A., by permission of Mr G. L. Craik.

but, settling in London at twenty, she published in succession a series of stories for the young, of which *Cola Monti* was the best known, and then *The Ogilvies* (1849), *Olive* (1850), *The Head of the Family* (1851), and *Agatha's Husband* (1853). She never surpassed or even equalled her *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1857), a story of middle-class English life; her ideal, a generous, high-minded man, carried about with him an old Greek Testament, in which, after an ancestor's name, was the *epitheton* 'gentleman'—to John a motto, a talisman, a charter, imposing on him truth, honour, fidelity, and purity. The story was eminently popular at home, and was erelong translated into French, German, Italian, Greek, and Russian. A pension (1864) of £60 she set aside for authors less fortunate than herself; in 1864 she married Mr George Lillie Craik, a partner in the publishing house of Macmillan, and spent the rest of her life in quiet happiness and literary industry at Corner House, Shortlands, Kent. Much of Mrs Craik's verse is collected in *Thirty Years' Poems* (1881). *Avillion, and other Tales*, contained some of her most imaginative work. She produced in all nearly fifty works—more than a score of novels, including *A Life for a Life*, *Mistress and Maid*, and *Christian's Mistake;* and several volumes of prose essays, such as *A Woman's Thoughts about Women* (1858) and *Concerning Men, and other Papers* (1888).

Eliza Lynn Linton (1822–98) was born at Keswick, a daughter of the Rev. James Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite. She did not get on with her family, and at the age of twenty-three left home and settled in London as a woman of letters, publishing her first novel, *Azeth the Egyptian*, in 1846. In 1858 she married **William James Linton** (1812–98), an eminent wood-engraver and zealous Chartist, and also something of a poet and man of letters, who edited Republican papers and wrote (besides many pamphlets and occasional verses) *The Plaint of Freedom* (a remarkable poem; 1852), *Claribel, and other Poems* (1865), an important work on *The Masters of Wood-Engraving* (1890), and Lives of Tom Paine and J. G. Whittier. He prepared the illustrations for the volume on *The Lake Country* which she wrote, and published in 1864; but in 1867 they separated, Linton going to America and settling at New Haven in Connecticut, while his wife remained in England and made literature her career. She produced about a score of novels, of which the most notable are *The True History of Joshua Davidson* (1872), a daring and striking adaptation of the gospel story to modern conditions; *Patricia Kemball* (1874); *Christopher Kirkland* (1885); and *The One Too Many* (1894). She wrote much for the magazines and reviews, and her 'Girl of the Period' articles in the *Saturday* were collected in 1883. In her latter years she showed herself an equally caustic critic of the 'new woman.' A rather masculine temper, a strong confidence of opinion, and a faculty of vigorous utterance were among her characteristics.

See her autobiography, *My Literary Life* (1899), and George Somes Layard's *Eliza Lynn Linton: her Life, Letters, and Opinions* (1901). Her husband wrote a volume of autobiographical *Memories* (1895).

Frances Power Cobbe was born at Newbridge near Dublin on the 4th December 1822, the daughter of a county gentleman and magistrate, and went to school at Brighton. Her interest being early aroused in theological questions, she found spiritual guidance in Theodore Parker's works and lost her faith in the Trinity, but said nothing of her heresies to vex her invalid mother. When after her mother's death she revealed her change of view to her father, he banished her from home for a time, and never till his death quite forgave her, even though she was allowed to keep house for him. Her first published work, in

1855, was an *Essay on the Intuitive Theory of Morals*, published anonymously, which created a good deal of controversy; but none of her critics suspected the author to be a woman. After her father's death in 1857 she travelled in Italy and the East, wrote *Cities of the Past* (1864) and *Italics* (1864), and engaged in philanthropic and reformatory work with Miss Carpenter at Bristol. She began to write for the magazines, and ere long was a busy journalist, being from 1868 to 1875 leader-writer for the *Echo*. A strong Theist, a supporter of women's rights, a strong social reformer in all directions, and a prominent anti-vivisectionist, she published more than thirty works, among them *Friendless Girls* (1861); *Criminals, Idiots, Women, and Minors* (1869); *Darwinism in Morals* (1872); *The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here* (1874); *Re-echoes* (1876); *The Peak in Darien* (1882); *The Scientific Spirit of the Age* (1888); and an Autobiography (1894). In spite of her many controversies, she had a happy life, being at all times optimist in her views of life and buoyant in temperament. She knew most of the people best worth knowing in her time, was on kindly terms with people of the most various faiths and political views, and was only irreconcilably bitter against vivisectionists of all shades of opinion. She bestowed more care on the substance of her arguments than on polishing her style, and thought more of the effect she could produce in abating social evils than in securing fame as an authoress. But she had the pen of a ready, copious, earnest, and effective writer.

Mrs Oliphant (1828–97), till her marriage in 1852 Margaret Oliphant Wilson, was born at Wallyford near Musselburgh in Midlothian. Her father's business took him to Glasgow and ultimately to Liverpool, where he held a post in the Customs; and her education was in nowise specially adapted to a life of letters. But she early cherished literary ambitions and made literary experiments. In 1849 she published her first work, *Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland*, which instantly won attention and approval by the tender humour and insight of its presentation of Scottish life and character on both their higher and lower levels. This work was followed by *Caleb Field* (1850), *Merkland* (1850), *Adam Graeme* (1852), *Harry Muir* (1853), *Magdalen Hepburn* (1854), *Lilliesleaf*, and *Katie Stewart*, which, like three others, appeared in succession in *Blackwood's Magazine*, with which the authoress had formed a life-long connection. These stories are of varying merit, but are all rich in the minute detail dear to the womanly mind, show nice and subtle apprehension of character, and have a flavour of quiet fun; they often display a charming delicacy in the treatment of the gentler emotions.

Meanwhile she had for a while been in London looking after a brother, and in 1852 she married a cousin, Francis Wilson Oliphant, a designer of stained glass windows. His health was feeble; in 1859 he was far gone in consumption, and he died at Rome before the end of that year, leaving her not merely unprovided for but deep in debt. She addressed herself bravely to her life-work—thenceforward a continuous embarrassed struggle, complicated by her generosity to an unfortunate brother and his children, and her amazing and reckless determination to give her sons the best (and most expensive) education Eton and Oxford could provide. She also considered it her duty or her privilege to live in something like luxury and to dispense an almost lavish hospitality; and



MRS OLIPHANT.
From a Photograph by Hills & Saunders.

it was only on the posthumous publication of her autobiography that her friends and the public knew what anxious, monotonous toil was daily demanded from the gracious mistress of what seemed an affluent household. Her daughter died in 1864; her two sons, who lived on her labours, both predeceased her; but her last years still found her hard at work as ever, writing with almost undiminished vivacity and energy.

Her early novels had been well received, and had secured a market for all she wrote. But it was by the *Chronicles of Carlingford* (published in *Blackwood's*, 1861–65) that her reputation as a novelist was established; the most notable of the series, *Salem Chapel*, perhaps indicates a wider and more vigorous grasp than is to be found in any other of her works. Certain of the unlovelier

features of English dissent, as exhibited in a small provincial community, are here graphically sketched, and adapted with admirable skill to the purposes of fiction. The 'Carlingford' series comprised *The Perpetual Curate* and *Miss Marjoribanks; Phœbe Junior*, in 1876, was a continuation. The long series of her novels included *Madonna Mary* (1866), *The Primrose Path*, *He that Will Not when he May*, *The Ladies Lindores*, *The Wizard's Son*, *Hester*, and *Kirsteen* (1890), and, if we consider the circumstances under which they were produced, maintained a surprisingly high and equal level.

In some respects she touched a deeper note in *A Beleaguered City* (1880), based on a legend of a city besieged by the dead, and *A Little Pilgrim: in the Unseen* (1882), both of which revealed a mystical element in an otherwise rather matter-of-fact temper, little disturbed by philosophising or speculative profundity. Her lives of Edward Irving, of her cousin Laurence Oliphant, and of Principal Tulloch were sympathetic studies, though not great biographies; her sketch of Sheridan in the 'Men of Letters' series was unsympathetic and an obvious failure. Other contributions to general literature, marred by want of thoroughness though often containing interesting suggestions, were *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.* (1869); *St Francis of Assisi* (1871); *Memoir of the Comte de Montalembert* (1872); *The Makers of Florence* (1876); *Dress* (1878); *The Literary History of England*, from 1790 to 1825 (1882); *The Makers of Venice* (1888); *Dante* and *Cervantes* in 'Foreign Classics for English Readers,' and *Chalmers* in another series; *Royal Edinburgh* (1890); *The Reign of Queen Anne* (1894); *The Makers of Modern Rome* (1895); *Jeanne d'Arc* (1896); *The Two Brontës* (1897); besides a child's history of Scotland (1896), and a history of the publishing house of Blackwood (2 vols. 1897—the third completing volume being by another hand).

She wrote too rapidly and she wrote too much. Having a strong natural gift of story-telling, she wrote easily, with a running pen, in a simple, plain, conversational style, not without a certain vigour of her own and frequent felicities of phrase. But she took no pains with her style, did not pause to amend her clumsiest sentences, and evidently did not realise the beauty and power of well-ordered, compact, rhythmical clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. Taking novels and other works together, she is computed to have produced upwards of a hundred and twenty separate publications in some two hundred and fifty volumes; and she has paid the inevitable penalty. *Salem Chapel* and the *Beleaguered City* are still current literature; *Magdalen Hepburn*, *The Perpetual Curate*, and *Miss Marjoribanks* and one or two others of her stories, are not yet forgotten; on much of her work oblivion already scatters its poppy. She had little joy in her work, no love for her own inventions; and accordingly she took up with equal willingness tasks in miscellaneous literature for which she was all too slenderly equipped. She as readily undertook books on Sheridan as on Dante, on Jerusalem as on Florence. And the result shows that she had neither historical grasp nor critical insight; lacking original familiarity with the subjects, she could not atone for the defect by patient study, acuteness, and vivacity of presentation. But her inexhaustible fertility, her command of humour and pathos, her mastery of multitudinous details, are illustrated in all her novels, which, spite of defects, have often an indisputable interest and charm.

The Convert's Wife.

'Oh, Frank, I am so glad you are come!' said Louisa through her tears. 'I felt sure you would come when you got my letter. Your father thinks I make a fuss about nothing, and Cuthbert and Guy do nothing but laugh at me, as if they could possibly know; but you always understand me, Frank. I knew it was just as good as sending for a brother of my own; indeed better,' said Mrs Wentworth, wiping her eyes; 'for though Gerald is using me so badly, I would not expose him out of his own family, or have people making remarks—oh, not for the world!'

'Expose him!' said the Curate, with unutterable astonishment. 'You don't mean to say you have any complaint to make about Gerald?' The idea was so preposterous that Frank Wentworth laughed; but it was not a laugh pleasant to hear.

'Oh, Frank, if you but knew all,' said Louisa; 'what I have had to put up with for months—all my best feelings outraged, and so many things to endure that were dreadful to think of. And I that was always brought up so differently; but now,' cried the poor little woman, bursting into renewed tears, 'it's come to such a pass that it can't be concealed any longer. I think it will break my heart; people will be sure to say I have been to blame; and how I am ever to hold up my head in society, and what is to be my name, and whether I am to be considered a widow'——

'A widow!' cried the Perpetual Curate, in utter consternation.

'Or worse,' sobbed Gerald's poor little wife: 'it feels like being divorced—as if one had done something wrong; and I am sure I never did anything to deserve it; but when your husband is a Romish priest,' cried the afflicted woman, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, 'I would just ask anybody what are you? You can't be his wife, because he is not allowed to have any wife; and you can't go back to your maiden name, because of the children; and how can you have any place in society? Oh, Frank, I think I shall go distracted,' said poor Louisa; 'it will feel as if one had done something wicked, and been put out of the pale. How can I be called Mrs Wentworth any more when my husband has left me? and even if he is a priest, and can't have any wife, still he will be alive, and I shall not have the satisfaction of being a widow even I am sure I don't know what I say,' she concluded, with a fresh outburst; 'for to be a widow would be a poor satisfaction, and I don't know how I could ever, ever live without Gerald; but to feel as if you were an improper person, and all the children's prospects in life!—Oh, Frank!' cried the weeping Louisa, burying

her face in her handkerchief, 'I think I shall go distracted, and my heart will break.'

To all this strange and unexpected revelation the startled Curate listened like a man in a dream. Possibly his sister-in-law's representation of this danger, as seen entirely from her own point of view, had a more alarming effect upon him than any other statement of the case. He could have gone into Gerald's difficulties with so much sympathy and fellow-feeling that the shock would have been trifling in comparison; and between Rome and the highest level of Anglicanism there was no such difference as to frighten the accustomed mind of the Curate of St Roque's. But, seen from Louisa's side, matters appeared very different: here the foundations of the earth were shaking, and life itself going to pieces; even the absurdity of her distress made the whole business more real; and the poor little woman, whose trouble was that she herself would neither be a wife nor a widow, had enough of truth on her side to unfold a miserable picture to the eyes of the anxious spectator. He did not know what answer to make to her; and perhaps it was a greater consolation to poor Louisa to be permitted to run on—

'And you know it never needed to have come to this if Gerald had been like other people,' she said, drying her tears, and with a tone of remonstrance. 'Of course it is a family living, and it is not likely his own father would have made any disturbance; and there is no other family in the parish but the Skipwiths, and they are great friends, and never would have said a word. He might have preached in six surplices if he had liked,' cried poor Louisa—'who would have minded? And as for confession, and all that, I don't believe there is anybody in the world who had done any wrong that could have helped confessing to Gerald; he is so good—oh, Frank, you know he is so good!' said the exasperated little wife, overcome with fondness and admiration and impatience, 'and there is nobody in the parish that I ever heard of that does not worship him; but when I tell him so, he never pays the least attention. And then Edward Plumstead and he go on talking about subscription, and signing articles, and nonsense, till they make my head swim. Nobody, I am sure, wants Gerald to subscribe or sign articles. I am sure I would subscribe any amount,' cried the poor little woman, once more falling into tears—'a thousand pounds if I had it, Frank—only to make him hear reason; for why should he leave Wentworth, where he can do what he likes, and nobody will interfere with him? The Bishop is an old friend of my father's, and I am sure he never would say anything; and as for candles and crosses and—anything he pleases, Frank'——

Here poor Louisa paused, and put her hand on his arm, and looked up wistfully into his face. She wanted to convince herself that she was right, and that the faltering dread she had behind all this, of something more mysterious than candles or crosses—something which she did not attempt to understand—was no real spectre after all. 'Oh, Frank, I am sure I never would oppose him, nor your father, nor anybody; and why should he go and take some dreadful step, and upset everything?' said Mrs Wentworth. 'Oh, Frank! we will not even have enough to live upon; and as for me, if Gerald leaves me, how shall I ever hold up my head again, or how will anybody know how to behave to me? I can't call myself Miss Leighton again, after being married so long; and if I am not his wife, what shall I be?' Her crying became hysterical as she came back to this point; and Mr Wentworth sat by her trying to soothe her, as wretched as herself.

(From *The Perpetual Curate.*)

Mrs Oliphant's *Autobiography and Letters* was published in 1899.

Frederick Tennyson (1807–98) was eldest of the nest of singing-birds in the Lincolnshire rectory of Somersby, and from Eton passed to Trinity College, Cambridge. He travelled much on the Continent, spent nearly twenty years of his life at Florence, found a wife in the daughter of the chief magistrate at Siena, and from 1859 till within two years of his death lived in Jersey. With his brothers Charles and Alfred he was one of the authors of the so-called *Poems by Two Brothers;* but he shrank from authorship and from criticism, and did not till 1854 publish anything in his own name. *Days and Hours*, a collection of lyrics, was praised by Charles Kingsley for its luxuriant fancy, terseness, scholarliness, and grace, but some of the poems in it were somewhat freely criticised as diffuse. The too sensitive or irritable poet—overshadowed, like Charles, by Alfred's fame—now kept silence till 1890, when he published *The Isles of Greece*, an epic dealing with Sappho. *Daphne* (1891) contained 'tender and beautiful idyls;' and *Poems of the Day and Night* (1895) reproduced some pieces from the earlier *Days and Hours*. Frederick has no little share of his greater brother's imagination and power, as many splendid passages in his *Greek Legends* and in his shorter poems show. But he lacked that power to concentrate and construct which goes to the making of a consummate artist. A temporary adhesion to Swedenborgianism and spiritualism is reflected in some of his poems.

Charles Tennyson Turner (1808–79), second son of the Tennyson house, went to school at Louth, graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1832, and became vicar of Grasby in Lincolnshire. He took the name of Turner under the will of a relation, and married a sister of the lady who was to be his brother Alfred's wife. Besides his share in the *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) he wrote upwards of three hundred and forty sonnets, published in volumes in 1830, 1864, 1868, and 1873, and collected, with a Life by the second Lord Tennyson and an essay by Spedding, in 1880. Though Charles's genius was not so robust as that of his brothers, Coleridge had greeted the first sonnet series with warm commendation; the sonneteer's more famous brother, Lord Tennyson, unhesitatingly pronounced some of his sonnets as amongst the finest in the language. And Professor Palgrave described them as idyllic, sincere, pathetic, and subtle, as sometimes verging on quaintness, and as 'covering in their pensive range a vast number of motives from English country ways.'

Lord Tennyson.*

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in the rectory of his father, Dr Tennyson. He was one of a numerous house, being the fourth-born of twelve sons and daughters, the eldest of whom died in infancy. His two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, were poets of a high order, though never widely recognised (see above); but the poetic work of each of the three brothers was not merely quite original, but was absolutely distinct, bearing not the faintest family likeness to that of the others in manner or method.



LORD TENNYSON.

From the Chalk Drawing, from life, by M. Arnault, in the National Portrait Gallery.

Alfred Tennyson gives his own account of his beginning to write: 'According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was—Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, "I hear a voice that 's speaking in the wind;" and the words "far, far away" had always a strange charm for me. About ten or eleven Pope's *Homer's Iliad* became a favourite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre—nay, even could improvise them; so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet, and could write regular metre very skilfully. My father once said to me, "Don't write so rhythmically; break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety." "Artist first, then poet," some writer said of me. I should answer, "Poeta nascitur, non fit;" indeed, "Poeta nascitur et fit." I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist. At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines *à la* Walter Scott—full of battles, dealing too with sea and mountain scenery—with Scott's regularity of octosyllables and his occasional varieties. Though the performance was very likely worth nothing, I never felt myself more truly inspired. I wrote as much as seventy lines at one time, and used to go shouting them about the fields in the dark. All these early efforts have been destroyed; only my brother-in-law, Edmund Lushington, begged for a page or two of the Scott poem. Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a drama in blank verse, which I have still, and other things. It seems to me I wrote them all in perfect metre.' These poems made his father say, with pardonable pride, 'If Alfred dies, one of our greatest poets will have gone;' and suggest at another time, 'I should not wonder if Alfred were to revive the greatness of his relative, William Pitt.' But it was not Thomson and Pope and Scott who were to be really permanent influences. Part of *The Bridal*, one of the most remarkable of the boy-poems, is quoted below.

Alfred was educated by his father, and at the Louth Grammar School. In 1827 Charles and Alfred, with some help from Frederick, published anonymously *Poems by Two Brothers*, showing amid immaturities wide range of subject and command of varied metres. In 1827 Frederick had gone to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there next year Charles and Alfred joined him, becoming associates of the brilliant group that included Trench, Monckton Milnes, Merivale, Alford, Lushington, and Arthur Hallam. Here Alfred wrote *The Lover's Tale* (first published in 1879), and (1829) the university prize poem *Timbuctoo*.

The earliest volume of Alfred Tennyson's poems (*Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, 1830) did not take the world by storm. Critics were then too conventional and too conservative; they looked askance at a new departure; they disapproved of the young poet's style and his modes of expression. Some affecta-

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem entitled "The Bridal," page 543.

tions of the time, some mannerisms and hyphened epithets, almost hid from them the extraordinary beauty of the verse; the youthful blemishes they pounced on and held up to ridicule. Not one of them recognized that Alfred Tennyson had struck a keynote that would echo down the years, and to which almost all succeeding poets of the century would attune their lyres. His son writes: 'If I may venture to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common-sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy—*Fortezza ed umilitade, e largo core.*' Among the first to make the *Poems* of 1830 known by favourable criticism were Sir John Bowring in the *Westminster Review*, Leigh Hunt in the *Tatler*, and Arthur Hallam in the *Englishman's Magazine*. Christopher North in *Blackwood* was hardly as hostile as might have been expected—'somewhat too skittish and petulant' Tennyson himself thought the notice; amidst boisterous assaults was something of real appreciation, practically shown by copious extracts. The stupidity and brutality of the *Quarterly* on the *Poems* of 1833 were generally condemned, and did not count with real lovers of poetry; but the criticism tended to check the poet's productiveness for years. Honour to whom honour is due. While England had as yet given her new poet but a hesitating welcome, America received his 1833 volume with open arms. The younger and more impulsive nation had been at once fascinated, and Tennyson's poetry was already in the hearts and on the lips of the best Americans while it was being damned with faint praise by the great majority of his own countrymen. But his triumph was sure if slow. His two volumes published in 1842 conquered his English world, and set him at once and for ever in his rightful place. *Locksley Hall* was perhaps the most popular of these poems. The poet himself always declared that one of his finest similes occurred here:

> Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
> Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

His humour, that afterwards reached its high-water mark in the *Northern Farmers*, the *Northern Cobbler*, and the *Churchwarden and the Curate*, began to show itself in a delightful form in *Will Waterproof* and *The Talking Oak*. *The Lotos-eaters* is a wonderful example of exquisitely modulated verse and rich imagery. But it is difficult to select among such masterpieces as *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, *The Poet*, *The Sea-fairies*, *Love and Death*, *Oriana*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *Mariana*, *The Two Voices*, *The Sisters*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, the poems on Freedom, the *Morte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *St Agnes' Eve*, *Sir Galahad*, *The Lord of Burleigh*; *Dora*, an English idyll of a type which Tennyson invented; and, almost the most perfect of its kind, 'Break, break, break.'

Let it never be forgotten, as one of his chief glories, that Alfred Tennyson, even in the first flush and fervour of his young manhood, never wrote an unclean line; he treated the mysteries of love and passion with an exquisite reverence that was almost awe. And in the divinest thrill of that young love-poem, *The Gardener's Daughter*, he silenced himself almost suddenly:

> Love with knit brows went by,
> And with a flying finger touch'd my lips,
> And spake: 'Be wise: not easily forgiven
> Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day.'

All his life Alfred Tennyson maintained that noble reticence, that reserved emotion, passionate as his poetic nature was; anything like impurity of expression was impossible to him, 'because his heart was pure.'

The Princess, 'the herald melody' of the higher education of women, appeared in 1847. 'The character of Ida,' wrote Coventry Patmore in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'who is "the very Ida of the intellect," seems to be intended to represent that of science, or the simple intellect, in the most exclusive and exalted form which it is capable of reaching by its own unaided efforts. In its rebellion against an exorbitant authority, it has fallen into the grievous mistake of refusing to recognise any authority at all. It is much in the right and much in the wrong; and has to undergo a disastrous course of error before it can be taught the knowledge of the truth.' Some of the blank verse in this poem is among the best Tennyson ever wrote—such passages as:

> Not peace she look'd—the Head: but rising up
> Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
> To the open window moved, remaining there
> Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
> Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
> Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
> Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd
> Across the tumult and the tumult fell.

And every one knows the beautiful lyrics, 'The Splendour falls,' 'Ask me no more,' and 'Tears, idle tears.'

The most important poems in Tennyson's life-work were *In Memoriam* and the epic *Idylls of the King*; both of them works that helped to give back faith in God and Immortality to many of his generation in a time of doubt and scepticism. *In Memoriam*, though not published till 1850, was begun directly after the death of his beloved friend Hallam, and continued, section by section, through succeeding years. We cannot doubt that the loss of this dearest 'first friendship' greatly contributed to the development of Alfred Tennyson's genius. It might never,

perhaps, have attained to its ultimate splendour but for that bitter awakening from the happy poetic dreams of personal inexperience. He 'built up all his sorrow with his song,' and the poet was built up at the same time, coming to his full stature in the throes of that abiding pain. Professor Palgrave has spoken of *In Memoriam* as that 'elegiac treasury in which the poet has stored the grief and meditation of many years after his friend's death; a series of lyrics which in pathos, melody, range of thought, and depth of feeling may stand with the *Canzoniere* of Petrarch and the Sonnets of Shakespeare.'

Maud (1855) gave to the personal lyric its deepest and widest extension. The first four of the twelve *Idylls of the King* appeared in 1859. This most important—for some critics his greatest—work was completed in 1870, 1872, and 1885. The story of the old Celtic hero, Christianised ere Malory took it up, is here 'interfused with the vital atmosphere of the Victorian era,' 'shadowing Sense at war with Soul.' *In Memoriam* had greatly raised the poet's reputation; *Maud*, although a favourite with Tennyson himself, met with a good deal of uncomplimentary criticism; but the first *Idylls* (1859) won the heartiest recognition from critics of the most various schools, and secured for Tennyson the unique position and popularity he thenceforward enjoyed throughout the English-speaking world. In 1850 his standing in the realm of poetry was marked by his appointment to be successor to Wordsworth, the greatest poet of the second half of the century succeeding the great creative poet of the first half.

In June 1850 he married Emily Sellwood. It was a boy and girl attachment, but circumstances long deferred their union, an extraordinarily happy one. She was his true helpmate, his complement, the one thing needful to make his life a whole. They settled at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, three years after their marriage, and Farringford became the ideal home of a poet. Here he lived with his wife and his boys, Hallam and Lionel, in ever-growing happiness, fame, and prosperity. And here, in the library he added to his house, in the lovely lawns of his garden, or pacing his 'noble down,' with the lark's song far over his head and the breaking seas far below his feet for sole accompaniment, he composed some of his favourite poems, *Maud*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, *Queen Mary*, and many another idyll, lyric, and drama. And here as time went on his friends gathered round him—the surviving friends of his youth; the friends of his middle age, of his advancing years; the unknown friends from distant lands who crossed the seas to pay their homage to him in his simple sylvan court.

The Arthurian romance, all but *Balin and Balan*, was completed in 1869; in Dean Alford's words, 'a great connected poem dealing with the very highest interests of man,' King Arthur being typical of the higher soul of man. Tennyson was fondest of reading aloud *Guinevere* and *The Passing of Arthur*.

In 1869 he built his new house, Aldworth, at Haslemere, where until the end of his life he always passed the summer; and here he wrote a considerable part of his later plays, *Harold* (1877), *The Falcon* (1879), *The Cup* (1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *Becket* (1884). Both *Becket* and *The Cup*, under Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Irving's management, were very successful on the stage. Of *Becket* Sir Henry Irving wrote to the present Lord Tennyson: 'We have passed the fiftieth performance of *Becket*, which is in the heyday of its success. I think that I may, without hereafter being credited with any inferior motive, give again the opinion which I previously expressed to your loved and honoured father. To me *Becket* is a very noble play, with something of that lofty feeling and that far-reaching influence which belong to a passion-play. There are in it moments of passion and pathos which are the aim and end of dramatic art, and which, when they exist, atone to an audience for the endurance of long acts. Some of the scenes and passages, especially in the last act, are full of sublime feeling, and are, with regard to both their dramatic effectiveness and their poetic beauty, as fine as anything in our language. I know that such a play has an ennobling influence on both the audience who see it and the actors who play in it.'

Other volumes were *The Lover's Tale* (1879), *Ballads* (1880), *Tiresias* (1885), *Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After* (1886), *Demeter* (1889), *The Death of Œnone*, *Akbar*, and other pieces (1892). The later volumes show a mature and perfect art, and a range wide enough to include history—mostly English, as in the splendid *Ballad of the Revenge;* tales in dialect—that chiefly of Lincolnshire; a few beautiful classical pieces; narratives, idyllic and lyrical, of the profoundest pathos; and poems treating great problems in religion and morality, philosophy and science.

Tennyson's keen and abiding interest in religious and ethical problems is shown throughout his work; his fervid patriotism was conspicuous at all times, and he took his side unhesitatingly in the great political issues of the day. Long before colonial federation was a popular subject, he was amazed that England could not see that 'her true policy lies in a close union with our colonies.' In his personal friendships, as in his literary tastes, he was unusually catholic. Amongst his friends he ranked Carlyle as well as Gladstone, and Huxley as well as Ruskin. He loved to read aloud Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer; he reverenced Wordsworth; said that Keats, if he had lived, 'would have been among the very greatest of us;' thought Goethe among the wisest of mankind as well as a great artist; and in his friend Browning recognised a mighty intellect, 'though he seldom attempts the marriage of sense with sound.' Shakespeare was his constant study till on his

deathbed the power to read failed him. In a Cyclopædia of English Literature it is appropriate to record that the most perfect master of musical English verse thought the stateliest English prose was, after the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, that of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, De Quincey, and Ruskin, with some of Sir Thomas Browne.

He enjoyed travel; thus he made short journeys to the Pyrenees in 1831 and 1861, and, between 1853 and 1892, to the Western Highlands, Staffa, and Iona, Portugal, Cornwall, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, Weimar and Dresden, Dartmoor and Salcombe, North Wales, Suffolk, Ireland, Stonehenge, Venice, Verona, and the Italian lakes, Dovedale, and sea-trips to Orkney, Norway, and Denmark, and the Channel Islands.

In January 1884 Queen Victoria created Tennyson a peer of the United Kingdom, and the poet-laureate became Baron Tennyson of Freshwater and Aldworth. It was in April 1886 that his younger son Lionel died as he was returning from India, a young man of high promise, his life too early quenched by untimely death—'a grief as deep as Life or Thought.' After 1887 the poet-peer suffered attack upon attack of illness, until the last illness which ended in his death at Aldworth on the 6th October 1892, in his eighty-fourth year. At Aldworth, too, his widow passed away, in her eighty-fourth year, on the 10th of August 1896. *June Bracken and Heather*, quoted below, was the last poem written to her. The nation buried its great poet in Westminster Abbey: his wife lies in the God's acre of that island village where, as she had herself said, they spent their happiest days. On the tablet to his father's memory in Freshwater Church, the inscription ends with these fine lines by the present Lord Tennyson:

> Speak, living Voice! to thee death is not death;
> Thy life outlives the life of dust and breath.

The Bridal—after reading the 'Bride of Lammermoor.'

The lamps were bright and gay
  On the merry bridal-day,
When the merry bridegroom
  Bore the bride away!
A merry, merry bridal,
  A merry bridal-day!
And the chapel's vaulted gloom
  Was misted with perfume.
'Now, tell me, mother, pray,
  Why the bride is white as clay,
Although the merry bridegroom
  Bears the bride away,
On a merry, merry bridal,
  A merry bridal-day?
And why her black eyes burn
  With a light so wild and stern?' . . .
In the hall, at close of day,
  Did the people dance and play,
For now the merry bridegroom
  Hath borne the bride away.
He from the dance hath gone,
  But the revel still goes on.
Then a scream of wild dismay
  Thro' the deep hall forced its way,
Altho' the merry bridegroom
  Hath borne the bride away;
And, starting as in trance,
  They were shaken from the dance.—
Then they found him where he lay
  Whom the wedded wife did slay,
Tho' he a merry bridegroom
  Had borne the bride away,
And they saw *her* standing by,
  With a laughing crazed eye,
On the bitter, bitter bridal,
  The bitter bridal-day.

(Written in boyhood.)

From 'The Talking Oak.'

To yonder oak within the field
  I spoke without restraint,
And with a larger faith appeal'd
  Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,
  And told him of my choice,
Until he plagiarised a heart,
  And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd, under Heaven
  None else could understand;
I found him garrulously given,
  A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply
  Is many a weary hour;
'Twere well to question him, and try
  If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
  Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,
Whose topmost branches can discern
  The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,
  If ever maid or spouse,
As fair as my Olivia, came
  To rest beneath thy boughs.—

'O Walter, I have shelter'd here
  Whatever maiden grace
The good old Summers, year by year,
  Made ripe in Sumner-chace:

'Old Summers, when the monk was fat,
  And, issuing shorn and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
  The girls upon the cheek,

'Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
  And number'd bead, and shrift,
Bluff Harry broke into the spence,
  And turn'd the cowls adrift:

'And I have seen some score of those
  Fresh faces, that would thrive
When his man-minded offset rose
  To chase the deer at five;

'And all that from the town would stroll,
Till that wild wind made work
In which the gloomy brewer's soul
Went by me, like a stork:

'The slight she-slips of loyal blood,
And others, passing praise,
Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud
For puritanic stays:

'And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties, that were born
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn;

'And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,
About me leap'd and laugh'd
The modish Cupid of the day,
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

'I swear (and else may insects prick
Each leaf into a gall)
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,
Is three times worth them all;

'For those and theirs, by Nature's law,
Have faded long ago;
But in these latter springs I saw
Your own Olivia blow,

'From when she gamboll'd on the greens,
A baby-germ, to when
The maiden blossoms of her teens
Could number five from ten.

'I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,
(And hear me with thine ears,)
That tho' I circle in the grain
Five hundred rings of years—

'Yet, since I first could cast a shade,
Did never creature pass
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass:

'For as to fairies, that will flit
To make the greensward fresh,
I hold them exquisitely knit,
But far too spare of flesh.'

Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern,
And overlook the chace;
And from thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,
That oft hast heard my vows,
Declare when last Olivia came
To sport beneath thy boughs. . . .

'And here she came, and round me play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole;"

'And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist:
Alas, I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

'I wish'd myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have lock'd her hands.

'Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet
As woodbine's fragile hold,
Or when I feel about my feet
The berried briony fold.'

O muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O yes, she wander'd round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kiss'd the name she found,
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

'A teardrop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kiss'd me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
And yet my sap was stirr'd:

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discern'd,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turn'd.' . . .

May never saw dismember thee,
Nor wielded axe disjoint,
That art the fairest-spoken tree
From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,
That only by thy side
Will I to Olive plight my troth,
And gain her for my bride.

From 'The Lotos-Eaters.'

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Ida's Chant of Victory.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears: they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder-blade.

'Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

'And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken: fear we not
To break them more in their behoof, whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it with a day

Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, born aloft, the three: but come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer these
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the Park.
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest: by them went
The enamour'd air sighing, and on their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of light
Slided, they moving under shade: but Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came: anon
Thro' open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and prest
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said 'You shall not lie in the tents but here,
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality.'

(From *The Princess.*)

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

(From *The Princess.*)

In Memoriam A. H. H.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise. 1849.

A Dedication.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

(To his wife.)

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

Come, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy;
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
  Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
  All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
  And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
  And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
  And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
  Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
  Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;
  How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
  But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
  Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

January 1854.

From 'The Passing of Arthur.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'The King is gone.'
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
'From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
'He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?'

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

June Bracken and Heather.

There on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

(Written after the poet had turned eighty.)

[The authoritative biography, prepared by the second Lord Tennyson, appeared in two volumes in the autumn of 1897. The literature, biographical, critical, or elucidatory, is very extensive, and is added to yearly—it includes books on Tennyson and his works by Mr W. E. Wace (1881), Professor Van Dyke (5th ed. 1896), Mr E. C. Tainsh (1868; new ed. 1893), Mr H. J. Jennings (1884; new ed. 1892), Mr Thomas Davidson (Boston, 1889), Mr Churton Collins (1891), Mr Eugene Parsons (Chicago, 1891), Mr A. Waugh (1892), Mr A. Ritchie (1892–93), Mr A. Jenkinson (1892), Mr Joseph Jacobs (1893), Mr Stopford Brooke (1894), Signor Bellezza (Italian, 1894), Mr Stephen Gwynn (1899), Mr A. Lang (1901), and Sir Arthur Lyall (1902), besides essays, criticisms, and articles by the most notable English and American critics, of which a list up to that date will be found in the bibliography appended to Mr R. H. Shepherd's *Tennysoniana* (1866; new ed. 1879; bibliography separate, 1896). The article by Professor Palgrave in *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (1892), and that by Canon Ainger in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1898), deserve special mention; also Mrs Richmond Ritchie's *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and the Brownings* (1892), and *Lord Tennyson and his Friends* (1893); Mr Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill* (and others, 1899); and Canon Rawnsley's *Memories of the Tennysons* (1900). There is an analysis of *In Memoriam* by F. W. Robertson (1862), a *Key* to it by Dr Gatty (1881; 4th ed. 1891), a *Commentary* on it by Professor A. C. Bradley (1901); and an edition of it, *The Princess*, and *Maud* by Mr Charles Collins; a *Concordance to Tennyson* by Mr D. B. Brightwell (for the works up to 1869); a *Tennyson Hand-book* by Morton (1895), and a *Tennyson Primer* by Dixon (1896). See also Mr A. J. Church's *The Laureate's Country* (1890), Mr J. C. Walters's *In Tennyson Land* (1890), Mr G. G. Napier's *Homes and Haunts of Alfred Tennyson* (1892), and Mr B. Francis's *Scenery of Tennyson's Poems* (1893). Many of the poems have been translated; of *Enoch Arden* there are nine German versions, seven French, and two Dutch, as well as Italian, Spanish, Danish, Hungarian, and Bohemian.]

MARY BROTHERTON.

Arthur Henry Hallam (1811–33), the son of the historian (see page 193), passed from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became one of the Tennyson group. He had an exceptional aptitude for literary studies, and showed a precocious faculty for verse-writing and criticism. But his health was already matter of anxiety, and, travelling in Austria little more than a year after entering the Inner Temple, he died suddenly from heart weakness at Vienna before completing his twenty-third year. His father wrote a touching Memoir to accompany a privately-printed volume of *Remains* of his work—prose and verse. His poems and one of his essays were republished by Mr Le Gallienne in 1893; Mr Gollancz also reprinted the poems in his edition of *In Memoriam*. It would be unfair to judge of what he might have done by what he actually accomplished when little more than a boy, under the visible influence of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. He will more certainly be remembered as the 'A. H. H.' of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, the only begetter of that great elegiac series.

William Cox Bennett (1820–95), son of a Greenwich watchmaker, carried on his father's business, but wrote much for the papers and became famous as a song-writer. He published several collections of songs, including *War Songs* and *Songs of Sailors* (set to music by J. L. Hatton), besides *Prometheus the Fire-giver*.

John Tyndall (1820–93), born at Leighlin-Bridge, County Carlow, was employed on the ordnance survey, and for three years was a railway engineer; but in 1847 he became teacher of physics at Queenwood College, Hampshire, and in 1848 studied physics and chemistry at Marburg. Already F.R.S., he was in 1853 made professor to the Royal Institution. In 1856 he and Professor Huxley visited the Alps; and this expedition resulted in a famous joint work on glaciers. In 1859 he began his researches on radiation; a later subject was the acoustic properties of the atmosphere. In 1874, as President of the British Association at Belfast, he gave an address which, denounced as materialistic, led to keen and prolonged controversy, but ultimately came to be regarded as little more than a fair claim for the full freedom of scientific investigation about the origin of the world and of life. Conspicuous as were his services to the sciences as an investigator, he was even more eminent as a populariser—in the best sense of the term—of great scientific truths. He did much to secure the recognition by the educated public of much that otherwise might long have been the peculiar property of specialists. His style of exposition was exceptionally lucid, graceful, and free from technical terminology. His wife, who undertook his Life, has in the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* given a list of sixteen separate publications; but his contributions to the scientific journals amounted to one hundred and forty-five. His works are largely read in America and in a German and other translations. In 1894 a memorial on his *Life and Work* was issued, with reminiscences by various friends. He was for some years scientific adviser to the Board of Trade and to the lighthouse authorities, but in 1883 retired from most of his appointments. He was LL.D. and D.C.L., and held numerous honours, British and foreign. Among his works are *The Glaciers of the Alps* (1860); *Mountaineering* (1861); *Heat as a Mode of Motion* (1863); *Radiation* (Rede Lecture, 1865); volumes on Light, Sound, Electricity, Faraday, and the forms of water in clouds, rivers, lakes, and other aggregations; *Fragments of Science* (1871; 6th ed. 1879); *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* (1873); Essays on the *Floating Matter of the Air* (1881); and *New Fragments* (1892). Tyndall died from an overdose of chloral administered by his devoted wife.

Robert Browning
and
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

In the opening years of the just ended century two children were growing up in English homes who were destined to make an indelible mark on the thought and literature of their country, and to leave to the world its most perfect love-idyll in real life—a bright, high-spirited little girl, with great violet eyes, and dark curls falling all about her face, flitting, a slight child-like figure among her many brothers and sisters, through the stately house and wooded park of her father's country-seat among the Malvern Hills; and a noble, six-years-younger boy, with blue eyes and golden hair, impetuous, passionate, loving-hearted, alone with his father and mother and little sister in a quiet home in Camberwell, then a country suburb of London—Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett and Robert Browning.

'Elizabeth Barrett, daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, and Mary his wife, born at Coxhoe Hall, County of Durham, March the 6th, at seven o'clock in the evening in the year 1806.' So runs the parish register recording the birth of the poetess. The original family name was Moulton, but, by the will of his grandfather, the father of the poetess took the name of Barrett on succeeding to his estates in Jamaica. While still a very young man he married Mary, daughter of J. Graham Clarke, Esq., then residing at Fenham Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, bought Hope End among the Malvern Hills, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Elizabeth was the eldest surviving sister of a merry troop of eight sons and three daughters. As future events showed, Mr Barrett was a man of despotic temper, with a supreme belief in 'the divine right of fathers'—and also of husbands; but he encouraged and was proud of his gifted daughter, who repaid him with a passionate affection. 'I wrote verses very early,' she writes, 'at eight years old and earlier; but, what is less common, the early fancy turned into a will, and remained with me. The Greeks were my demigods, and haunted me out of Pope's *Homer*, till I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of "Moses" the black pony.' Of a childish 'epic' in four books, called *The Battle of Marathon*, 'fifty copies were printed, because papa was bent upon spoiling me.' Next to Elizabeth in the family group came her brother Edward, her inseparable companion both in work and play, and to the lessons shared with him under his Scotch tutor, Mr M'Swiney (which the little girl greatly preferred to the instructions of Mrs Orme, her own governess), she probably owed her early acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics. To this beloved brother she also owed her pet name of 'Ba,' by which she was called to the end of her life by those she most loved. Writing of those early years, she says: 'We lived at Hope End in a retirement scarcely broken to me except by books and my own thoughts. . . . I read books bad and good. A bird in a cage could have as good a story.' The scenery and associations of her early home remained with her as a happy memory to the last. During these quiet years of girlhood the well-known blind Greek scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd, came to live at Great Malvern, and between him and the eager, sympathetic young girl there soon sprang up a fast friendship. To the 'long mornings' spent with her blind friend over their beloved Greek she touchingly alludes in her poem 'Wine of Cyprus.' In 1826 she published anonymously *An Essay on Mind, and other Poems*. 'A didactic poem long repented of,' she writes, 'yet the bird pecks through the shell in it.' In 1828 her mother died, 'an angelic woman,' their cousin Mr Kenyon calls her, 'whose memory,' writes Elizabeth, in the bitterness of her first sorrow, 'is more precious to me than any earthly blessing left behind.' During the few following years the abolition of slavery in the West Indies (which, however, he disinterestedly advocated), and the cost of a successful but expensive lawsuit, considerably diminished Mr Barrett's fortune, and in 1832 the old home at Hope End was broken up and the estate sold. For two years the family resided at Sidmouth, and while there *Prometheus Bound, a Translation from the Greek of Æschylus*, appeared in 1835. The next move was to 74 Gloucester Place, London, and here, through her relative Mr John Kenyon, Elizabeth was introduced to most of her early literary friends—notably to Miss Mitford—and access was gained for her poems to some of the chief literary journals. Miss Mitford, with whom her acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship, thus describes her at this time: 'A slight girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet; a round face with a most noble forehead; large dark eyes with such eyelashes; a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark China rose; a profusion of silky dark curls; and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed.'

'Then came the failure in my health, which never had been strong,' writes Elizabeth, and the lung affection appears to have begun which was to condemn her henceforth to the restricted possibilities of an invalid; but she only devoted herself the more assiduously to the poetry which she had chosen as her life-work. 'The Romaunt of Margaret' and 'The Poet's Vow' appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine;* 'The Young Queen' and 'Victoria's Tears' in the *Athenæum;* 'The Dream,' 'The Romaunt of the Page,' and 'The Romance of the Ganges' in *Finden's Tableaux*, then edited by Miss Mitford, while their author's own life often seemed to be hanging by a thread. In the spring of 1838 the family removed to 50 Wimpole Street, which was from henceforth her London home, and in the same year she published *The Seraphim and other Poems*, including 'Cowper's Grave' and others of her very finest lyrics. In the autumn of that year the state of her health became so critical

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem entitled "Cowper's Grave," page 559.

that it was decided she should winter at Torquay, to which she was accompanied by her beloved brother Edward. For two winters she remained there, for months only lifted from her bed to the sofa, but the bright, keen spirit and indomitable will remained as vigorous as ever. In February 1840 'The Crowned and Wedded Queen appeared in the *Athenæum*, and shortly afterwards 'Napoleon's Return.' On the 11th July 1840 the sad event occurred which was to throw a shadow over her future life. Her brother Edward, with two companions, all experienced yachtsmen, started for a few hours' pleasure sail in a small yacht on a fine summer's day. Day after day passed in agonising suspense, but the boat did not return; still they hoped against hope, till at last the sea gave up its dead. The blow completely prostrated the stricken invalid; a morbid feeling took possession of her that she was responsible for her dear one's death, who had remained at Torquay moved by her tears at the prospect of parting with him. Her poem *De Profundis*, never published till after her own death, is a faint reflex of her feelings at this time, of which she could never afterwards speak, even to him she loved the most. In the September number of the *Quarterly Review* an important notice appeared of her *Poems*, while she herself was hovering between life and death. It was not till late in the summer of 1841 that she was able to be removed in an invalid carriage, by stages of twenty-five miles a day, to the house in Wimpole Street, where she was to pass, in the seclusion of her darkened rooms, so many invalid years. Meanwhile her fame as a poet was growing. 'The Cry of the Children,' suggested by Mr R. H. Horne's *Report on Mines and Factories*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and attracted much attention. She also co-operated with Mr Horne (with whom, though they had never met, she carried on a charming literary correspondence, since published) in his work called *The New Spirit of the Age*, a series of critical papers on contemporary literature; and in this work she came into connection, all unconsciously, for the first time, with the great influence of her future life. 'The Mottoes' (for the various critiques), says Horne, which are singularly happy and appropriate, were for the most part supplied by Miss Barrett and Robert Browning, then unknown to each other.'



ROBERT BROWNING.
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Late in the autumn of 1844 two volumes of her *Poems*, dedicated to her father, and including 'The Drama of Exile,' 'The Cry of the Children,' 'A Vision of Poets,' 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' &c., were published by Moxon, and received with a burst of applause, and Elizabeth Barrett was universally recognised as the greatest woman-poet of her time. Meanwhile, as she lay in her darkened room, and the world was sounding with her praises, the great unlooked-for happiness of her life was coming all unknown to meet her. Dining one day in 1839 at Sergeant Talfourd's, some one pointed out to her cousin, Mr Kenyon, a 'slim, dark, very handsome' young man as Mr Robert Browning, the author of a notable poem called *Paracelsus*. The name recalled old memories, and Mr Kenyon accosted the young author, and asked, 'Was your father's name Robert, and did he go to school at the Rev. Mr Bell's at Cheshunt?' Next morning the young man asked his father if he remembered a school-fellow named John Kenyon. 'Certainly,' he answered, 'this is his face,' and he sketched a boy's head, in which his son at once recognised his acquaintance of the previous evening. The old comradeship was renewed, and Mr Kenyon often spoke in his friend's house of his invalid poet-cousin Miss Barrett, and when her poems appeared

he sent a copy to the author of *Paracelsus*. When the volumes arrived the poet himself was abroad, but his sister read and was much struck with their beauty, and on his return drew her brother's attention to them, who was at once enamoured with them, and at Mr Kenyon's suggestion wrote to tell the invalid poetess how much he prized her work. This letter, dated 10th January 1845, is the first of that unique series of letters between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, recently published, which embalms for the world its most idyllic courtship.

Robert Browning, whose greatness the English-speaking world is tardily coming to recognise, was born in an old house at Camberwell (since taken down) on the 7th of May 1812. His father and grandfather both bore the same name, and both held positions of trust in the Bank of England. His grandfather married Margaret Morris Tittle, who was born in the West Indies and owned property there. The poet's father was their eldest son, and was sent out as a young man to his mother's sugar plantation in St Kitts; but the slave-system was so repugnant to him that he sacrificed a fortune to his convictions, and returned home to take up a small post in the Bank of England. All who knew him intimately agree in considering him one of the most remarkable men they had ever known. A child-like simplicity, unworldliness, and sweetness of nature was joined in him with extraordinary intellectual and artistic gifts. His detective faculty in criminal cases is said to have amounted to genius—as did also his artistic talent (his own desire, thwarted by his father, was to have been an artist); and his power of versifying, his son declared to be far greater than his own. He was a scholar in the finest sense of the word, and had a passion for old books and pictures. In 1811 he married Sarah Anna Wiedemann, daughter of a German ship-master from Hamburg, who had settled in Dundee and married a Scottish wife whose name was Sarah Revell. From his maternal grandfather, who is said to have been a skilled musician, Robert Browning probably inherited his love for music, as to his German and Scotch ancestry combined he probably owed his metaphysics, and perhaps to the *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum* somewhat of his poetic fire. Mrs Browning was a woman in every way worthy of such a husband and such a son. Carlyle speaks of her as 'the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman,' and Mr Kenyon declared that such as she had no need to go to heaven, because they made it wherever they were. From the first, Robert Browning's love for his mother was a passion. It is told of him that as a little boy he always said, 'When I am a man I will marry my mamma!' All through his life at home, however late he might be out, he never went to bed without seeking her room for his good-night kiss. 'She was a divine woman,' he used to say, with a tremor in his voice to the very last; and those who know best say that his mother's was, out of sight, the strongest influence in his life. One little sister, eighteen months younger than her brother, named Sarianna after her mother, and well worthy of her place in that unique family group, completed the quiet Camberwell household. Very early the poetic instinct showed itself in the little Robert; his sister remembered him walking round the dining-room table scanning his verses on the mahogany when his head hardly reached above it. A beautiful, impetuous, passionate and passionately-loving child, full of restless energies, keenly susceptible to music and art, devoted to all



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
From the Chalk Drawing (1859) by Field Talfourd in the Natinnal Portrait Gallery.

living things—coming home with his pockets full of all sorts of insect and reptile pets, all—from the little speckled frog picked up by him in the strawberry-beds to the mutilated cat rescued from torturing boys—to be given into his mother's loving care, and the boy never forgot the skill and tenderness with which she sewed and dressed and bandaged poor pussy's wounds, till she nursed her back to health. Probably for the sake largely of a few hours' peace in the household, the restless little sprite was very early sent to a lady's school near, with the result of a mutiny among the mothers of the other pupils, who declared that their darlings must be neglected as they were so speedily outstripped by Master Browning; to which the worthy lady pertinently replied that if they could give their children 'Master Browning's intellect' she could easily satisfy them! By the time he was twelve he had written a little volume of poems, which he called *Incondita;* but a publisher was sought in vain, and in disgust he threw the neatly-stitched little manuscript into the fire.

His mother, however, had shown it meanwhile to her friend Miss Flower, who admired some of the verses so much that she copied them and showed them to the well-known Unitarian minister, Mr W. J. Fox; Mr Fox was also much struck by their promise, and proved in later years of valuable literary assistance to the boy-poet. For Miss Flower the young Robert conceived a warm boyish affection, and never to the end could mention her name with indifference. From his earliest school he was sent to that of the Misses Ready, and afterwards to that of their brother, where he remained till he was fourteen. School-life, however, did not seem suited to him, and though he was well and kindly cared for he greatly disliked it, and his parents decided to allow him to continue his education under masters at home. His father's house was crammed with books, and he read omnivorously. Like his future wife, he delighted as a child in Pope's *Homer*. Byron was his first poetical master, and he always retained much of his early admiration for him. When he was about fourteen he fell under the influence of Shelley, whose works he had seen advertised at a second-hand book shop and begged his mother to procure for him. She brought him home on the same day most of Shelley's poems, and those also of the still less known Keats. They came to him, as he afterwards said, like the two nightingales that sang that May night by his father's garden. For long Shelley was for him the master of song; nor was it alone on his literary and poetic side that Shelley's influence was felt; for a time it was subversive of his religious faith, and the boy became a professing atheist. For two years also he became a vegetarian, but finding his eyesight becoming weak he returned to his ordinary diet. These years, between childhood and manhood, while the growing mind was wrestling with the great problems of the universe, were for him a time of unrest and rebellion, to which in later years he looked back, for the grief they caused his mother, with a tender sorrow. In his eighteenth year he attended for a short time the Greek class in the London University, and it was about this time that his final choice of poetry as a profession was made. His first attempt to qualify himself for it was by reading through the whole of Johnson's Dictionary! How Robert Browning's mind worked itself clear from the unsettling influences of Shelley we have no definite record; but it is evident that over the weltering mental chaos already was beginning to brood the cosmic spirit of God when, before the completion of his twenty-first year, he wrote *Pauline*. He was the child of a Christian household—his idolised mother was deeply devout; his own instincts were, he tells us, 'passionately religious;' about this time also Canon Melville's preaching attracted him strongly; and all of these influences doubtless combined to dispel the atheistic darkness.

His one confidante in the writing of *Pauline* was his sister—his parents were not in the secret; hence it was an aunt who, hearing that 'Robert had written a poem,' volunteered money for its publication. A publisher was found in Saunders and Otley, and *Pauline* appeared anonymously early in 1833. Mr Fox reviewed it favourably in his *Monthly Repository*, and in thanking him the young poet says, 'I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise.' The poem is boyish, feverish, chaotic, but it is full of fire and passion and genius, and gives rich promise of what was in store for the future. A graceful word or two in a subsequent article in the *Monthly Repository*, and a passing notice in the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette* were its only other reviews, and most of the unsold copies were deliberately torn up by the poet and his sister! In 1833–34 he visited Russia with Mr Benckhausen, the Russian Consul-General, and to his experiences then we owe his wonderful description of Russia's 'black verst on verst of pine' in *Ivàn Ivànovitch*. After his return home he applied for appointment to a political mission to Persia, and was much disappointed to find the place filled up. In 1834 he began a series of contributions to the *Monthly Repository*, to which he sent five poems, including 'Porphyria's Lover' and 'Johannes Agricola in Meditation.' In 1835 he published *Paracelsus*. Mr Fox reviewed it in the *Monthly Repository;* and John Forster was the first to draw public attention to the young poet by his article in the *Examiner*, in which he ungrudgingly admits its unequivocal power and promise.

Soon after the publication of *Paracelsus*, the family removed from Camberwell to a quaint old house in a large garden opening on the Surrey Hills at Hatcham. *Paracelsus* had compelled the recognition of the literary men of the day, and a wider social life was opened to its author. The actor Macready was among the new acquaintances of this time, and at his house he first met his reviewer, Forster. After a supper-party at Sergeant Talfourd's, where Wordsworth, Browning, and Landor met for the first time, Wordsworth answered the toast of their host to 'Robert Browning, the youngest poet of England;' and as they were leaving the house Macready said, 'Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America.' The reply was, 'What do you say to a drama on Strafford?' On 1st May 1837 *Strafford* was performed in Covent Garden Theatre, Macready and Helen Faucit acting the principal parts; it promised to prove a success on the stage, but after the first five nights the actor who took the part of Pym deserted. The play was published by Longman, in April 1838. Meanwhile Mr Browning was at work on *Sordello*, and on Good Friday 1838 he sailed for Trieste, *en route* for Venice, on his first visit to Italy. On this voyage the two poems, *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* and *Home Thoughts from the Sea*, were written. 'I went to Trieste,' he writes, 'then

Venice—then through Treviso and Bassano to the mountains, delicious Asolo, all my places and castles.' *Pippa Passes* and *In a Gondola* were inspired by Asolo and Venice. In 1840 *Sordello* appeared, and between 1841 and 1846 the eight numbers of *Bells and Pomegranates*, including *King Victor and King Charles*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, *Colombe's Birthday*, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and some of the very finest of Mr Browning's early lyrical poems. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* was written for Macready, and was actually produced by him at Drury Lane, but Mr Browning's experiences of 'green-room' tactics at this time was such as to disgust him for ever with writing for the stage. The *Pied Piper* was written to amuse Macready's little boy in illness, that he might draw pictures to illustrate it. The author thought so little of it, that but for his sister and his friend Alfred Domett, this most spirited and popular narrative poem would never have seen the light.

Between June 1844 and April 1845 six poems, afterwards included in *Dramatic Lyrics and Romances*, appeared in *Hood's Magazine* in order to help its editor, then on his death-bed; it was only on such occasions that Mr Browning departed from his rule never to write for magazines. In the autumn of 1844 he again sailed for Italy. It was on his return from this journey that Robert Browning made his first acquaintance with the poems of Elizabeth Barrett, which led to such momentous consequences for them both. At first his request to be allowed to visit the poetess was refused, on account of the absolute seclusion required by her health; but he carried his point (as he carried most points) at last, and on Tuesday, 21st May 1845, the two poets met face to face. Immediately their fate was sealed. Robert Browning recognised it at once, but it was long before he could persuade the shrinking, sensitive invalid that the 'mystic shape' that held her by the hair was indeed 'not Death—but Love.' The wondrous idyll of their courtship has been twice given to the world: first in the lovely melody of Elizabeth Barrett's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and since in the more perfect harmony of both voices, in the recently published *Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett*—the only letters that ever passed between them, for after their marriage they were never apart. Idyllic as their courtship was, however, it had its own troubles and anxieties—in the invalid state of Miss Barrett's health, and the certain opposition of her father, who had an almost insane objection to the marriage of any of his children. At last the double knot was cut. Miss Barrett's health had improved under the new stimulus of happiness, and her doctors were urgent that she should try the effect of a winter abroad; this her father peremptorily refused to sanction, and his refusal decided the lovers to risk the final step. All concealment was utterly foreign to Robert Browning's nature, and he would fain have asked Mr Barrett openly for his daughter's hand; but Miss Barrett declared that her father's curse, which she had already heard hurled under similar circumstances against a sister, would kill her, and she preferred to take the step without tempting the certain prohibition, and to trust to the future for a forgiveness which, as events proved, was never won. Accordingly, on 12th September 1846, the poet and poetess were married, in the strictest privacy, in Marylebone Church. Miss Barrett returned from the church door to her father's house, and a week afterwards (19th September) slipped out with her maid Wilson and her beloved spaniel 'Flush' while the family were at dinner, met her husband at Vauxhall, and sailed with him that night for Havre. It was soon evident that the hazardous experiment was a success. Mrs Browning's health rallied marvellously under the influence of sunshine without and within. Their first resting-place for any time was at Pisa, where they spent the winter of 1846–47. In April they moved to Florence, and finally pitched their camp in 'Casa Guidi,' 'where,' writes Mrs Browning, 'we live for nothing or next to nothing, have six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them quite palace rooms, and opening on a terrace' opposite 'the gray wall of a church called "San Felice," for good omen.' Here the happy days sped on with little of outward incident to mark their flight, except the gift to the world from time to time of new poems from one or the other. At the close of 1848 Mr Browning prepared a new edition of *Bells and Pomegranates, and other Poems*, which was published by Chapman & Hall, for the first time *not* at the author's expense.

On 9th March 1849 their only child, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning was born, and in the midst of their rejoicing came the sorrowful and unexpected news of the death of Robert Browning's mother. 'I never saw a man so bowed down in an extremity of sorrow,' writes his wife; 'Robert was too enraptured at my safety, and with his little son, and the sudden reaction was terrible.' They had intended to go to England that summer, 'but,' continues Mrs Browning, 'England looks terrible now. He says it would break his heart to see his mother's roses over the wall, and the place where she used to lay her scissors and gloves.' It was not till two summers after that the poet ventured to face the associations of the old home without the mother's face. Meanwhile in 1850 *Christmas Eve and Easter Day* were written in Florence—a son's mute monument to his mother, in one of the most philosophical vindications in literature of his mother's faith. In this year was also published Mrs Browning's exquisite series of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. In April Wordsworth died, and a suggestion was made by the *Athenæum* that the vacant laureateship should be given to Mrs Browning as 'a graceful compliment to a youthful queen, in the recognition of the remarkable literary place taken by women in her reign.' In the

summer of 1851 the projected visit to England was paid. To Mrs Browning's grief, her father remained inexorable in his resentment, and her letter pleading that he would so far relent as to kiss her child was unanswered. On this, and on each succeeding visit to England, Robert Browning went to the door of the church in which his marriage had been solemnised, and kissed the paving-stones—a mute testimony to the happiness there begun for him. The following winter was spent in Paris; Carlyle was their fellow-traveller, and during this visit they made the acquaintance of M. Joseph Milsand, ever afterwards one of their most cherished friends. Robert Browning's *Essay on Shelley*, which was prefixed to what afterwards proved to be a series of spurious letters of that poet, was written there. Mrs Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, an impassioned plea for the freedom of Italy, was also published during this year. She had at this period an intense admiration for, and belief in, Louis Napoleon as the Liberator of Italy, a belief which it required the shameful treaty of Villa Franca finally to dispel. Her mind was about this time also much occupied by the phenomena of spiritualism—to the annoyance of her husband, who, though by no means himself uninterested in occult science, saw, with his quick penetration, that his great-minded and true-hearted wife was being imposed upon by pretenders. Later she also discovered that she had been deceived, and withdrew her confidence from a previously much-trusted friend. In 1853 Browning's play, *Colombe's Birthday*, was produced with success on the stage—at the Haymarket—under the direction of Miss Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Martin). That summer they visited the baths of Lucca, where Robert Browning wrote 'In a Balcony' and some others of the poems included in *Men and Women*. The winter of 1853–54 was spent in Rome.

In 1855 they were again in London, from which place Mr Browning's *One Word More* is dated in September, and before the close of the year his fifty *Men and Women* were given to the world. The winter of 1855–56 was again spent in Paris, where Mr Browning's father and sister were now settled. For three years Mrs Browning had been writing *Aurora Leigh*, but it was not till March 1856 that her husband saw any part of it; then she placed the first six books in his hands. The remaining three books were written much more rapidly, in her cousin Mr Kenyon's house in London, to whom the poem was dedicated. Its success was immediate and wide. In October the Brownings returned to Italy, and in the following summer were again at the baths of Lucca; but their stay was darkened by the serious illness of their little Penini (the pet name of their little boy), who was stricken down by gastric fever. 'That child I am more proud of,' writes his mother, 'than of twenty Auroras' Mercifully their treasure was spared to them, and they returned to Florence for the winter of 1857–58. Their friend Mr W. W. Story, the American sculptor, thus describes the Casa Guidi home at this time: 'We can never forget the square ante-room with its great picture and pianoforte, at which the boy Browning passed many an hour; the little dining-room covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning; the long room filled with plaster-casts and studies, which was Mr Browning's retreat; and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room where *she* always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the iron-gray church of San Felice. There was something about this room which seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls, and the old pictures of saints that looked out sadly from the carved frames of black wood. . But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm-chair near the door. A small table strewn with writing materials, books, and newspapers was always by her side. To those who loved Mrs Browning—and to know her was to love her—she was singularly attractive. Hers was not the beauty of feature; it was the loftier beauty of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly large enough to contain the great heart that beat so fervently within. . . Her character was well-nigh perfect. . . I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion. Her Christianity was not confined to church or rubrics; it meant civilisation. Association with the Brownings, even though of the slightest nature, made one better in mind and soul.' Of Mr Browning, Nathaniel Hawthorne, also describing an evening at Casa Guidi, writes: 'A most vivid and quick-thoughted person, logical and common-sensible, as I presume poets generally are in their daily talk.' And Mrs Hawthorne says: 'Mr Browning's grasp of the hand gives a new value to life, revealing so much fervour and sincerity of nature.' 'There is a singular sweetness about him,' writes another friend.

During the summer of 1859 came the news of the Treaty of Villa Franca, and the check to her hopes for her beloved Italy threw Mrs Browning into a serious illness from which, though she rallied for a time, she never really recovered lost ground. Most of that summer was spent in Siena, and the winter following in Rome. Here Mr Browning occupied himself much in modelling, and there was a temporary suspension of his own work. Partly this may have been due to the sense of the shadowing cloud that hung over the life so dear to him; partly, perhaps, also to the inevitable discouragement, even to a heart so brave and hopeful as his, of the long-continued lack of any general appreciation of his work by the English public. Mrs Browning writes: 'The treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my part I set it down as an infamy of that public—no other word. . . .

I don't complain for myself of an unappreciating public—*I have no reason.* But just for *that* reason I complain more about Robert. . . . The blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing. . . . Nobody there, except a small knot of pre-Raffaelite men, pretend to do him justice. . . . While in America he is a power, a writer, a poet—he is read—he lives in the hearts of the people.'

In 1860 Mrs Browning collected her political poems and published them under the name of *Poems before Congress.* During the following winter her sister, Mrs Surtees-Cook, died after a long and anxious illness; the sorrow fell heavily upon her already declining health, and she was completely an invalid during the latter part of this their last stay in Rome. In April 1861 she wrote to Miss Browning of her husband: 'In my opinion he is infinitely handsomer and more attractive than when I saw him first sixteen years ago. . . . Robert is peculiar in his ways of work as a poet. I have struggled a little with him on this point, for I don't think him right; that is to say it would not be right for me. Robert waits for an inclination; works by fits and starts; he can't do otherwise, he says.' Taken in connection with his regular methodical work in his later years, the passage is noteworthy: was it that old remonstrance from the dear lips for ever silent that induced the change? To an old friend in Rome that winter, to whom he used to declaim his wife's poems, on her hinting on one occasion that she preferred his own, he said: 'You are wrong—quite wrong. She has genius. I am only a painstaking fellow . . . the true creative power is hers, not mine.' So in these last days together they estimated one another.

In the early summer they returned to Florence, and on 7th June Mrs Browning wrote to her sister-in-law: 'We come home into a cloud here. I can scarcely command voice or hand to name *Cavour.* That great soul which meditated and made Italy has gone to the Diviner Country. If tears or blood could have saved him to us he should have had mine.' She did not know how soon she was to follow him there. She had a return of her old bronchial trouble, and a new doctor discovered grave mischief in the lungs; but the attack appeared a slight one, and no immediate danger was apprehended. On the night of 28th June the household went to bed as usual, leaving only the one devoted watcher by his wife's bedside. No thought of the coming parting vexed their last hours together, only an ecstasy of love and gratitude in the dying heart. 'The most perfect expression of her love to me,' writes her husband, 'within my whole knowledge of her—always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's—and in a few minutes she died in my arms; her head on my cheek. . . So God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light. Thank God. Her last word when I asked 'How do you feel?'—'Beautiful.' For them there was 'no sadness of farewell,' and Robert Browning turned to face the desolation of his life like the man he was. 'You know I have her dearest wishes and interests to attend to *at once*,' he writes; 'her child to care for, educate, establish properly, and my own life to fulfil as properly, all just as she would require were she here.' Mrs Browning died at half-past four in the morning of 29th June 1861, in her fifty-third year, and on the 1st of July was laid in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. Her husband had a white marble memorial erected over her place of rest; and Florence recorded her gratitude to the poetess who 'linked her England with their Italy,' on a slab also of white marble on the wall of Casa Guidi.

Robert Browning left Florence at once with his motherless boy, never to see it again. After a couple of months spent with his father and sister at St Enogat near Dinard, they went to London, where Mr Browning eventually established himself in 19 Warwick Crescent, near his wife's only surviving sister, Miss Arabel Barrett. The first years of his widowhood was a time of bitter desolation, but he turned to his duty with the old manly sense of responsibility. He had made up his mind to endeavour to fit his boy for the university without passing through a public school, and he devoted himself much to his education; and every evening he visited Miss Barrett, a deeply religious and charitable woman, who in 1850 had founded the first refuge in London for destitute little girls, in which afterwards Miss Browning became her coadjutor. Robert Browning's poem *The Twins*, and Mrs Browning's *Plea for the Ragged Schools*, were written for the benefit of this Refuge. Along with Miss Barrett, Mr Browning used at this time to attend the church of the Rev. Thomas Jones, a Congregationalist minister, to whose *Sermons and Addresses* he afterwards wrote a Preface. In the summer of 1862 he went to Cambo and Biarritz, and here he already writes of 'my new poem that is about to be—the Roman murder story.' Probably during his last autumn at Casa Guidi he had picked up at an old book-stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo a 'square old yellow book' with the story of the Franceschini murder case, and now, in the following summer, we find him already planning his poem; it was not, however, till the winter of 1868–69 that *The Ring and the Book* was published. A selection from his poems appeared in 1862, and in 1863 the three-volume edition was published. In December 1864 he writes: 'I feel such comfort and delight in doing the best I can with my own object in life, Poetry, that it shows me I have taken the root I *did* take, *well.* I hope to do much more yet, and that the flower of it will be put into *her* hand somehow.' In this year he signed his will before Alfred Tennyson and F. T. Palgrave. His father died on 14th June 1866 in Paris, three weeks before the completion of his eighty-fifth year. His son writes of him:

'He kept his own strange sweetness of soul to the end. . . So passed away this good, unworldly, kind-hearted, religious man, whose powers, natural and acquired, would so easily have made him a notable man had he known what vanity, or ambition, or the love of money or social influence meant. As it is, he was known to half-a-dozen friends. He was worthy of being Ba's father—out of the whole world, only he, so far as my experience goes. My sister will come and live with me henceforth. You see what she loses. All her life has been spent in caring for my mother, and seventeen years after that, my father.' From this time to the end, the brother and sister were inseparable companions. Not the least unique in this unique family circle, in all rarest qualities of head and heart, was Sarianna Browning, and in that beloved sister's perfect companionship the poet found his best earthly solace for the great sorrow of his life. True as steel, brilliant in intellect yet simple and natural as a child, she combined with an almost shrinking modesty and diffidence an unselfishness absolutely selfless, an understanding sympathy that never failed, and all her father's 'strange sweetness of soul.' Her ministry of love, begun to her mother and continued to her father, came next as an unspeakable blessing to her poet-brother, and, after his death, to his son—till, without one failing faculty, in her ninetieth year, at the dim dawn of a recent Italian April day, the quiet summons to the better country came, and she might not tarry.

The younger generation now began to recognise that a great poet had been long in their midst though they knew him not, and in June 1867 Oxford conferred upon Mr Browning its M.A. degree, and in the following October he was made an honorary Fellow of Balliol. The year after he declined to be nominated for the Lord Rectorship of St Andrews University. In June 1868 Miss Arabel Barrett died, like her sister, in Robert Browning's arms. This year the six-volume edition of his poems was published by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., and that winter the first two, and in spring the third and fourth volumes of *The Ring and the Book*, of which the *Athenæum* spoke as the '*opus magnum* of the generation.' Robert Browning was now recognised as a great poet. London society sought eagerly for his company, and he was drawn much into its whirl of engagements. In March 1871 *Hervé Riel* appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for the benefit of the French sufferers by the war, Mr Smith paying one hundred guineas for the poem. *Balaustion's Adventure* and *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau* were published in August and December 1871; of the latter, fourteen hundred copies were sold during the first five days. 'I remember,' writes its author, 'that the year I made the little rough sketch in Rome (1860) my account for the last six months with Chapman was—*nil*, not one copy disposed of! It (*Hohenstiel-Schwangau*) is just what I imagine the man might, if he pleased, say for himself.' In this year he was made one of the life-governors of London University. *Fifine at the Fair* appeared in the spring of 1872. About this time an acquaintance, begun long before at Florence, with Miss Egerton Smith ripened into an intimacy. They went much together to concerts in London, and, accompanied by Miss Browning, spent several summer holidays together, sharing the same house at Mers, at Villers, in the island of Arran, and lastly, in 1877, at La Saisiaz. In 1875 Mr Browning declined nomination for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. *Pacchiarotto* appeared in 1876. During their stay at La Saisiaz in the summer of 1877 he was unusually depressed, and their visit there was brought to a sad and abrupt termination by the sudden death of Miss Egerton Smith, as they were preparing to start for a day's excursion on Salène. His poem *La Saisiaz*, recording the thoughts suggested by this sad event, on another life as an essential sequel to our present life, was published in 1878 along with *The Two Poets of Croisic*. In this year he returned to Italy with his sister, for the first time since his wife's death, travelling by the Splügen Pass, where in great excitement he wrote *Ivàn Ivànovitch*, and thence by Como and Verona to Venice and Asolo. 'From Asolo, at last, dear friend! So do dreams come *false*,' he writes. The little quaint hill-town had been his first love in Italy, and a dream had often haunted his sleep that he was struggling to reach 'The Rocca'—the ruined embattlement which crowns its hill—but always in vain. Almost every summer holiday after, he and his sister returned to the land he loved for 'a dose of Italian air.' The first series of *Dramatic Idylls* was published in 1879, the second in 1880; and in 1881 the London Browning Society was started by Dr Furnivall and Miss E. H. Hickey. *Jocoseria* appeared in 1883, and *Ferishtah's Fancies* in 1884. At the tercentenary of the Edinburgh University in that year, its degree of LL.D. was given to him, and the following year he was elected president of its associated societies. In 1885 he entered into negotiations (which, however, eventually fell through) for the purchase of the old Manzoni Palace in Venice. In 1887 *Parleyings* appeared; and in June he removed from 19 Warwick Crescent to 29 De Vere Gardens, a larger house on the other side of the Park. In October his son, Mr Robert Barrett Browning, who had chosen the profession of an artist, and of whose early successes his father was far more proud than of any achievement of his own, married an American lady, Miss Fannie Coddington. About this time Mr Browning's wonderfully perfect health began somewhat to decline, and he was troubled by severe colds in winter; but he held on to his usual routine of life. In the spring of 1888 he began to revise his poems for a uniform edition. In August he went to Primiero, near Feltre. He was in London again in his new house in De Vere Gardens, in the decorating and

completing of which he took much interest, during the winter of 1888–89. He went to Oxford for Commemoration week, but was more than usually disinclined to leave home in the summer. For a time Scotland was thought of, but his son's residence in his new home in the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice finally decided him to take the journey to Italy; and, accompanied by his sister, he left England for the last time on 13th August 1889. Their friend Mrs Bronson, whose hospitality they had previously enjoyed in Venice, had now acquired a quaint little house built into the city wall of Mr Browning's beloved Asolo, and she procured apartments for him and his sister near herself there. Mr Browning seemed singularly happy this summer. 'Fortunately there is little changed here,' he writes; 'things are the same in the main. Shall I ever see them again, when —as I suppose—we leave for Venice in a fortnight?' A great desire took possession of him to have a *pied-à-terre* of his own in the little town he loved, and he entered into negotiations for the purchase of an unfinished shell of a house from whence there is a magnificent view of the surrounding hills and plain, near the old Castle of Caterina Cornaro; which he proposed, with his son's efficient aid, to complete and to call after his little Asolan silk-winder, 'Pippa's Tower.' Whilst there he finished and sent off to the publishers his last volume of poems, *Asolando*, dedicated to their friend Mrs Bronson, whose kind hospitality had lent to this last visit much of its enjoyment. He also corrected the proofs for the uniform edition of his wife's poems, so winding up and completing, though he did not know it, the work of his life. By the end of October he went, accompanied by his sister, to his son's home in Venice, and there waited on for the completion of certain legal formalities in connection with his purchase at Asolo. On 29th November he wrote that he would wait no longer—he had caught a cold and felt sadly asthmatic, scarcely fit to travel; it was his nature to get into scrapes of this kind, he wrote the day after, but he always managed somehow or other to extricate himself from them. The bronchial affection, however, increased, and Dr Cini, who was called in, at once recognised the seriousness of the case. He was carried from the 'Pope's rooms' which he was occupying in the lower story of the Rezzonico, to the large airy bedroom on the second floor occupied by his son and daughter-in-law. The bronchial attack was overcome, but the heart was no longer able for its task, and surrounded by the tenderest care of those he most loved—his sister, his son, and his daughter-in-law —he died as the clock of San Marco was chiming ten on the night of 12th December 1889. *Asolando* was published on the day of his death. The telegram announcing its favourable reception came in time to give him a moment's pleasure. 'How gratifying!' he said, when his son told him of it. His own wish was, if he died in Italy, to be laid by her he so loved in Florence; but difficulties arose owing to the recent closing of the cemetery, and before they could be overcome England had claimed her poet-son, and on the 31st of December 1889 all that was mortal of Robert Browning was laid in the 'Poets' Corner' in Westminster Abbey. It was strongly felt that the great poet and poetess, who in life had been so united, in death should not be divided, and an offer was made to their son to lay his mother by her husband's side; but he preferred to leave her under the sod of the land she had loved so well. As Robert Browning was borne to his rest through the old Abbey, mid the bent heads of mourning thousands, the choir sang the words of his wife's beautiful poem, 'He giveth His belovèd sleep.' A massive purple slab of Oriental porphyry, brought from a monastery in Rome, and said to have formed part of one of the great Roman temples, on which have been carved the English rose and the Florentine lily, has been placed by his son in the Abbey pavement over his father's grave.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning is essentially a lyrical poet. Brilliant and suggestive, full of high and daring thought and noble feeling, often almost epigrammatic in happiness of expression, and with a haunting music all their own, her poems stand in the very foremost rank of English lyrical poetry. There is in them a passion of indignation at all that is base, or cruel, or unworthy; of love and admiration for all that is true, and good, and beautiful; and of tenderness for all who are wronged, or weak, or suffering. She is at her best in some of her shorter lyrics, her sonnets, and in brilliant verses and passages scattered through her longer poems. Her main faults are a tendency to lengthiness, which detracts from the perfection of many of her poems taken as wholes, and a somewhat loose use (which, however, she defended on principle) of imperfect rhymes, which sometimes mars their melody. Besides her lyrics, her most notable poems are the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and *Aurora Leigh*.

The exquisite series of love-sonnets, called 'From the Portuguese,' was written during the years 1845–1846, between the first declaration of Robert Browning's love and their marriage, and reflects as in a mirror the varying phases of that ideal courtship. No eye but the author's saw them, however, till after their marriage, when the poet-wife gave their unique love-gift to her poet-husband. The title, which has puzzled many critics, is simply the substitution for her own of a pet name by which (in allusion to her poem 'Catarina to Camoens,' of which he was particularly fond) Robert Browning used to call his wife, 'my little Portuguese,' doubtless adopted in the title of the sonnets as a transparent veil womanly modesty sought to throw over their intense and passionate individuality.

Of *Aurora Leigh* Mrs Browning speaks in its Dedication as 'the most mature of my works,

and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered.' It is in reality a romance in blank verse. Many of the social problems with which it deals, though now familiar to us all, were looked upon forty years ago as startling novelties, and for a delicate and sensitive woman to treat them in the bold and outspoken way in which they are handled in *Aurora Leigh* was an act of true moral heroism. But refined and sensitive as Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, her husband sings of her truly as the 'boldest heart that ever braved the sun.' There were cruelties and injustices in the received relations of the sexes, and if words of hers could help to right them, the help should not be withheld. *Aurora Leigh* has often been spoken of as an autobiography ; but whatever points of resemblance there may be between the heroine and the author, nothing can be more dissimilar than the story of their lives. Yet by their diverse roads they reach the same goal, and Aurora Leigh's final views of life and art may be accepted as essentially those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Robert Browning is as essentially a dramatic, as his wife is a lyrical, poet. Comparatively few of his poems are strictly dramatic in form, but all his thinking falls naturally into a dramatic mould. Even his philosophy and metaphysics, of which there is much in his poetry, take generally the form of the philosophy and speculations of some real or imaginary personality. 'The incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study. I, at least, have always thought so,' he says in the dedication of *Sordello*. Not that Robert Browning's mind is objective, as Shakespeare's is ; there is nothing of the calm, placid, mirroring quality in it which in our great Elizabethan dramatist reflects all things outward to itself, as from the surface of a rippleless lake. Browning's mind, on the contrary, is intensely and passionately subjective and individual. One never loses sight of the creator's mind in the creatures of his genius ; but the universality and depth of his sympathy enable him so to throw his own passionate soul into each varying phase of the human nature he depicts, that Robert Browning *is*, for the time being, each of his own creations. Hence the *man* Robert Browning comes far closer to his readers than the *man* William Shakespeare. It seems a hopeless task in the limited space available to give any adequate idea of the extraordinary richness and variety of Robert Browning's many-sided genius. His intense sympathy and understanding of the point of view of everything living, from the lowest to the highest, from the basest to the best, is perhaps his most outstanding characteristic ; but hardly less remarkable are his philosophical insight, his marvellous powers of observation, the power and beauty of his descriptions of nature, the combined manliness and sweetness of his views of life, and the cheery inspiriting ring of an optimism that ignores no shadow, yet ever pierces through the darkness to the light above the cloud, built upon no shifting sands of sentiment but on the eternal Rock :

> God 's in His heaven,
> All 's right with the world.

The difficulties of his style, so often objected to, are very much the defects of his qualities. His much-abused obscurity is not a matter of mere style or expression, as can easily be proved by simply trying, after succeeding in mastering the poet's meaning in a difficult passage, to express the ideas it contains in clearer or simpler English, when it will be found that the words used are the very clearest words possible to convey its meaning. The real difficulty lies in gaining the poet's standpoint ; that done, all is simple ; and this difficulty arises mainly from the subtlety and the rapidity of his thought. There are many minds to whom Browning's poems must remain for ever a sealed book, because of a certain subtle quality in his mind and a faculty for fine-spun analogy which eludes their grasp ; and there are many also who, though perhaps capable of understanding if once they attain to his standpoint, find the mental gymnastics necessary to follow the rapid transitions of his fancy too arduous a task. The association of ideas in Browning's mind is so swift and so delicate that it requires a mind in some degree constituted like his own to be able to follow him. To these essential difficulties of his poetry he sometimes adds (as in *Sordello*) a complex plot, begun in the middle, and relating to obscure episodes of unfamiliar history ; and then the bewilderment of the ordinary casual reader is indeed complete! Next to *Sordello*, perhaps, *Fifine at the Fair* is the most difficult, and certainly one of the most misunderstood of Browning's poems, as it is also (when understood aright) one of his very noblest. The difficulty here is of a different kind from that of *Sordello*—it lies in the essential *motif* of the poem itself, which is 'from a given point, evolve the infinite'—from an imaginary, commonplace, concrete example of a man apparently drawn away for a time from his nevertheless true allegiance to the high-souled wife he loves by the passing attractions of a pretty dancing-girl at an itinerant village show, to illustrate man's whole relations to the Passing and the Permanent. Another objection often brought against Browning, and sometimes not wholly without cause, is the alleged roughness of his versification. With him the sense always takes precedence of the sound. His *exact* meaning must be expressed—if melodiously, so much the better—but in any case meaning must take the pas of melody ; that he *can* be most melodious many of his lyrics incontestably prove.

Robert Browning is essentially the poet of poets and of thinkers. Perhaps more than any other his mind influences the whole trend of the thought of our generation, but it is largely by *influencing the influencers*. Great as his direct influence undoubtedly is, his indirect and unacknowledged

power is wider still, through the whole tone of the teaching of leading minds, themselves permeated by his thought.

The greatest of his many great poems is unquestionably *The Ring and the Book*. It consists of twelve parts, originally in four volumes, in which the same tale of wrong and cruelty and murder is told from all imaginable different standpoints—of criminals, victims, counsel on either side, onlookers, and judge—with all Browning's own unapproachable insight into the character, motives, and point of view of each of his *dramatis personæ*. Nothing in literature can be found finer than his delineation of the passionate purity of Pompilia. 'My rose I gather for the breast of God,' as her judge, the wise old Pope, calls her; or of 'the warrior-priest,' whose frivolous and unworthy past vanishes, shrivelled to nothingness at first touch of her pure flame, till he 'springs forth a hero,' loyal 'to the life's end;' or of the grand old Pope, facing his last judgment, 'The Pope for Christ,' and daring to

> Send five souls more to just precede his own,
> Stand him in stead and witness—if need were,
> How he is wont to do God's work on earth.

The exquisite dedication to his wife, beginning 'Oh Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,' concludes this masterpiece of poetry.

Among his longer poems, after this extraordinary effort of genius, *Paracelsus*, *Strafford*, *Pippa Passes*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, *Balaustion's Adventure*, *Fifine at the Fair*, and *La Saisiaz* take perhaps the highest place; and amid the unbounded wealth of his shorter poems may be specially mentioned 'The Lost Leader,' 'How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,' 'Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister,' 'Evelyn Hope,' 'Old Pictures in Florence,' 'Garden Fancies,' 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' 'Home Thoughts from Abroad,' 'Saul,' 'By the Fireside,' 'Any Wife to any Husband,' 'Two in the Campagna,' 'The Guardian Angel,' 'Mesmerism,' 'The Italian in England,' 'Waring,' 'The Last Ride Together,' 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' 'The Flight of the Duchess,' 'A Grammarian's Funeral,' 'How it Strikes a Contemporary,' 'An Epistle,' 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' 'Andrea del Sarto,' 'The Bishop orders his Tomb in Saint Praxed's Church,' 'Bishop Blougram's Apology,' 'Cleon,' 'One Word More,' 'The Worst of it,' 'Rabbi ben Ezra,' 'A Death in the Desert,' 'Caliban upon Setebos,' 'Prospice,' 'Mr Sludge the Medium,' 'Epilogue to *Dramatis Personæ*,' 'Ivàn Ivànovitch,' 'Clive,' the 'Epilogue to Ferishtah's Fancies,' and the 'Epilogue to Asolando.'

From Mrs Browning's Poems.

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish:
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, of wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences:
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

And timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while phrenzy desolated,
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother! Where's my mother?'—
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love
she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever
gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death
to save him.

Thus? Oh, not *thus!* No type of earth can image that
awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round
him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—'*My* Saviour! *not*
deserted!' . . .

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence
rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son
and Father:
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath
shaken—
It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'
. . . . . .

(From *The Seraphim and other Poems*, 1838.)

The Cry of the Children.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free. . . .

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary,
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.' . . .

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.' . . .

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessèd One who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, 'Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?' . . .

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair without its calm;
Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep! . . .

(From *Poems*, 1844.)

From 'Catarina to Camoens.'

[Dying in his absence abroad, and referring to the poem in which he recorded the sweetness of her eyes.]

Keep my riband, take and keep it,
(I have loosed it from my hair)
Feeling while you overweep it,
Not alone in your despair,
Since with saintly
Watch unfaintly
Out of heaven shall o'er you lean
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen.'

But—but *now*—yet unremovèd
Up to heaven, they glisten fast;
You may cast away, Belovèd,
In your future all my past:
Such old phrases
May be praises
For some fairer bosom-queen—
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen!'

Eyes of mine what are ye doing?
Faithless, faithless,—praised amiss
If a tear be of your showing,
Dropt for any hope of His!
Death hath boldness
Besides coldness,
If unworthy tears demean
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen.'

I will look out to his future;
I will bless it till it shine.
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto sweeter eyes than mine,
Sunshine gild them,
Angels shield them,
Whatsoever eyes terrene
Be the sweetest His have seen!

(1844.)

From 'The Cry of the Human.'

'There is no God' the foolish saith,
But none 'There is no sorrow,'
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said 'God be praised.'
Be pitiful, O God!

(1844.)

From 'The Rhyme of the Duchess May.'

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—
Toll slowly.
And I said in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth what is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—
Toll slowly.
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

(1844.)

From 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.'

XXIII.

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But . . . *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! Look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

XLIII.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

(Written 1845-46.)

From 'Aurora Leigh.'

'Reform,
Make trade a Christian possibility,
And individual right no general wrong. . . .
What then,
Unless the artist keep up open roads
Betwixt the seen and unseen,—bursting through
The best of your conventions with his best? . . .
We 'll not barter, sir,
The beautiful for barley.—And even so,
I hold you will not compass your poor ends
Of barley-feeding and material ease,
Without a poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul,
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man,
To move the masses, even to a cleaner stye;
It takes the ideal, to blow a hair's-breadth off
The dust of the actual.—Ah, your Fouriers failed,
Because not poet enough to understand
That life develops from within.' . . .
Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all!
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. . . .
If he had loved,
Ay, loved me, with that retributive face,—
I might have been a common woman now
And happier, less known and less left alone,
Perhaps a better woman after all,
With chubby children hanging on my neck
To keep me low and wise. Ah me, the vines
That bear such fruit, are proud to stoop with it.
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand! . . .
I was flushed with praise,
But, pausing just a moment to draw breath,
I could not choose but murmur to myself
"Is this all? all that 's done? and all that 's gained?"
If this then be success 'tis dismaller
Than any failure!
O my God, my God,
O Supreme Artist, who as sole return
For all the cosmic wonder of Thy work,
Demandest of us just a word . . . a name,
"My Father!" thou hast knowledge, only thou.
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires
And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unkissed lips
And eyes undried because there 's none to ask
The reason they grew moist. . .
To have our books
Appraised by love, associated with love,
While we sit loveless! is it hard, you think?
At least 'tis mournful. Fame, indeed, 'twas said,
Means simply love. It was a man said that:
And then, there 's love and love: the love of all
(To risk in turn a woman's paradox,)
Is but a small thing to the love of one.
You bid a hungry child be satisfied
With a heritage of many corn-fields: nay,
He says he 's hungry,—he would rather have
That little barley-cake you keep from him
While reckoning but his harvests. . . .

'The man most man, with tenderest human hands
Works best for men—as God in Nazareth.'
He paused upon the word, and then resumed:
'Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience,
Fewer systems, we who are held and do not hold,
Less massing out of masses to be saved
By nations or by sexes. . . .

The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.'

(1856.)

A Musical Instrument.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

(From *Last Poems*, 1862.)

From Robert Browning's Poems.

The Lost Leader.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone to his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen—
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs shall inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

(From *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. 7, 1845.)

Evelyn Hope.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass;
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was twice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while.
My heart seemed full as it could hold?
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand!

(From *Dramatic Lyrics.*)

An Epistle—containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician.

Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs,
The not-incurious in God's handiwork
(This man's flesh he hath admirably made,
Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste,
To coop up and keep down on earth a space
That puff of vapour from his mouth, man's soul)
—To Abib, all-sagacious in our art,
Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,
Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks
Befall the flesh through too much stress and strain,
Whereby the wily vapour fain would slip
Back and rejoin its source before the term,—
And aptest in contrivance (under God)
To baffle it by deftly stopping such:—
The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home
Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame with peace)
Three samples of true snakestone—rarer still,
One of the other sort, the melon-shaped,
(But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs)
And writeth now the twenty-second time.

My journeyings were brought to Jericho:
Thus I resume. Who studious in our art
Shall count a little labour unrepaid?
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone
On many a flinty furlong of this land.
Also, the country-side is all on fire
With rumours of a marching hitherward:
Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his son.
A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear;
Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls:
I cried and threw my staff and he was gone.
Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten me,
And once a town declared me for a spy;
But at the end, I reach Jerusalem,
Since this poor covert where I pass the night,
This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence
A man with plague-sores at the third degree
Runs till he drops down dead. Thou laughest here!
Sooth, it elates me, thus reposed and safe,
To void the stuffing of my travel scrip
And share with thee whatever Jewry yields.

A viscid choler is observable
In tertians, I was nearly bold to say;
And falling-sickness hath a happier cure
Than our school wots of: there's a spider here
Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs,
Sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back;
Take five and drop them . . . but who knows his mind,
The Syrian run-a-gate I trust this to?
His service payeth me a sublimate
Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye.
Best wait: I reach Jerusalem at morn,
There set in order my experiences,
Gather what most deserves, and give thee all—
Or I might add, Judæa's gum-tragacanth
Scales off in purer flakes, shines clearer-grained,
Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the porphyry,
In fine exceeds our produce. Scalp-disease
Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy—
Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at Zoar—
But zeal outruns discretion. Here I end.

Yet stay: my Syrian blinketh gratefully,
Protesteth his devotion is my price—
Suppose I write what harms not, though he steal?
I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,
What set me off a writing first of all.
An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang!
For, be it this town's barrenness—or else
The Man had something in the look of him—
His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth.
So, pardon if—(lest presently I lose
In the great press of novelty at hand
The care and pains this somehow stole from me)
I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind,
Almost in sight—for, wilt thou have the truth?
The very man is gone from me but now,
Whose ailment is the subject of discourse.
Thus then and let thy better wit help all!

'Tis but a case of mania—subinduced
By epilepsy, at the turning-point
Of trance prolonged unduly some three days
When, by the exhibition of some drug
Or spell, exorcization, stroke of art
Unknown to me and which 'twere well to know,
The evil thing out-breaking all at once
Left the man whole and sound in body indeed,—
But flinging (so to speak) life's gates too wide,
Making a clear house of it too suddenly,
The first conceit that entered might inscribe
Whatever it was minded on the wall
So plainly at that vantage, as it were,
(First come, first served) that nothing subsequent
Attaineth to erase those fancy-scrawls
The just-returned and new-established soul
Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart
That henceforth she will read or these or none.
And first—the man's own firm conviction rests
That he was dead (in fact they buried him)
—That he was dead and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe:
—'Sayeth, the same bade 'Rise,' and he did rise.
'Such cases are diurnal,' thou wilt cry.
Not so this figment!—not, that such a fume,
Instead of giving way to time and health,
Should eat itself into the life of life,
As saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones and all!

For see, how he takes up the after-life.
The man—it is one Lazarus a Jew,
Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,
The body's habit wholly laudable,
As much, indeed, beyond the common health
As he were made and put aside to show.
Think, could we penetrate by any drug
And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair by three days sleep!
Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?
This grown man eyes the world now like a child.
Some elders of his tribe, I should premise,
Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep,
To bear my inquisition. While they spoke,
Now sharply, now with sorrow,—told the case,—
He listened not except I spoke to him,
But folded his two hands and let them talk,
Watching the flies that buzzed: and yet no fool.
And that 's a sample how his years must go.
Look if a beggar, in fixed middle life,
Should find a treasure—can he use the same
With straitened habits and with tastes starved small,
And take at once to his impoverished brain
The sudden element that changes things,
That sets the undreamed-of rapture at his hand,
And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned dust?
Is he not such an one as moves to mirth—
Warily parsimonious, when no need,
Wasteful as drunkenness at undue times?
All prudent counsel as to what befits
The golden mean, is lost on such an one:
The man's fantastic will is the man's law.
So here—we call the treasure knowledge, say,
Increased beyond the fleshy faculty—
Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven:
The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,
Or whether it be little or be much.
Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,
Speak of some trifling fact,—he will gaze rapt
With stupor at its very littleness,
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole results:
And so will turn to us the bystanders
In ever the same stupor (note this point)
That we too see not with his opened eyes.
Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
Preposterously, at cross purposes.
Should his child sicken unto death,—why, look
For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,
Or pretermission of the daily craft!
While a word, gesture, glance from that same child
At play or in the school or laid asleep,
Will startle him to an agony of fear,
Exasperation, just as like. Demand
The reason why—'tis but a word,' object—
'A gesture'—he regards thee as our lord
Who lived there in the pyramid alone,
Looked at us (dost thou mind?) when, being young,
We both would unadvisedly recite
Some charm's beginning, from that book of his,
Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst
All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.
Thou and the child have each a veil alike
Thrown o'er your heads, from under which ye both
Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match
Over a mine of Greek fire, did ye know!
He holds on firmly to some thread of life—
(It is the life to lead perforcedly)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life:
The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.
So is the man perplexed with impulses
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,
Proclaiming what is right and wrong across,
And not along, this black thread through the blaze—
'It should be' baulked by 'here it cannot be.'
And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again
His sage that bade him 'Rise,' and he did rise.
Something, a word, a tick o' the blood within
Admonishes: then back he sinks at once
To ashes, who was very fine before,
In sedulous recurrence to his trade
Whereby he earneth him the daily bread;
And studiously the humbler for that pride,
Professedly the faultier that he knows
God's secret, while he holds the thread of life.
Indeed the especial marking of the man
Is prone submission to the heavenly will—
Seeing it, what it is, and why it is.
'Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last
For that same death which must restore his being
To equilibrium, body loosening soul
Divorced even now by premature full growth:
He will live, nay, it pleaseth him to live
So long as God please, and just how God please.
He even seeketh not to please God more
(Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please.
Hence, I perceive not he affects to preach
The doctrine of his sect whate'er it be,
Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do:
How can he give his neighbour the real ground,
His own conviction? Ardent as he is—
Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old
'Be it as God please' reassureth him.
I probed the sore as thy disciple should:
'How, beast,' said I, 'this stolid carelessness
Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march
To stamp out like a little spark thy town,
Thy tribe, thy crazy tale and thee at once?'
He merely looked with his large eyes on me.
The man is apathetic, you deduce?
Contrariwise, he loves both old and young,
Able and weak, affects the very brutes
And birds—how say I? flowers of the field—
As a wise workman recognises tools
In a master's workshop, loving what they make.
Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb:
Only impatient, let him do his best,
At ignorance and carelessness and sin—
An indignation which is promptly curbed:
As when in certain travel I have feigned
To be an ignoramus in our art
According to some preconceived design,

And happed to hear the land's practitioners
Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,
Prattle fantastically on disease,
Its cause and cure—and I must hold my peace!

Thou wilt object—Why have I not ere this
Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene
Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,
Conferring with the frankness that befits?
Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
Perished in a tumult many years ago,
Accused,—our learning's fate,—of wizardry,
Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
And creed prodigious as described to me.
His death, which happened when the earthquake fell
(Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss
To occult learning in our lord the sage
Who lived there in the pyramid alone)
Was wrought by the mad people—that's their wont!
On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,
To his tried virtue, for miraculous help—
How could he stop the earthquake? That's their way!
The other imputations must be lies:
But take one, though I loathe to give it thee,
In mere respect for any good man's fame.
(And after all, our patient Lazarus
Is stark mad; should we count on what he says?
Perhaps not: though in writing to a leech
'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.)
This man so cured regards the curer, then,
As—God forgive me! who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!
—Sayeth that such an one was born and lived,
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,
And yet was . . . what I said nor choose repeat,
And must have so avouched himself, in fact,
In hearing of this very Lazarus
Who saith—but why all this of what he saith?
Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?
I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange!

Thy pardon for this long and tedious case,
Which, now that I review it, needs must seem
Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth!
Nor I myself discern in what is writ
Good cause for the peculiar interest
And awe indeed this man has touched me with.
Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness
Had wrought upon me first. I met him thus:
I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills
Like an old lion's cheek teeth. Out there came
A moon made like a face with certain spots
Multiform, manifold and menacing:
Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
In this old sleepy town at unaware,
The man and I. I send thee what is writ.
Regard it as a chance, a matter risked
To this ambiguous Syrian—he may lose,
Or steal, or give it thee with equal good.
Jerusalem's repose shall make amends
For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine;
Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell!

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so: it is strange.

(From *Men and Women*, 1855.)

From 'The Ring and the Book.'

"On receipt of this command,
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow: could it be to-night,
The better. . . .
For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible:
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant and be saved. . . .
Enough, for I may die this very night:
And how should I dare die this man let live?

Carry this forthwith to the governor!"

(1868-69.)

The Householder.

Savage I was sitting in my house, late, lone:
Dreary, weary with the long day's work:
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone:
Tongue-tied now, now blaspheming like a Turk;
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,
Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we!—
'What, and is it really you again?' quoth I:
'I again, what else did you expect?' quoth She.

'Never mind, hie away from this old house—
Every crumbling brick embrowned with sin and shame!
Quick, in its corners ere certain shapes arouse!
Let them—every devil of the night—lay claim,
Make and mend, or rap and rend, for me! Good-bye!
God be their guard from disturbance at their glee,
Till, crash, comes down the carcass in a heap!' quoth I:
'Nay, but there's a decency required!' quoth She.

'Ah, but if you knew how time has dragged, days, nights!
All the neighbour-talk with man and maid—such men!
All the fuss and trouble of street-sounds, window-sights:
All the worry of flapping door and echoing roof; and then,
All the fancies. . . . Who were they had leave, dared try
Darker arts that almost struck despair in me?
If you knew but how I dwelt down here!' quoth I:
'And was I so better off up there?' quoth She.

'Help and get it over! *Re-united to his wife*
(How draw up the paper lets the parish-people know?)
Lies M., or N., departed from this life,
Day the this or that, month and year the so and so.

What i' the way of final flourish? Prose, verse? Try!
Affliction sore long time he bore, or what is it to be?
Till God did please to grant him ease. Do end!'
quoth I:
'I end with—Love is all and Death is nought!' quoth
She.

(From *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872.)

Magical Nature.

Flower—I never fancied, jewel—I profess you!
Bright I see and soft I feel the outside of a flower.
Save for glow inside and—jewel, I should guess you,
Dim to sight and rough to touch: the glory is the dower.

You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love a jewel—
Jewel at no mercy of a moment in your prime!
Time may fray the flower-face: kind be time or cruel,
Jewel, from each facet, flash your laugh at time!

(From *Pacchiarotto*, 1876.)

From 'La Saisiaz.'

Weakness never needs be falseness: truth is truth in each degree
—Thunder-pealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me.
Nay, the weakness turns to strength and triumphs in a truth beyond:
'Mine is but man's truest answer—how were it did God respond?' . . .
Can I make my eye an eagle's, sharpen ear to recognize
Sound o'er league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surmise? . .

I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved and hated, learnt and taught
This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a world distraught,
Goodness with triumphant evil, power with failure in the aim,
If (to my own sense, remember! though none other feel the same!)—
If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place,
And life, time,—with all their chances, changes,—just probation-space,
Mine, for me. . . .

Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled,
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop by drop distilled,
I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless each kindly wrench that wrung
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence pleasures sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised the berry, left all grace
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place!

(1878.)

From 'The Two Poets of Croisic.'

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn.
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face!

(1878.)

Epilogue to 'Ferishtah's Fancies.'

Oh, Love—no, Love! All the noise below, Love,
Groanings all and moanings—none of Life I lose!
All of Life 's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love—
'Hear at least, thou happy one!' How can I, Love, but choose?

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round me
—Much as when the moon's might frees a space from cloud—
Iridescent splendours: gloom—would else confound me—
Barriered off and banished far—bright-edged the blackest shroud!

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they, the faces
Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?
'What'—they smile—'our names, our deeds so soon erases
Time upon his tablet where Life's glory lies enrolled?

'Was it for mere fool's-play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind!

'How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards: fight!'

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that 's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success:
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror
Sudden turns the blood to ice: a chill wind disencharms
All the late enchantment! What if all be error—
If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine arms?

(1884.)

Epilogue to 'Asolando.'

[Published 12th December 1889, the day Robert Browning died at Venice.]

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'

A uniform edition of Robert Browning's works appeared in seventeen volumes in 1888–90; and Mr Furnivall published a *Browning Bibliography* in 1883. A Life of him was written by Mrs Sutherland Orr (1891), who also prepared a *Handbook to Browning* (1885). There are books on Browning and his work by Symons (1887), Fotheringham (1887), Gosse (1890), and Sharp (1890). An *Introduction* to the study of his poetry was written by Professor Hiram Corson (4th ed., Boston, U.S., 1892); in 1902 Mr Stopford Brooke published his work on *The Poetry of Robert Browning*; Mr Chesterton's book on Browning in the 'Men of Letters' series appeared in 1903. *An Outline Analysis of Sordello* was published by the present writer in 1889, and *Of Fifine at the Fair, Christmas Eve and Easter Day, and other Poems* in 1892. M. Joseph Milsand's appreciation in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1851 should be named, as also Mme. Duclaux's *Grands Ecrivains d' Outre-manche* (1901). See also the *Browning Society's Papers* (1881–95), Berdoe's *Browning Cyclopædia* (1892), and Professor Santayana's *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion* (1900). Two volumes of letters by Browning were privately printed in 1895–96 by Mr Wise, who also compiled a bibliography of Browning's writings (published in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, by Dr Robertson Nicoll and Mr T. J. Wise, 1895). *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett* were published in 1899. Mrs Browning's *Letters to R. H. Horne* had appeared in 1876, and a collection of her letters was edited by Mr Kenyon in 1897. There is a short Life of Mrs Browning by Mr J. H. Ingram (1889), and she is discussed in Mr Bayne's *Five Great Englishwomen* (1880).

JEANIE MORISON.

John Westland Marston (1820–90), born the son of a Baptist minister at Boston, gave up law for literature; and in 1842 his *Patrician's Daughter* was brought out at Drury Lane by Macready. It was the most successful of more than a dozen plays—*Strathmore*, *Philip of France*, *A Hard Struggle* (in prose), *Donna Diana*, *Life for Life*, and the rest, collected, with his poems, in 1876—somewhat Sheridan-Knowlesian, and lacking in true dramatic life. He wrote a novel (1860), a good book on *Our Recent Actors* (1888), and a mass of poetic criticism, mostly in the columns of the *Athenæum*. His plays are all all-but forgotten, but he deserves to be remembered as a true representative of poetical drama.

His son, **Philip Bourke Marston** (1850–87), the blind poet, was born, lived, and died in London. His life was a series of losses—of eyesight at three, and afterwards of his sister, his promised bride, and his two dear friends, Oliver Madox Brown and Rossetti. His memory will survive through his friendships with Rossetti, with Mr Watts-Dunton, and with Mr Swinburne rather than through his sonnets and lyrics—delicate and melodious most of them, exquisite some of them, but all too sad for a world that sees. *Song-tide*, *All in All*, and *Wind Voices* were the three volumes of poetry he published between 1870 and 1883; to a posthumous collection of his stories (1887), mostly published in America, is prefixed a Memoir by Mr William Sharp. He was Dr Gordon Hake's 'Blind Boy;' Mr Swinburne dedicated a sonnet to his memory. Mrs Chandler Moulton collected his poems in 1892.

Sir Henry James Sumner Maine (1822–88) was in his own time probably the most conspicuous, popular, and influential writer on social science, on the usages and proprietary ideas of primitive society as forming the basis of laws still in force. From Christ's Hospital he passed to Cambridge, where, having greatly distinguished himself, he was in his twenty-fifth year elected Regius Professor of Civil Law. He was called to the Bar in 1850, and in 1862 went to India as Legal Member of the Government. On his return he was in 1870 appointed Professor of Comparative Jurisprudence at Oxford, a post he resigned on being elected to the Mastership of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1878. In 1871 he had become a Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India and K.C.S.I.; and in 1887 he was appointed Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge. As was admitted by those most hostile to his fundamental views, his *Roman Law and Legal Education* (1856), followed in 1861 by *Ancient Law, its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas*, for more than twenty years profoundly influenced the teaching of jurisprudence in England. In *Village Communities in the East and West* (1871), delivered as a series of lectures at Oxford, the author traced the similarity that exists between the primitive communal societies of India and those of the ancient Germanic races. In 1875 appeared *Lectures on the Early History of Institutions*, principally an investigation of the ancient laws of Ireland, called the Brehon Laws, interesting not merely as one of the best-preserved systems of primitive law, but because of its complete independence of Roman law. *Early Law and Custom* (1883) further illustrated his favourite theses; and *International Law* (1888) was based on his professorial work. In *Popular Government* (1885) he illustrated, not for the first time, his strong anti-democratic bias. His fundamental idea, urged against M'Lennan and all supporters of the view that matriarchy was a germinal stage of primitive civilisation, was that the germ of society was the patriarchal power, the family centring round the father (not the mother), while from the family came the gens, from the gens the tribe, and from the tribe the nation. The opponents of Maine's view multiplied amongst anthropologists and sociologists, and produced detailed evidence from savage life and ancient records; and his contentions were criticised as showing a tendency to make a 'portable village community which we might take about with us from one quarter of the globe to another.'

There is a Memoir of Maine by Sir M. E. Grant Duff (1892).

John Ruskin,*

one of the great teachers of art and life to the modern world, was the only son of John James Ruskin, a London wine-merchant, by his marriage with his first cousin, Margaret Cox. The family was of Scottish origin. The father had been born and educated in Edinburgh; and from both parents Ruskin inherited the simple piety, the strenuous morality, and the inflexible rectitude which are characteristic of their race and religion. Born on the 8th February 1819, he was brought up in the austere but bracing atmosphere of a Puritan home, without the common toys or amusements of childhood and with but scanty childish companionship. The picture of his early life has been drawn over and over again by his own hand; most fully, with complete fidelity and unsurpassable charm, in the chapters of autobiography which were the last work of his advanced age. When he was four years old, his parents removed from London to what was then the rural suburb of Herne Hill, which remained their home, and his, for nearly fifty years. His education was received chiefly at home, first from his mother and then from private tutors; except for a short time when he went to a day-school in Peckham, he hardly ever passed outside the narrow home circle until he went to Oxford. But this narrow life was enlarged and varied by his accompanying his father on the summer travels through all parts of England which he regularly undertook in the course of business, and occasionally in more prolonged excursions on the Continent of a less professional nature. In connection with these latter travels he made the acquaintance, between the age of thirteen and fifteen, with three books which are keynotes to the whole of his mental development—Rogers's *Italy*, with the Turner engravings, in 1832; Prout's *Sketches in Flanders and Germany*, in 1833; and Saussure's *Voyages dans les Alpes*, in 1834. They kindled in him the love of art, the reverence for antiquity, and the minute study of nature.

In 1837 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. He was already then contributing articles to the *Architectural Magazine* and other journals. In 1839, after two unsuccessful attempts, he won the Newdigate prize for an English poem, neither better nor worse than other prize poems, on *Salsette and Elephanta*. His juvenile poems have in recent years been collected and published by the misplaced industry of his friends and biographers.

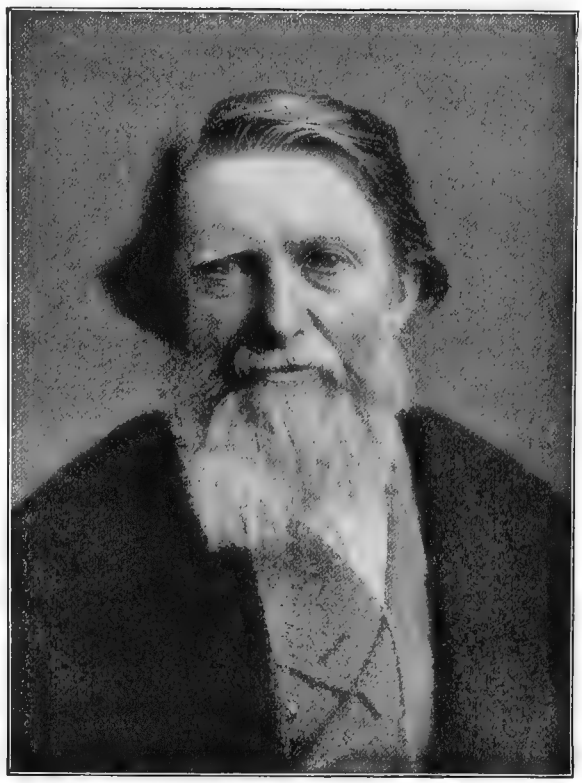
The Anglo-Catholic movement, which was so profoundly to alter the whole outward aspect and inner life of England, was then in the full tide of its early struggles and successes Oxford was its centre; but it passed Ruskin by without producing the least effect on him. For his teacher he took, now and throughout life, not Newman but Carlyle (q.v.). The two lifelong friendships he formed at Oxford were with men who had a turn for art but none for theology—one an accomplished scholar, and the other eminent in the promotion and endowment of science—Liddell (afterwards Dean of Christ Church) and Henry Acland. In the spring of 1840 Ruskin had a serious illness which practically brought his Oxford life to an end. The following winter and spring were spent in Italy with his parents. On his return he took a pass degree, and then set to work on a defence and vindication of the painter Turner, whose acquaintance he had recently made, and whose pictures he had even before then begun to buy and to treasure. This work gradually grew far beyond its first scope. The five bulky volumes into which it expanded, and which appeared successively during the next twenty years, range in their progress more and more widely over the whole field of art in its relation to life and nature. The title at first projected, *Turner and the Ancients*, was replaced by another at once clumsy and contentious—*Modern Painters: their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.* The first volume was published under this title in April 1843. It was the year of Mill's *Logic*, of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, of Gioberti's *Primato Civile e Morale degli Italiani*. The period was that of the great triumphs of Liberalism, in its widest sense, throughout Europe; and all four works are epoch-making in the history of the development of the modern or liberal spirit. In Great Britain, popular attention was at the moment largely engrossed with the ecclesiastical controversies which were raging furiously in both kingdoms; but Ruskin's first volume nevertheless made an impression which was both immediate and deep. A new voice had made itself heard; the critics only spread its influence more widely by their protests and condemnations. The next few years were for Ruskin a period of growing fame and widening influence.

A second volume of *Modern Painters* was published in 1846. In the interval between the two he had discovered (for it was no less than a discovery) the great Christian art of medieval Italy. He had also discovered his own powers in prose, and used them with immense effect both in attack and defence, in the exposition of theories and the inculcation of principles. This second volume of *Modern Painters* is indeed a treatise of philosophy, far transcending the scope of a comparative criticism of art. The language moulded to the purposes of philosophic inquiry by Locke reappears in it, draped in the more voluminous rhetoric of an earlier age, yet so freshly handled as to be a new style—the style which, in the history of English literature, will be known as that of Ruskin, and of which no one else has fully mastered the secret.

His next work of importance followed two years later. This was *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*,

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written in London during the winter of 1848–49, in the early months of a brief and disastrous marriage which need only be mentioned in passing, for it did not, in the six years for which it lasted, deeply affect his life as a thinker and artist. The *Seven Lamps*, the most popular among all Ruskin's earlier works, is really an interlude in the vast and complex inquiry which he was pursuing in *Modern Painters;* it is a study of the principles he had begun to discover and lay down for art, in their application to the mistress-art of all the arts which men exercise. What gave occasion and urgency to the interlude was the opening of Ruskin's eyes to the tragic fate doomed, and in part already executed, on all the monuments of the past by the calculated and merciless ravages of restoration.



JOHN RUSKIN.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

The Gothic Revival, a general name that may be given to that great reversion of feeling towards the Middle Ages which played so profound a part in the history of the earlier nineteenth century, had first touched Ruskin, as it touched the whole of the English-speaking world, through Walter Scott. On its theological and mystical side it never touched him at all; he remained through life as he had been brought up in childhood, essentially a Protestant, though his Protestantism became less and less orthodox. The Bible, which he had read through over and over again with his mother as a child at home, and which was one of the strongest formative influences on his own literary style, was to him the voice of God speaking directly to the individual. The Church and the Sacraments bore as little part in his religion as they bear in the Gospels; but just on this account, the Gothic revival in the sphere of the arts affected him with an intenser force. These discourses on architecture as the crowning embodiment of life itself and of the virtues that make life excellent—ranged by him here under the six heads or 'lamps' of sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, memory, and obedience—are at the same time the inculcation of a scheme of human life in all respects the antithesis of that which Ruskin saw in the modern world around him: a life which walked simply and austerely in the conscious sight of God and guided by God's immediate hand. That such a life had existed in the so-called Ages of Faith was to his mind demonstrable from the memorials which those ages had left. He still hoped or fancied that the world might be led back through the study of these silent witnesses to the spirit of the men who had reared them; and he felt it a primary duty to call men back to the old path by exciting their enthusiasm and renewing their reverence for a period when life was in the full sense sacred and art kindled by a living fire from heaven.

It was in this spirit that he wrote, during the years immediately following, the greatest of his works, *The Stones of Venice*. The first volume appeared in 1851, the other two in 1853. It is his greatest work both because his style had now reached maturity, and because in this one instance he completed fully an *œuvre de longue haleine*, a work the mere mass and structure of which give it a weight denied to briefer or more fragmentary writings. That concentration which he had in full measure as regards each immediate object of his interest, he lacked as regards the continuous attention required to elaborate great masterpieces: his mind suffered from its very alertness and impetuous responsiveness. Again and again it happened that one train of suggestion or study led him on to another until he became distracted in the multiplicity of his thoughts; and so it is that so much of his writing is fragmentary and fugitive, and that his mind at last gave way, not merely under the pressure of the evil tongues and evil days on which he fell, but under the burden of a message that became inarticulate through over-haste and over-copiousness of utterance.

As the *Stones of Venice* is Ruskin's greatest work, so one chapter in it, the sixth of the second volume, entitled 'On the Nature of Gothic,' is the central

point of his whole teaching. With the twentieth chapter of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, it is a confession of faith and a call to the higher life which may be called the most momentous utterance of their half-century of continuous authorship. In both cases the appeal is not to despair, but to labour and hope; in both cases the voice of God speaking through the man was greater than the man himself, and the works of later years took on them the sombre splendours of a great tragedy, when the prophets outlived faith in their own prophecies.

A sort of appendix to the *Stones of Venice* is a work which followed immediately on its completion, the small but exquisite volume of *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* given at Edinburgh at the end of 1853. In 1851 had appeared another minor work of great interest, his pamphlet in defence of the Pre-Raphaelite School. With that school Ruskin was indeed neither then nor afterwards in full sympathy. The rough justice of the popular belief which identified his teaching with their practice lies merely in this, that both placed before them 'truth to nature' as the object of art; their definition of truth and their conception of nature were, in fact, widely different.

After the *Stones of Venice* was completed, Ruskin returned to what he still regarded as his main work, the completion of *Modern Painters*. Two more volumes, the third and fourth, appeared in 1856. The ten years that had passed between the second and third volumes were a period of immense moment in European history, and on Ruskin's own mind they had wrought the beginnings of a great change. The chapters on Idealism and Sentiment in the third volume gave what may be called a wholly new grammar of the psychology of art. But the meaning of art itself was being insensibly changed in his mind. His work at Venice had led him away from the study of science to that of history; he was coming to see more clearly what history forced on him, that art is not a representation of nature but a function of life. The fluctuation between these two views of art is what gives uncertainty and some degree of inconsistency to his practical teaching thereafter. Some of his least satisfactory work is the result of an attempt to reduce prematurely under a single idea the ethical laws of human life with the laws which govern irrational or inanimate nature; with the life of the Roman poet's *bruta tellus et vaga flumina*, the growth not merely of birds or plants, but of clouds and crystals. Yet here he was on the edge of an ultimate truth to which both Platonism and Christianity bear witness, and which the most recent scientific thought is beginning imperfectly to realise. But short of such a final reconciliation, the art which is a mere record of 'objective truth' is not art at all; and no real art is possible which is not the unforced imaginative outcome of a civic or national life lived in accordance with the laws of God.

The Political Economy of Art, the title of an address given by Ruskin at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857, shows this shifting of his axis of thought. It is still more evident in *The Two Paths* of 1859, a collection of lectures and addresses given in the two or three preceding years. In that volume the intricacy of the problems dealt with leads to a confusion of argument that would be almost ludicrous if it were not full at once of pathos and of promise. His old principles—the instinctive happy principles of youth—are giving way everywhere under him, like the instinctive or traditional dogma on which they had their moral basis. The cry makes itself heard of the man who has drifted from his moorings. He was destined never to recover them, never to be able again to rest in a complete belief.

It was little wonder, then, that the fifth and last volume of *Modern Painters*, published in 1860, showed some inconsistency and even incoherence of thought, or that it failed to awake the same enthusiasm as its predecessors. Ruskin had had his period of growing popularity and widening acceptance. He had now, with whatever reluctance, to lay down the singing-robe of the artist and take on himself the sackcloth of the prophet. What the public desired was to be amused; they were ready to make an idol of him while he talked smooth things to them; but now the task before him was to break down his own popularity, to be regarded by the world with a mixture of pity and contempt, to see even his friends fail him and fall away from him. The strain brought out all the petulance and irritability inherent in his highly-strung temper; he finally gave way under it. But the years following the great change in his moral axis are those in which his work, though not his greatest, has the highest value and significance. The lecture 'On the Work of Iron,' given at Tunbridge Wells in 1858 and published in *The Two Paths*, shows the change in its full extent and gravity. His teaching—though he himself would not have admitted it—has there become express Socialism. His delight in rhetoric and sentiment still clung to him. He still was able, as in the celebrated comparison of modern Rochdale with medieval Pisa in the Bradford lecture of 1859 (published in the same volume), to let himself loose in a torrent of gorgeous language with no more distinctly-ethical content than one of those later landscapes of Turner's with which Ruskin's earlier writing has so much in common, and in the arrangement of which at the National Gallery, from 1856 onwards, he found an occupation and an anodyne. But sentiment and rhetoric could no longer satisfy him, nor could he find relief from the actual world in the pathos and splendour of the past. To instruct, to startle, to save if it might be—though of that the hope grew ever fainter—a world lying in wickedness, became to him a primary and absorbing duty.

When the *Cornhill Magazine* was founded in 1860 under the editorship of Thackeray, Ruskin, as

one of the foremost among English men of letters, was invited to contribute to it. His contribution was the four papers afterwards issued as the volume entitled *Unto This Last.* The story is well known of the tempest of outraged protest they evoked, and of Thackeray's capitulation to the popular feeling which brought the series to an abrupt close. Yet their author might feel that he had at last struck home. In the preface to the collected volume he wrote, gravely and sincerely, 'I rest satisfied with the work, though with nothing else that I have done.' It is difficult to appreciate now, when time has turned half of what then seemed preposterous paradoxes into accepted doctrines, how far ahead of his generation Ruskin then was, what foresight and insight was given him by his absolute fearlessness and complete sincerity. It may be said with little exaggeration that the legislation of the last thirty-five years has followed haltingly behind the principles asserted by Ruskin in 1860: it may be said with great confidence that these same principles are now the main motive forces of the civic movement of the twentieth century. And the volume marks likewise the perfection, for practical purposes, of his style. It has shed the flamboyance and prolixity of his youth; it has not lapsed into the involved garrulity—often delightful indeed, but at best lacking the gravity of really great art—which alternately charms and irritates in the later essays and addresses. Here it is in his hands like the sword of an expert swordsman: keen, rapid, and lustrous, flashing with swift easy turns through impassioned pleading, succinct exposition, searching irony, and fanciful humour.

Some ten years of crowded literary production followed, in which it is only possible here to name and fix the chief landmarks. These are: (1) *Munera Pulveris*, an unfinished series of essays in Political Economy continuing the work begun in *Unto This Last.* The essays first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1862–63; they had the same fate as their predecessors in the *Cornhill.* After the fourth number, publisher and public both revolted, and the remainder of the series was suppressed. The orthodox Political Economy was still foolish enough to persecute heresy, and still strong enough to persecute it successfully. (2) The addresses on Traffic (1864) and Work (1865), reprinted in *The Crown of Wild Olive:* the former in the main a trenchant attack on the fundamental irreligion and immorality of modern society; the latter developing more distinctly, and with less of compromise, the implied Socialism of *Unto This Last.* (3) The two addresses named 'Sesame' and 'Lilies,' published together under the joint title (a third address was afterwards incorporated in the volume), which are said to have had a vastly greater circulation than any other of Ruskin's writings (1865). With a certain reversion to the 'purple and soft raiment' of his earlier diction and sentiment, they have to many thousands of persons set up new ideals—in the one case of the sacredness of thought and language, in the other of the duties and privileges of womanhood. (4) The series of letters to a Sunderland working-man, *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne*, an attempt, at the season of great hopes roused by the democratisation of the franchise in 1867, to continue the author's work in social ethics by drawing the outlines of a constructive policy towards the ennobling of labour and the humanisation of riches.

For the many other lectures, addresses, and detached papers of these years, reference must be made to fuller biographies. The great fault of Ruskin's work is manifest in them—the impetuousness and restlessness of mind to which reference has already been made. Stimulating and fascinating beyond all writers of his generation in detached utterances, he was less like a builder than a sower, scattering seed to right and left with careless hand. Some of his seed fell on the wayside, some among thorns, much in shallow soil. What fell on good ground has profoundly influenced the movement of the world for the last half-century.

In 1869, at the age of fifty, Ruskin received what may be called his first public and official recognition, in his appointment to the newly-founded Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford. The responsibilities of such a position, had he entered on it earlier, must have had a great effect towards marshalling and concentrating his activity. As it was, his tenure of the office for three consecutive triennial terms, from 1870 to 1878, produced results inadequate to his own desire or his friends' expectation. The academic atmosphere of Oxford was adverse alike to the sincere practice of art and to the intense moral enthusiasm of his social doctrine. He founded, and endowed with lavish generosity, a school of drawing there, which has never flourished beyond the range of his immediate personal influence. He drew round him a small circle of young men, a few of whom in later life helped to carry the torch he had kindled and laid in their hands. Several of his courses of lectures in the University, notably those entitled *Aratra Pentelici* (1870), *The Eagle's Nest* (1872), *Ariadne Florentina* (1872), *Love's Meinie* (1873), represent substantial additions to his writings on art. Oxford did not let him go unhonoured: he was elected an honorary Student of Christ Church and an honorary Fellow of Corpus; and though his professorial work was but a small part of his activity, he became universally known as Professor Ruskin.

His tenure of the Slade Professorship coincided with the life of the celebrated *Fors Clavigera*—a series of notes and essays, in the form of letters, dealing with almost every conceivable subject, which was issued by Ruskin in monthly parts from the beginning of 1871 until his illness in 1878; further numbers appeared at irregular intervals between 1878 and 1884. It was not put on the market through the ordinary channels of trade, but was sold directly by Ruskin himself to purchasers;

and this was the beginning of a system on which all his works came to be produced and issued. Gradually, as time went on, the agent whom he employed for printing and distributing them became a publisher in the ordinary meaning of the word. This was one of Ruskin's practical attempts (all in turn unsuccessful as regards their original object) to get rid of the tyranny of commercialism. His other experiments in the same direction—the Guild of St George; the tea-shop in Marylebone; the reclamation, in concert with Miss Octavia Hill, of a patch of slum-property in London; the road-making carried on by himself and his pupils near Oxford—do not belong to the story of his life as a man of letters. But it should be noted that it was the profit from the sale of his writings, in defiance of all accepted trade principles, which supported his later years in ease, and even in affluence, when his boundless public and private generosity had almost exhausted the fortune he inherited from his father.

His father had died in 1864; his mother in 1871. The most childlike, dutiful, and affectionate of sons, he never had until the latter date any separate home of his own. He then bought the little estate of Brantwood on Coniston Water in North Lancashire, which became his home for the rest of his life, and which was made all that a home could be for him by the presence and care of his cousin, Miss Agnew, afterwards Mrs Arthur Severn. At Brantwood, early in 1878, he was seized with a long and dangerous illness which left his brain seriously affected, and from which he never fully recovered. In 1883 his health was so far restored that he was able to accept re-election to the Slade Professorship; but the strain and excitement were almost from the first too great. It was a relief both to him and to his friends when he resigned at the end of 1884, as a protest against the establishment of a physiological laboratory in Oxford and the endowment of vivisection by the University. Between 1885 and 1889 there appeared in monthly parts the informal autobiography entitled *Præterita*. Twenty-four of these parts appeared in regular succession; a long break due to illness followed; four more numbers appeared in 1888–89, and brought down the story of his life to about 1864. The gradual failure of vital force ended peacefully at Brantwood on 20th January 1900. He was buried at Coniston, and a monument was afterwards erected to him in Westminster Abbey. In him passed away the last of the great figures of the earlier Victorian age.

The final estimate to be formed of Ruskin as an author will only be determined by time. A great deal of his published writing was occasional and necessarily fugitive. On principle, he allowed the utmost publicity to be given to all his correspondence; and his collected works include numberless letters, seldom without interest but often of trifling value, and not ranking as literature in the full sense of the term. Between such letters and his slighter and more informal published writings—magazine articles, lectures, prefaces and introductions, &c.—no distinct line can be drawn. Two well-known and widely-read volumes, *Arrows of the Chace* (1880) and *On the Old Road* (1885), are collections of these fugitive contributions to newspapers and magazines. *Modern Painters*, by far his longest and most elaborate work, was written with a special purpose. Both because that purpose was in fact largely attained, and because it kept changing and shifting through the seventeen or eighteen years while the work was in progress, great parts of the five volumes are practically obsolete. Competent critics have held that the style, with all its merits, is too diffuse for permanence in its general structure, and ungracefully gorgeous in the more highly elaborated passages. Of his work before 1860 the conjecture may be hazarded that the *Seven Lamps* and the *Stones of Venice* will survive. Among the multifarious mass of his later writings it is certain that *Unto This Last* and *The Two Paths*, with some of the papers collected in *The Crown of White Olive* and many detached numbers of *Fors Clavigera*, have a permanent place in literature as among the writings which have most profoundly influenced modern thought and life. *Præterita*, his last unfinished masterpiece, has in its sweet and garrulous charm, its childlike simplicity and cloudless serenity, as high and as secure a place as any of these.

As a master of style Ruskin's eminence is also great and peculiar. In science he had no adequate equipment of training or system; in art he was a brilliant amateur. But in language he was almost from the first a trained artist; he used language with a freedom and flexibility that had been strange to England for the best part of two centuries before he rediscovered the secret. In his earlier writings the style suffers from verbosity, more especially during a few years when he consciously imitated the style of the great Elizabethan theologian Richard Hooker. Into this fault he was always subject to relapse. But on occasion he could, without losing any flexibility or freedom, write with a terse force and swift precision which cannot be surpassed and have seldom been equalled. The purple patches which gained him his first fame, and by which he is perhaps even now most widely known, were a conscious artifice. His own sounder judgment disapproved them; and he often had occasion to lament that he was read for his fine writing and not for the sake of the truths which the writing was meant to convey and to make impressive. It has been already noted how he remained, so to speak, a child in his parents' house so long as his parents lived; and in the work even of his mature age there is a childlike quality that now fascinates by its limpid simplicity and now annoys by its waywardness or extravagance. There are traces of the same quality in Plato, one of Ruskin's chief masters both in substance and in style, and one whose whole spirit

and temper have a remarkable affinity with his. Apart from the beauty and charm of his own writing, he is a figure of the first importance in English literature as an *amplificator imperii*, one who gave a new range and a new sensitiveness to English prose.

Restoration and Destruction.

Neither by the public, nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word *restoration* understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer: a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered: a destruction accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter; it is *impossible*, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture. That which I have above insisted upon as the life of the whole, that spirit which is given only by the hand and eye of the workman, never can be recalled. Another spirit may be given by another time, and it is then a new building; but the spirit of the dead workman cannot be summoned up, and commanded to direct other hands, and other thoughts. And as for direct and simple copying, it is palpably impossible. What copying can there be of surfaces that have been worn half an inch down? The whole finish of the work was in the half inch that is gone; if you attempt to restore that finish, you do it conjecturally if you copy what is left, granting fidelity to be possible (and what care, or watchfulness, or cost can secure it), how is the new work better than the old? There was yet in the old *some* life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost; some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wrought. There can be none in the brute hardness of the new carving. Look at the animals which I have given in Plate 14, as an instance of living work, and suppose the markings of the scales and hair once worn away, or the wrinkles of the brows, and who shall ever restore them? The first step to restoration (I have seen it, and that again and again—seen it on the Baptistery of Pisa, seen it on the Casa d' Oro at Venice, seen it on the Cathedral of Lisieux) is to dash the old work to pieces; the second is usually to put up the cheapest and basest imitation which can escape detection, but in all cases, however careful, and however laboured, an imitation still, a cold model of such parts as *can* be modelled, with conjectural supplements; and my experience has as yet furnished me with only one instance, that of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, in which even this, the utmost degree of fidelity which is possible, has been attained, or even attempted.

Do not let us talk then of restoration. The thing is a Lie from beginning to end. You may make a model of a building as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care: but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly then if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay: more has been gleaned out of desolated Nineveh than ever will be out of re-built Milan. But, it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such, pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them, or mortar, if you will; but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in their place. And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and you may prevent it. The principle of modern times (a principle which, I believe, at least in France, to be systematically acted on by the masons, in order to find themselves work, as the abbey of St Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards. Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a water-course, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last; but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory.

(From *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*)

Perfection in Art.

I should be led far from the matter in hand, if I were to pursue this interesting subject. Enough, I trust, has been said to show the reader that the rudeness or imperfection which at first rendered the term 'Gothic' one of reproach is indeed, when rightly understood, one of the most noble characters of Christian architecture, and not only a noble but an *essential* one. It seems a fantastic paradox, but it is nevertheless a most important truth, that no architecture can be truly noble which is *not* imperfect. And this is easily demonstrable. For since the architect, whom we will suppose capable of doing all in perfection, cannot execute the whole with his own hands, he must either make slaves of his workmen in the old Greek, and present English fashion, and level his work to a slave's capacities, which is to degrade it; or else he must take his workmen as he finds them, and let them show their weaknesses together with their strength, which will involve the Gothic imperfection, but render the whole work as noble as the intellect of the age can make it.

But the principle may be stated more broadly still. I have confined the illustration of it to architecture, but I must not leave it as if true of architecture only. Hitherto I have used the words imperfect and perfect merely to distinguish between work grossly unskilful, and work executed with average precision and science; and I have been pleading that any degree of unskilfulness should be admitted, so only that the labourer's mind had room for expression. But, accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect, and *the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art.*

This for two reasons, both based on everlasting laws. The first, that no great man ever stops working till he has reached his point of failure: that is to say, his mind is always far in advance of his powers of execution, and

the latter will now and then give way in trying to follow it; besides that he will always give to the inferior portions of his work only such inferior attention as they require; and according to his greatness he becomes so accustomed to the feeling of dissatisfaction with the best he can do, that in moments of lassitude or anger with himself he will not care though the beholder be dissatisfied also. I believe there has only been one man who would not acknowledge this necessity, and strove always to reach perfection, Leonardo; the end of his vain effort being merely that he would take ten years to a picture, and leave it unfinished. And therefore, if we are to have great men working at all, or less men doing their best, the work will be imperfect, however beautiful. Of human work none but what is bad can be perfect, in its own bad way.

The second reason is, that imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom,—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom,—is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.

Accept this then for a universal law, that neither architecture nor any other noble work of man can be good unless it be imperfect; and let us be prepared for the otherwise strange fact, which we shall discern clearly as we approach the period of the Renaissance, that the first cause of the fall of the arts of Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection, incapable alike either of being silenced by veneration for greatness, or softened into forgiveness of simplicity.

Thus far then of the Rudeness or Savageness, which is the first mental element of Gothic architecture. It is an element in many other healthy architectures also, as in Byzantine and Romanesque; but true Gothic cannot exist without it.

(From *The Stones of Venice.*)

Rochdale and Pisa.

Beautiful art can only be produced by people who have beautiful things about them, and leisure to look at them; and unless you provide some elements of beauty for your workmen to be surrounded by, you will find that no elements of beauty can be invented by them.

I was struck forcibly by the bearing of this great fact upon our modern efforts at ornamentation in an afternoon walk, last week, in the suburbs of one of our large manufacturing towns. I was thinking of the difference in the effect upon the designer's mind, between the scene which I then came upon, and the scene which would have presented itself to the eyes of any designer of the middle ages, when he left his workshop. Just outside the town I came upon an old English cottage, or mansion, I hardly know which to call it, set close under the hill, and beside the river, perhaps built somewhere in the Charles's times, with mullioned windows and a low arched porch; round which, in the little triangular garden, one can imagine the family as they used to sit in old summer times, the ripple of the river heard faintly through the sweetbriar hedge, and the sheep on the far-off wolds shining in the evening sunlight. There, uninhabited for many and many a year, it had been left in unregarded havoc of ruin; the garden-gate still swung loose to its latch; the garden, blighted utterly into a field of ashes, not even a weed taking root there; the roof torn into shapeless rents; the shutters hanging about the windows in rags of rotten wood; before its gate, the stream which had gladdened it now soaking slowly by, black as ebony, and thick with curdling scum; the bank above it trodden into unctuous, sooty slime: far in front of it, between it and the old hills, the furnaces of the city foaming forth perpetual plague of sulphurous darkness; the volumes of their storm clouds coiling low over a waste of grassless fields, fenced from each other, not by hedges, but by slabs of square stone, like gravestones, riveted together with iron.

That was your scene for the designer's contemplation in his afternoon walk at Rochdale. Now fancy what was the scene which presented itself, in his afternoon walk, to a designer of the Gothic school of Pisa—Nino Pisano, or any of his men.

On each side of a bright river he saw rise a line of brighter palaces, arched and pillared, and inlaid with deep red porphyry, and with serpentine; along the quays before their gates were riding troops of knights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield; horse and man one labyrinth of quaint colour and gleaming light—the purple, and silver, and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea-waves over rocks at sunset. Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and cloisters; long successions of white pillars among wreaths of vine; leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange: and still along the garden-paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, moving slowly, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw—fairest, because purest and thoughtfullest; trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art—in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save, the souls of men. Above all this scenery of perfect human life, rose dome and bell-tower, burning with white alabaster and gold: beyond dome and bell-tower the slopes of mighty hills, hoary with olive; far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp-cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summit into amber sky; the great sea itself, scorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles; and over all these, ever present, near or far—seen through the leaves of vine, or imaged with all its march of clouds in the Arno's stream, or set with its depth of blue close against the golden hair and burning cheek of lady and knight—that untroubled and sacred sky, which was to all men, in those days of innocent faith, indeed the unquestioned abode of spirits, as the earth was of men; and which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world;—a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God.

What think you of that for a school of design?

I do not bring this contrast before you as a ground of hopelessness in our task; neither do I look for any possible renovation of the Republic of Pisa, at Bradford, in the nineteenth century; but I put it before you in order that you may be aware precisely of the kind of difficulty you have to meet, and may then consider with yourselves how far you can meet it. To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree—subtle in touch and keen in sight: but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute of designing power. And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for it. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy: it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no design—without peace and pleasurableness in occupation, no design—and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of art, in the world, are of no use, so long as you don't surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled; impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs; but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless. (From *The Two Paths.*)

The So-called Christian.

But in order to put this question into any terms, one had first of all to face a difficulty—to me for the present insuperable,—the difficulty of knowing whether to address one's audience as believing, or not believing, in any other world than this. For if you address any average modern English company as believing in an Eternal life; and then endeavour to draw any conclusions from this assumed belief, as to their present business, they will forthwith tell you that 'what you say is very beautiful, but it is not practical.' If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as *un*believers in Eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from that unbelief,—they immediately hold you for an accursed person, and shake off the dust from their feet at you.

And the more I thought over what I had got to say, the less I found I could say it, without some reference to this intangible or intractable question. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knead down a certain quantity of once living clay into a level line, as in a brickfield; or whether, out of every separately Christian-named portion of the ruinous heap, there went out, into the smoke and dead-fallen air of battle, some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released. It made all the difference, in speaking of the possible range of commerce, whether one assumed that all bargains related only to visible property—or whether property, for the present invisible, but nevertheless real, was elsewhere purchaseable on other terms. It made all the difference, in addressing a body of men subject to considerable hardship, and having to find some way out of it—whether one could confidently say to them, 'My friends,—you have only to die, and all will be right;' or whether one had any secret misgiving that such advice was more blessed to him that gave than to him that took it.

And therefore the deliberate reader will find, throughout these lectures, a hesitation in driving points home, and a pausing short of conclusions which he will feel I would fain have come to;—hesitation which arises wholly from this uncertainty of my hearers' temper. For I do not speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselytizing temper, as desiring to persuade any one to believe anything; but, whomsoever I venture to address, I take, for the time, his creed as I find it; and endeavour to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of. Thus, it is a creed with a great part of the existing English people, that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do, and need to know. I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years; and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavour has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do; trust it, not in their own favourite verses only, but in the sum of all; trust it, not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of; but as a Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril. I was always encouraged by supposing my hearers to hold such belief. To these, if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which insisted on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice; from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more than the meat, and the body than raiment; and these, it once seemed to me, I might ask, without being accused of fanaticism, not merely in doctrine of the lips, but in the bestowal of their heart's treasure, to separate themselves from the crowd of whom it is written, 'After all these things do the Gentiles seek.'

It cannot, however, be assumed, with any semblance of reason, that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, composed of these religious persons. A large portion must always consist of men who admit no such creed; or who, at least, are inaccessible to appeals founded on it. And as, with the so-called Christian, I desired to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in life,—with the so-called Infidel, I desired to plead for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death. The dilemma is inevitable. Men must either hereafter live, or hereafter die; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope, and unconfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for death; and in mortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold himself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable; and will have all things ended in order, for his sleep, or left in order, for his awakening.

Nor have we any right to call it an ignoble judgment, if he determine to end them in order, as for sleep. A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but, as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know

few Christians so convinced of the splendour of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at Court: nor has the Church's most ardent 'desire to depart, and be with Christ,' ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons; and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with either purity of character or energy of hand. The shortness of life is not, to any rational person, a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him; nor does the anticipation of death, to-morrow, suggest, to anyone but a drunkard, the expediency of drunkenness to-day. To teach that there is no device in the grave, may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dulness; but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising: nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrong-doing in a moment redeemed; and that the sign of repentance, which purges the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain,—that it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, more probable, apprehension, that 'what a man soweth that shall he also reap'—or others reap,—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in darkness, but lies down therein.

(From *The Crown of Wild Olive.*)

The First Sight of the Alps.

Entered once into this mountain Paradise, we wound on through its balmy glens, past cottage after cottage on their lawns, still glistering in the dew.

The road got into more barren heights by the midday, the hills arduous; once or twice we had to wait for horses, and we were still twenty miles from Schaffhausen at sunset; it was past midnight when we reached her closed gates. The disturbed porter had the grace to open them—not quite wide enough; we carried away one of our lamps in collision with the slanting bar as we drove through the arch. How much happier the privilege of dreamily entering a mediæval city, though with the loss of a lamp, than the free ingress of being jammed between a dray and a tramcar at a railroad station!

It is strange that I but dimly recollect the following morning; I fancy we must have gone to some sort of church or other; and certainly, part of the day went in admiring the bow-windows projecting into the clean streets. None of us seem to have thought the Alps would be visible without profane exertion in climbing hills. We dined at four, as usual, and the evening being entirely fine, went out to walk, all of us—my father and mother and Mary and I.

We must have still spent some time in town-seeing, for it was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue,—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond,

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine. True, the temperament belonged to the age: a very few years,—within the hundred,—before that, no child could have been born to care for mountains, or for the men that lived among them, in that way. Till Rousseau's time, there had been no 'sentimental' love of nature; and till Scott's, no such apprehensive love of 'all sorts and conditions of men,' not in the soul merely, but in the flesh. St Bernard of La Fontaine, looking out to Mont Blanc with his child's eyes, sees above Mont Blanc the Madonna; St Bernard of Talloires, not the Lake of Annecy, but the dead between Martigny and Aosta. But for me, the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow, and their humanity; and I wanted, neither for them nor myself, sight of any thrones in heaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in heaven but the clouds.

Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,—I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

(From *Præterita.*)

For Ruskin's life, as has been indicated above, his own writings are the best and the fullest authority. A complete list of them is given in the *Bibliography of the Writings of John Ruskin*, by T. J. Wise (2 vols. 1889–93). The *Life and Work of Ruskin*, by his pupil and secretary, W. G. Collingwood (2 vols. 1893), may be called his official biography up to that date. Among the many works dealing with his ideas or attempting to analyse his teaching and influence may be named *Studies in Ruskin*, by E. T. Cook (1890); *Ruskin*, by Mrs Meynell (1900); *Ruskin, Social Reformer*, by J. A. Hobson (1898); *John Ruskin*, by Frederic Harrison (1902); and for a foreign view, *Le Mouvement Idéaliste et Social dans la Littérature Anglaise au 19me Siècle: John Ruskin*, by Jacques Bardoux (1900); and *Ruskin et la Réligion de la Beauté*, by R. de la Sizeranne (1897; English translation, 1900). A collected edition of the whole of Ruskin's works, including much material hitherto unpublished, began to be issued in 1903 under the supervision of his literary executors.

J. W. MACKAIL.

William Johnson Cory (1823–92), the son of a Devonshire squire, was born at Torrington, and till 1878, when he inherited an estate and assumed the name of Cory, was beloved and revered by his Eton pupils (including Sir Frederick Pollock and Lord Rosebery) as William Johnson. Schooled at Eton, he was a brilliant student at Cambridge and became a Fellow of King's; and for over quarter of a century (from 1845) was the most eminent of Eton masters. After his retirement (1878) he lived at Madeira and at Hamp-

stead. At Cambridge he had won the Chancellor's medal for an English poem on Plato; his sapphics and alcaics were pronounced by Munro 'the best and most Horatian' since Horace's own time. But it was his *Ionica* (1858; enlarged 1891) that revealed—at first only to a very limited circle—his unique gift as an English lyrist, 'Anteros' and 'Mimnermus in Church' having an especial charm. He wrote handbooks of Latin and Greek verse composition, defended Eton against the attacks of 'Jacob Omnium,' and published a suggestive and original (but debatable) *Guide to English History* from 1815 to 1835. A volume of extracts from his *Letters and Journals*, illustrating his attractive character and at times paradoxical opinions, was published in 1897.

Heraclitus.

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

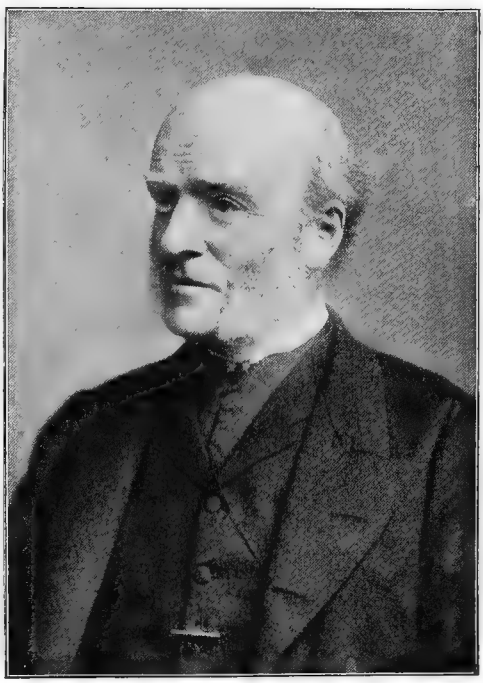
And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

(Translation from Callimachus—*Anthologia Græca*, vii. 80.)

James Robinson Planché (1796–1880), whose name suggests his Huguenot descent, was born in London, and curiously combined the professions of antiquary and official herald (Rouge Croix from 1854, Somerset Herald from 1866) with that of writer of burlesques and other pieces for the theatre. His first extravaganza, *Amoroso*, was produced at Drury Lane in 1818. In 1824 he wrote English words for Weber's *Der Freischütz*, in 1826 for *Oberon;* from this time on he produced over ninety adaptations or translations and more than seventy original pieces (some with collaborators). To the other side of his life-work belong two histories of British costume and a *Cyclopædia of Costume*, *Regal Records* (1838), *The Pursuivant of Arms* (1852; 3rd ed. 1874), and *The Conqueror and his Companions* (1874), besides his autobiographical *Recollections* (1872). The *Extravaganzas* (1879) fill five volumes.

Richard William Church (1815–90) was born at Lisbon, a nephew of Sir Richard Church (famous in the Neapolitan service and as generalissimo of the insurgent Greeks in 1827). He spent much of his boyhood in Italy, was a friend of Newman at Oxford, took a first-class from Wadham College, was elected a Fellow of Oriel, in 1853 became rector of Whatley near Frome, and as Dean of St Paul's from 1871 was a distinguished and revered representative of the High Church on its best side. Among his score of works, besides several volumes of sermons, were *Essays and Reviews* (1854), *The Beginning of the Middle Ages* (1877), and *The Oxford Movement* (1891); and books on Anselm and Dante, on Spenser and Bacon (in the 'Men of Letters' series). He was one of the founders of the *Guardian*. There is a Life of him by his daughter (1894).

Thomas Hughes (1823–96), born at Uffington, Berks, the son of a country squire, was educated at Rugby under Dr Arnold; studied at Oriel College, Oxford, 1841–45; was called to the Bar in 1848; and became a member of the Chancery Bar. His first literary venture, published anonymously, was *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1856), a story of boy-life at Rugby under Arnold's reign, based mainly on



THOMAS HUGHES.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

his own experiences and impressions. 'Tom' in the story was the story-teller's brother George; 'Arthur' was Stanley, afterwards Dean Stanley. The book achieved an instant popularity which has been well maintained, and despite some faults of emphasis and sentimentality it remains yet the best literary picture of English public school life. It was followed by *The Scouring of the White Horse* (1858); *Tom Brown at Oxford* (1861), a continuation of the 'Schooldays,' and, like most continuations, a failure; and *Alfred the Great* (1869). Hughes became a Q.C. in 1869, and a County Court Judge in 1882. He was closely associated with Maurice and Kingsley in their work amongst the London poor. In 1865–68 he represented Lambeth as a Liberal in Parliament; in 1868–74 he sat for Frome; and in 1880 he assisted in founding a settlement in the United States, of which *Rugby, Tennessee* (1881), is an account. He

also wrote *Memoirs* of his eldest brother, G. C. Hughes (1873), Lives of Daniel Macmillan (1882) and Bishop Fraser (1887), and *Vacation Rambles* (1895). He is buried at Brighton, and a statue of him was erected at Rugby in 1899.

Sir William Howard Russell, a professional and past master in that art of which Crabb Robinson was pioneer in a comparatively casual and amateurish manner, is perhaps the most conspicuous of English war-correspondents. Born at Lilyvale, County Dublin, in 1821, he joined the staff of the *Times* in 1843, and was called to the Bar in 1850. From the Crimea he wrote those famous letters (published in book-form in 1856) which opened the eyes of Englishmen to the sufferings of the soldiers during the winter of 1854–55, and greatly contributed to break down, in the interests of army efficiency and the well-being of the soldiers, an antiquated system of official routine. He witnessed and described the events of the Indian Mutiny. In 1860 he established the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he was still editor and chief proprietor in 1903; and in 1861 the Civil War drew him to America, where he provoked much resentment by an eminently outspoken account of the Federal defeat at Bull Run. He accompanied the Austrians during the war with Prussia (1866), and the Prussians during the war with France (1870–71); visited Egypt and the East (1874) and India (1877) as private secretary to King Edward, then Prince of Wales; and was with Wolseley in South Africa in 1879 and in Egypt in 1883. And he has travelled in Canada, the United States, and South America. Among his books are a novel, *The Adventures of Dr Brady* (1868); *Hesperothen* (1882); *A Visit to Chile* (1890); and *The Great War with Russia* (1895), an autobiographical record of Crimean experiences. Made LL.D., a Knight of the Iron Cross, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour, he received an English knighthood in 1895. The fearless and energetic correspondent did not escape the temptations of his less distinguished colleagues—to send home sensational and unverified impressions as facts; in aiming at picturesque style and flowing narrative, to luxuriate in too frequent and too strong purple patches; and in distributing praise and blame to generals and soldiers, to arrogate to himself all but infallible skill in strategy, tactics, and political combination.

William Hepworth Dixon (1821–79) was born at Great Ancoats, Manchester, and became a merchant's clerk, but soon determined to devote himself to a literary life. He had already written a good deal, and for a month or two had even edited a Cheltenham paper, when in 1846 he settled in London; and though in 1854 he was called to the Bar, he did not practise. A series of papers in the *Daily News* on 'The Literature of the Lower Orders,' and another on 'London Prisons,' attracted attention, the latter being republished in a volume issued in 1850. He had ere this written *John Howard, and the Prison World of Europe;* but it was with difficulty he could induce a publisher to accept it, yet when published (1850) it went through three editions in one year. Dixon now devoted himself principally to historical biography. His *William Penn* (1851) was called into existence by the onslaught made by Macaulay on the eminent Quaker, in which Dixon undertook, not without success, to disprove the great historian's charges. *Robert Blake, Admiral* (1852), and his *Personal History of Lord Bacon* (1860) were indeed popular, but failed to satisfy competent critics. For his various historical works, he from time to time undertook rather extensive researches in archives and amongst documents, and made some not inconsiderable finds; but he was liable to misapprehensions, and his most elaborate historical works were disfigured by frequent inaccuracies. From 1853 to 1869 Dixon was editor of the *Athenæum*. His books of travel, all bright and interesting, include *The Holy Land* (1865), *New America* (1867), *Free Russia* (1870), *The Switzers* (1872), *The White Conquest* (1875), and *British Cyprus* (1879). *Spiritual Wives*, dealing with Mormonism in a less polemical spirit than usual, he issued in 1868. Later historical works include *Her Majesty's Tower*, *The History of Two Queens* (Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn), and *Royal Windsor*. His novels, *Diana Lady Lyle* and *Ruby Gray*, issued in 1877 and 1878, are unimportant.

James Grant (1822–87) was born in Edinburgh, the son of an officer in the Gordons who was proud of his old Highland and Jacobite descent, and in 1832 sailed with his father for Newfoundland. Home again in 1839, he next year became an ensign in the 62nd Foot, but in 1843 resigned, and, after a spell of draftsmanship in an architect's office, turned to literature. Having contributed copiously to the *United Service Magazine* and the *Dublin University Magazine*, he in 1846 published his *Romance of War*, the first of a long series of romances and histories, illustrative mainly of the achievements of Scottish arms abroad. The novels abound in incident, glorify dauntless daring, and have a brisk and vigorous style without much literary charm. The histories are at times too picturesque and not historical enough. Of upwards of fifty novels the best known are *The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp; Frank Hilton, or the Queen's Own; Bothwell; The Yellow Frigate;* and *Harry Ogilvie;* but his latest stories were meant to illustrate the British occupation of Burma and the reconquest of the Soudan. Of his other works, *Old and New Edinburgh* had the largest sale. But he wrote Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange, of Montrose and other Scottish heroes, and books of battles on land and sea. Cardinal Manning received Grant into the Roman communion twelve years before his death.

The Songs and Ballads of Ireland.

In Ireland they who make the people's ballads do not exactly make the people's laws. But the ballad-writers have always been accurate and sympathetic exponents of popular sentiment. And in the nineteenth century the patriotic ballad has constituted a very considerable part of the total poetic production of Irish writers. What may be termed the political poetry of Ireland is purely English in form. It does not date much farther back than the era of the Volunteers; and the great period which followed that movement, the period of the Grattan Parliament, added singularly little to the ballad literature of Ireland. It was, indeed, only at the close of that era, in the convulsions of the rebellion, that the emotions of the masses began to be expressed in verses, often simple, sometimes rude, but always charged with patriotic feeling. The stirring events of those times gave opportunities for the production of that poetry of action and passion for which, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has noted in the preface to his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, the Celtic race have always had an intense relish. Of the earliest of these songs of the people many of the most successful have been the work of writers otherwise unknown, and some have been anonymous. Among the latter must be included the most characteristic example of the class to which it belongs 'The Wearin' o' the Green,' a ballad which has been called the National Anthem of Ireland, though it comes nearer perhaps to a dirge or a requiem than to an anthem. From the Union to the days of Catholic Emancipation the lyrical voice of Ireland was practically inarticulate, save for the exception—an immense exception of course—of Moore's Melodies. But the Melodies belong to a poetical category more formal and more self-conscious than the ballad. With the Repeal movement, however, the ballad impulse again made itself felt. In the hands of Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, and their colleagues of the *Nation* newspaper, a school of patriotic poetry, popular in form and feeling, was founded, which expressed with much power and concentration the national aspirations of the mass of Irishmen. The poetry of this period was at its best during the Young Ireland movement, and its most striking examples will be found in the collections compiled in the forties. Of these *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; *The Book of Irish Ballads*, edited by Denis Florence MacCarthy; *The Songs of Ireland*, edited by M. J. Barry; and *The Spirit of the Nation* are the best known, and the best. In all of these the dominant note is the note of patriotism, sometimes triumphant, sometimes chastened, now a pæan, more often a dirge. But the verses are invariably occupied with the same theme in its almost countless variations. Under the influence of Davis, and later of Ferguson, this national poetry became largely infused with an historical spirit, the writers seeking sometimes in the legend, more often in the actual chronicles of the country, fresh sources of inspiration, and the political ballad thus began to assume a more artificial tone, or at any rate a more elaborated style. Many examples of this kind of writing have already been given in this volume in the specimens of the poetry of Davis, Ferguson, Mangan, the Banims, and others (see pages 353–365). But the earlier poetry is for the most part simpler in form, and it is chiefly this which is illustrated here. After the middle of the nineteenth century the intense lyrical impulse which the Young Ireland movement had stimulated was greatly weakened. Certainly the movements of Irish latter-day politics have been less abundantly illustrated by Tyrtæan music, and the Fenian movement produced no poet and scarcely a song. But bards have not been wholly wanting. In such writers as Timothy D. Sullivan the traditions of 'Young Ireland' have been carried on, if not exactly maintained; and 'The Spirit of the Nation' may still be felt in them.

C. LITTON FALKINER.

The Wearin' o' the Green.

Oh Paddy, dear, an' did ye hear the news that 's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.
No more St Patrick's Day we 'll keep, his colour can't be seen,
For there 's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, 'How 's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?'
She 's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they 're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

An' if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed.
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod—
And never fear, 'twill take root there tho' under foot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their colour dare not show,
Then I will change the colour too I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, plaze God, I 'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

ANON.

The Shan Van Vocht

['The Little Old Woman'—a name for Ireland].

Oh! the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They 'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What should the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What colour should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been
But their own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Yes! Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

ANON.

The Memory of the Dead.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
And true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the strangers' heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit 's still at home.

The dust of some in Irish earth,
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast:
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that might can conquer right,
They fell, and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here 's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

JOHN K. INGRAM.

The Sea-divided Gael.

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic Sea;
Whether they guard the banner of St George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the sightless north experimental sails.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,
Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked Llewellyn's band;
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales,
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales,
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell,
And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell:
The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales
Before the advancing banner of the great Rome-conquering Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send;
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end;
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

T. DARCY M'GEE.

Fair is my Native Isle.

Fair is my native isle,
Proud is she too;
Sweet is her kindly smile,
Loving and true.
Exiled ones sigh for her,
Brave men would die for her,
Such love have I for her,
So would I do.

Dark has her story been
Down through long years;
Oft her sweet face was seen
Wet with sad tears;
Now all looks bright for her,
Now comes delight for her,
Freedom and right for her,
Placed 'midst her peers.

Far in the olden time
High was her fame;
Nations in every clime
Blest her dear name.
Peace comes once more to her,
Fame as of yore to her,
Each breeze wafts o'er to her
Praise and acclaim.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

Aubrey de Vere (1814–1902) belonged to a family remarkable for the development of the poetic faculty in many of its members. He was the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the well-known author of *Julian the Apostate*, *Mary Tudor*, and other dramatic and poetic works, and was born in County Limerick. De Vere was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he came much under the influence of the eminent mathematician and thinker, Sir William Rowan Hamilton. Brought up in a charming part of rural Ireland, and of a contemplative turn, De Vere was early attracted by the poetry of Wordsworth. He subsequently made the acquaintance of the poet, whom he visited at Rydal in 1841. Later he was much interested in theological questions, became the friend of Newman and Manning, and in 1851 joined the Church of Rome. In 1842 appeared De Vere's first work, *The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora*, a lyrical drama, which was followed in 1843 by *The Search after Proserpine*, and other poems. His father's death in 1846, the great famine of 1847, and the religious preoccupations of the succeeding years apparently diverted De Vere's thoughts for a time from poetry; but *Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred* (1853) bear obvious marks of his religious experiences. This volume was followed in 1857 by *May Carols*. It was not until 1861 that De Vere entered on that series of poems inspired by Irish subjects by which, despite the essentially Wordsworthian character of his temper and intellect, he is best known and for which he will be longest remembered. These poems present a curious combination of bardic and ecclesiastical mediævalism. This vein the poet worked in *Inisfail, a Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland* (1861), a poem intended to illustrate Irish history from the Norman Conquest to the era of the Penal Laws, and to 'embody the essence of a nation's history.' It was followed by *The Infant Bridal* (1864). In *Irish Odes* (1869) and *The Legends of St Patrick* (1872) De Vere again sought his materials in the same quarry; but *Alexander the Great* (1874) and *St Thomas of Canterbury* (1876) are semi-philosophical dramas. In *Legends of the Saxon Saints* De Vere sought with less success to apply to English themes the methods he had used in his Irish poems. De Vere's voluminous works were collected in six volumes in 1884, but he subsequently published *Legends and Records of the Church and Empire* (1887) and *Mediæval Records and Sonnets* (1893). A volume of *Selections* was published in 1890.

De Vere was all his life keenly interested in Irish affairs, and published several prose volumes on public questions, among which may be mentioned *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds* (1848) and *Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It* (1867). His more strictly literary prose writings were collected in *Essays, chiefly on Poetry* (1887), and *Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical* (1889). The long list of his publications closed with a volume of *Recollections* (1897), which contains many interesting memories of Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Newman, Manning, and others of the poet's most eminent contemporaries. De Vere's poetry moves on a high plane of ethical contemplation, and is brightened by a rich imagination; but he lacked the lyrical gift, and his best work is to be praised chiefly as possessing a grave austerity of thought and a stately dignity in its diction.

The True King, a Bard Song.

(A.D. 1399.)

He came in the night on a false pretence;
As a friend he came, as a lord remains:
His coming we noted not, when, nor whence;
We slept; we woke in chains.
Ere a year they had chased us to dens and caves;
Our streets and our churches lay drowned in blood;
The race that had sold us their sons as slaves
In our Land as conquerors stood!

Who were they, those princes that gave away
What was theirs to keep, not theirs to give?
A king holds sway for a passing day;
The kingdoms for ever live!
The Tanist succeeds when the king is dust:
The king rules all; yet the king hath nought:
They were traitors, not kings, who sold their trust;
They were traitors, not kings, who bought!

Brave Art-MacMurrough!—Arise, 'tis morn!
For a true king the nation waited long.
He is strong as the horn of the unicorn,
This true king who rights our wrong!
He rules in the fight by an inward right;
From the heart of the nation her king is grown;
He rules by right; he is bone of her might;
Her flesh, and bone of her bone!

The March to Kinsale.

(December A.D. 1601.)

O'er many a river bridged with ice,
Through many a vale with snowdrifts dumb,
Past quaking fen and precipice
The Princes of the North are come!

Lo ! these are they that year by year
Rolled back the tide of England's war ;
Rejoice, Kinsale ! thy help is near !
That wondrous winter march is o'er,
And thus they sang, 'To-morrow morn
Our eyes shall rest upon the foe :
Pass on, swift night, in silence borne,
And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow !'

Blithe as a boy on marched the host,
With droning pipe and clear-voiced harp ;
At last above that southern coast
Rang out their war-steeds' whinny sharp :
And up the sea-salt slopes they wound,
And airs once more of ocean quaffed ;
Those frosty woods ; the blue waves bound
As though May touched them, waved and laughed.
And thus they sang, 'To-morrow morn
Our eyes shall rest upon our foe :
Pass on, swift night, in silence borne,
And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow !'

Beside their watch-fires couched all night
Some slept, some danced, at cards some played ;
While chanting on a central height
Of moonlit crag, the priesthood prayed :
And some to sweetheart, some to wife,
Sent message kind ; while others told
Triumphant tales of recent fight,
Or legends of their sires of old.
And thus they sang, 'To-morrow morn
Our eyes shall rest upon the foe :
Roll on, swift night, in silence borne,
And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow !'

Dirge of Owen Roe O'Neill.

(A.D. 1649.)

So 'tis over. Lift the dead !
Bear him to his place of rest,
Broken heart and blighted head,
Lay the Cross upon his breast.

There be many die too late ;
There is one that died too soon :
'Twas not Fortune—it was Fate
After him that cast her shoon.

Toll the church bells slowly : toll !
God this day is wroth with Eire :
Seal the book and fold the scroll ;
Crush the harp and burst the wire.

Lords and priests, ye talked and talked
In Kilkenny's council hall ;
But this man whose game ye baulked
Was the one man 'mong you all !

'Twas not on the field he fell !
Sing his requiem, dark-stoled choir !
Let a nation sound his knell,
God this day is wroth with Eire.

The Graves of Tirconnel and Tyrone on San Pietro in Montorio.

Within St Peter's fane, that kindly hearth
Where exiles crowned their earthly loads cast down,
The Scottish kings repose, their wanderings past,
In death more royal thrice than in their birth.
Near them, within a church of narrower girth,
But, like it with dilated memories vast,
Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last.
The home the holiest spot save one on earth,
This is that mount which saw St Peter die !
Where stands yon dome stood once that Cross reversed.
On this dread hill, a western Calvary,
The Empire and the Synagogue accurst,
Clashed two ensanguined hands—like Cain—in one.
Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tirconnel and Tyrone !

The Little Black Rose.

The Little Black Rose shall be red at last ;
What made it black but the March wind dry,
And the tears of the widow that fell on it fast ?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh.

The Silk of the Kine shall reel at last ;
What drove her forth but the dragon-fly ?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn and her slow dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove is dead at last !
The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die !
This song is secret. Mine ear it found
In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

C. LITTON FALKINER.

John Mitchel (1815–75) is best known as a politician. But he has been admirably characterised by Mr Lecky as 'a man of great, but exclusively literary, ability;' and it is as a writer rather than as a politician that he will be longest remembered. Mitchel was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in Dungiven, County Londonderry. His early life was spent in Newry, where his father had a congregation for many years, and where he imbibed the strongly Nationalist views which, in the Ulster of his boyhood, were still the inheritance of the descendants of the men of '98. In 1830 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, but he did not take a degree. He became a solicitor, and practised first at Newry and later at Banbridge. He married, after a romantic elopement, a young lady of great beauty and good social position, Miss Jane Verner. In 1842 the current of Mitchel's life of professional routine was entirely changed by his becoming acquainted with the young patriot Thomas Davis (page 364). He became closely associated with the Young Ireland movement, and as a contributor to the *Nation* at once began to attract attention by the vigour of his writings. On the death of Davis (1845), Mitchel accepted a position on the staff of the *Nation*, and removed to Dublin. This is not the place in which to trace the stirring events of Mitchel's political career, which culminated in his conviction on a charge of treason-felony and a sentence of fourteen years' transportation. It is to his experiences as a political prisoner in Bermuda and at the Cape that we owe one of Mitchel's principal literary achievements, his *Jail Journal*—a work remarkable for the intense individuality it reveals, as well as for the great vigour of its style. This was followed by the most

vigorous and successful of his writings, *The Last Conquest of Ireland (perhaps)*, published in 1860 in New York, where he resided from his release from prison until shortly before his death. A more ambitious work, *The History of Ireland from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time*, has little literary and no historical merit. At the election of 1874 Mitchel was returned for Tipperary, but declared incapable of being elected. At a second election he was again chosen, but died at Newry before the petition presented against his return could be heard.

Mitchel was a vigorous and picturesque personality. Of the leaders of 'Young Ireland' he had, with the exception of Davis, the largest share of literary talent; and his writings, which in their style bear strong marks of Carlyle's influence, will always be valuable as illustrating the character of the movement with which he was so closely identified.

C. L. F.

Denis Florence MacCarthy (1817–82), a graceful and cultivated writer of poetry, was born in Dublin. Intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was educated at Maynooth. He early commenced to contribute verse to Dublin periodicals, and was one of the celebrated band of writers for the *Nation* whose influence on the Irish politics of their day was so remarkable. Among the fruits of his interest in the Young Ireland movement was a collection of Irish ballads, which he edited with much judgment and taste. In 1850 appeared his first volume of original verse, *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics*. This was followed by the *The Bell-Founder* (1857) and *Under-Glimpses*. Perhaps the work by which MacCarthy is best remembered is his ode on Thomas Moore, composed for the centenary of that writer. He was an accomplished Spanish scholar. His translations of Calderon have been highly praised, and he was awarded the medal of the Royal Academy of Spain in recognition of his work in this field. MacCarthy held for a short time the post of lecturer on English literature at the Catholic university in Dublin. In 1872 he published *Shelley's Early Life*, dwelling chiefly on the poet's visit to Ireland. His later years were spent in London. His health failed after 1864, and in 1871 he received a Civil List pension. A collected edition of poems, edited by his son, was published in 1884.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (1816–1903), poet, patriot, and publicist, was born in Monaghan. He was early attracted to journalism and to public affairs, and before he was of age was already the editor of a journal of some consequence in Belfast. In 1842, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation*, and thenceforward was the most active of the organisers of the Young Ireland movement. The story of Duffy's connection with Irish politics may be read in his admirable *Young Ireland, a Fragment of Irish History;* in *The League of North and South;* and in his *Life of Thomas Davis* (1890), in which he paid a warm and generous homage to the memory of his early associate. In 1852 he became member for New Ross; but, hopeless of effecting anything in Ireland, emigrated to Australia. Entering the Victorian legislature, Duffy exhibited remarkable parliamentary talents, and by 1871 had risen to be Premier of the colony. In 1873 he was knighted, and subsequently became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. His career in Australia is fully described in a volume of reminiscences, *My Life in Two Hemispheres* (1894). Retiring in advanced years from colonial politics, Duffy returned to Europe. He spent his latter days mainly at Nice, but paid frequent visits to London, where he became the founder and first president of the Irish Literary Society. Duffy was perhaps more remarkable for his power of inspiring others to work than for the merit of his own performances. He was from the first keenly alive to the value of literature as an instrument for promoting the political purposes to which he was attached. While at work on the *Nation* he was, with Davis, active in stimulating the publication of books on Irish history and literature, and was the originator of 'The Library of Ireland,' a popular series of books for the people on Irish history and literature. His collection of the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland* has enjoyed an immense popularity in Ireland and America; and he contributed some vigorous original verse to the columns of the *Nation*. In his old age Duffy endeavoured to revive the same class of literature, devising and for some time editing the 'New Irish Library.' But this series was much less successful than its predecessor. Shortly before his death he presented to the Royal Irish Academy a valuable collection of manuscripts connected with modern Irish history.

Though not a great writer, Duffy was a great journalist. His best work is buried in the files of the *Nation*. Few men exerted a wider influence in the Ireland of his day. In the verses he contributed to the *Spirit of the Nation* he expressed with considerable power and imaginative insight the ideas that lay at the root of the movement of which he was a principal author.

C. L. F.

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818–95), well known as a writer of hymns, was the daughter of Major Humphreys, an officer in the Royal Marines, and was born in County Wicklow. She was early attracted by the Oxford movement, and in conjunction with a lady friend published a series of tracts in which her first efforts in devotional poetry appeared. In 1846 Miss Humphreys published her *Verses for Holy Seasons*. This was followed in 1848 by *Hymns for Little Children*. For the latter work Keble wrote a preface. In 1850 she was married to the Rev. William Alexander, then a rector in the north of Ireland, and subsequently

Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Armagh (see below). Besides the works already mentioned, Mrs Alexander published several other volumes. But all that is best worth remembrance in her work has been collected in a single volume, *Poems by Cecil Frances Alexander*, edited by her husband after her death in 1895. She was the editor of a well-known collection in the 'Golden Treasury' series, the *Sunday Book of Poetry for the Young*. It is for her hymns that Mrs Alexander best deserves remembrance. Many of these have become popular far and wide; and such admirable examples of her genuine poetical talent as 'The roseate hues of early dawn,' 'There is a green hill far away,' and 'Jesus calls us o'er the tumult' will always retain their place in collections of English hymns. 'The Burial of Moses,' first published in the *Dublin University Magazine* (1856), is the best known of Mrs Alexander's pieces other than her hymns. Perhaps Mrs Alexander's chief gift was the power of blending vivid and picturesque imagery with devotional sentiment.

William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was born in 1824. Though his entire life has been passed in the service of the Church of Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr Alexander has, all through his career, evinced strong leanings towards literature. In 1867, not long before his elevation to the Irish episcopate, this bent was even strong enough to lead to his being a candidate for the chair of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Born in Londonderry, Dr Alexander was educated at Tunbridge School, and later at Exeter and Brasenose Colleges, Oxford, where he graduated in 1845. Though he had published no formal volumes of verse, he had, in his own phrase, been 'suspected all his life of poetry,' and was thus selected in 1853 to deliver the Inaugural Ode on the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. This poem is an unusually happy specimen of stately verse. Other commemorative poems in the same kind show a felicitous facility for commemorative verse; and Dr Alexander may be said to have the laureate faculty for ornate ceremonial poetry in a degree which all laureates have not attained to. In 1858 appeared *The Death of Jacob;* followed by *Specimens, Poetical and Critical* (1867); *Lyrics of Life and Light* (1878); and *The Finding of the Book*. In 1886 was published the author's most considerable volume of poetry, *St Augustine's Holiday, and other Poems;* and it is in this that the poet's best work will be found. A new edition, which appeared in 1900 under the title of *The Finding of the Book, and other Poems*, contains many poems not to be found in the earlier volume. Dr Alexander's prose, as those who know his eloquence are aware, is often poetry; but his poetry is certainly not prose. To a natural splendour of diction he unites a real imaginative vision and a sensibility which is from the heart. And if, to use the phraseology he has himself employed in his preface to *St Augustine's Holiday*, he had not been called to be 'a governor of the sanctuary and of the house of God,' the Irish Primate would certainly have become 'one of the brethren who prophesy with harps, and are instructed in the songs of the Lord.' As it is, a poet's temperament and a scholar's taste make themselves felt in all his verse. Besides the works mentioned, Dr Alexander has been the author in recent years of a number of poems published in the magazines and elsewhere, but not hitherto collected.

Appointed Bishop of Derry by the Crown in 1867, prior to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Dr Alexander was nearly thirty years later called by the votes of his brethren on the Episcopal bench to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of All Ireland.

C. L. F.

William Gorman Wills (1828–91), one of the most successful dramatists of the later half of the nineteenth century, was the son of the Rev. James Wills (see page 350), and was born in Dublin. Through his mother he was connected with the gifted families of Bushe and Plunket. He early exhibited a strong artistic bent, and, like his countryman Lover, his energies were first spent on painting, to pursue which art he seems to have abandoned his college career without taking a degree. His first effort in literature was a novel, *Old Times*, published in an Irish periodical, which showed promise of distinction. In 1862 Wills settled in London, where he took to writing for the magazines, and produced several stories, but without making any striking hit. Nor for some time was he more successful as a dramatist, in which capacity he made his first attempt in 1865 with *A Man and his Shadow*. The stimulus which was needed to make Wills do his best was supplied by his father's death, which threw on him the charge of his mother's support. He succeeded in 1871 in obtaining the appointment of dramatist to the Lyceum, and produced for that theatre in 1872 and 1873 *Medea in Corinth*, *Charles I.*, and *Eugene Aram*. The two last-named plays, with Sir Henry Irving in the leading rôles, achieved a wide popularity, and thenceforward Wills's fame was assured. A succession of plays followed, among which may be mentioned *Jane Shore*, *Buckingham*, *Nell Gwynne*, and the remarkably popular *Olivia*, in which Ellen Terry scored one of her greatest triumphs. Wills continued for nearly twenty years the profession of playwright, and maintained his popularity as a dramatist to the end of his life, in spite of an extraordinary carelessness in matters of business and an apparent indifference to fame. The number of his acted plays is as many as thirty-three. Besides his plays and his early stories Wills wrote a blank-verse poem, *Melchior*, of some merit, and he had a distinct facility as a song-writer. In this

last form of composition the familiar 'I'll sing thee songs of Araby' is his best-known effort.

Wills was a man of varied talent and singular personal charm, who, despite his remarkable success as a playwright, never did full justice to his powers. It will be long before the best of his plays cease to hold the stage. Few of them have been printed, and criticism is therefore difficult; but it is doubtful if many of them would bear reading. He has written little that will be remembered as literature, in spite of a turn for epigram and a remarkable facility of expression. This last quality was admirably illustrated in his definition of indecency, given on the spur of the moment, in cross-examination in a court of justice, which is perhaps the most familiar phrase Wills ever coined, 'That which would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, or excite strong passions in a man.'

C. L. F.

Dion Boucicault (1820?–90), actor and dramatist, was born in Dublin, but receiving his education in London at the hands of an uncle, his early years were passed mainly in England. Early evincing an aptitude for the stage, Boucicault joined his countryman Macready, and made his first appearance on the boards at Bristol in *Jack Sheppard*. His talents as an actor were of a high order, and he was considered by competent judges the best 'stage Irishman' of his generation. Acting plays quickly led by an easy transition to writing them. In 1841 *London Assurance*, a five-act comedy produced at Covent Garden by Charles Mathews, met with immediate success. It was followed by a rapid succession of pieces in which, without exhibiting many of the higher qualities of a dramatist, Boucicault gave proofs of remarkable adroitness as an adapter; and his pieces were always 'actable.' In 1860 he entered, in *The Colleen Bawn*, a play founded on Gerald Griffin's novel *The Collegians*, on the field of Irish melodrama, with which his name is chiefly associated. The *Colleen Bawn* was followed by a number of dramas with Irish titles, of which the best-known and most successful were *Arrah-na-Pogue* and *The Shaughraun*. Alike as actor and dramatist, Boucicault pursued for above forty years a brilliant, though not commercially prosperous, career. But though few playwrights of the nineteenth century have been more prolific, few authors of equal volume have written with so little distinction. He will be longest remembered by his Irish plays, which, though conventional in form, strike, in some scenes at least, a fairly high note of pathos.

C. L. F.

George John Whyte-Melville (1821–78) was born at Mount Melville close to St Andrews, the son of a Fifeshire laird. Educated at Eton, in 1839 he entered the Coldstream Guards; retired in 1849 as major; but during the Crimean War joined the cavalry of the Turkish contingent (1855–56). His literary work began with a verse translation of Horace (1850). From 1850 onwards he published over a score of novels, four or five of them historical, but the best devoted to fox-hunting, steeplechasing, and country-house life generally, subjects he knew so intimately as to be always beyond reproach on the score of accuracy—he was even a supreme arbiter on sporting matters. But his stories have a charm for those who rarely read sporting novels—the morale of his heroes, men and women, was higher than in many works of the kind; as stories they are lively and entertaining, the humour being better than the pathos; and some of his songs (such as 'Drink, puppy, drink') appeal to an equally



GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE.
From a Photograph by Mayall.

wide circle. Whyte-Melville met his death in the hunting-field, in the Vale of Aylesbury. Of his novels, the most popular were *Captain Digby Grand* (1853); *Kate Coventry* (1856); *Market Harborough* (1861); *Tilbury Nogo* (1861); *The Queen's Maries* (1862); *The Gladiators* (1863); *A Losing Hazard* (1870); *Satanella* (1873); *Katerfelto* (1876); *Black but Comely* (1879). *The True Cross* (1873) was a religious poem; his *Songs and Verses* were published in 1869.

John Francis Campbell (1822–85), of Islay, educated at Eton and Edinburgh University, held for a time an office at court, and was afterwards secretary to the lighthouse and coal commissions. An enthusiastic Highlander and profound Gaelic scholar, he is chiefly remembered by his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* (4 vols. 1860–62), a most important contribution to the study of folk-tales which greatly vivified Celtic studies in Britain, and made a subsequent 'Gaelic revival' possible.

Herbert Spencer.*

The dominating idea of modern thought is Evolution. With that idea the name of Herbert Spencer is indissolubly connected. Herbert Spencer was born at Derby on 27th April 1820. He owed much to his father. A teacher by profession, the elder Spencer was remarkably free from the pedagogic spirit. A believer in the spontaneity of nature, he did not make the mistake of James Mill in setting himself to make his son an intellectual prodigy. The boy was seven years old before he could read. In due course he was sent to school, but his progress was not marked; he was restless, inattentive, and by no means pliable. Even at that early age it was noted that his reasoning capacities were ahead of his powers of mental assimilation. Learning by rote was distasteful, and only when nature's methods were allowed to assert themselves did he make progress. Science, even as a boy, had for him a special charm. Young Spencer's domestic environment was particularly fitted to develop in him the element of individuality for which he was so markedly distinguished; all the topics of the day were discussed with freedom in the family circle, and reason rather than authority was the supreme court of appeal. In religion, young Spencer breathed the vigorous atmosphere of Dissent. His father, though at first a Methodist, joined the Quakers, while his mother retained her love for the Wesleyan persuasion. On Sunday morning the boy attended the Quakers' meeting with his father, and the Methodist Chapel with his mother in the evening. Strange to say, religion never took vital hold of Spencer. The present writer once asked him if he had ever undergone those religious convulsions which are associated with so many thinkers who have sprung from middle-class Dissenting families. His reply was that religion never appealed to him; his mind seemed to lie outside of the range of the current creed.

When he was thirteen years of age, Spencer's education was undertaken by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, perpetual curate at Hinton near Bath—a man of individuality, as may be gathered from the fact that he was a Radical in politics, an Anti-Corn-Law agitator, and a temperance advocate, rather a striking combination of qualities in a Church of England clergyman. The uncle hoped to fit his pupil for a university career; but his mind was not cast in that mould. Reluctantly the idea of a university career was abandoned; it was resolved to let the lad's tendencies follow their natural course. Spencer returned home rather uncertain as to his future. His father secured for him an assistantship in a school. His pedagogic career was cut short in 1837 by an offer from the resident engineer of the London division of the London and Birmingham Railway, then in progress of construction. As a civil engineer he was employed till the crisis which followed upon the great railway mania; railway construction came to a standstill, and the profession of civil engineer entered upon dark days. At the age of twenty-six Spencer found himself stranded; he returned to his home at Derby, and occupied his leisure in intellectual pursuit. In 1842, in *The Nonconformist*, appeared the first-fruits of his intellectual activity in the shape of a series of articles on 'The Proper Sphere of Government'—articles, it may be remarked, which contain the germs of his political philosophy. Possibly influenced by his success in his new sphere, he cast his eyes towards journalism, and in 1848 he was invited to the position of sub-editor of the *Economist* newspaper.

Mr Spencer found time in the midst of his journalistic work to study the deep problems of philosophy, science, and politics, which were disturbing the minds of nineteenth-century thinkers. In 1850 appeared *Social Statics*, in which he made an attempt to base the science of government on first principles. The fundamental thought of *Social Statics* is that society is an organism whose evolution is determined by laws. In societies he recognised a certain order of progress, from the simple to the complex; and as he pursued his studies he discovered the same order of development in other classes of phenomena, particularly in biology. The nucleus of the Spencerian philosophy is to be found in *Social Statics*, where, in the chapter entitled 'General Considerations,' it is stated as a biological truth that low types of animals are composed of many parts not mutually dependent, while higher animals are composed of unlike but mutually dependent parts. The same truth was observable in society; and thus Mr Spencer was led to the conclusion that the individual and the social organism follow the same line of development, the primary characteristic of which is integration and increase of definiteness—a characteristic which he also noted in mental evolution in his *Principles of Psychology*, published in 1855. Suddenly there arose in Mr Spencer's mind the conception that the law of development, which he had observed in separate classes of phenomena, was a universal law applicable to the entire Cosmos. In his essay on 'Progress, its Law and Cause' (1857), the subject is still further elucidated; though not till the publication of *First Principles*, in 1862, did Mr Spencer formulate in its full-orbed entirety the theory of Evolution. His life is mainly a record of the development of his ideas, or rather of the stages in the discovery of the fundamental idea in Evolution, and of his application of it as interpretative of the entire phenomenal world. The twelve years from 1850, when he published *Social Statics*, to 1862, when he came before the public with his theory of Evolution, were years of rapid intellectual development. He became a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, and came into contact with some of the leading writers of the day. George

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection "Evolution and Dissolution," page 589.

Eliot early recognised the genius of the rising philosopher, and steadily his reputation increased.

The great aim of science and philosophy has been to discover the laws of the Cosmos, and, if possible, to reduce them to one comprehensive all-embracing law. Mr Spencer's aim was to bring about by strictly scientific methods the unification of phenomena, to comprehend the Universe from a single point of view. By way of preliminary in his *First Principles*, he defines his position by refusing to attack the problem from the metaphysical side. Taking his stand upon Sir William Hamilton's exposition of the relativity of knowledge, he shows that, from the constitution of the human mind, knowledge of Absolute existence is impossible. Speculation in this direction he relegated to the Unknowable. According to Mr Spencer, the task which lies before philosophy is the unification of knowledge, the reduction of phenomena to one fundamental law. When he came to the problem, phenomena had been embraced within three great generalisations—the Nebular theory, the law of Gravitation, and Conservation or Persistence of Force. The Nebular theory deals with the primitive constitution of the Universe, Gravitation with the law which governs all existences, and the Conservation of Force with the dynamic conditions of the Cosmos. What Mr Spencer did was to take these three separate generalisations and fuse them into one by his theory of Evolution. According to him the Universe is one fact, the result of one great cosmical process—namely, the Redistribution of Matter and Motion. The problem before Mr Spencer was this: Given a Universe composed of a fixed quantity of Matter and Motion, conceived in harmony with the law of Gravitation as manifesting co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion, to trace the process by which the Cosmos was evolved from its nebulous to its present state. The process is summed up in the following uncouth but pregnant formula: Evolution is an integration of Matter and concomitant dissipation of Motion, during which the Matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained Motion undergoes a parallel transformation. This law holds good of all existences whatsoever. For convenience, phenomena are divided into sections—astronomy, geology, biology, psychology, and sociology; but the process is one, and the law of the process is one. Evolution is one in principle and in fact.

Mr Spencer's course was clear. Having formulated the law of the Cosmos in its totality, he had now to use the law to interpret and classify the various sections of phenomena in the order of their evolution. In a word, Mr Spencer set himself in his various works not only to unify but to interpret phenomena. In *First Principles* the inorganic evolution is outlined; and in the *Principles of Biology* Mr Spencer applies his evolution formula to the great problem of life, plant and animal. The key to this branch of the subject is found in his definition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner to outer relations. Given an environment gradually increasing in complexity, it follows that organisms, in order to survive, must in the process of adaptation also increase in complexity. Parts of the organisms restrict themselves to certain processes, and thus by a kind of division of labour structural and functional complexities result. By another process, that associated with the name of Darwin, unfit organisms perish in the struggle for existence; only those survive which adapt themselves to their environment. In the sphere of biology Mr Spencer shows that organic life conforms to the universal law of evolution—inasmuch as development from the humblest protoplasmic forms to the highest types, with all their structural and functional complexities, is from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous by means of successive integrations and differentiations. The *Principles of Biology*, published in 1867, in which the evolution view of organic life was elaborated in great detail, quite revolutionised the scientific attitude towards Nature.

In *Principles of Psychology*, though written before *First Principles*, evolution is shown to hold sway also in the world of mind. The starting-point of Psychology is Consciousness—not its ultimate nature, which is inscrutable, but its development. Mr Spencer finds Consciousness to take its rise in the recognition of likeness and unlikeness between primary states of feeling; he traces the reciprocal relations between mind and its environment, and notes the various stages in its evolution from the simplicity of primitive ideas to the complex intelligence of the civilised mind. In Psychology as in Biology, the one law of evolution holds good—from the simple to the complex through successive integrations and differentiations: instinct, memory, reason being all evolved in the mind by its efforts to adjust itself to its environment. A striking feature of Mr Spencer's Psychology is the attempt to close by his evolution theory the long dispute between the Experientialists and the Intuitionalists. Beliefs which had hitherto been accepted as necessary truths, and which the school of Mill had never been able to resolve into individual experiences, according to Spencer are beliefs which, though *a priori* to the individual, are *a posteriori* to the race. By some thinkers, however, the Spencerian theory is not accepted as a solution of the problem. They hold that the evolution of rationality presupposes the existence of reason, at least in the germ in the mind of primitive man. The neo-Hegelians in particular dissent from Mr Spencer's theory of the origin of necessary truths.

Another problem which the Spencerian psychology professes to have attacked successfully is that relating to External Perception. Taking his stand upon the doctrine of the relativity of Knowledge, Mr Spencer—unlike Mill, who landed in Idealism—reached an entirely original theory which he calls

Transfigured Realism. By means of this theory Mr Spencer endeavours to combine the fragments of truth which are to be found in the crude Realism of the average man and the subtle Idealism of Mill. Transfigured Realism has not received extensive recognition by contemporary thinkers. In like manner ethical evolution is handled. Moral codes, however complex, are traced back to primitive facts of consciousness, to elementary pleasures and pains. Here, as in the region of ideas, Mr Spencer endeavours to mediate between the Utilitarians and the Intuitionalists. The difficulty of the Utilitarians in dealing with moral feelings was to explain their origin in individual experiences of



HERBERT SPENCER.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

utility. According to the evolution view, experiences of utility organised and consolidated through all past generations of the human race have, by means of hereditary transmission, taken the form of moral intuitions—emotional responses to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in individual experiences of utility. In *Data of Ethics*, published in 1879, are laid down the principles which are applied in later volumes to the detailed interpretation of ethical phenomena. The conclusion reached is that ethical development is from the simple to the complex, and is conditioned by social development. From the tribal to the national stage a gradual process can be traced, caused by the ever-broadening sympathies of human nature in response to the increasing complexity of civilisation—a process which justifies the philosopher of evolution in forecasting a time when the entire human race will be bound by the tie of brotherhood.

In *Principles of Sociology*, the first volume of which appeared in 1877, the evolution formula is applied to the social organism. Society, like an organism, begins in a state of relative simplicity, and by a series of structural and functional changes reaches a state of relative complexity. From the primitive tribe to the highest form of civilisation the law of evolution holds good. Viewed in detail, society seems a mass of confused strivings among individuals; but when the economic, political, and ethical elements are duly focussed, the great evolutionary law is detected. Civilisation is seen to be a colossal process of adjustment, whereby man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature develops in all its marvellous complexity in response to an environment also increasing in complexity.

In *Political Institutions*, published in 1882, Mr Spencer details the growth of governments on the lines of his theory; and in his *Man versus the State* (1884) he applies to modern conditions his theory that State interference is an evil, and should be reduced to a minimum in the interests of individual and social progress. In both Sociology and Political Institutions Mr Spencer lays stress upon the great change which took place when civilisation entered upon the industrial stage. Under the military regime the active virtues receive prominence. When success in war was the highest glory goodness was identified with bravery and strength, and the feelings of hatred and revenge engendered by strife deadened the sympathies and prevented the higher forms of ethical life from developing. With the rise of Industrialism human development entered upon a new phase. On contrasting the characters of the men of to-day with those of their ancestors, we see that with pacific industry has come a growing independence, a decrease of personal loyalty, and less faith in governments. Along with that has come increased assertion of individuality and greater development of sympathy arising out of the decay of the warlike spirit.

Religion, too, with its varied beliefs and institutions, is exhibited as subject to the law of development, rising from ancestor-worship, through the elaborate cults of paganism to the highly complex organisations of modern times. And just as morality increases in purity with the increase of civilisation, more particularly with the increasing sway of Industrialism, so religion rises to higher and nobler conceptions of the Universe: beginning in ancestor-worship it culminates in Christianity, and shades off in the hands of philosophic thinkers into Pantheism. According to Mr Spencer there is a sphere for religion—the sphere of the Unknowable. This view of religion takes its rise in the Spencerian theory of Knowledge; positive Knowledge, it is contended, cannot satisfy the mind. Man is not content with tracing the Universe back to the Persistence of Force; for Science that is enough, but the philosopher and the religionist demand

an analysis of Force. Force is seen to be but a symbol of the Absolute, which, by virtue of the relativity of thought, man can never hope to apprehend. In this region the last word of the Spencerian philosophy is Agnosticism. The religious sentiment, according to Mr Spencer, will not be killed by science. The sense of mystery is deepened rather than weakened by increasing knowledge; scientific explanations leave man at last in presence of the inexplicable. 'One truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which the man of science can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.'

After forty years of toil, which resulted in several nervous collapses through overwork, Mr Spencer brought his system of philosophy to a conclusion. For twenty-four years he carried on his work at a loss. Fame came at last, and leisure was afforded him at Brighton, where he went to escape the distractions of London life, complete his system of philosophy, and round off his life-work by revising his earlier volumes, especially his *Principles of Biology* and *Principles of Psychology*, so as to bring them abreast of modern knowledge. Nearly all his works have been translated into French, German, and Russian, while several have found their way into the Polish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Greek, Japanese, and Chinese languages. Mr Spencer's influence is thus world-wide, and the historian of the nineteenth century will recognise in the philosophy of evolution the dominating factor in the higher reaches of scientific and speculative thought.

Evolution and Dissolution.

Here presents itself a final question which has probably been taking a more or less distinct shape in the minds of many. 'If Evolution of every kind is an increase in complexity and function that is incidental to the universal process of equilibration, and if equilibration must end in complete rest, what is the fate towards which all things tend? If the Solar System is slowly dissipating its forces—if the Sun is losing his heat at a rate which will tell in millions of years—if with diminution of the Sun's radiations there must go on a diminution in the activity of geologic and meteorologic processes as well as in the quantity of vegetal and animal existence—if Man and Society are similarly dependent on the supply of force that is gradually coming to an end; are we not manifestly progressing towards omnipresent death?' That such a state must be the outcome of the processes everywhere going on seems beyond doubt. . . . This dissolution of the Earth, and, at intervals, of every other planet, is not, however, a dissolution of the Solar System. Viewed in their *ensemble*, all the changes exhibited throughout the Solar System are incidents accompanying the integration of the entire matter composing it: the local integration of which each planet is the scene, completing itself long before the general integration is complete. But each secondary mass having gone through its evolution and reached a state of equilibrium among its parts, thereafter continues in its extinct state, until by the still progressing general integration it is brought into the general mass. And though each such union of a secondary mass with the central mass, implying transformation of molar motion into molecular motion, causes partial diffusion of the total mass formed, and adds to the quantity of motion that has to be dispersed in the shape of light and heat; yet it does not postpone the period at which the total mass must become completely integrated, and its excess of contained motion radiated into space.

Here we come to the question raised at the close of the last chapter—does Evolution as a whole, like Evolution in detail, advance towards complete quiescence? Is that motionless state called death, which ends Evolution in organic bodies, typical of the Universal Death in which Evolution at large must end? And have we thus to contemplate as the outcome of things a boundless space holding here and there extinct suns fated to remain for ever without further change?

To so speculative an inquiry, none but a speculative answer is to be expected. Such answer as may be ventured must be taken less as a positive answer than as a demurrer to the conclusion that the proximate result must be the ultimate result. If, pushing to its extreme the argument that Evolution must come to a close in complete equilibrium or rest, the reader suggests that, for aught that appears to the contrary, the Universal Death thus implied will continue indefinitely, it is legitimate to point out how, on carrying the argument still further, we are led to infer a subsequent Universal Life.

(From *First Principles*.)

Science and Religion.

Under one of its aspects, scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity; where there seemed absolute inertness it discloses intense activity; and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvellous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discovers in so-called 'brute matter' powers which but a few years before the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible; as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aerial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which, translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses, are retranslated a thousand miles off by another iron plate and again heard as articulate speech when the explorer of nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts—when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars—when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions; the conception to which he tends is much less that of a Universe of dead matter than that of a Universe everywhere alive; alive if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense. . . .

Science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an

increasing capacity for wonder. Among savages, the lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilised art: astonishing the traveller by their indifference. And so little of the marvellous do they perceive in the grandest phenomena of nature that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick; but it is the biologist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speck of protoplasm under the microscope shows him life in its simplest form, and makes him feel that, however he formulates its processes, the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer-stalker climbing the mountains above him does a Highland glen rouse ideas beyond those of sport and of the picturesque; but it may, and often does, in the geologist. He, observing that the glacier-bound rock he sits on has lost by weathering but half an inch of its surface since a time far more remote than the beginnings of human civilisation, and then trying to conceive the slow denudation which has cut out the whole valley, has thoughts of time and of power to which they are strangers. Nor is it in the primitive peoples who supposed that the heavens rested on mountain-tops, any more than in the modern inheritors of their cosmogony who repeat that 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' that we find the largest conceptions of the Universe, or the greatest amount of wonder excited by contemplation of it. Rather, it is in the astronomer, who sees in the Sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our Earth might be plunged without touching its edges, and who by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger.

Hereafter as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment. At present the most powerful and most instructed mind has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolising in thought the totality of things. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other division, even rudely, to conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena; and supposing him to have adequate knowledge of each, yet he is unable to think of them as a whole. Wider and stronger intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their totality. . . . By future more evolved intelligence the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible altogether, with an accompanying feeling as much beyond that of the present cultured man as his feeling is beyond that of the savage. And this feeling is not likely to be decreased but to be increased by that analysis of Knowledge which, while forcing him to agnosticism, yet continually prompts him to imagine some solution of the great enigma which he knows cannot be solved. Especially must this be so when he remembers that the very notions, origin, cause, and purpose are relative notions belonging to human thought, which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought; and when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without meaning when applied to this Ultimate Reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which he can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.

(From *Ecclesiastical Institutions.*)

There is an *Epitome* of the synthetic philosophy by Collins (new ed. 1897), *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* by Fiske (1874), and books on Mr Spencer and his philosophy by Hudson (new ed. 1894), A. D. White (1897), and the present writer (1900), besides German works by Fischer (1875), Michelet (1891), Kindermann (1884), Grosse (1890). And there are criticisms by Guthrie (1882), M'Cosh (1885), Watson (1895), and Ward (1899). Mr W. H. Hudson's book contains a complete list of Mr Spencer's writings.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland (1826–80), the 'Frank Buckland' of his friends and his readers, and son of the geologist Dean Buckland, was one of the keenest and kindliest observers of animals and their ways, and had a singular gift of making his subjects popular and attractive. He was born at Christ Church College, Oxford, his father being then canon of Christ Church; was educated at Winchester and Christ Church; and after five years' study of medicine at St George's Hospital, London, served for nine years as assistant-surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards (1854–63). From his boyhood he had manifested an enthusiastic delight in natural history. He contributed largely to the *Times* and *Field*, becoming one of the staff of the latter in 1856; in 1866 he started his own *Land and Water*. He was also author of *Curiosities of Natural History* (4 vols. 1857–72), *Fish-hatching* (1863), *Logbook of a Fisherman and Zoologist* (1876), *Natural History of British Fishes* (1881), and *Notes and Jottings from Animal Life* (1882). He was also a frequent and popular lecturer. He took a great interest in fish-culture, and at his own cost established under the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, a 'Museum of Economic Fish-culture.' In 1867 he was appointed inspector of salmon-fisheries for England and Wales, a post that suited him perfectly; in 1870 special commissioner on the salmon-fisheries of Scotland, and in 1877 on the Scotch herring-fisheries. In spite of the place of his birth, he was essentially anti-academic in mind and ways. As his geniality and unconventionality in personal habits bordered on roughness, so in his writings his plain speech and heartiness of manner tended to carelessness and looseness in style; but almost everything he wrote shows the result of fresh, sagacious, and original observation, conveyed in an entertaining manner. On the other hand, it should be noted that he was not a man of science in the modern sense; he rather despised pedantic precision; he was capable of disregarding or defying the experts, and not seldom either made mistakes or used terms so loosely as to mislead. Thus he would call a narwhal's teeth its horns, and speak of a marsupial carrying its young in a pocket of its stomach; and he was to the end a steady and unyielding anti-Darwinian. See his Life by G. C. Bompas (1885).

Matthew Arnold,*

whose distinction as a poet was equalled by his distinction as a critic, was the eldest son of Dr Thomas Arnold, headmaster (1827–42) of Rugby School. He was born on 24th December 1822 at Laleham on the Thames. From his fifteenth to his nineteenth year he was under his father's care at Rugby, where in June 1840 was recited his schoolboy poem 'Alaric in Rome,' a composition somewhat Byronic in manner, which gave no certain promise of his future powers. In that year he obtained a scholarship at Balliol College, and in 1841 was in residence at Oxford. A year later his father died, but the memory and the influence of Dr Arnold remained always with his son to prompt and cheer him in the path of duty, to deepen and control his character, possibly also to expose him to certain trials which attend intellectual veracity in a time of intellectual transitions. He was unaffected by the Oxford High Church movement, but felt the personal charm of J. H. Newman; and the charm of the old collegiate city and the surrounding country refined and nourished his imagination. Among his friends were Clough and Stanley, J. D. Coleridge and J. C. Shairp. His Newdigate verses on 'Cromwell' are of no higher merit than that which a creditable prize-poem commonly exhibits. In 1844 he took a second-class at his final examination in classics, and in the following year was elected to an Oriel fellowship. For a short time Matthew Arnold taught at Rugby under Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1847 he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council, and in 1851 entered on that career of inspector of schools to which a great part of his life was intelligently and conscientiously devoted. He believed, perhaps rightly, that the school-inspector did much to wear down and wear out the poet that was within him. In the year of his appointment to these new duties he married the daughter of Mr Justice Wightman. It was an eminently happy marriage.

Two years previously had appeared *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*, by 'A.'; it attracted little attention, and was speedily withdrawn by the author from circulation. Yet the volume contained much that is beautiful and characteristic of Arnold at his best. The poem which gives its name to the slender collection is a dialogue between a youth who has drunk of Circe's cup, the enchantress, and that 'spare, dark-featured, quick-eyed stranger,' Ulysses; it is touched with melancholy in the contrast between the happy vision of all things which the gods possess and the vision of men, into which pain and trouble enter. The verse is unrhymed and irregular, a form much affected—perhaps under the influence of Goethe—by Arnold, and produced with an uncertainty of ear which, surprising the reader with metrical beauty succeeded by strange failures, often leaves the impression of something hazardous and experimental. The sonnets of this volume, seldom regular in form, are distinguished by originality of idea and a fine poise of feeling. But the most admirable poems are 'Mycerinus,' which tells of the just Egyptian king, doomed to death, who would fain seek a refuge from reflection in revelry, and yet below his revelry consults with his own soul and is wise; that pathetic idyl of the sea-sands and the sea, a kind of domestic tragedy under the waves, 'The Forsaken Merman,' a poem now familiar to all readers of modern literature; and 'Resignation,' a piece of meditation, characterised by that 'sad lucidity of soul' of which it speaks, and lacking only that higher lucidity which is joyous.

Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems, by 'A,' followed in 1852, and, before fifty copies had been sold, this also was withdrawn from circulation. It seemed to the author, as a critic of his own work, that the painful emotion of his Empedocles, unrelieved by action, was no suitable material for a poem. Happily the rigour of his theory yielded in 1867 to the expressed desire of Robert Browning, and the poem was then republished. The versified philosophy of Empedocles, as he moves upward to fling himself into the crater of Etna, includes noble stanzas, but a critical Polonius might justly assert that 'This is too long.' The songs of the young harp-player, Callicles, have magical beauty and sometimes the finest music; yet even here the music of Arnold's verse is uncertain. The volume contained 'Tristram and Iseult,' a poem in three parts, which fails where there is a demand for ardour of passion, but becomes gracious and delicate in the third part where Iseult of Brittany, resigned rather than happy, sits by the seaside and beguiles her children with the tale of Merlin and Vivian. Some lyrics of elaborated beauty—and Matthew Arnold often attained simplicity through elaboration—accompanied the longer poems, among which appeared 'A Summer Night' and certain love-poems of foiled affection, real or imaginary, with Switzerland for their scene. The admirable 'Memorial Verses' and 'Stanzas in Memory of the Author of "Obermann"' do honour to some of the chief literary masters of Arnold's mind—Goethe, Wordsworth, Sénancour—and raise criticism to veritable poetry.

A year later—1853—appeared a volume of *Poems*, partly republished, partly new, and the public was now for the first time attentive and duly impressed. A Preface in prose took the withdrawal from circulation of *Empedocles on Etna* as the occasion for setting forth some central principle of the poetic art, and for insisting on the supreme importance of unity in a work of art as contrasted with scattered brilliancies and beauties. The most remarkable new poems were the epic episode 'Sohrab and Rustum,' derived from Ferdusi's 'Shah-Nameh,' and the beautiful 'Scholar-Gipsy,' suggested by Glanvill's story of an Oxford student who quitted his studies to join himself to the crew of outlandish wanderers. The landscape of Oxfordshire and of

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the Thames valley is rendered in the latter of these poems with exquisite feeling. 'Sohrab and Rustum,' the story of a great chieftain who slays his son in single combat, each unknown to the other until the fatal wound has been given, is written in blank verse of sustained dignity, and is inspired by a passionate pathos, rare in this passionate quality among the poems of Arnold. In a second series of *Poems*, published in 1855, was included an epic treatment of a fragment of Norse mythology, 'Balder Dead.' Balder, beloved of the gods, has been undesignedly slain by the blind Hoder; the adventurous efforts to recover Balder from the realm of the dead make up the main



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A
(Fred Hollyer, Photo.)

part of the narrative. It was impossible to give the subject, which strains the power of imaginative belief without always supporting it, an interest equal to that of 'Sohrab and Rustum.'

After his thirty-third year Arnold's stream of poetry, from the first pure rather than affluent, dwindled; but in *Merope* (1858) he made a sustained and deliberate effort, which in its design was admirable. His purpose, as he tells his reader in an interesting preface, was to try how much of the effectiveness of the poetical forms of the Greek tragedy he could retain in an English poem constructed under the conditions of those forms. The story of Merope was not ill chosen; it had been handled in drama by Maffei and by Alfieri in Italy, by Voltaire in France. Æpytus, the son of Merope, avenges, after many years have passed, the murder of his royal father upon the tyrant Polyphontes; the situations are impressive; the characters, in the hands of a true dramatic poet, might be of deep and tragic interest. But Matthew Arnold's poem is constructed, not inspired; it lacks life; it is a death-mask, not without a certain dignity, taken from the face of Greek tragedy. The rhymeless choruses are often equally devoid of spirit and of tone.

In 1867 appeared *New Poems*, Arnold's last considerable gift to the admirers of his poetry. And the contents of the volume were not all 'new,' for it reprinted the early 'Empedocles on Etna' and other pieces from among those of 1852. Yet of the new poems some were unsurpassed by any earlier work of their author. 'Thyrsis,' a monody to commemorate Arthur Hugh Clough, is perfect in its classical grace and its association of personal feeling with the loveliness of English landscape. If we receive no impression of Clough's character from it, neither do we learn much respecting Edward King from Milton's *Lycidas*. 'A Southern Night' laments the loss of the writer's brother, who died on his way home from India. 'Rugby Chapel' is a noble characterisation of the poet's father, and of his special services to the world. 'Heine's Grave' is the poetry of criticism, but the image of England as the 'Weary Titan' rises to something higher than this. The deep-thoughted and pathetic 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse' had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* as early as 1855. With this volume Matthew Arnold's period of poetical creation may be said to have closed; but at rare intervals in later years some piece of verse appeared which proved that he still possessed the inspiration and the accomplishment of song. In 1882 his 'Westminster Abbey,' to write which he was moved by the burial of Dean Stanley in the Abbey, showed that his power as a poet, at least in moments of deep feeling, was not abated.

As a poet, Matthew Arnold's chief masters were the Greek epic, dramatic, and elegiac writers—Goethe, Wordsworth. But Goethe had a higher spirit of wisdom and Wordsworth had a higher spirit of joy than he. Arnold himself described poetry as a criticism of life; assuredly from his own poetry a body of such criticism can be derived, and it is sometimes criticism which may be questioned or gainsaid. Through many of his more intimate personal poems runs the contrast between the life whose springs are inward, of the soul, and the life of division and distraction, of fever and unrest, which is drawn hither and thither by the influences of the world, its pleasures and passions, its business, greeds, ambitions, casual attractions, conflicting opinions, and trivial cares and strifes —drawn hither and thither by these; and not by these alone, but also by all the various objects that claim our purer sympathies from day to day, and the various intellectual lights and cross-lights that lead us or mislead us away from the true objects of the soul. Especially in these latter days of ours, when no dominant faith or doctrine of life imposes itself on the minds of men, when there is around us a chaos of creeds, and when men lie open through their finer intellectual sensitiveness to so many diverse influences, it is difficult to find one's true way.

To lose one's soul means for Matthew Arnold to live a life without unity, a life of cares, hopes, fears, desires, opinions, business, passions which arise and wane with the accidents of each successive day and hour. To live too fast, to be perpetually harassed, to be dulled by toil, to be made wild with passion, to adapt ourselves to every view of truth in turn and never to see truth with lucidity and as a whole, to yield to the chance allurements of the time and place and never to possess our souls before we die—this is the condition of many of us, especially in these days of crowded and hurrying action, these days of moral trouble and spiritual doubt, and it is no better than a death in life. On the other hand, to be self-poised and harmonious, to 'see life steadily and see it whole,' to escape from the torment of conflicting desires, to gain a high serenity, a wide and luminous view —this is the rare attainment of chosen spirits and the very life of life. How may the evil be avoided? —how may the good be reached and held fast? Not by any external aids, replies Matthew Arnold, not by any outward machinery of life, not by creeds that fail and philosophies that fade and pass away; not thus, but by insight and by moral vigour, by rallying the good in the depths of ourselves—

The aids to noble life are all within.

Such is Arnold's stoical moral teaching; and the experience of mankind in all ages declares that through action, through passion, are we educated, and that the aids to noble life are not all, are not chiefly, within. But the 'criticism of life' in his poems served his generation by presenting with a sad fidelity certain of its moral and spiritual troubles, and by suggesting some palliatives of its pain. His touch cannot heal, but in some degree it fortifies and it consoles. Matthew Arnold's melancholy and his resistance to that melancholy appear only in his verse. As a prose writer, while he is at heart serious, his temper is buoyant, his spirit is high, his intellectual confidence is entire; he has charming airs of authority or condescension, and can employ with a grave purpose mockery, banter, irony. But setting aside the remarkable prefaces to two volumes of poetry, as a prose-writer he was unknown until 1859, when his pamphlet, *England and the Italian Question*, appeared. In 1857 he was elected to the professorship of Poetry, Oxford, and was re-elected for a term of five years in 1862. Towards the close of his first term of office was published a slender volume, three lectures *On Translating Homer*, to which a fourth lecture, *On Translating Homer: Last Words* (1862), formed a kind of appendix. This is an admirable piece of criticism, for Matthew Arnold knew Homer well, felt the special qualities of Homer's genius, and had an adequate acquaintance with the English translations with which he deals. The test of a good translation will be found in the answer to the question, 'Is it acceptable to scholars?' And scholars will before all else require that a translation should be penetrated by certain Homeric qualities—Homer is eminently rapid; he is eminently plain and direct, both in the substance of his thought and its expression; he is eminently noble. Homer's style is indeed 'the grand style,' which arises in poetry 'when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.' The application of these principles to the translations of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and more recent writers is full of detailed instruction; but Arnold arrives in the close at the strange conclusion that the happiest medium for Homeric translation is the English hexameter, a conclusion which is by no means reinforced by ineffective examples from his own hand.

The lectures *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, delivered in 1866, and, after publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*, collected into a volume in 1867, form a work which is full of interesting views and stimulating thought; but it is not, and could not be, a work of authority. Here Arnold wrote as an ingenious amateur, but without more than a superficial acquaintance with his subject. The book illustrates in a striking way the weaker side of its author's criticism of literature. He censured the English criticism of the early part of the nineteenth century because it did not know enough, but this was precisely his own defect. His own ideas are always interesting and are often valuable, and he plays with these, hovering above his subject; but he does not always possess his subject. It is not merely that his scholarship is insufficient; he lacks that patient receptivity which is the condition of adequate criticism. He wrote on Celtic literature, and knew too little to write as a master. He attempted Biblical criticism, and his scholarship was painfully inadequate. He wrote essays on French literature which are full of charm; but he does not seem to have known French literature sufficiently, or to have had a feeling for what is best and most characteristic in it, and his good fortune was that he relied much upon so painstaking a guide as Sainte-Beuve. But all that he possessed he animated with his own delightful intellectual vitality. In each province of criticism he contributed illuminating ideas. If he had not adequate knowledge, he had fine instincts, and a *vivida vis* which in itself is of high worth. And this volume on Celtic literature is not only written in the happiest temper, but lights up his subject with inspiring thoughts which do not always accompany a more thorough scholarship than his. It pleads for a sympathetic spirit and a spirit of sanity in the study of things Celtic; endeavours to determine the character of the Celtic genius—'sentiment, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect;' and makes interesting conjectures as to the elements contributed by the Celtic genius to the literature of England.

The *Essays in Criticism* published in 1865, and somewhat enlarged in subsequent editions, is perhaps the most fruitful in ideas and the happiest in its choice of subjects of all his prose writings. It urged the need of literary criticism, disinterested in spirit and well informed, as a real and important need of the time. It uttered a warning in the essay on 'Academies' against provinciality in thought and in style, and pleaded for a culture which should be of the centre. The study of Maurice de Guérin assigned that minor writer too high a rank, but it was an occasion for expounding Arnold's own thoughts on the interpretative power of poetry by virtue of 'natural magic' or 'moral profundity.' That of Heine presented him less as a poet or a wit than as a gallant soldier in the war of intellectual liberation. The contrast between pagan and mediæval religious sentiment, as seen in Theocritus and in St Francis, showed the breadth of Arnold's sympathies. To Joubert, viewed as a French Coleridge, an importance was given which was out of proportion to his actual claims. But the essay on Spinoza, though it dealt slightly with that great thinker, dealt rightly as far as it went; and that on Marcus Aurelius was written as if Arnold—which was rare—had fully possessed his subject. Some caprices of opinion showed that the writer was not himself always at the centre; some vivacities of utterance, here and elsewhere, showed that his good taste was not infallible; but the spirit of partisanship was notably absent, and the style was delightfully animated without the aid of rhetorical heightening. Seldom had a volume of critical studies appeared in which the play of ideas was so stimulating or so graceful.

During these years Arnold contributed largely as a specialist—but a specialist who was also a humanist possessed by liberal views—to the literature of education. In 1859 he acted as an Assistant Commissioner on Education in investigating the systems of instruction on the Continent, and again he went abroad with a like purpose in 1865. Such works as his *Popular Education in France* (1861), *A French Eton* (1864), *Schools and Universities on the Continent* (1868), and the *Reports on Elementary Schools*, collected after his death and edited by Sir F. Sandford, can hardly be said to enter into general literature, yet they were important aids to English culture. The remarkable Introduction to the first of these volumes, afterwards reprinted in *Mixed Essays* with the title 'Democracy,' pleaded on behalf of a high ideal in matters of education to be maintained by the action of the State.

That Introduction involved some criticism on English society, to the defects of which Arnold was keenly alive. To point out those defects and suggest possible remedies seemed to him to be the truest form of patriotism. Such criticism widened its scope, and touched on politics as well as manners and morals, in the volume entitled *Culture and Anarchy*, made up of articles collected in 1869 from the *Cornhill Magazine*. Arnold hoped little from institutions and external machinery as serving the cause of social development, though one institution, the Church of England, he valued highly as an organisation for the promotion of 'goodness.' He desired in this volume to reach something deeper than institutions. It was a plea for 'culture' as the great help out of our present difficulties; 'culture being a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best that has been thought and said in the world; and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow staunchly but mechanically.' This culture is an inward operation, and its results—expressed in words borrowed from Dean Swift—are, above all else, 'sweetness and light.' Our aristocracy, whom Arnold names 'the Barbarians,' are materialised; our middle class, the 'Philistines,' are vulgarised; our populace is brutalised; and with each class the pursuit of our total perfection is unthought of and almost unknown. Civilisation, as the later essay on 'Equality' explains, advances along several lines; it proceeds by the power of intellect and science, by the power of beauty, by the power of social life and manners, by the power of conduct. The Hebraism of the English character has taken conduct, which is three-fourths of life, into its charge; but were it not well if this Hebraism entered into an alliance with that more liberal conception of human perfection at which Hellenism aims? In all this there was, indeed, nothing new; the same doctrine had been set forth for Germany by Goethe; but Arnold's preaching was timely, and though his panacea of 'culture' provoked not a few sceptical smiles, he served the cause of true progress by turning, to repeat his own words, a stream of free thought upon our stock notions and habits. *Friendship's Garland* (1871), a little volume the greater part of which had appeared as letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1866–70), may be regarded as a sequel, gay but serious, to the graver attack on Philistinism, and especially on Philistinism in alliance with Arnold's friends the political Liberals, of *Culture and Anarchy*. Here he is a slinger of stones at Goliath, and some of the missiles are skilfully aimed. An imaginary Arminius von Thunder-ten-Tronckh is the critic of English society. The book is wittily in earnest; but the persiflage is sometimes excessive or a little too obvious; and while the volume deserved to be republished as an exposition of Arnold's thought and an example of his raillery, judicious readers will hardly censure the writer for declining to permit its republication during his lifetime.

With *St Paul and Protestantism* (1870) opened a series of writings in which Matthew Arnold aspired to play the part of a critic of religion and of the Bible. Its object was to deliver the spiritual teaching of St Paul, as Arnold conceived this, from the accretions of dogma, and especially

Puritan, Calvinistic, and 'Evangelical' dogma, with which it had been encrusted. 'The three essential terms of Pauline theology,' he writes, 'are not as popular theology makes them: *calling*, *justification*, *sanctification*; but are rather these: *dying with Christ*, *resurrection from the dead*, *growing unto Christ*'—which words he would interpret in a way differing widely from the interpretation of the Churches. Religion he understood as morality touched with enthusiasm; God he understood as the stream of tendency in thoughts and things which makes for righteousness. The Hebraism that was in him made him feel the supreme importance of preserving religion; his Hellenism compelled him to turn a fresh stream of thought—as he believed—on the current notions of religion. In *Literature and Dogma* (1873) and *God and the Bible* (1875) he continued to pour new wine into old bottles, and old wine into new bottles, and to some readers, although Matthew Arnold was never more serious, it looked too like a juggler's trick. To deliver religion from false accretions—this was a noble aim; to urge that the Bible should be read as literature rather than as a storehouse of texts for the elaboration of dogma—this too was legitimate and was desirable. But Matthew Arnold was not qualified by knowledge for trustworthy criticism of the Bible; and the singular thing was that by applying literary tact to the interpretation of the Bible, he arrived at results which no disinterested critic, regarding the Bible merely as literature, could accept as approximating to the actual meanings of the writers. He found in the sacred writings what he desired to find, precisely as did the popular and dogmatic interpreters whom he condemned. The series of writings on religion was closed by editions of the authorised version of Isaiah, the work of one who, as a Hebraist, was not well equipped for his task; and by *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877), which included an elaborate but far from trustworthy criticism of Bishop Butler. The value of these writings lies in Arnold's deep feeling for the ethical side of religion, his deep sense of what is beautiful in character and admirable in conduct.

In *Mixed Essays* (1879) Arnold returned to literature, but politics divides the volume with literature. The essay on Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, and that on George Sand have the fine critical discernment of the writer's earlier studies, and more warmth of feeling than is always present in what he wrote; two essays of much inferior interest reported the opinions of Scherer on Milton and on Goethe, with comments of Arnold's own. The politics of Arnold consisted largely in the presentation of high ideals to British Liberalism, and the rebuke of the actual Liberal party which the presentation of such ideals involved. He pleaded especially for the spirit of amiability as well as the spirit of justice in the treatment of Ireland. Here his master was Edmund Burke, from whose writings he compiled a volume of selections. But as to the actual forces in contemporary Ireland, Arnold did not take the pains to inform himself aright. *Irish Essays, and Others* (1882), attempt to indicate how England and English civilisation may be made attractive to Ireland. The critic did not sufficiently grasp the fact that common interests, and, among these, interests of a material kind, are the surest bonds between peoples under a common government. But all that he has written is generously conceived and of a high intention.

In 1883–84 Matthew Arnold visited America as a lecturer; and as a lecturer, partly owing to the ineffectiveness of his delivery, he was not successful. The *Discourses in America* (1885) are three—an appreciation of Emerson; a plea for the humanities in culture and education; and a discourse entitled 'Numbers,' which declares that the salvation of society in every country depends upon the minority, the little 'remnant' of those who are good—that in countries of small population this remnant is impotent, but that the numbers of America justify a hope that there the remnant may be efficient against the evil majority.

In 1886 Arnold resigned his position as an inspector of schools. Through the influence of Gladstone, whom he had not regarded as a friend, he received a pension 'as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England.' But the end was now at hand. On 15th April 1888, while in Liverpool, he died of heart disease, and almost in a moment. The place of burial was Laleham, his place of birth.

A second series of *Essays in Criticism* (1888) was brought together after Arnold's death. It included studies of Wordsworth and of Byron previously prefixed to volumes of Selections which he had made; an essay on the Study of Poetry; short articles on Gray and Keats contributed to Mr Ward's *English Poets*; a review suggested by the *Life of Shelley*; and other contributions to periodicals. Several of these are rich in wise thought, but Arnold's ethical feeling for literature preponderates unduly over his feeling for beauty. Two volumes of his *Letters*, published in 1895, exhibit his character in a most amiable light in all his domestic relations; he is not, however, among the great letter-writers of England; his judgments of public persons are often unjust, and his anticipations of the course of public events are often strangely erroneous. Yet the *Letters* bring us into a happy intimacy with Arnold. His gifts in prose and verse to our literature are enhanced in value by our knowledge of a noble character and a life devoted to high ideals.

To a Friend.

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?—
He much, the old man, who, clearest-soul'd of men,
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.

Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him. But be his

My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

The Death of Sohrab.

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain-side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon;—he flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

(From *Sohrab and Rustum.*)

Dover Beach.

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The Song of Callicles.

Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes.
The grass is cool, the seaside air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain-flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.
And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills;
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes!
They had stay'd long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamity
Over their own dear children roll'd,

Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman; yet of old
The Gods had to their marriage come,
And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood, but were rapt, far away,
To where the west-wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain-lawns; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

(From *Empedocles on Etna.*)

From 'Thyrsis.'

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-william with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days.
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

Paganism.

I have said a great deal of harm of paganism; and, taking paganism to mean a state of things which it is commonly taken to mean, and which did really exist, no more harm than it well deserved. Yet I must not end without reminding the reader that before this state of things appeared there was an epoch in Greek life—in pagan life—of the highest possible beauty and value. That epoch by itself goes far towards making Greece the Greece we mean when we speak of Greece—a country hardly less important to mankind than Judæa. The poetry of later paganism lived by the senses and understanding; the poetry of mediæval Christianity lived by the heart and imagination. But the main element of the modern spirit's life is neither the senses and understanding, nor the heart and imagination; it is the imaginative reason. And there is a century in Greek life—the century preceding the Peloponnesian war, from about the year 530 to the year 430 B.C.—in which poetry made, it seems to me, the noblest, the most successful effort she has ever made as the priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live. Of this effort, of which the four great names are Simonides, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, I must not now attempt more than the bare mention; but it is right, it is necessary, after all I have said, to indicate it. No doubt that effort was imperfect. Perhaps everything, take it at what point in its existence you will, carries within itself the fatal law of its own ulterior development. Perhaps, even of the life of Pindar's time, Pompeii was the inevitable bourne. Perhaps the life of their beautiful Greece could not afford to its poets all that fullness of varied experience, all that power of emotion, which

> 'the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world'

affords the poet of after-times. Perhaps in Sophocles the thinking-power a little overbalances the religious sense, as in Dante the religious sense overbalances the thinking-power. The present has to make its own poetry, and not even Sophocles and his compeers, any more than Dante and Shakspeare, are enough for it. That I will not dispute; nor will I set up the Greek poets, from Pindar to Sophocles, as objects of blind worship. But no other poets so well show to the poetry of the present the way it must take; no other poets have lived so much by the imaginative reason; no other poets have made their work so well balanced; no other poets, who have so well satisfied the thinking-power, have so well satisfied the religious sense:

'Oh! that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth, of which Heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old.'

Let St Francis—nay, or Luther either—beat that!

(From 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment' in *Essays on Criticism.*)

The English Mind.

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre-eminent degree; they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for; but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty; and, if we are judged favourably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are, no doubt, these: energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times; everybody will feel that. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times; at any rate, they strikingly characterise them as compared with us; I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that. I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set-off against this; all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree.

Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in poetry;—and we have Shakspeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in science;—and we have Newton. Shakspeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry these requisites are very important; and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long-run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

(From 'The Literary Influence of Academies' in *Essays on Criticism.*)

The Celtic Genius.

Sentimental—*always ready to react against the despotism of fact;* that is the description which a great friend of the Celt gives of him. And it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt; but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure;* hence his admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively petty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, crosiers, relic-cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament; but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All which emotion alone can do in music the Celt has done; the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs; but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again—poetry which the Celt

has so passionately, so nobly loved; poetry where emotion counts for so much, but where reason, too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much—the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius; but even here his faults have clung to him, and have hindered him from producing great works such as other nations with a genius for poetry—the Greeks, say, or the Italians—have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it; but the true art, the *architectonicé* which shapes great works, such as the *Agamemnon* or the *Divine Comedy* comes only after a steady, deep-searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill; but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics! The skilful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilisation, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, or at least sensuous; loves bright colours, company, and pleasure; and here he is like the Greek and Latin races. But compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinised) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilisation sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baiæ, the sensuousness of the Latinised Frenchman makes Paris; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favourite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises; the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians*, became unpopular because 'the knives of his people were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet.' In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be?—just what the Latinised Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon.

And as in material civilisation he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. 'They went forth to the war,' Ossian says most truly, '*but they always fell.*'

(From *A Study of Celtic Literature.*)

Philistines and Barbarians.

The same desire for clearness, which has led me thus to extend a little my first analysis of the three great classes of English society, prompts me also to make my nomenclature for them a little fuller, with a view to making it thereby more clear and manageable. It is awkward and tiresome to be always saying the aristocratic class, the middle-class, the working-class. For the middle-class, for that great body which, as we know, 'has done all the great things that have been done in all departments,' and which is to be conceived as chiefly moving between its two cardinal points of Mr Bazley and the Rev. W. Cattle, but inclining, in the mass, rather towards the latter than the former—for this class we have a designation which now has become pretty well known, and which we may as well still keep for them, the designation of Philistines. What this term means I have so often explained that I need not repeat it here. For the aristocratic class, conceived mainly as a body moving between the two cardinal points of Lord Elcho and Sir Thomas Bateson, but as a whole nearer to the latter than the former, we have as yet got no special designation. Almost all my attention has naturally been concentrated on my own class, the middle-class, with which I am in closest sympathy, and which has been, besides, the great power of our day, and has had its praises sung by all speakers and newspapers. Still, the aristocratic class is so important in itself, and the weighty functions which Mr Carlyle proposes at the present critical time to commit to it must add so much to its importance, that it seems neglectful, and a strong instance of that want of coherent philosophic method for which Mr Frederic Harrison blames me, to leave the aristocratic class so much without notice and denomination. It may be thought that the characteristic which I have occasionally mentioned as proper to aristocracies—their natural inaccessibility, as children of the established fact, to ideas—points to our extending to this class also the designation of Philistines; the Philistine being, as is well known, the enemy of the children of light, or servants of the idea. Nevertheless, there seems to be an inconvenience in thus giving one and the same designation to two very different classes; and besides, if we look into the thing closely, we shall find that the term Philistine conveys a sense which makes it more peculiarly appropriate to our middle-class than to our aristocratic. For *Philistine* gives the notion of something particularly stiff-necked and perverse in the resistance to light and its children, and therein it specially suits our middle-class, who not only do not pursue sweetness and light, but who prefer to them that sort of machinery of business, chapels, tea meetings, and addresses from Mr Murphy and the Rev. W. Cattle, which makes up the dismal and illiberal life on which I have so often touched. But the aristocratic class has actually, as we have seen, in its well-known politeness, a kind of image or shadow of sweetness; and as for light, if it does not pursue light, it is not that it perversely cherishes some dismal and illiberal existence in preference to light, but it is seduced from following light by those mighty and eternal seducers of our race which weave for this class their most irresistible charms—by worldly splendour, security, power and pleasure. These seducers are exterior goods, but they are goods; and he who is hindered by them from caring for light and ideas is not so much doing what is perverse as what is natural.

Keeping this in view, I have in my own mind often indulged myself with the fancy of putting side by side with the idea of our aristocratic class, the idea of *the Barbarians*. The Barbarians, to whom we all owe so much, and who reinvigorated and renewed our worn-out Europe, had, as is well known, eminent merits; and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudice against them which prevails among the races of Latin origin. The Barbarians brought with them that staunch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at any rate, a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors; and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood. The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field-sports; and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises; the vigour, good looks, and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means—all this may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing—what is this but the beautiful commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? In some Barbarian noble, no doubt, one would have admired, if one could have been then alive to see it, the rudiments of Lord Elcho. Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly: it consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomplishments, prowess; the chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones: they were courage, a high spirit, self-confidence. Far within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had, from the circumstances of their life, no access. Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same thing now in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly; all the exterior graces and accomplishments, and the more external of the inward virtues, seem to be principally its portion. It now, of course, cannot but be often in contact with those studies by which, from the world of thought and feeling, true culture teaches us to fetch sweetness and light; but its hold upon these very studies appears remarkably external, and unable to exert any deep power upon its spirit. Therefore the one insufficiency which we noted in the perfect mean of this class, Lord Elcho, was an insufficiency of light. And owing to the same causes, does not a subtle criticism lead us to make, even on the good looks and politeness of our aristocratic class, the one qualifying remark, that in these charming gifts there should perhaps be, for ideal perfection, a shade more *soul?*

I often, therefore, when I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle-class, name the former, in my own mind, *the Barbarians;* and when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, 'There,' I say to myself, 'is a great fortified post of the Barbarians.'

(From *Culture and Anarchy.*)

There is an elaborate bibliography of Matthew Arnold's works by Mr T. Burnett Smart (1892), and several selections have been issued. Two volumes of his *Letters* were edited by Mr G. W. E. Russell in 1895; and a volume of extracts from his *Note-books*, with a Preface by Mrs Wodehouse, was published in 1902. There are books on him by Professor Saintsbury (1899) and by Mr Herbert W. Paul (1902); and essays in Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* (1898), in Mr L. E. Gates's *Three Studies in Literature* (1899), in Mr Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates* (1900), and in Mr W. H. Hudson's *Studies in Interpretation* (New York, 1896).

EDWARD DOWDEN.

Frederick Locker-Lampson (1821–95) was born at Greenwich Hospital, of which his father was secretary and civil commissioner. Educated at several private schools, he proved no very apt scholar, and in 1837 was placed in a Mincing Lane office; in 1841 he got a clerkship at Somerset House, and in 1842 a still more congenial post at the Admiralty. About this time he developed a faculty for making verses, somewhat after the manner of Praed; but it was not till, after his first marriage, he had quitted official life that he made his name widely known as a writer of unusually bright and clever *vers de société* by his *London Lyrics* (1857), collected from the various papers in which they had appeared. This volume had before the end of the century been reprinted in Britain and America nearly a score of times, some of the editions having illustrations by Richard Doyle, George Cruikshank, and others. It was supplemented by more *London Lyrics* in 1881 and by *London Rhymes* in 1882, both series privately printed. The Rowfant Club in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S., published a volume of his later verses, called *Rowfant Rhymes*, in 1895, with a Preface by Mr Austin Dobson. Mr Locker-Lampson published also two anthologies—*Lyra Elegantiarum* (1867), described as 'a collection of some of the best social and occasional verse of deceased English authors,' and *Patchwork* (1879), a book of extracts. In 1850 he married a daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, who died in 1872; and in 1874 the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, an American who settled in England as a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. After his second marriage he lived mainly at his father-in-law's house of Rowfant, near East Grinstead in Sussex, where he collected a famous library of Elizabethan and other rare books; and in 1885 he added the name of Lampson to his own. *My Confidences* (1896) is autobiographical.

To my Grandmother.—Suggested by a Picture by Mr Romney.

Under the elm a rustic seat
Was merriest Susan's pet retreat
To merry-make.

This Relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?

By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a Bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala—
If Romney's touch be true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, 'Come!'

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Fair Sorceress in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this Lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow;
By-and-by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine;
Well I wot
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit—
Would she not?

Ah perishable clay!
Her charms had dropt away
One by one:
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, 'Thy
Will be done.'

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

O if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
You 'll all the better please
Grandpapa.

At her Window.

Ah, minstrel, how strange is
The carol you sing!
Let Psyche who ranges
The garden of spring,
Remember the changes
December will bring.

Beating Heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating;
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone! Oh hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song thou trancèd thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest . . .

See Locker-Lampson's *My Confidences* (1896), edited by his son-in-law, Mr Augustine Birrell, who married his daughter by the first marriage, Lionel Tennyson's widow; and the article by Mr Austin Dobson in the supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1901).

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore (1823–96) was born at Woodford in Essex, the son of Peter George Patmore, who edited the *Court Journal*, 'read' for a publisher, contributed largely to the magazines, and wrote, besides other books, *My Friends and Acquaintances* (1854), three volumes of literary reminiscences. The boy, educated privately, had thoughts of taking orders, but naturally drifted into literary work, and in his twenty-first year published a volume of narrative poems (1844) which were not too kindly received. Though bought up and destroyed ere a hundred and fifty copies had been sold, this publication secured for him the acquaintance of Rossetti, Woolner, and the pre-Raphaelites. In 1846, through the friendly offices of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), he obtained an appointment as an assistant librarian in the British Museum; and when he retired from the Museum in 1865, was within measurable distance of the headship in his department. He wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *North British*, and other serials; contributed in 1850 two poems and a prose essay to the pre-Raphaelite *Germ;* and in 1853 ventured once more to publish a volume of poems, *Tamerton Church Tower*, which contained revised versions of some of those that had

first appeared in 1844, and shows traces of the mysticism which bulked so largely in his later work. The acceptance this volume met with encouraged him to publish, but anonymously, in 1854 and 1856 (as *The Bethrothal* and *The Espousals*), the first two sections of what is, under the name of *The Angel in the House*, by far his best-known poem, to which were added in 1860 and 1863 *Faithful for Ever* and *The Victories of Love*. In virtue of its sincere, tender, and exquisite presentation of holy domestic love, the *Angel in the House* was greeted with enthusiasm by the poet's friends, Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, and



COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE.
From a Photograph by Barrauds.

Carlyle, and secured immediate and unusual popularity with the great public. It was largely inspired by Patmore's beautiful and accomplished first wife, daughter of a Congregational minister, whom he married in 1847, and who died in 1862. Two years later Patmore entered the Roman Catholic communion, and was followed by his three sons and three daughters; in 1865 he married a second time, and erelong bought an estate near Uckfield in Sussex, which he so improved as to be able to sell it for £27,000. Then he settled at Hastings, where, after the death of his second wife in 1880, he built a splendid Roman Catholic church. The home of his last years was at Lymington. He had married a third time in 1881.

The Unknown Eros, and other Odes (1877), was a collection of upwards of forty odes combining Catholic mysticism and fervent devotion, which in their elaborate rhythms sharply contrasted with the simple verse of the *Angel*. With *Amelia* (1878), a perfect little idyl, was published a profound and suggestive 'Study of English Metrical Law.' *Principle in Art* (1889) and *Religio Poetæ* (1893) are collections of essays and other contributions to journals and reviews; *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower* (1895) contains apophthegms and meditations, many of them exceptionally profound and searching, all of them admirably worded, on the religious truths nearest the poet's heart. Patmore's work, at once powerful and graceful, suffered from his inability to criticise and prune what he had written. The narrative poems are, as narratives, tedious; the *Angel in the House* would have had more vitality but for its *longueurs*. But there and in all his work there are subtle and suggestive thoughts exquisitely uttered, pictures of wonderful fascination, emotions in words perfectly framed and fitted to touch the deepest chords of human hearts. In his character Patmore was neither the merely amiable paterfamilias of the *Angel* nor the meek mystic of the *Unknown Eros*, but an energetic, masterful, self-assertive, and combative personality, cherishing and defending many strong prejudices, and as a Roman Catholic by no means disposed to unhesitating obedience. His interests were many, but his sympathies, literary and other, far from wide.

In a Wood.

'Twas when the spousal time of May
Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths.
And air 's so sweet the bosom gay
Gives thanks for every breath it breathes.
When like to like is gladly moved,
And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,
'Let those love now who never loved;
Let those who have loved love again;'
That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,
Lay stretch'd within a lonely glade,
Abandon'd to delicious thought
Beneath the softly twinkling shade.
The leaves, all stirring, mimick'd well
A neighbouring rush of rivers cold,
And, as the sun or shadow fell,
So these were green and those were gold;
In dim recesses hyacinths droop'd,
And breadths of primrose lit the air,
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd
And gather'd perfumes here and there;
Upon the spray the squirrel swung,
And careless songsters, six or seven,
Sang lofty songs the leaves among
Fit for their only listener, Heaven.

(From *The Angel in the House.*)

Wind and Wave.

The wedded light and heat,
Winnowing the witless space,
Without a let,
What are they till they beat
Against the sleepy sod, and there beget
Perchance the violet!
Is the One found,
Amongst a wilderness of as happy grace,

To make Heaven's bound ;
So that in Her
All which it hath of sensitively good
Is sought and understood
After the narrow mode the mighty Heavens prefer?
She, as a little breeze
Following still Night,
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas
Into delight ;
But, in a while,
The unmeasurable smile
Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent
With darkling discontent ;
And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,
And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,
T'ward the void sky-line and an unguess'd weal;
Until the vanward billows fee
The agitating shallows, and divine the goal,
And to foam roll,
And spread and stray
And traverse wildly, like delighted hands,
The fair and fleckless sands ;
And so the whole
Unfathomable and immense
Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach
And burst in wind-kiss'd splendours on the deaf'ning beach,
Where forms of children in first innocence
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbow'd crest
Of its untired unrest.

(From *The Unknown Eros.*)

The Year.

The crocus, while the days are dark,
Unfolds its saffron sheen ;
At April's touch, the crudest bark
Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might ;
While slowly swells the pod
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The Winter falls ; the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars ;
The snow-drift heaps against the hut,
And night is pierc'd with stars.

In 1862 Patmore edited, with his first wife's help, the anthology called *The Children's Garland;* in 1877 he edited and largely supplemented his friend B. W. Procter's *Autobiography* (page 227), and in 1884 edited the poems of his own son, Henry John Patmore (1860–83). *Florilegium Amantis* (1888) was a selection from his poems by Dr R. Garnett; *Poems of Pathos and Delight* was another (1895), by Mrs Meynell. In 1900 Mr Basil Champneys, who designed the memorial church at Brighton, published a Life of Patmore in two volumes.

Sydney Thompson Dobell (1824–74) was born at Cranford in Kent, whence his father, a wine-merchant, removed that same year to London, and in 1835 to Cheltenham; with Gloucestershire and with his father's business Sydney's whole after-life was connected. Under the influence of a sect of 'Freethinking Christians' founded by Samuel Thompson, his maternal grandfather, he developed a hothouse precocity, and at fifteen became engaged to the girl whom he married at twenty. He never quite recovered from a severe illness (1847); and the chief events of his life were visits to Switzerland, Scotland, Cannes, Spain, and Italy, in quest of health for himself or his wife. He died at Barton End House, among the Cotswold Hills. His principal works are *The Roman*, a dramatic poem by 'Sydney Yendys' (1850); *Balder, Part the First* (1854); *Sonnets on the War*, written in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1855); and *England in Time of War* (1856). The first and the last had a success to wonder at. For though some of his lyrics are pretty, though his fancy is sparkling and exuberant, his poems are often superfine, grandiose, transcendental; and save to unusually sympathetic readers, it seems that 'spasmodic' or some equivalent epithet does hit them off better than comparison either with Shelley or with Donne.

The Ruins of Ancient Rome.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages : like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.
Rank weeds and grasses,
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest,
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battlefield,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begirt with years,
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.

(From *The Roman.*)

The Mystery of Beauty.

Loveliness
Is precious for its essence ; time and space
Make it not near nor far nor old nor new,
Celestial nor terrestrial. Seven snowdrops
Sister the Pleiads, the primrose is kin
To Hesper, Hesper to the world to come !
For sovereign Beauty as divine is free ;
Herself perfection, in herself complete,

Or in the flowers of earth or stars of heaven;
Merely contained in the seven-coloured bow
Circling the globe, and still contained in each
Of all its raindrops. . . .
Love strong as death
Measures eternity and fills a tear;
And beauty universal may be touched
As at the lips in any single rose.
See how I turn toward the turf, as he
Who after a long pilgrimage once more
Beholds the face that was his dearest dream,
Turning from heaven and earth bends over it,
And parts the happy tresses from her brow,
Counting her ringlets, and discoursing bliss
On every hint of beauty in the dear
Regained possession, oft and oft retraced,
So could I lie down in the summer grass
Content, and in the round of my fond arm
Enclose enough dominion, and all day
Do tender descant, owning one by one
Floweret and flower, and telling o'er and o'er
The changing sum of beauty, still repaid
In the unending task for ever new,
And in a love which first sees but the whole,
But when the whole is partially beloved
Doth feast the multitude upon the bread
Of one, endow the units with no less
Than all, and make each meanest integer
The total of my joy. (From *Balder*, Scene **xxiv.**)

Keith of Ravelston.

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
'Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!'

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

(From 'A Nuptial Eve,' in *England in Time of War.*)

Professor Nichol edited Dobell's collected poems in 1875, and his prose works in 1876 as *Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion.* The *Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell* appeared in 1878; and there is a Memoir by W. Sharp prefixed to his selected poems (1887).

Alexander Smith (1830–67), born at Kilmarnock, but brought up at Paisley and Glasgow, became, like his father, a pattern-designer, and sent occasional poems to the *Glasgow Citizen.* His *Life Drama* appeared in the *London Critic* (1851), and in 1853 was reprinted in a volume of which ten thousand copies were sold. A reaction soon set in, and the poet had scarcely found himself famous when he began to be fiercely assailed. The faults of his book were obvious enough; every page bore tokens of immaturity and extravagance; while a somewhat narrow reading having passionately attached him to Keats and Tennyson, their turns of expression reappeared here and there in his verse, and the cry of plagiarism was of course raised. With all his defects, Alexander Smith has always a richness and originality of imagery that more than atone for them; and few poets since Shakespeare's day have written occasional lines with a more Shakespearian ring. In one of Miss Mitford's letters we read: 'Mr Kingsley says that Alfred Tennyson says that Alexander Smith's poems show fancy, but not imagination; and on my repeating this to Mrs Browning, she said it was exactly her impression.' In 1854 Smith was appointed Secretary to Edinburgh University, and continued his literary pursuits. He joined with Sydney Dobell in writing a series of War Sonnets; he contributed prose essays to some of the periodicals; and in 1857 he published *City Poems*, in 1861 *Edwin of Deira.* His prose works, which show poetic feeling and have not a little poetic charm, include *Dreamthorp*, a volume of essays (1863); *A Summer in Skye* (1865); and *Alfred Hagart's Household* (1866), a semi-autobiographical story of Scottish life. He edited, with a good Memoir, Burns's *Poems* (1865), and Howe's *Golden Leaves from the American Poets* (1866).

Autumn.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,

Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers. (From *A Life Drama.*)

The Canker in the Rose.

A little footpath quivers up the height,
And what a vision for a townsman's sight!
A village, peeping from its orchard bloom,
With lowly roofs of thatch, blue threads of smoke,
O'erlooking all, a parsonage of white.
I hear the smithy's hammer, stroke on stroke;
A steed is at the door; the rustics talk,
Proud of the notice of the gaitered groom;
A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls.
Beside the ancient sluice that turns the mill
The lusty miller bawls;
The parson listens in his garden-walk,
The red-cloaked woman pauses on the hill.
This is a place, you say, exempt from ill,
A paradise, where, all the loitering day,
Enamoured pigeons coo upon the roof,
Where children ever play.—
Alas! Time's webs are rotten, warp and woof;
Rotten his cloth of gold, his coarsest wear:
Here, black-eyed Richard ruins red-cheeked Moll,
Indifferent as a lord to her despair.
The broken barrow hates the prosperous dray;
And, for a padded pew in which to pray,
The grocer sells his soul.
(From 'Squire Maurice' in *City Poems.*)

The Bonds of Environment.

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,
'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy Summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge
On flat sands wide and bare;
No haunting joy or anguish dwells
In the green light of sunny dells,
Or in the starry air.
Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;
Up in the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead
The clang of iron hours:
It moves me not—I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone:
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.
(From 'Glasgow' in *City Poems.*)

Besides *Early Years of Alexander Smith* (1869), by the Rev. T. Brisbane, there is a Memoir by Patrick Proctor Alexander prefixed to his *Last Leaves* (1869).

William Allingham (1824–89) was of English family, but was a native of Ballyshannon in Donegal, where his father managed a bank. There he was educated, and there at an early age he began to contribute to periodical literature. He became supervisor of Customs in his native place—

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own;

but removed in the same service to England, and settled in London, where in 1874 he succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine.* His works included *Poems* (1850); *Day and Night Songs* (1854); *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland* (1864); *Fifty Modern Poems* (1865); *Songs, Poems, and Ballads* (1877); *Evil May Day* and *Ashby Manor* (1883); *Blackberries* (1884); and *Irish Songs and Poems* (1887). His verse is free from obscurity, mysticism, or the 'spasmodic' temper, is fresh and graceful, shows a delicate fancy and, especially in the lyrics, a sweet and varied melody. Some of his best work is descriptive. *Laurence Bloomfield*, the story of a young Irish landlord who, amidst manifold discouragement, seeks to improve the condition of the people on his property, was by Allingham regarded as his best work, yet by the general reader it was but coldly received. He wrote two plays which were never produced, and a delightful prose record of his walks in various corners of England, *The Rambles of Patricius Walker* (reprinted from *Fraser*). In 1874 he had married Helen Paterson, who, born near Burton-on-Trent, entered the schools of the Academy in 1867, and made herself a name as a book-illustrator and painter in water-colours.

An Irishman to the Nightingales.

You sweet fastidious nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
Fair-mirrored round the loitering skiff.
The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
The glen where mountain-torrents rave,
And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,
Embosomed ocean-bays are ours
With all their isles; and mystic towers
Lonely and gray, deserted long,
Less sad if they might hear that perfect song!

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
The sombre Fowl hatched in the cold?
King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,
Smiters of galloglas and kern?[1]
Or, most and worse, fraternal feud,
Which sad Iernè long hath rued?
Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was hunted on his hills and slain,
And, one to France and one to Spain,
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ye flew,
And fierce oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?



GEORGE MACDONALD.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Come back, O birds, or come at last!
For Ireland's furious days are past;
And, purged of enmity and wrong,
Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.
Why should we miss that pure delight?
Brief is the journey, swift the flight;
And Hesper finds no fairer maids
In Spanish bowers or English glades,
No loves more true on any shore,
No lovers loving music more.
Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
Entreats you; stay not then apart,
But bid the merles and throstles know
(And ere another May-time go)
Their place is in the second row.
Come to the west, dear nightingales!
The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

[1] Native Irish warriors.

A Dream.

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night;
I went to the window to see the sight;
All the Dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;
Townsfellows all, from first to last;
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd
At soldiers once—but now more staid;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak, too;
Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
Yet of them all there was one, one only,
Raised a head or look'd my way:
She linger'd a moment—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
Ah! Mother dear! might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
Young and old, women and men;
Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
A sound of tears the moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recall it if I may.

His complete works, prose and verse, were published in six volumes in 1888–93, and a one-volume selection in 1892; and *D. G. Rossetti's Letters to Allingham* were edited by Dr Birkbeck Hill (1898). A Life by his wife was promised.

George Macdonald, born at Huntly in Aberdeenshire, of the Glencoe stock, in 1824, was educated at Aberdeen University and the Independent College at Highbury. He became pastor at Arundel and at Manchester, but ill-health drove him to Algiers and to literature. His first book, *Within and Without* (1856), a dramatic poem, was followed by another volume of *Poems* (1857) and by *Phantastes, a Faerie Romance* (1858). A long series of novels succeeded, including *David Elginbrod*, his first really popular success (1862), *The Portent* (1864), *Alec Forbes* (1865), *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* (1866), *Guild Court* (1867), *The Seaboard Parish* (1868), *Robert Falconer* (1868), *Malcolm* (1874), *St George and St Michael* (1875), *The Marquis of Lossie* (1877), *Sir Gibbie* (1879), *Mary Marston* (1881), *Lilith* (1895), and *Salted with Fire* (1897). From time to time he continued to preach most impressive sermons, and as a lecturer on Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and other literary topics he attracted large audiences at home and in the United States. His poetry is simple

but spiritual, instinct with a fresh and delicate fancy, and a tender and loving insight into nature. In his novels, to the essential story-telling and dramatic gift he adds a genial humour, a tolerant and kindly sympathy with most sides of life, especially that (so much exploited since his day) of Scottish country-folk. In the earnestness of his recoil from what he conceived to be the narrowness of Calvinism, he at times waxes too polemical and hortatory; even then the didactic manner is relieved by the romancer's power of dramatic dialogue, as well as by the revelation of exceptionally keen spiritual instincts, tolerance, and native fervour of faith, hope, and charity. It is perhaps characteristic of his Scottish temper that his eminently moral and Puritan criticism of life is softened and brightened by frequent gleams of tenderness. He is an original writer of delicate imagination and profound suggestiveness. His earlier books are indisputably his best; in them especially the characters do quite visibly develop. And in his handling of the dialect of his native district, in its vigour, vivacity, and truth to philology and nature, he has been equalled by no recent kail-yarder. His health was for many years very broken, and his home was mainly on the Riviera. His Alma Mater had given him her honorary degree of LL.D. in 1868; and in 1877 a Civil List pension was conferred on him.

Other novels are *Adela Cathcart* (1864); *Wilfrid Cumbermede* (1871); *Thomas Wingfield, Curate* (1876); *Paul Faber, Surgeon* (1878); *What's Mine's Mine*, *Home Again*, *Our Elect Lady*, and *Heather and Snow* between 1886 and 1893. Admirable books for the young were *Dealings with the Fairies*, *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, and *The Princess and the Goblin*, all between 1867 and 1871. Three series of *Unspoken Sermons* were issued in 1866, 1885, and 1889, and there was a work on *The Miracles of Our Lord* (1870). Dr Macdonald edited *England's Antiphon*, studies on English poets; *Exotics*, translated from Novalis and elsewhere; and *Rampolli*, also a translation. The *Diet of Orts* was a miscellany; and *Hamlet*, a Shakespearian study of originality and power. He collected and arranged his *Poetical Works* in two volumes in 1893, and issued in 1884 *A Work of Fancy and Imagination*, ten volumes of poetry and prose idyls. He also assisted his wife with her *Chamber Dramas for Children*.

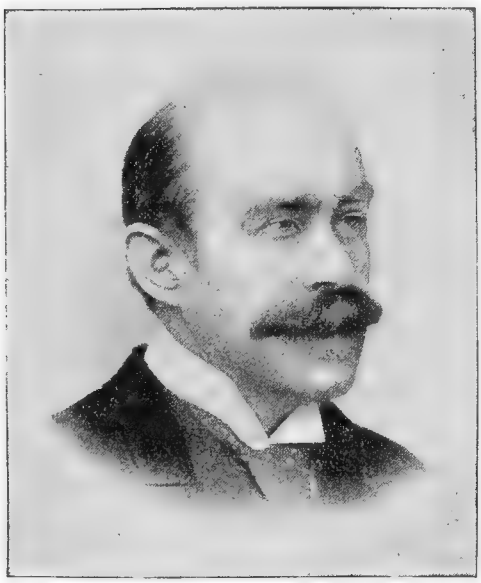
Walter Chalmers Smith, born in Aberdeen in 1824, studied at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and preached to a Presbyterian church in London ere as a Free Church minister he settled in his first country cure in Kinross-shire. Thence he passed to a charge in Glasgow, and from 1876 till his resignation in 1894 he was a minister in Edinburgh. During these years he published a series of volumes of verse, including *The Bishop's Walk*, by 'Orwell' (1861); *Olrig Grange*, by 'Hermann Kunst' (1872); *Hilda among the Broken Gods* (1878); *Raban, or Life Splinters* (1880); *North-Country Folk* (1883); *Kildrostan, a Dramatic Poem* (1884); and *A Heretic* (1890). These various books were collected in a one-volume edition in 1902, with the addition of some thirty *Ballads from Scottish History*, on subjects as various as Wishart and Montrose, the Scots abroad and the outlawed Macgregors, the persecuted Jesuits and the kidnapped Lady Grange. Dr Smith's poems (he was made D.D. and LL.D.) illustrate in simple, vigorous, homely, and often rather rough, shambling verse 'the varying shades of thought and feeling during the latter part of the nineteenth century;' his singularly catholic temper enabling him to represent with almost equal fairness the true-blue Presbyterian orthodoxy of the olden time, the hard but conscientious unfaith of the modern materialist, and the tolerant and only slightly unorthodox modern Christianity with which he was himself identified. In his works kindly satire, autobiographical reminiscence, exhortation, and encouragement towards a higher life are happily combined with the more directly poetic elements.

Thomas Woolner (1826–92), poet-sculptor, was born at Hadleigh, and studied at the Royal Academy from 1842. Already in 1843 his 'Eleanor sucking the Poison from Prince Edward's Wound' attracted much attention; it was followed by a long series of works in sculpture, including statues and portrait-busts of most of his famous contemporaries. He produced in all about a hundred and twenty works, and was successively A.R.A. and R.A. As a conspicuous member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (see the article on Rossetti) he contributed poems to *The Germ*, which with others were expanded into a volume as *My Beautiful Lady* (1863; 5th ed. 1892). Other poems were *Pygmalion*, *Silenus*, *Tiresias*, and *Nelly Dale*. If his sculptures were greatly praised as imaginative and poetic, it may with equal truth be said that his poems have some of the charms of sculpture—they were picturesque, sincere, and impressive.

Walter Horatio Pater (1839–94) was the son of an American of Dutch extraction who had settled as a medical practitioner in Shadwell (not then incorporated with London), but was brought up at Enfield. Neither at school in Canterbury nor at Queen's College, Oxford, did he manifest any exceptional literary gift or impulse, though he attracted Jowett and was stimulated by T. H. Green. He became a Fellow of Brasenose, read with pupils, gave up thoughts of taking Anglican orders, and through Unitarianism passed to a non-Christian scheme of philosophical eclecticism. His home alternated between Oxford in term-time and London. Throughout life he was, in thought as in style, the disciple of no one master. Already in a magazine article on Coleridge in 1866 his singularly polished style is as characteristic as it is in most of his later work. Other remarkable articles on Winckelmann, Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michelangelo, and others followed; and when collected and added to in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873) attracted even more notice. But *Marius the Epicurean* (1885) is his principal legacy to the world; though his four *Imaginary Portraits* (dealing with Watteau amongst the rest), and his *Appreciations* of Lamb, Wordsworth, Rossetti,

Sir Thomas Browne, and Blake, accompanied by a very significant dissertation on style, would have made any writer famous. *Gaston de la Tour*, an unfinished romance of mediæval life, came out in *Macmillan's*; *Emerald Uthwart* was partly autobiographical; *Plato and Platonism* was an eminently suggestive disquisition; and there was a volume of *Miscellaneous Studies* (1895).

Marius the Epicurean is the life of a noble Roman, the friend of Galen and of Marcus Aurelius, who is profoundly moved by the spiritual problems of that trying period, is attracted by what he sees of Christianity and Christians, and dies a kind of martyr by mistake without any joyous confidence in his own philosophy as a key to the riddle of exist-



WALTER PATER.
From a Photograph.

ence. His epicureanism is not that 'of the sty,' nor the book philosophy of the Greek texts, nor the syncretistic scheme of the imperial Romans, nor the revived and negative epicureanism of Gassendi and the Renaissance, but that of the nineteenth-century Englishman who had drunk from the wells of Oxford, had studied Goethe and Ruskin, and had essayed an even higher synthesis of culture and beauty and the spiritual life.

Pater's style is unique in English literature—exquisitely polished, perfected as an instrument for expressing every subtlest nuance of thought or feeling, brilliant and yet dignified in phrasing, but complex, over-elaborate, and wanting in directness and buoyancy. Yet the too obvious *labor limæ* hardly detracts from his right to take rank at the head of the stylists of the latter part of the nineteenth century; and *Marius* was a spiritual maieutic to many of his younger contemporaries. In Mr Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats* (1896) there is an interesting article on him.

Joseph Skipsey, the miner poet, was born in 1832 near North Shields, and had worked from childhood on the Percy Main Collieries there when in 1859 he printed a few songs. From 1863 he held posts such as librarian or care-taker. Between 1862 and 1892 he published half-a-dozen volumes of good, strong, tuneful verse (one called *The Collier Lad*, and another *Carols from the Coalfields*). In some of his poems friendly critics have noted an affinity to Blake. He edited a number of volumes of the 'Canterbury Series'—Blake, Burns, Coleridge, Poe, Shelley. He died in 1903.

Gerald Massey was born in 1828 at Gamble Wharf near Tring in Hertfordshire, and as a poor man's child had been earning his livelihood in a silk-factory and as a straw-plaiter ere at fifteen he came to London as a message-boy. Early privations had only invigorated his manhood and sharpened his wits; Christian Socialism and the friendship of Maurice and Kingsley encouraged him to literary efforts, and he contributed to and ultimately edited *The Spirit of Freedom*. He is believed to have been the original of George Eliot's 'Felix Holt.' His first volume of verse, *Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love*, appeared in 1851; *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Poems*, in 1854; and *War Waits*, *Craigcrook Castle*, *Havelock's March*, and *A Tale of Eternity* gave name to other volumes of poetry. *My Lyrical Life* (2 vols. 1889) contains an anthology from these works. He lectured on mesmerism and spiritualism; published volumes of an eminently speculative kind on spiritualism, and on the origins of myths and mysteries—*The Book of the Beginnings* (1881), *The Natural Genesis* (1883); and interpreted a secret drama out of Shakespeare's Sonnets (1866, 1888). His poetry is unequal, and often harsh and rugged; but it is full of rude vigour, displays a fertile imagination, and has at times a truly lyrical melody.

David Wingate (1828–92), the collier-poet, was born at Cowglen near Glasgow, and losing his father by a fire-damp explosion while still a child, descended the pit at the age of nine. He had a strong taste for country rambles and wild-flowers, contributed early verses to the *Hamilton Advertiser*, and was brought to notice in his twenty-third year by an article written by another Glasgow poet, Hugh Macdonald. His first volume, *Poems and Songs*, published in 1862, was made the subject of an article by Lord Neaves in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and his next, *Annie Weir*, in 1866, brought him not only further reputation, but the means of attending the Glasgow School of Mines. He was thus enabled, on the passing of the Coal-Mines Regulation Act in 1872, to assume the position of colliery manager. He had now leisure to contribute poetry and prose tales to a number of magazines and papers, and he published further volumes—*Lily Neil, and other Poems* (1879), *Poems and Songs* (1883), and *Selected Poems* (1890). Nine

years before his death, which took place at Tollcross, Glasgow, he received a Civil List pension of £50. By his first wife he had a large family; his second wife was a descendant of Robert Burns. Wingate's character retained to the end a sturdy independence, and much of his poetry almost justified the early criticism by Lord Neaves: 'There are few verses in the language more pure, tender, and musical, nor any love-utterance we can remember more refined and delicate in its simplicity.'

My Little Wife.

My little wife has two merry black eyes—
Sweet little, dear little, daisy-faced Jane!
And fifty young lads always deemed her a prize,
And blamed the kind creature for causing them pain.
They all knew her pretty,
And some thought her witty,
But sware of sound sense she was faultless and free,
Because the fair scoffer
Refused every offer,
And secretly cherished affection for me. . . .

My little wife often round the church hill—
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane—
Walked slowly and thoughtful and lonely until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain.
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her,
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be;
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centred in me. . . .

My little wife once—'tis strange but 'tis true—
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane—
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain.
And I, walking near her
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wand'ring of sin void and free),
Strove hard to persuade her
That He who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

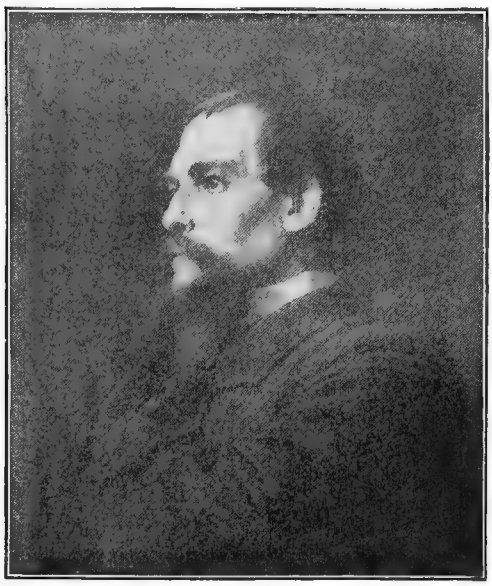
My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane—
Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher who thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be.
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and could wed none but me.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824–97), son of Sir Francis Palgrave (page 265), became scholar of Balliol College at Oxford and Fellow of Exeter, was successively vice-principal of a training college, private secretary to Earl Granville, an official in the Education Department, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1886–95). As early as 1854 he had published a volume of songs and poems, in 1866 one of essays on art. In 1871 came another collection of *Lyrical Poems*, and in 1881 his most ambitious poem, *Visions of England. Amenophis*, a poem, appeared in 1892. He edited Shakespeare's sonnets and songs, and selections from Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson. But he is best known as the editor (with Tennyson's help) of the famous and unique anthology, *The Golden Treasury of English Lyrics* (1861; re-edited in 1896), supplemented in 1896 by a second series, selected with less perfect critical insight. There was also an admirable *Children's Treasury of Songs*, and a *Treasury of Sacred Song*. In the year of his death he issued a volume of his Oxford lectures as *Landscape in Art*. He had an extraordinary faculty of appreciating what was best in literature, and exceptional sensitiveness and subtlety as a critic; but though in his own poetry he showed both imagination and the gift of artistic form, he was lacking in creative power.

William Gifford Palgrave (1826–88), another of Sir Francis's sons, graduated at Oxford and joined the Bombay Native Infantry, but, becoming a Jesuit, studied at Rome, and was sent as a missionary to Syria. For Napoleon III. he went disguised as a physician on a daring expedition through Arabia (1862–63), described in his *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia* (1865). Quitting the Society of Jesus in 1864, he was sent by the British Government in 1865 to treat for the release of the captives in Abyssinia. He became consul at Trebizond, St Thomas, and Manila; was consul-general in Bulgaria and in Siam; and as British minister to Uruguay was reconciled to the Church. Other works were on the Eastern question and on Dutch Guiana; a volume of travel sketches; and an Eastern tale, *Hermann Agha* (1872).

Sir Richard Francis Burton (1821–90) was born, the son of a colonel, at Barham House, Hertfordshire, and educated—somewhat desultorily—in France and Italy as well as in England. He spent nearly a year at Oxford, not very studiously, and got an appointment in the Indian army. In 1842 he served in Sind under Sir Charles Napier, and having mastered Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic, made (disguised as an Afghan pilgrim) the daring journey described in his famous *Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca* (1855). After a visit to Somaliland and service in the Crimea, he in 1856 set out with Speke on the journey which led to the discovery (1858) of Lake Tanganyika, and afterwards travelled in North America. In 1861 he was consul at Fernando Po, and went on a mission to Dahomey. He was subsequently consul at Santos in Brazil, at Damascus, and (1872) at Trieste. In 1876–78 he visited Midian, and in 1882 Guinea; and he was knighted in 1886. Too original and too masterful to be a model official, he was frequently at feud with his superiors, was summarily recalled from his Damascus post, and, as he and his wife thought, badly used by home Govern-

ments. Wherever he was he contrived to visit the most outlying regions of his jurisdiction, to study the ways of the people, and to write articles and books thereon. He was a copious and vigorous writer, for whom the East had a fascination; and he thought it his main mission to interpret that East to the West. Amidst his fifty works on the most various subjects are *First Footsteps in East Africa* (1856); *Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa* (1860); *City of the Saints*, on Salt Lake City (1861); *Wanderings in West Africa* (1863); *The Nile Basin* (1869); *Vikram and the Vampire*, a story (1869). He also wrote on Sind, Goa, Abbeokuta, Paraguay, Brazil, Syria, Zanzibar, Iceland (*Ultima Thule*, 1875), Bologna,



SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.
From the Portrait (1876) by Lord Leighton in the National Portrait Gallery.

and Midian; on Falconry, the Sword and Swordsmanship; and translated Camoens into vigorous English verse (1880), with a *Life and Commentary* (1881). The master of thirty-five languages, he published in 1885–88 an audaciously literal translation of the *Arabian Nights* (10 vols. and 6 of supplement, comprising extraordinarily frank notes and dissertations), of which his wife issued an expurgated edition. Lady Burton, the companion of his wanderings from 1861, wrote on the *Inner Life of Syria* (1875) and on *Arabia, Egypt, India* (1879). A devout Catholic, she caused Catholic rites to be celebrated over her husband on his deathbed, and had him buried with full ceremonial. As his literary executor she destroyed his translations in MS. of other Oriental works with annotations like those to the *Arabian Nights;* as also his private diaries. She authorised the publication of a translation of the Neapolitan *Pentamerone*, of a verse translation of Catullus, and of a book on *The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam* (issued after her death in 1896). Her Life of her husband (1895; re-edited 1898) dealt with debatable matters, and was followed by a counterblast from Sir Richard's niece, Miss Stisted (1897). There is also a Life of Burton by Mr Hickman (1897).

Sir Samuel White Baker (1821–93) spent nine years hunting and planting in Ceylon, and in 1859 laid a railway across the Dobrudja. In 1860 he married a Hungarian lady, and with her he undertook the exploration of the Nile sources. Setting out from Cairo in 1861, at Gondokoro they heard from Speke and Grant about the Victoria Nyanza, which they had discovered; as also of another great lake reported by natives and named Luta Nzige. Baker and his wife resolved to reach this lake, and after many adventures beheld the great inland sea to which Baker gave the name of the Albert Nyanza. In 1869–73 he commanded an expedition, organised by the pasha of Egypt, for the suppression of slavery and the annexation of the equatorial regions of the Nile Basin. He explored Cyprus in 1879; visited Syria, India, Japan, and America; and was knighted in 1866. Baker wrote easily and well, and besides some tales and many contributions to reviews, published *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon* (1854), *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon* (1855), *The Albert Nyanza* (1866), *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* (1867), *Ismailia* (1874), *Cyprus as I saw it* (1879), and *Wild Beasts and their Ways* (1890). Several of these have been frequently reprinted. There is a Life of Baker by Murray and White (1895).

Captains Speke and **Grant** were associated in the famous 1860–63 expedition to explore the sources of the Nile. **John Stanning Speke** (1827–64) was born at Jordans, Ilminster, and in the Indian army saw service in the Punjab. In 1854 he joined Burton in a hazardous expedition to Somaliland; in 1857 the Royal Geographical Society sent out the two to search for the equatorial lakes of Africa. Speke, whilst travelling alone, discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and convinced himself—rightly, as it afterwards appeared—that he saw in it the head-waters of the Nile. In 1860 he returned with Captain Grant, explored the lake, and tracked the Nile flowing out of it. Before his death in a partridge-shooting accident he had published his *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile* (1863) and *What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile* (1864). **James Augustus Grant** (1827–92), born at Nairn, was bred at Marischal College for the Indian army, and in Gujerat, during the Mutiny, and in the Abyssinian expedition gained distinction. Colonel, C.B., and F.R.S., he had a full share with Speke in the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza, and wrote *A Walk across Africa, The Botany of the Speke and Grant Expedition*, and *Khartoum as I saw it in 1863.*

Henry Thomas Buckle, who holds a permanent place in literature by his *History of Civilisation in England*, was born at Lee in Kent, 24th November 1821. A delicate child, he was brought up mainly under home influences. Up till the age of eight he hardly knew his letters, and when his parents sent him to school it was on the distinct understanding that he should learn nothing unless he chose, and on no account was he to be whipped. To a boy of delicate brain school life was highly distasteful, and at his own request he was taken home. When he left in his fourteenth year his knowledge was scanty. He had no fondness for boyish games, and in order to keep him occupied with something not directly mental, his mother taught him knitting. He was sent to a private tutor, but his health giving way, the boy was again taken home. At the age of seventeen he was placed in the office of his father, who was a partner in a firm of shipowners trading with the East Indies. Young Buckle did not take kindly to his new occupation; the work was utterly uncongenial. At his father's death, which occurred when he was nineteen years old, Buckle was left in independent circumstances, and at once relinquished office-work. With his mother and sister Buckle left England in 1840, and spent a year in foreign travel. About this time the idea of writing the history of civilisation took hold of him, and in order to qualify himself he studied eagerly the languages and literature of the countries through which he passed. His principal amusement was chess, in which he attained quite a European reputation. For art he cared little, and for music he had no ear. One tune to him was like another. Once he thought he recognised 'God Save the Queen,' but it turned out to be 'Rule Britannia.'

The Continental tour made a great change in Buckle's mental outlook. From being a Tory and a narrow Churchman, he became a Radical and a Freethinker. He began to educate himself in earnest. He had no high opinion of universities, and his education was entirely self-directed. Buckle's life was that of a student. His reading power was enormous, and as he had no social distractions, he was able to collect those stores of knowledge which, under his marvellous capacity for generalising, were so effectively used in his great work. He lived with his books, of which he collected some 22,000. Till the year 1850 he lived in obscurity, gradually preparing for his life-work, *The History of Civilisation in England.* Evidence of the thoroughness of his training is seen in the fact that he had made himself conversant with nineteen languages.

By the publication of his *History of Civilisation in England* in two volumes (1857–61) Buckle became famous; it was generally recognised that a new star had risen on the intellectual horizon. On the Continent the work had prompt recognition, and Sir D. MacKenzie Wallace relates that when travelling in Russia he found it among the peasants. The book was but a fragment of his original design, but enough was published to indicate the nature of the theory of civilisation with which Buckle's name will always be associated. Just as the first volume was published Buckle suffered a severe domestic blow. His mother, who had been long ill and very feeble, lived only to have the volume placed in her hands and to read the dedication to herself. With her death a distinct change came over Buckle. His devotion to his mother amounted to a passion, and the shock of her death appears to have entirely unmanned him. A bachelor, whose love affairs were of the faintest, Buckle lived only for his mother, and with her death he felt himself a solitary wanderer. In



HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.
By permission of Messrs Marston & Co.

June 1857 signs of physical weakness manifested themselves, and as a restorative he in 1861 planned a journey to the East, taking with him two boys, one of whom afterwards became his biographer. On the journey he caught fever, and died at Damascus on the 29th of May 1862, in his forty-first year. In many ways Buckle was an attractive personality. A student, he was as far as possible from being a bookworm. His heart was tender, and though immersed in dry studies he found time for reading poetry, especially Shakespeare, in order, as he said, to keep his affections alive. His most striking characteristic, perhaps, was a passion for liberty and justice, as was seen in his remarkable conflict with Sir John Coleridge over a half-witted labourer, Thomas Pooley, who had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for scrawling on a gate some contemptuous words about Christ and Christianity. From prison the poor fellow was released only to go to the madhouse. Buckle, whose knowledge of the case was derived from a reference to it in

Mill's essay on *Liberty*, was stung with indignation. He made an attack on the judge with such passion that even his friends condemned him for violence. The incident shows that Buckle's theories about liberty and tolerance were no mere literary ornaments, but were genuine convictions rooted in a deeply sensitive nature.

When the *History of Civilisation* appeared it became plain that the author had got hold of a new conception of history. He wanted history to rise above the almanac ideal; he wanted to discover causes. History, in the opinion of Buckle, should enable man not only to know but to understand the past. Buckle takes it for granted that social progress—in other words civilisation—conforms to laws, and he sets himself to discover what these are. His conception of law is antagonistic to the doctrine of the freedom of the will, of which he disposes in a not very satisfactory manner. The subtleties of metaphysical thinking were not quite in Buckle's line. Civilisation, he finds, is influenced by four great physical agencies: climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature. Outside of Europe nature is too strong for man; consequently civilisation proper can best be studied in European countries where man has triumphed over nature. The study of man thus becomes necessary as a preliminary to the study of civilisation. In Buckle's opinion progress owes nothing to the moral side of humanity: moral maxims are few and stationary. The progressive element in civilisation is due to the intellect, by which man discovers new truths, thereby increasing man's rule over nature. Having cleared the ground, Buckle proceeds to show that the one thing needful in order that intellectualism shall have full play is liberty. Some of the most eloquent passages in his book are in defence of liberty and in denunciation of the protective spirit, whether it takes the form of theological or political authority. Apart from its theories, the *History of Civilisation* was at once accepted as a work of the first rank. It was recognised as a striking attempt to bring scientific method into a region of activity which had hitherto been given over to anarchy. In England various efforts, mostly fragmentary, had been made in the direction of sociology, but till Buckle wrote nothing had been done on a comprehensive scale. Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations* showed the way, and on the same line proceeded Hume and Ferguson in Scotland. Mixed with political theorising a thread of sociological speculation may be detected in Burke. Coming nearer our own time, the Economists were keenly alive to the need of a science of society, as may be seen from J. S. Mill's essay on Civilisation. It was reserved for Buckle to tackle the subject in scientific fashion. If his work is defective, if it fails to embody the fruitful idea of evolution in the interpretation of social phenomena, still to Buckle remains the credit of opening up by a new method an almost unexplored field for scientific treatment. From the standpoint of present knowledge it is easy to find flaws in the *History of Civilisation*, but the true critic will rather dwell upon the greatness of Buckle's conceptions than upon faults which are due to well-understood limitations.

The Ideal Historian.

In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous, nothing is unnatural, nothing is strange. All is order, symmetry, and law. There are opposites, but there are no contradictions. In the character of a nation inconsistency is impossible. Such, however, is still the backward condition of the human mind, and with so evil and jaundiced an eye do we approach the greatest problems that not only common writers, but also men from whom better things might be hoped, are on this point involved in constant confusion, perplexing themselves and their readers by speaking of inconsistency, as if it were a quality belonging to the subject they investigate, instead of being, as it really is, a measure of their own ignorance. It is the business of the historian to remove this ignorance by showing that the movements of nations are perfectly regular, and that, like all other movements, they are solely determined by their antecedents. If he cannot do this he is no historian. He may be an annalist or a biographer or a chronicler, but higher than that he cannot rise, unless he is imbued with that spirit of science which teaches as an article of faith the doctrine of uniform sequence; in other words, the doctrine that certain events having already happened, certain other events corresponding to them will also happen. To seize this idea with firmness and to apply it on all occasions without listening to any exceptions is extremely difficult, but it must be done by whoever wishes to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state, and do what he may towards placing it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the sciences. Even then he cannot perform his task unless his materials are ample, and derived from sources of unquestioned credibility. But if his facts are sufficiently numerous; if they are very diversified; if they have been collected from such various quarters that they can check and confront each other, so as to do away with all suspicion of their testimony being garbled; and if he who uses them possesses that faculty of generalisation without which nothing great can be achieved, he will hardly fail in bringing some part of his labours to a prosperous issue, provided he devotes all his strength to that one enterprise, postponing to it every other object of ambition, and sacrificing to it many interests which men hold dear. Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action he must disregard. Not for him are those rewards which, in other pursuits, the same energy would have earned; not for him the sweets of popular applause; not for him the luxury of power; not for him a share in the councils of his country; not for him a conspicuous and honourable place before the public eye. . . . To solve the great problem of affairs, to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations, and to find in the events of the past a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this will build up afresh the fabric of our knowledge, rearrange its various parts, and harmonise its apparent discrepancies.

(From *The History of Civilisation.*)

James Hinton (1822–75), son of the Rev. Howard Hinton, a Baptist minister, was born at Reading, the third of eleven children. When he was sixteen years old the family needs caused him to be withdrawn from school, but he had an eager mind, and more than supplied for himself the deficiencies of his school training. After serving as a commercial clerk in London for several years, he entered upon a medical career, and in 1847 he passed his examination as a surgeon with distinction. A voyage to China and a period of residence in Jamaica enlarged his experience. Returning to England, he commenced to practise in London, and ultimately gained a high position as a specialist in aural surgery. In 1852 he was married to Miss Margaret Haddon, a union which proved to be entirely admirable.

Although Hinton gave to his profession all the time and thought that were needed, questions of ethics and social welfare commanded his keenest interest. When occupied in the city, and afterwards during his residence in Jamaica, he had seen much of human suffering, and these incidents left a lasting impression on his sensitive and sympathetic mind. As years went on he devoted himself more and more to a consideration of the squalid life of slums and alleys, and to the discovery—if such were possible—of some means of amelioration. The condition of outcast women affected him especially. How to remove this great wrong became his absorbing study, and he conceived a scheme, revolutionary and far-reaching, which he believed, if put in operation, would prove effectual. *The Law Breaker* and *Philosophy and Religion*, published after his death, contained passages from his voluminous writings on this subject, but the main part of his work has not yet appeared. In his last days he became aware that he had attempted an impossible task—had 'tried for too much and failed.' He even feared that the plans he had recommended might add to the evil he so earnestly strove to remove instead of mitigating it, and with this in his mind he actually destroyed a large quantity of his manuscript. Borne down with a conviction of failure, he died at the Azores at the age of fifty-three. Yet even to the last he did not wholly abandon the faith that had upheld him all along, that all things—joy and sorrow alike—work for good. Opposed both by temperament and conviction to asceticism, he nevertheless preached self-sacrifice, affirming that 'the true affinities of sacrifice are with pleasure, with rapture even. It is only by evil or want within that sacrifice can be other than glad.'

All his life Hinton was a tireless thinker and student, a little over-hasty to draw conclusions, yet never dogmatic. Much of his writing takes the form of interrogation, indicating accurately enough the open-minded and eager seeker after truth. As a consequence his books are unusually rich in suggestive thought. Apart from technical writings, his chief works are *Man and his Dwelling-Place* (1859); *Life in Nature* (1862); *The Mystery of Pain* (1866); *The Place of the Physician* (1874); *Essays on the Law of Human Life* (1874); *Chapters on the Art of Thinking* (1879); *Philosophy and Religion* (1881); *Others' Needs*, a pamphlet (1883); *The Law Breaker, and The Coming of the Law* (1884).

The Life and Letters of James Hinton, by Miss Ellice Hopkins (1878), describes the personal life of Hinton, and contains copious extracts from his thoughtful letters; while light is thrown on his mental and spiritual experiences in Miss Caroline Haddon's *Studies in Hinton's Ethics* (1886) and in the prefaces to his posthumous works named above.

WALTER LEWIN.

John Ferguson McLennan (1827–81), born at Inverness and educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Cambridge, joined the Scottish Bar in 1857, and for three years (1872–75) was draughtsman of parliamentary Bills for Scotland. But his life-work, which made its mark on sociological studies throughout the world, was the series of books and papers in which he propounded and defended, by wide research and masses of evidence gathered from all corners, his theory (partially anticipated by one Swiss author, Bachofen) that historical customs connected with marriage point back to a primitive marriage by capture; that exclusive exogamy was an universal stage in the social development, polyandry preceding monandry; and that matriarchy was prior to the patriarchal system everywhere. To these speculations he was led by his studies in connection with the article 'Law' which he contributed in 1857 to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But it was his exposition of the theory in *Primitive Marriage* (1865) that first challenged the attention of the world. In *The Patriarchal Theory* (finished by his brother Donald in 1884) he maintained his views against Sir Henry Maine. His entirely original conceptions as to Totemism, also epoch-making, first appeared in the supplement to the first edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* in 1868; and he wrote on kinship, polyandry, the family, the worship of animals, and other sociological problems. By his various writings he gave a great impulse to sociological studies; all subsequent research took account of his views, though some of them have been superseded as knowledge of savage usages has become wider and more precise. *Primitive Marriage* reappeared in 1886 in the volume called *Studies in Ancient History*, of which studies a second series was published in 1896. A Life of Thomas Drummond, the famous Irish Under-Secretary, was a contribution by McLennan (who was LL.D. of Aberdeen) to a different department of literature.

The Duke of Argyll (George John Douglas Campbell; 1823–1900) succeeded his father as eighth duke in 1847, and in 1892 was made a duke of the United Kingdom. At nineteen he wrote *A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son*, on the struggle which ended in the disruption of

the Scottish Church. He was in several Liberal Governments as Lord Privy Seal (twice), Postmaster-General, and Secretary of State for India; but he resigned his last public office through his disapproval of Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Bill; and he vigorously opposed Home Rule. His works include, besides papers on zoology, geology, and sociology, and a volume of poems (*The Burden of Belief*), *The Reign of Law* (1866), *Primeval Man* (1869), *Antiquities of Iona* (1870), *The Eastern Question* (1879), *Scotland as it Was and as it Is* (1887), *The Unseen Foundations of Society* (1893), *The Philosophy of Belief* (1896), and *Organic Evolution Cross-examined* (1898). As a statesman and thinker he was fearless and independent, dogmatic and self-confident. He was an eloquent speaker, a keen and irrepressible dialectician constantly at war with Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, or Herbert Spencer, as subverters of what he conceived to be the eternal and immutable foundations of moral, religious, and scientific truth.

Alfred Russel Wallace,* naturalist-traveller, evolutionist, and writer on many, especially social, subjects, was born on the 8th of January 1823, at Usk in Monmouthshire, of Scotch ancestry on his father's side. He was educated at Hereford Grammar School, and in his fourteenth year became an apprentice in the office of an elder brother, a land-surveyor and architect. In 1844 he became a master in the Collegiate School at Leicester, where he got to know Henry Walter Bates. Both were keenly interested in natural history, both were eager to explore some virgin land, and it was eventually arranged that they should go off together on a scientific expedition to the Amazons (1848). It is interesting to note that it was Wallace who chose the country to explore, that he had been greatly impressed with Darwin's *Journal* and Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, and that he had definitely in view the possibility of 'solving the problem of the origin of species.' The explorers made their livelihood by sending collections home.

Wallace left South America in 1852, and in the following year he published his interesting *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro*. But he had neither solved his problem nor satisfied his exploring bent, and in 1854 he went off again, this time to the Malayan Archipelago, where he spent eight years in studying the fauna from Sumatra to New Guinea. His story was subsequently told in admirable fashion in *The Malay Archipelago, the Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise* (1869), to which his *Island Life* (1880) is a not less successful sequel. In his wanderings Wallace made large collections, wrote numerous technical papers, and accumulated great stores of knowledge in regard to the habits, adaptations, and geographical distribution of animals. He became a foremost authority on questions relating to distribution, and his large work, *The Geographical Distribution of Animals* (1876), is a monument to his patience and thoroughness. One of his discoveries, the importance of which has been exaggerated, was the establishment of a faunal boundary, usually called 'Wallace's Line.' More notable, however, is the fact that during his explorations, and during an illness at Ternate, he thought out the idea of natural selection (though not using the term), which Darwin was simultaneously developing at home. The pioneer papers of Darwin and Wallace were read together before the Linnæan Society on the 1st of July 1858, and a lifelong friendship, most honourable on both sides, was cemented between the two discoverers.

Wallace has done many services to the evolutionist cause, notably in his *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* (1871), which some authorities have placed next to the *Origin of Species* in actual influence, and in his *Darwinism* (1889), in which he discussed some of the post-Darwinian steps of progress in evolution-theory. In some respects he may be described as more 'Darwinian' than Darwin, for he has rejected as unproved that phase of sexual selection which depends on female choice, and he has supported the view that 'acquired characters' are not transmitted. 'My whole work tends to illustrate the overwhelming importance of Natural Selection over all other agencies in the production of new species.' It was very appropriate that the first Darwin medal of the Royal Society should have been awarded to him (1890).

But the exceptional feature in Wallace's scientific philosophy is his argument that some of the great steps in evolution, such as the origin of the higher characteristics of man, are due to a special evolution hardly distinguishable from creation. He finds their only interpretation in the hypothesis of 'a spiritual essence of nature, capable of progressive development under favourable conditions.' 'There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action'—the beginning of life, the introduction of consciousness, and the origin of man's higher intellectual and moral faculties. At these several stages of progress a change in essential nature took place, 'due, probably, to causes of a higher order than those of the material universe.' This seems another way of saying that an adequate scientific interpretation of the great steps in question has not been as yet worked out, but there is also implied Wallace's conviction that an interpretation in terms of generally accepted scientific formulæ is impossible.

Always interested, like Spencer and Huxley, in actual human problems, Wallace has written much on social questions, as in his *Land Nationalisation* (1882); *Bad Times* (1885); *The Wonderful Century, its Successes and Failures* (1898); and *Studies Scientific and Social* (1900). Always fearless, he has written strongly against vaccina-

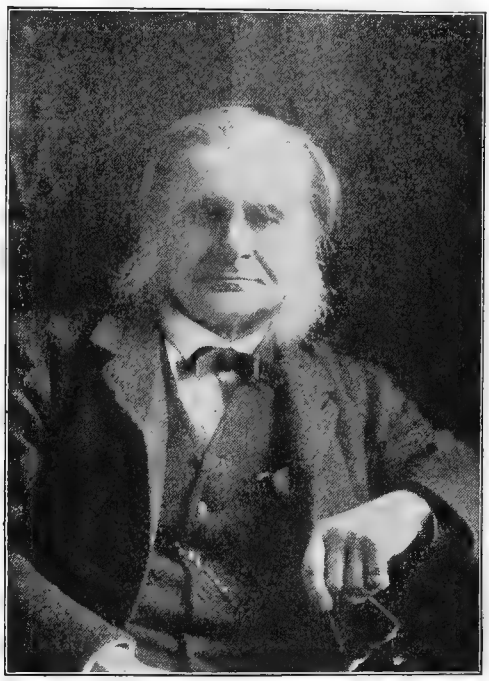
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tion and in favour of phrenology, and he has expounded his position as an experimentally convinced spiritualist in *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism* (1874). His mind is one which reaches a conclusion quickly and holds to it with tenacity; stronger in insight than in logical criticism, but always bold and independent. His style, though not remarkable, is clear and vivid, and always suggestive of enthusiasm and earnestness. In 1881 Wallace received a Civil List pension, in 1882 he was made LL.D. of Dublin, in 1889 D.C.L. of Oxford. He still works quietly in his country home near Dorset, a veteran—the Nestor—among biologists, a naturalist in the old and truest sense, rich in a world-wide experience of animal life, at once a specialist and a generaliser, a humanist thinker and a social striver, a man of science who realises the spiritual aspect of the world.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

Thomas Henry Huxley* was born at Ealing, then a village near London, on the 4th of May 1825, the seventh and youngest child of an assistant-master in a semi-public school. He inherited from his mother a notable gift of 'rapidity of thought' and many of his physical characteristics as 'a black Celt;' from his father but little except an innate talent for drawing, 'a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.' His early education seems to have been scanty and poor of its sort. He 'had two years of a Pandemonium of a school (between eight and ten), and after that neither help nor sympathy in any intellectual direction till he reached manhood.' Very early, however, he became an omniverous reader, ranging from Hutton's *Geology* and Hamilton's *Philosophy of the Unconditioned* (read at the age of twelve) to *Sartor Resartus* and modern fiction. His most conspicuous early characteristics were lucidity, a striving after systematisation (witness a boyish scheme for a 'classification of all knowledge'), a habit of 'visualising,' and a bent towards mechanical engineering. Even in after-life this early interest in mechanical problems remained. When between twelve and thirteen he became a medical apprentice, and during this period he stored his mind with literature and science, learned French and German, and laid the foundations of dyspepsia, from which he suffered severely throughout his life. In 1842 he entered as a free scholar at Charing Cross Hospital, where he was particularly influenced by Mr Wharton Jones, who gave him a love for anatomy and a high standard of precise work, and suggested the publication of his first scientific paper. Having completed his medical course, he was induced by a fellow-student, afterwards well known as Sir Joseph Fayrer, to apply for an appointment as surgeon on a ship. He satisfied the Director-General, passed the membership examination of the Royal College of Surgeons, and was entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital. After seven months at Haslar, he was recommended by the chief of the hospital, Sir John Richardson —Arctic explorer and naturalist—as surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, then about to start for surveying work in the Torres Strait, under command of Captain Owen Stanley.

Thus Huxley, like Darwin, Wallace, Hooker, and many other famous naturalists, secured his *Wanderjahre*, and he made the most of them. During the voyage of the *Rattlesnake* he sent communication after communication on the structure of marine animals to the Linnæan Society;



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

and a paper on the anatomy and affinities of the Medusæ found its way (through the Bishop of Norwich, Captain Stanley's father) to the Royal Society, where it eventually won for the young author the Royal Medal.

Huxley returned to England in the end of 1850, equipped, as Virchow said, 'as a perfect zoologist and keen-sighted ethnologist.' He was granted leave ashore to work out the zoological results of the voyage, and his researches were so obviously important that he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851, and received the Gold Medal in 1852. In 1853 further leave ashore was refused, and, as Huxley could not see his way to relinquish science, he had to be struck off the Navy List. Steadily, if not rapidly, however, the problem of *Brodwissenschaft* was solved; in 1854 he succeeded Edward Forbes as Professor of

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Natural History at the School of Mines, with a salary of £200, which was soon doubled on his becoming naturalist to the Geological Survey. In 1855 he was in a position to marry the lady whom he had met and loved seven years before in Sydney.

For ten years after his voyage, until the publication of the *Origin of Species* (1859), Huxley's active life was in the main concerned with research. He made science his career; he established his reputation; he worked most at Invertebrates; he began to get thoroughly interested in palæontology; on the whole, he was a pure zoologist. For ten years after the publication of Darwin's *magnum opus* Huxley was most prominent as an advocate of Evolution-Theory; he worked most at Vertebrates and extinct forms; he became more of a teacher and a controversialist; his lecturing and literary work increased greatly. 'The third period, from 1870 to 1880, was considerably different in character. He had become the most prominent man in biological science in England, at a time when biological science was attracting a quite unusual amount of scientific and public attention. Public honours and public duties, some of them scientific, others general, began to crowd upon him, and the time at his disposal for the quiet labours of investigation became rapidly more limited' (Chalmers Mitchell). Between 1880 and 1890 Huxley was at the zenith of his reputation: for some years he was President of the Royal Society of London, the bluest ribbon of scientific distinction in Britain; the Waterloo victory of Evolutionism was already a pleasant memory; by experts and by the public alike he was regarded as a scientific commander-in-chief, and every utterance commanded respect.

From youth upwards Huxley was a martyr to periodic dyspepsia, and the nemesis of his all too energetic life gradually closed in upon a constitution which was never robust. From 1885 onwards the disease, which he quaintly labelled A.D. (Anno Domini), became more and more real—pleurisy, cardiac troubles, influenza, and the like—until on 29th June 1895 he died, mentally vigorous to the last.

Huxley dealt with so many subjects in a masterly way that it is unusually difficult to sum up the services which he rendered to human progress. Pre-eminent as a biologist, he must be given a high place on the general fame-roll of Science. He had, in comparison with his other endowments, relatively little of that inborn sympathetic interest in living creatures which marks the naturalist as such; no small part of his very best work dealt with extinct forms, and it is significant that when a zoologist asked him how he proposed to treat birds in one of his courses of lectures, he replied, 'I intend to treat them as extinct animals.' On the other hand, this did not mean that he was uninterested in their other aspects. Our point is rather that he brought to a discussion of a piece of chalk, or of glaciers, or of a river-basin, all the force of his perfervid enthusiasm and all the strength of his intelligence, just as much as if the subject had been a jellyfish, or a crayfish, or a developing chick. His force of mind was such that he could make anything real, 'a window into the Infinite.'

If we dare try to analyse the particular excellences of Huxley's scientific mood, it appears that he had four pre-eminent qualities. First and foremost we should place his quality of lucidity, his clearness of vision, his hatred of verbalism, his penetrating insight into essentials; secondly, his passion for facts, his continual insistence on getting below opinion and inference to the original documents—the facts of nature; thirdly, his cautiousness, so well illustrated by his general agnostic position, by his reserve of judgment in regard to the relative value of the various factors in evolutionary processes, and by almost all his work in detail; fourthly, that characteristic of the scientific mood which may be described as a sense of the interrelations of things, which was especially manifested in Huxley's morphological work, in his detection of affinities.

As a zoologist, Huxley added much to the sum of knowledge by his investigations on new or very inadequately understood types of animal life. He greatly advanced the natural classification of both backboned and backboneless animals, and he established a number of big simplifying generalisations. 'Three of his researches may fairly be called classical: that on the Hydrozoa, in which he propounded the wide-reaching generalisation that the ectoderm and entoderm of polypes and sea-anemones correspond with the two primary germ-layers in the embryos of the higher animals; that on the fossil Ganoids; and that on the morphology of the vertebrate skull, in which he demolished the fanciful "vertebral theory," which, however fruitful in its first conception, had become a positive hindrance to the progress of philosophical anatomy. Of less magnitude are his papers on the classification of birds, on the crayfishes, on the anatomy of the Australian mud-fish, and on the Canidæ; while the rest of his strictly original contributions to zoology are, for a man of his intellectual calibre, hardly more than opuscula. But what opuscula! There is not one of them but contains some brilliant generalisation, some new and fruitful way of looking at the facts of the science' (Jeffery Parker).

As a biologist, he gave us a clear working conception of 'protoplasm,' which he called 'the physical basis of life;' he vivified and improved the cell-doctrine of Schwann and Schleiden, Virchow and Goodsir; he made a wonderfully sagacious, now well-verified, prophecy when he compared the organism to a web, of which the warp is derived from the female and the woof from the male; and these are only representative samples of his services. As an evolutionist, he supplied in the most convincing way factual

corroborations of the theory of descent; in his *American Addresses*, for instance, he did, in reference to the ancestry of the horse and the like, a service exactly comparable to that rendered in a very different field (Crustaceans) by Fritz Müller in his *Facts for Darwin*. As an advocate, acute and incisive, but never guilty of special pleading or polemical rhetoric, he did in a controversial period knightly service on behalf of a light-bringing conception of Nature. He was, in fact, foremost on the fighting edge of the Evolutionist phalanx. On the other hand, by his cautiousness and keen criticism he did much to prevent a premature dogmatism in regard to the factors in the Evolution-process.

It seems no exaggeration to say that Huxley has given us an immortal standard by which to judge what 'scientific' really means; but he was more than 'scientific.' He was one of the most outstanding examples of a man of science at the same time a citizen of the world, keenly interested in all serious human problems whether of conduct or of belief. Whether the subject was biology or philosophy, education or politics, fisheries or slavery, he brought to each and all a keen penetrating insight, a wide human outlook, and fearless honesty. Indeed, one of the greatest marvels of Huxley's life was the diversity of its interests and energies. On the London School Board, Huxley was an advocate on behalf of physical training, domestic economy, drawing, elementary science—even of the Bible in schools. In regard to technical education he emphasised the fact that, for the purposes of mental discipline in preparation for the practical tasks of life, no useful distinction could be drawn between technical science and science as such. 'The workshop is the only real school for a handicraft. The education which precedes that of the workshop should be entirely devoted to the strengthening of the body, the elevation of the moral faculties, and the cultivation of the intelligence; and especially to the imbuing of the mind with a broad, clear view of the laws of that natural world with the components of which the handicraftsman will have to deal.'

Huxley served on many Royal Commissions on Fisheries, Vivisection, Medical Acts, Universities of Scotland (1876-78), and so on; he was an active secretary of the Royal Society of London for about ten years (1871–80), and had much to do with the equipment of the *Challenger* expedition and with the due utilisation of its magnificent results. The general verdict must be that Huxley 'saw life steadily, and saw it whole.'

Of Huxley's philosophy or attitude towards philosophy a little must now be said. Although his mental constitution was very different from that of the contemplative or speculative metaphysician, he was greatly interested in the criticism of categories, and gave much time and thought to a study of the philosophical classics. His impulse was in the main a practical one—he sought 'to learn what is true in order to do what is right,' which, he tells us, 'is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are not able to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority.' What conclusions did he reach? In the first place, that 'there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it' scientific knowledge, which he called 'organised common-sense,' reached by the rigorous use of scientific methods. In the second place, that in the scientific restatement or interpretative description of the processes of Nature—that is, of our experience—all insinuation of transcendental formulæ or supernatural agencies must be resolutely repelled; science must not try to eke out the application of its own categories by borrowing from metaphysics or theology. In the third place, that as a philosophical explanation of the universe, materialism is inadequate and illogical. 'The honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to materialism inevitably carries us beyond it.' Thus Huxley remained a philosophical agnostic. 'If I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative.' In all estimates of his position two often-repeated sentences must be remembered: 'Evolution is not an explanation of the cosmos, but merely a generalised statement of the method and results of that process.' 'There is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based on the fundamental proposition of evolution.'

In many minds the name of Huxley has for its most prominent association *controversialism*; and though his constructive work was far more important, there is no denying that he spent no small part of his time and energy in fighting, and that he thoroughly enjoyed it. He was the champion of the scientific point of view, as contrasted with the metaphysical or the theological; he looked forward to the time when the scientific interpretation 'will organise itself into a coherent system, embracing human life and the world as one harmonious whole.' But we misunderstand his controversialism if we forget the motive that prompted it—'the fanaticism of veracity.' Whether we consider his famous duel with Bishop Wilberforce at the British Association meeting in 1860, or his criticism of Owen, or his battles with the bishops and Mr Gladstone, or any other of the many controversies, we cannot but feel that they express no merely polemical spirit, but that of an earnest truth-seeker who hit hard out of conviction, who never sought to destroy without also replacing.

Huxley's style is especially distinguished by lucidity, accuracy, and force; and no small part of the wide extension of scientific interest has been due to its charm. He deliberately laboured to achieve a mastery of clear expression both in his lectures and in his essays, and he succeeded. For lucidity and clear-cut accuracy he was almost

fastidious. 'It constantly becomes more and more difficult for me to *finish* things satisfactorily.' 'Science and literature,' he said, 'are not two things, but two sides of one thing,' and the greater part of his non-technical scientific writings may also be ranked as literature.

According to Mr Chalmers Mitchell: 'For him, speaking on any subject was merely a branch of scientific exposition; when emotion was to be roused or enthusiasm to be kindled the inspiration was to come from the facts and not from the orator. The arts he allowed himself were common to all forms of exposition: he would explain a novel set of ideas by comparsion with simpler ideas obvious to all his listeners; and he sought to arrest attention or to drive home a conclusion by some brilliant phrase that bit into the memory. These two arts, the art of the phrase-maker and the art of explaining by vivacious and simple comparison, he brought to a high perfection. . Careful reflection and examination will make it plain that the pleasure to be got from Huxley's style is not due in any large measure to his choice and handling of words. . . For indeed the truth of the matter is that Huxley's style was a style of ideas and not of words and sentences. The ideas and their ordering are the root and the branches, the beginning and the end of his style. . He is one of our great English writers, but he is not a great writer of English.'

Huxley was a wide and omnivorous reader, and familiar with the English classics, from which he often drew in phrase and allusion. 'If a man,' he wrote, 'cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say, if he cannot get it out of these writers, he cannot get it out of anything.' He had an unusual knowledge of Latin, classical, patristic, and mediæval; he had a fair knowledge of the Greek language (acquired when fifty-three) and a wide acquaintance with Greek literature in translation; he was at home in French and German, and so forth. Thus we can understand how, with his quick brain (his mother's rapidity of thought 'passed on in full strength') and tenacious memory, he wrote a style often vivid with picturesque allusion and telling phrase.

It should be added that this man—an indefatigable and often preoccupied specialist, a born intellectual combatant and as good a hater as ever lived, an uncompromising Luther in the scientific reformation, a fearless propagandist of Evolution-Theory, an anti-clerical, anti-dogmatist, agnostic, called by more bad names than any of his contemporaries, and confessedly one of hasty temper—was beloved by many. 'They were chiefly moved by something over and above his wide knowledge in so many fields—by his passionate sincerity, his interest not only in pure knowledge but in human life, by his belief that the interpretation of the book of nature was not to be kept apart from the ultimate problems of existence; by the love of truth, in short, both theoretical and practical, which gave the key to the character of the man himself.'

Aims in Life.

To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off. . . .

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularisation of science; to the development and organisation of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to the untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science. In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. (From *Autobiographical Sketch.*)

A Liberal Education.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely: she as his ever-beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

(From 'A Liberal Education, and Where to Find It.')

Nature of Life.

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not-living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has 'vitality' than 'aquosity'? . . . If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties. If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules. . . .

It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus or a foraminifer are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

(From 'The Physical Basis of Life' in *Collected Essays.*)

Origin of Life.

Looking back through the prodigious vista of the past, I find no record of the commencement of life, and therefore I am devoid of any means of forming a definite conclusion as to the conditions of its appearance. Belief, in the scientific sense of the word, is a serious matter, and needs strong foundations. . . .

To say that, in the admitted absence of evidence, I have any belief as to the mode in which the existing forms of life have originated would be using words in a wrong sense. But expectation is possible where belief is not; and if it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not-living matter. . . .

I should expect to see it appear under forms of great simplicity, endowed, like existing fungi, with the power of determining the formation of new protoplasm from such matters as ammonium carbonates, oxalates, and tartrates, alkaline and earthy phosphates, and water without the aid of light. That is the expectation to which analogical reasoning leads me; but I beg you once more to recollect that I have no right to call my opinion anything but an act of philosophical faith.

(From *Collected Essays.*)

Man's Place in Nature.

Identical in the physical processes by which he originates—identical in the early stages of his formation—identical in the mode of his nutrition, before and after birth, with the animals which lie immediately below him in the scale—Man, if his adult and perfect structure be compared with theirs, exhibits, as might be expected, a marvellous likeness of organisation. He resembles them as they resemble one another—he differs from them as they differ from one another. And though these differences and resemblances cannot be weighed and measured, their value may be readily estimated, the scale or standard of judgment, touching that value, being afforded and expressed by the system of classification of animals now current among zoologists. . . .

Is it, indeed, true that the Poet, or the Philosopher, or the Artist, whose genius is the glory of his age, is degraded from his high estate by the undoubted historical probability, not to say certainty, that he is the direct descendant of some naked and bestial savage, whose intelligence was just sufficient to make him a little more cunning than the Fox, and by so much more dangerous than the Tiger? Or is he bound to howl and grovel on all fours because of the wholly unquestionable fact that he was once an Egg, which no ordinary power of discrimination could distinguish from that of a Dog? Or is the philanthropist or the saint to give up his endeavour to lead a noble life because the simplest study of man's nature reveals at its foundations all the selfish passions and fierce appetites of the merest quadruped? Is mother-love vile because a hen shows it, or fidelity base because dogs possess it?

The common-sense of the mass of mankind will answer these questions without a moment's hesitation. Healthy humanity, finding itself hard pressed to escape from real sin and degradation, will leave the brooding over speculative pollution to the cynics and the 'righteous overmuch,' who, disagreeing in everything else, unite in blind insensibility to the nobleness of this visible world, and in inability to appreciate the grandeur of the place Man occupies therein.

Nay more, thoughtful men, escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence man has sprung, the best evidence of the splendour of his capacities, and will discern in his long progress through the Past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future.

(From *Man's Place in Nature.*)

On the Publication of the 'Origin of Species.'

I imagine that most of those of my contemporaries who thought seriously about the matter were very much in my own state of mind—inclined to say to both Mosaists and Evolutionists, 'A plague on both your houses!' and disposed to turn aside from an interminable and apparently fruitless discussion, to labour in the fertile fields of ascertainable fact. And I may therefore suppose that the publication of the Darwin and Wallace paper in 1858, and still more that of the *Origin* in 1859, had the effect upon them of the flash of light which, to a man who has lost himself on a dark night, suddenly reveals a road which, whether it takes him straight home or not, certainly goes his way. That which we were looking for, and could not find, was a hypothesis respecting the origin of known organic forms which assumed the operation of no causes but such as could be proved to be actually at work. We wanted, not to pin our faith to that or any other speculation, but to get hold of clear and definite conceptions which could be brought face to face with facts and have their validity tested. The *Origin* provided us with the working hypothesis we sought.

(From 'On the Reception of the *Origin of Species*' in *Darwin's Life and Letters.*)

'The Strongest Arguments in Favour of Evolution.'

I may add that, beyond all these different classes of persons who may profit by the study of biology, there is yet one other. I remember, a number of years ago, that a gentleman who was a vehement opponent of Mr Darwin's views, and had written some terrible articles against them, applied to me to know what was the best way in which he could acquaint himself with the strongest arguments in favour of evolution. I wrote back, in all

good faith and simplicity, recommending him to go through a course of comparative anatomy and physiology, and then to study development. I am sorry to say that he was very much displeased, as people often are with good advice. Notwithstanding this discouraging result, I venture, as a parting word, to repeat the suggestion, and to say to all the more or less acute lay and clerical 'paper philosophers' who venture into the regions of biological controversy—Get a little sound, thorough, practical, elementary instruction in Biology.

(From 'On the Study of Biology' in *Scientific Memoirs*, vol. iv.)

Huxley's most important publications are contained in his *Collected Essays*, edited by himself (9 vols. 1893-95), and in the *Scientific Memoirs*, edited by Sir Michael Foster and Professor Ray Lankester (4 vols. 1898–1903). We may also note *Man's Place in Nature* (1863); *On our Knowledge of the Causes of Organic Phenomena* (1863); *Lectures on the Elements of Comparative Anatomy* (1864); *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* (1866); *An Introduction to the Classification of Animals* (1869); *Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals* (1871); *Elementary Biology* (1875); *Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals* (1877); *Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews* (1877); *American Addresses* (1877); *Physiography: an Introduction to the Study of Nature* (1877); *The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology* (1880); *Introductory Primer* ('Science Primers;' 1880). See his *Life and Letters*, by his son, Mr Leonard Huxley (2 vols. 1900); books on him by Mr Chalmers Mitchell (1900) and Mr Clodd (1902); Professor Jeffery Parker in *Natural Science VIII.* (1896); Sir Michael Foster's Obituary Notice of him in *Proc. Royal Society* (vol. lix.); W. K. Brooks, *The Foundations of Zoology* (1899).

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

William Wilkie Collins (1824–89) was the elder son of the distinguished painter William Collins, R.A., and was born in London; his name testifies to his father's friendship with David Wilkie. He was educated partly at a private school in Highbury, but during 1836–39 was with his parents in Italy. After his return he spent four years in a tea business, and then entered Lincoln's Inn; but he gradually, though inevitably, took to literature, the Life of his father (1848) being his earliest publication. To it succeeded *Antonina, or the Fall of Rome* (1850), *Basil* (1852), *Hide and Seek* (1854), *The Dead Secret* (1857), *The Woman in White* (1860), *No Name* (1862), *Armadale* (1866), *The Moonstone* (1868), *The New Magdalen* (1873), *The Law and the Lady* (1875)—in all, more than five-and-twenty novels and collections of novelettes. Wilkie Collins became a close friend of Charles Dickens; *After Dark* and the *Dead Secret* came out in *Household Words*, the *Woman in White* in *All the Year Round*. Count Fosco in the *Woman in White* is a veritable creation, a permanent character in English literary allusion; and in this his most successful work, his characteristic method was quite unhackneyed—that of unfolding an intricate plot by the successive verbatim narratives of the chief *dramatis personæ*. The *Moonstone*, one of the strongest detective stories in literature, is the next most popular work of the author, who was a master of complex plot, fascinating mystery, sensational episode, thrilling situation, and startling dénouement. *No Name*, in Mr Swinburne's judgment, 'is an only less excellent example of as curious and as original a talent;' dealing with the imputation of illegitimacy, and with the struggle and final triumph over its disadvantages. But the later didactic novels are only occasionally relieved by brilliant exposition of character and evolution of incident; some are like bad parodies of the author's better work. On the whole, Mr Swinburne admits that 'the crowning merit, the most distinctive quality of his best work is to be sought and found in the construction of an interesting and perplexing story, well conceived, well contrived, and well moulded into life-like and attractive shape.' Making due allowance for melodramatic lapses, for mannerisms and faults of style, for occasional violence and crudity, and for a curious dependence on the help of some physical or moral depravity in his characters, Wilkie Collins 'was in his way a genuine artist.' Deafness, dumbness, blindness, or hereditary weakness are too essential to some of his earlier novels; and his disapproval of the Scotch marriage law and the Scotch verdict of 'Not proven,' of athleticism and worse social cankers, are too obviously the keynote of some of his later ones. Some of the short stories are admirable; each of those in *After Dark* is, in Mr Swinburne's words, 'a little model, a little masterpiece in its kind.' Dickens influenced Collins, but perhaps not much more than Collins influenced Dickens. Thackeray found the *Woman in White* thrilling, and Edward FitzGerald was an enthusiastic admirer of the same story. Wilkie Collins dramatised *Armadale*, *No Name*, the *Woman in White*, and the *New Magdalen; The Frozen Deep* was written as a play. Mr Swinburne's essay on the novelist will be found in his *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894).

The Doom of Sir Percival.

I mounted the hill rapidly. The dark mass of the church-tower was the first object I discerned dimly against the night sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry, I heard heavy footsteps close to me. The servant had ascended to the church after us. 'I don't mean any harm,' he said when I turned round on him; 'I'm only looking for my master.' The tones in which he spoke betrayed unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him, and went on.

The instant I turned the corner, and came in view of the vestry, I saw the lantern-skylight on the roof brilliantly lit up from within. It shone out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky.

I hurried through the churchyard to the door.

As I got near, there was a strange smell stealing out on the damp night air. I heard a snapping noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—I ran to the door, and put my hand on it. The vestry was on fire!

Before I could move, before I could draw my breath after that discovery, I was horror-struck by a heavy thump against the door, from the inside. I heard the key worked violently in the lock—I heard a man's voice, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrillness, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back

shuddering, and dropped to his knees. 'Oh, my God!' he said; 'it's Sir Percival!'

As the words passed his lips the clerk joined us—and at the same moment there was another, and a last, grating turn of the key in the lock.

'The Lord have mercy on his soul!' said the old man. 'He is doomed and dead. He has hampered the lock.'

I rushed to the door. The one absorbing purpose that had filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted; of the love, the innocence, the happiness he had pitilessly laid waste; of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved, passed from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the natural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

'Try the other door!' I shouted. 'Try the door into the church. The lock's hampered. You're a dead man if you waste another moment on it!'

There had been no renewed cry for help when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound now, of any kind, to give token that he was still alive. I heard nothing but the quickening crackle of the flames, and the sharp snap of the glass in the skylight above.

I looked round at my two companions. The servant had risen to his feet; he had taken the lantern, and was holding it up vacantly at the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me about when I moved, like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering, and moaning to himself. The one moment in which I looked at them was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the vestry wall. 'Stoop!' I said, 'and hold by the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof—I am going to break the skylight, and give him some air!'

The man trembled from head to foot, but he held firm. I got on his back, with my cudgel in my mouth; seized the parapet with both hands; and was instantly on the roof. In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment, it never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air. I struck at the skylight, and battered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow. The fire leaped out like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not chanced, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then and there. I crouched on the roof as the smoke poured out above me, with the flame. The gleams and flashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall; the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair; and the scanty population of the village, haggard men and terrified women, clustered beyond in the churchyard—all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dreadful glare, in the black of the choking smoke. And the man beneath my feet!—the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so utterly beyond our reach!

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof, by my hands, and dropped to the ground.

'The key of the church!' I shouted to the clerk. 'We must try in that way—we may save him yet if we can burst open the inner door.'

'No, no, no!' cried the old man. 'No hope! the church key and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, sir, he's past saving—he's dust and ashes by this time!'

'They'll see the fire from the town,' said a voice from among the men behind me. 'There's a ingine in the town. They'll save the church.'

I called to that man—*he* had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me. It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us. The horror of remaining inactive all that time was more than I could face. In defiance of



WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

From the Portrait by Sir John E. Millais in the National Portrait Gallery.

my own reason I persuaded myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry might still be lying senseless on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door, might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy lock—I knew the thickness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assailing the one and the other by ordinary means. But surely there were beams still left in the dismantled cottages near the church? What if we got one, and used it as a battering-ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me, like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the man who had spoken first of the fire-engine in the town. 'Have you got your pickaxes handy?' Yes; they had. 'And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope?' Yes! yes! yes! I ran down among the villagers, with the lantern in my hand. 'Five shillings apiece to every man who helps me!' They started into life at the words. That ravenous second hunger of poverty—the hunger for money—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. 'Two of you for more lanterns if you have them! Two of you for the pickaxes and the tools! The

rest after me to find the beam!' They cheered—with shrill starveling voices they cheered. The women and the children fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the churchyard path to the first empty cottage. Not a man was left behind but the clerk—the poor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone sobbing and wailing over the church. The servant was still at my heels: his white, helpless, panic-stricken face was close over my shoulder as we pushed into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn-down floor above, lying loose on the ground—but they were too light. A beam ran across over our heads, but not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes—a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with ceiling and flooring all ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above, open to the sky. We attacked the beam at both ends at once. God! how it held—how the brick and mortar of the wall resisted us! We struck, and tugged, and tore. The beam gave at one end—it came down with a lump of brickwork after it. There was a scream from the women all huddled in the doorway to look at us—a shout from the men—two of them down, but not hurt. Another tug all together—and the beam was loose at both ends. We raised it, and gave the word to clear the doorway. Now for the work! now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the sky, streaming brighter than ever to light us! Steady, along the churchyard path—steady with the beam, for a rush at the door. One, two, three—and off. Out rings the cheering again, irrepressibly. We have shaken it already; the hinges must give, if the lock won't. Another run with the beam! One, two, three—and off. It 's loose! the stealthy fire darts at us through the crevice all round it. Another, and a last rush! The door falls in with a crash. A great hush of awe, a stillness of breathless expectation, possesses every living soul of us. We look for the body. The scorching heat on our faces drives us back: we see nothing—above, below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire.

(From *The Woman in White.*)

Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825–1900) was born at Longworth in Berkshire, and educated at Blundell's School in Tiverton and at Exeter College, Oxford. He graduated in 1847, afterwards studied law, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1852, and practised for a dozen years as a conveyancer. By degrees he saw that his vocation was not that of conveyancer; ultimately he united the pursuit of literature with the management of a market-garden and orchard at Teddington-on-Thames, and there it was he died. His first publications were *Poems by Melanter* (1854), *Epullia* (1855), *The Bugle of the Black Sea* (1855), followed by *The Fate of Franklin* (1860) and a translation of the first and second books of Virgil's *Georgics* (1862). Other volumes of verse followed these, as well as a complete translation of the *Georgics* in 1871. His earliest novels were *Clara Vaughan* (1864) and *Cradock Nowell* (1866); but his first distinct success was *Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor* (1869), which from the first was by the discerning recognised as almost certainly a great and classic novel, attained vast popularity in a year or two, and before its author's death had passed through some forty editions. Blackmore's plots were often defective in construction, but here the plot (though not free from faults) was good and well managed; the style has a pleasing flavour of its age, the time of James II.; the joy in open-air life and adventure is infectious; and the figures have much more life and movement than in any other of his novels—John Ridd and some at least of his allies and enemies are imperishable memories to all Englishmen. For his rare insight into and sympathy with inanimate life, Blackmore stands almost alone among English novelists. But he has also described for us with absolute truth the Devonshire farmer as he lives and speaks; and many of his women, if somewhat shadowy in outline, are yet figures of rare tenderness and grace. More than most copious authors—and somewhat to his own annoyance—he is fated to be remembered as the author of one book, and that one *Lorna Doone*. Blackmore cherished the local criticism that 'it was as good as Devonshire cream,' but was wont to grumble good-naturedly at the pre-eminence assigned to it over all his other works, at its having almost become a guide-book to the west country. His other novels are *The Maid of Sker*, perhaps his second-best story (1872); *Alice Lorraine*, Kentish in setting (1875); *Cripps the Carrier* (1876); *Erema* (1877); *Mary Anerley*, a Yorkshire story (1880); *Christowell, a Dartmoor Tale* (1882); *Tommy Upmore*, one of his least happy creations (1884); *Springhaven* (1887); *Perlycross* (1894); *Fringilla*, tales in verse (1895); *Tales from the Telling-House* (1896); and *Dariel* (1897). He wrote verses from time to time, and never realised how obvious it was, even to his more enthusiastic admirers, that verse was not his medium. From time to time, too, he expounded his views on fruit and orchards, and he contributed a series of articles on gardening and fruit-growing to *Chambers's Encyclopædia;* but he had sorrowfully to confess that in his forty years' experience of fruit-growing at Teddington, he could only in two several years report a fair margin of profit.

Esther's Winter Walk.

The weather had been for some few weeks in a good constitutional English state; that is to say, it had no settled tendency towards anything. Or at any rate, so it seemed to people who took little heed of it. There had been a little rain, and then a little snow, and a touch of frost, and then a sample of fog, and so on: trying all varieties, to suit the British public. True Britons, however, had grumbled duly at each successive overture; so that the winter was now resolving henceforth only to please itself. And this determined will was in the wind, the air, and the earth itself just when night began to fall on this dark day of December.

As Esther turned the corner from the Beckley lane into the road, the broad coach road to Oxford, she met a wind that knew its mind coming over the crest of Shotover, a stern east wind that whistled sadly over the brown and barren fields, and bitterly piped in the roadway. To the chill of this blast the sere oak-leaves

shivered in the dusk and rattled; the gray ash saplings bent their naked length to get away from it; and the surly stubs of the hedge went to and fro to one another. The slimy dips of the path began to rib themselves, like the fronds of fern, and to shrink into wrinkles and sinewy knobs; while the broader puddles, though skirred by the breeze, found the network of ice veiling over them. This, as it crusted, began to be capable of a consistent quivering, with a frail infinitude of spikelets, crossing and yet carrying into one another. And the cold work (marred every now and then by the hurry of the wind that urged it) in the main was going on so fast that the face of the water ceased to glisten, and instead of ruffling lifted, and instead of waving wavered. So that, as the surface trembled, any level eye might see little splinters (held as are the ribs and harl of feathers) spreading, and rising like stems of lace, and then with a smooth, crisp jostle sinking, as the wind flew over them, into the quavering consistence of a coverlet of ice.

Esther Cripps took little heed of these things, or of any other in the matter of weather, except to say to herself now and then how bitter cold the wind was, and that she feared it would turn to snow, and how she longed to be sitting with a cup of 'Aunt Exie's' caudle in the snug room next to the bakehouse, or how glad she would be to get only as far as the first house of St Clement's, to see the lamps and the lights in the shops, and be quit of this dreary loneliness. For now it must be three market-days since fearful rumours began to stir in several neighbouring villages, which made even strong men discontent with solitude towards nightfall; and as for the women—just now poor Esther would rather not think of what they declared. It was all very well to pretend to doubt it while hanging the clothes out or turning the mangle; but as for laughing out here in the dark, and a mile away from the nearest house—— Good Lord! How that white owl frightened her!

Being a sensible and brave girl, she forced her mind as well as she could into another channel, and lifted the cover of the basket in which she had some nice things for 'Aunt Exie,' and then she set off for a bold little run, until she was out of breath, and trembling at the sound of her own light feet. For though all the Crippses were known to be of a firm and resolute fibre, who could expect a young maid like this to tramp on like a Roman sentinel?

And a lucky thing for her it was that she tried nothing of the sort, but glided along with her heart in her mouth, and her short skirt tucked up round her. Lucky also for her that the ground (which she so little heeded, and so wanted to get over) was in that early stage of freezing, or of drying to forestall frost, in which it deadens sound as much as the later stage enlivens it, otherwise it is doubtful whether she would have seen the Christmas-dressing of the shops in Oxford.

For, a little farther on, she came, without so much as a cow in the road or a sheep in a field for company, to a dark narrow place, where the way hung over the verge of a stony hollow, an ancient pit which had once been worked as part of the quarries of Headington. This had long been of bad repute as a haunted and ill-omened place; and even the Carrier himself, strong and resolute as he was, felt no shame in whispering when he passed by in the moonlight. And the name of the place was the 'Gipsy's Grave.' Therefore, as Esther Cripps approached it, she was half inclined to wait and hide herself in a bush or gap until a cart or waggon should come down the hill behind her, or an honest dairyman whistling softly to reassure his shadow, or even a woman no braver than herself.

But neither any cart came near, nor any other kind of company, only the violence of the wind and the keen increase of the frost-bite. So that the girl made up her mind to put the best foot foremost, and run through her terrors at such a pace that none of them could lay hold of her.

Through yards of darkness she skimmed the ground, in haste only to be rid of it, without looking forward, or over her shoulders, or anywhere, when she could help it. And now she was ready to laugh at herself and her stupid fears, as she caught through the trees a glimpse of the lights of Oxford, down in the low land, scarcely more than a mile and a half away from her. In the joy of relief she was ready to jump and pant without fear of the echoes, when suddenly something caught her ears.

This was not a thing at first to be at all afraid of, but only just enough to rouse a little curiosity. It seemed to be nothing more nor less than the steady stroke of a pickaxe. The sound came from the farther corner of the deserted quarry, where a crest of soft and shingly rock overhung a briary thicket. Any person working there would be quite out of sight from the road, by reason of the bend of the hollow.

The blow of the tool came dull and heavy on the dark and frosty wind; and Esther almost made up her mind to run on, and take no heed of it. And so she would have done, no doubt, if she had not been a Cripps girl. But in this family firm and settled opinions had been handed down concerning the rights of property—the rights that overcome all wrongs, and outlive death. The brother Leviticus of Stow Wood had sown a piece of waste at the corner of the clevice with winter carrots for his herd of swine. The land being none of his thus far, his right so to treat it was not established, and therefore likely to be attacked by any rapacious encroacher. Esther felt all such things keenly, and resolved to find out what was going on.

(From *Cripps the Carrier*.)

Robert Michael Ballantyne (1825–94), writer of tales for boys, was born at Edinburgh in April 1825, a nephew of Scott's printers. The first of his eighty volumes, issued in 1848, was a record of personal experiences during a six years' residence (1841–47) in the territories of the Hudson Bay Company; in 1848–55 he was in the publishing office of the Messrs Constable in Edinburgh; in 1856 he took to literature as a profession—more specifically to the business of writing books for boys. In this his life-work he combined in the happiest way tales of strenuous endeavour and exciting adventure, a sound moral, and an amount of varied instruction wholly alien to the plan of predecessors like Mayne Reid. At first he drew largely on his own experiences, in *The Young Fur Traders* (1856) and *Ungava* (1857). But he made special studies for such works as *The Lifeboat*, *The Lighthouse*, *Fighting the Flames*, and *Deep Down* (in Cornish mines); and he travelled in Norway and Africa expressly for the purpose of amassing materials for others of his stories.

Among the most popular were *The Coral Island*, *Martin Rattler*, *The World of Ice*, *The Pirate City*, *The Dog Crusoe*, *Erling the Bold*, *The Settler and the Savage*, and *Black Ivory*. Personally he exemplified the high character of his heroes, and he was a keen volunteer and an accomplished artist in water-colours. In 1893 he published *Personal Reminiscences of Book-making*. Harrow was his home, but he died at Rome. See his *Personal Recollections* (1893).

Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd (1825–1899) was familiarly known to a generation of magazine readers as A.K.H.B., and is remembered not as a divine but as a copious, desultory, entertaining writer on things in general. He was born in Auchinleck manse, Ayrshire, spent his boyhood in the manse of the adjoining parish of Ochiltree (whither his father was transferred soon after), and was educated at Ayr Academy, King's College, London, and Glasgow University. He studied for the English Bar, but in 1851 received Presbyterian ordination, and had been minister of Newton-on-Ayr, Kirkpatrick-Irongray, and St Bernard's, Edinburgh, before his settlement in 1865 at St Andrews. He became known to a wide public by his essays in *Fraser's Magazine* signed A.K.H.B., and reprinted as *Recreations of a Country Parson* (three series, 1859–61). *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson* followed; and, including sermons and books of gossiping reminiscences, he produced over thirty volumes. His essays had a character of their own, essential commonplaceness of thought being disguised by a certain airy vivacity and chattiness, good-humoured in the main (especially towards himself); but at times his deliberate irrelevance became prolix and even dull, though he had a genius for gossip and anecdotes, at its best in the earlier volumes of the reminiscences. His comments on contemporaries were often more pointed than complimentary, and in playful or caustic anecdotes he in return was not too gently dealt with. He was D.D. and LL.D. His foibles were vanity, a profound admiration for deans and dignitaries of the Anglican Church, and a corresponding dislike for Dissenters of all species. He was failing in health when, mistaking his medicine, he accidentally poisoned himself at Bournemouth. See his *Twenty-five Years of St Andrews* (2 vols. 1892), *St Andrews and Elsewhere* (1895), and *Last Years of St Andrews* (1896).

Samuel Butler (1825–1902), born at Langar in Notts, was educated at Shrewsbury and St John's, Cambridge, spent the years 1860–64 in Canterbury, New Zealand, and devoted the rest of his life to literary work in London. In *Erewhon* (1872—the name being of course an anagram of 'nowhere') he revealed his gift of humour and irony, his prejudices and his anti-conventional audacity; *Erewhon Revisited* (1901) was a continuation of this modern *Utopia*. He wrote on evolution against Darwin, insisted in a book that the author of the *Odyssey* was a woman, and had his own theory as to the sonnets of Shakespeare. He translated the whole of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey* into English prose, and he wrote (2 vols. 1896) the Life of his namesake and grandfather, headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield (1744–1839). Other works were *The Fair Haven*, *Life and Habit*, *Luck or Cunning*, *Ex Voto*, and, posthumously published, *The Way of the Flesh* (1903). He wrote sonnets also, and practised painting and musical composition.

Rev. Edward Bradley (1827–89), better known by his pen-name of 'Cuthbert Bede,' was born at Kidderminster, educated for the Church at Durham University, and appointed rector successively of Denton in Huntingdonshire, Stretton near Oakham, and Lenton in the neighbourhood of Grantham. The list of his six-and-twenty published works includes the *Book of Beauty* (1856), *Fairy Fables* (1858), *Glencraggan* (1861), *Tales of College Life* (1862), and *Fotheringhay* (1885). But the most popular of his books, as it was the earliest, was doubtless *The Adventures of Mr Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman* (1853–57), a facetious and even farcical description of the humours of English university life, which displays an imperfect imitation of the manner and method of Dickens. The hero, whose character is more plainly than artistically indicated by his name, enters 'Brazenface College' as the most innocent of home-bred youngsters, and is initiated into all the amusements and venial dissipations of an undergraduate career by two more knowing hands, Mr Bouncer and Mr Larkyns, with the result that he goes through a series of ridiculous scrapes. Though almost negligible as literature, this burlesque had a wide, an immediate, and by no means an ephemeral popularity, which at first no doubt was heightened by the knowledge that some of the figures in it were caricatures of well-known Oxford dons.

George Alfred Lawrence (1827–76) was born at Braxted rectory, Essex, and from Rugby passed in 1848 to Balliol College, Oxford. He was called four years later to the Bar, was a militia officer, and got into a United States prison on his way to join the Confederate army. Of his nine or ten novels by far the best-known is *Guy Livingstone* (1857); the next perhaps, though far less popular, *Sword and Gown* (1859).

George Augustus Henry Sala (1828–95), born in London of Italian ancestry, studied art and did book-illustrations, but after 1851 became a contributor to *Household Words*, *Temple Bar* (which he founded and edited 1860–66), the *Illustrated London News*, and *Cornhill*. As special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* he was in the United States during the Civil War, in Italy with Garibaldi, in France in 1870–71, and later in Russia and Australia. *Twice Round the Clock* (1859) is his best-known work; while his novels include

The Baddington Peerage, *Captain Dangerous*, and *Quite Alone*. Among his books of travel are *A Journey due North;* books on Holland, Barbary, Rome, and Venice; *Paris Herself Again* (1879); *America Revisited* (1882); and *Right Round the World* (1888). His autobiography is pretty fully covered by *Things I have Seen* (1894) and his *Life and Adventures* (1895).

William Caldwell Roscoe (1823–59), grandson of the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici (see Vol. II. p. 639), was born in Liverpool, and educated finally at University College, London. Though called to the Bar, he soon settled in Wales in business, but found time for much literary work for the reviews, for the two tragedies *Eliduc* and *Violenzia*, and for many lyrics and other poems. His essays were collected in 1860, with a Memoir, by his brother-in-law, R. H. Hutton; his dramas and poems were reprinted in 1891.

John Caird (1820-98), a great Scottish preacher, born at Greenock, studied at Glasgow, and had held four important cures when in 1862 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Glasgow. He was principal of the university from 1873 till the year of his death. His *Religion of Common Life*, preached before Queen Victoria at Crathie in 1855, quickly carried his fame throughout the Protestant world; Dean Stanley said it was the greatest single sermon of the century. He published a volume of *Sermons* (1858); *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion* (1880), which revealed a strong neo-Hegelian leaning; and a small but pregnant book on *Spinoza* (1888).

Edward Caird, brother of the preacher-principal, was born in 1835. From Glasgow he passed as a Snell exhibitioner to Balliol College, Oxford, and became in 1864 Fellow and tutor at Merton. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University; in 1893 he was elected Master of Balliol. A profound and sympathetic student of Hegel, he made himself one of the most conspicuous and influential philosophical thinkers of his time by a series of works comprising *A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant* (1877), a book on *Hegel* (1883), *The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte* (1885), and *The Evolution of Religion* (Gifford Lectures, 1893).

Joseph Barber Lightfoot (1828–89), Bishop of Durham, was born at Liverpool, and from King Edward's School, Birmingham, passed in 1847 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1851 as thirteenth wrangler, senior classic, and Chancellor's medallist. Elected Fellow in 1852, and ordained in 1854, he became tutor of Trinity in 1857, Hulsean Professor of Divinity in 1861, canon of St Paul's in 1871, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1875, and Bishop of Durham in 1879. Dr Lightfoot was out of sight the most accomplished English scholar of his time in the departments he made his own; he secured a great European reputation, and in England his influence proved of incalculable importance. A supreme grammarian and textual critic, he gave the world admirable commentaries on the epistles to the *Galatians* (1860), *Philippians* (1868), *Colossians* and *Philemon* (1875). His work on the Apostolic Fathers embraces only *Clement of Rome* (1869–77; new ed. 1890) and *Ignatius and Polycarp* (1885; 2nd ed. 1889). Other works were *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament* (1871), an edition of Mansel's *Gnostic Heresies* (1875), *Leaders in the Northern Church* (1890), *The Apostolic Age* (1892), *Biblical Essays* (1893), and several volumes of sermons, besides contributions to magazines, biblical dictionaries, and, originally in the *Contemporary Review*, his crushing answer to *Supernatural Religion* (reprinted 1889). There is a short Life of him by Westcott (1894).

Henry Parry Liddon (1829–90), born at North Stoneham, Hampshire, the son of a naval captain, went up from King's College School, London, to Christ Church, Oxford. Ordained in 1852 as senior student of Christ Church, from 1854 to 1859 he was vice-principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, and in 1864 became a prebendary of Salisbury, in 1870 a canon of St Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis at Oxford (till 1882). In 1866 he delivered his Bampton Lectures on the *Divinity of Our Lord* (1867; 13th ed. 1889), and was soon recognised as the ablest and most eloquent exponent of modern High Church principles. He helped to make St Paul's once more the centre of the religious life of London, and by his sermons there took rank amongst the greatest of English preachers. In matters academic he was, like his master Pusey, eminently conservative. He did not hesitate to take a strong side in public controversies bearing on faith and morals. Thus he strongly opposed the Church Discipline Act of 1874, and as warmly supported Mr Gladstone's crusade against the Bulgarian atrocities in 1876. He wrote many controversial articles, and published a dozen collections of sermons or addresses. His unfinished Life of Pusey had to be taken over by others (see page 337).

Edward Augustus Freeman * (1823–92) was the most voluminous writer on history and kindred subjects of his generation. His career was uneventful, and may be easily sketched. He was left an orphan in early childhood, and was never sent to a public school; but he was a precocious student and a voracious reader as a boy. After being at two small schools, he went to a private tutor, and in 1841 was elected to a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1845 he gained a second class in the final classical school, and was soon afterwards made a Fellow of Trinity. He had a sufficient income to free him from the necessity of earning a livelihood. In 1847 he married Miss Eleanor Gutch, the daughter of his former tutor, and settled down to the life of a

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student and a country gentleman. After two or three changes of residence, he made his home at Somerleaze, near Wells, in Somersetshire, and it was there that the greatest part of his work was done. He had no lack of occupation, as he was a zealous magistrate, a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review* and other journals, and a keen politician. At one time he was ambitious to enter Parliament, but he only once went to the poll, and was then unsuccessful. A professorship at Oxford was also an attraction to him, but twice he failed in his candidature for such a post. At last, in 1884, when his friend William Stubbs left Oxford to be Bishop of Chester, Freeman was appointed to



EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

succeed him as Regius Professor of Modern History. For the next eight years he lived part of the year in Oxford and part at Somerleaze. He had always been an eager traveller, full of insight into local and architectural history in many countries. When his health became enfeebled in his later years, he spent some time in Sicily, an island that always had a peculiar interest to him on account of the continuity of its history through long and varying periods. He was on a tour in Spain with his wife and two daughters when he died on 16th May 1892.

Freeman's first book, a *History of Architecture*, was published in 1849, four years after he had taken his degree. It would take a good deal of space to enumerate all his works from that date till his death. He was always writing, and he published almost everything that he wrote. Many of his articles in magazines were afterwards collected into volumes, and some of them are among the best things he did. But the chief works, on which his reputation as a historian must ultimately rest, were the *History of Federal Government*, which stopped short at the first volume in 1863; *The History of the Norman Conquest*, his most ambitious and best-known work, which appeared in successive volumes from 1867 to 1879 (6 vols., with index); *The Historical Geography of Europe* (1881–82); the *Reign of William Rufus* (1882); and *History of Sicily* (1891–92), which was left unfinished at his death.

In estimating Freeman's merits as a historian and a writer, it must never be forgotten that he was a journalist and a politician, and in both capacities a very combative partisan. His style was very largely formed by the strenuous endeavour to impress his views upon contemporaries, and it was a style that was better suited for a dogmatic lecture or a magazine article than for historical narrative. He acquired a habit of hammering his contention into the minds of his readers or hearers by repeating it in different words. This iteration was not unimpressive in a harangue or in a short article, but it became wearisome in a long and substantial work. The consequent prolixity was increased in Freeman's case by his inability to sift and select his facts. Everything which he had carefully investigated seemed to him of immense importance, and if he could not find a place for it in his text, he must put it into a lengthy appendix. It is difficult to believe that the *Norman Conquest* will be read in times to come by any but professed students. And the habit of controversy affected the historical value of Freeman's work. His convictions on historical questions, as on other subjects, were very clearly formed and almost passionately asserted. When once he had formed such a conviction, he was extremely loath to change it, even in the face of convincing evidence; and though he would have repudiated the charge of conscious unfairness, he was unquestionably inclined to read his convictions into his authorities, and to draw from them everything that would support his own view. One of his favourite dicta was that 'history is past politics, and politics are present history!' This led him to endeavour to look at the past from the political point of view, to try and place himself in the position of a politician in ancient times. For such a purpose a keener and more sympathetic imagination was needed than Freeman possessed. Some of his most ambitious work is vitiated because he was too much of a nineteenth-century politician to grasp the subtler differences between the conceptions of the eleventh century and those of his own day.

Although it may be doubted whether Freeman's larger books will prove to be of permanent literary importance, there can be no doubt that he did work of immense value in his generation. Many of the lessons which he set himself to teach he taught so thoroughly that they have become almost commonplaces to later students; and curiously enough the most prolix of historical writers

could be, when he chose, a master of the art of compression. Few men could write a short book better than Freeman could when he was bound by precise limits of space. His 'William I.' in the series of *Twelve English Statesmen* gives an admirable summary of the main conclusions arrived at in the six volumes of the *Norman Conquest*, and his *General Sketch of European History*, in a series of school manuals which he himself edited for Messrs Macmillan, is a model of concise and clear narration. A youthful student of history can find few better introductions to the subject than the collected volumes of Freeman's Essays. Few men have had a wider knowledge of the general course of human history, and few have been such consummate masters of apposite and illuminating comparison. Freeman was at his best as a traveller. On a historic site his vast stores of knowledge enabled him to form and present with astonishing readiness a striking picture of all the important events which it suggested to his memory.

If circumstances had been more favourable, Freeman would have been a really great professor of history. It was a misfortune to him, and perhaps to his subject, that he failed to obtain election to the Chichele Professorship of Modern History in 1862. He had a real enthusiasm for teaching, and an Oxford chair would have given him an admirable opportunity for developing his powers in that direction. But in 1884 the appointment came too late. He was older than the great scholar whose place he took, he had done the bulk of his work, and most of the lessons which he wished to teach he had already formulated in the ways which were open to him. Oxford had altered very much since his own days of residence, and he had taken little direct part in the change. A school of modern history had grown up and reached a fairly advanced stage of development. Freeman was at once too big and too obstinate to fit himself into a ready-made groove. His brusque and combative manner, which concealed real kindness of heart, helped to create rather than to remove misunderstandings. Freeman was never quite happy or comfortable in Oxford; and though he had warm and attached disciples, it cannot be held that he exercised the influence on the studies and life of the University which he would have done if he had entered upon his office twenty years earlier. And he was uneasily conscious that some of his main contentions, especially his insistence upon the predominance of German origins in the building up of modern Europe, were beginning to be questioned, and by some inquirers to be rejected. For a man who had been rather a ruthless critic of others, Freeman was singularly sensitive to attack. It was rather pathetic than inspiring to see a student of his eminence standing before an inadequate academic audience, not to tell them new truths, but to assert that he still adhered to assertions that he had made almost a generation ago, that he had nothing to unlearn and little to learn.

The Death of Harold.

While Harold still lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of England failed not, the hope of England had not wholly passed away. Around the twofold ensign the war was still fiercely raging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed. The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in. New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English—diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the livelong toil of that awful day. The Duke bade his archers shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced; eyes were put out; men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and, in so doing, they were of course less able to wield their axes. And now the supreme moment drew near. There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were bidden specially to aim with their truest skill. As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the standard. There Harold still fought; his shield bristled with Norman shafts; but he was still unwounded and unwearied. At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went more truly to its mark. Falling like a bolt from heaven, it pierced the king's right eye; he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft; his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the standard. Meanwhile twenty knights who had bound themselves to lower or to bear off the English ensigns strove to cut their way to the same spot. Most of the twenty paid for their venture with their lives, but the survivors succeeded in their attempt. Four of them reached the standard at the very moment Harold fell. Disabled as he was, the king strove to rise; the four rushed upon him and despatched him with various wounds. . . . One pierced through the shield of the dying king and stabbed him in the breast; another smote him with the sword just below the fastenings of his helmet. But life was still in him; as he still struggled, a third pierced his body through with his lance, and a fourth finished the work by striking off his leg with his sword. Such was the manner which the boasted chivalry of Normandy meted out to a prince who had never dealt harshly or cruelly by either a domestic or a foreign foe. But we must add, in justice to the Conqueror, that he pronounced the last brutal insult to be a base and cowardly act, and he expelled the doer of it from his army.

The Harrying of the North.

One thing at least is certain, that the Norman Conquest crushed all hopes of Northumbrian dominion, as dominion, for ever. In this sense the Norman Conquest was in very truth a Saxon Conquest. It ruled that England should be for ever an united kingdom; and it further ruled that the seat of dominion of that united kingdom should be placed in its Southern and not in its Northern part. Yet Northern England may at least boast this much, that in no part of the land did the Conqueror meet with

stouter resistance, that on no part of the land did his avenging hand fall more heavily. We read in the writers of the time of the harrying of the northern shires, of the fields laid waste, of the towns left without inhabitants, of the churches crowded by the sick and hungry as the one place of shelter. We read in the formal language of documents how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day, and sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread. We read how the weary and homeless met with such shelter, such alms, as one monastery and one town could give at the hands of good Abbot Æthelwig of Evesham. And, perhaps more striking than all, we read in the calm pages of Domesday the entries of 'waste,' 'waste,' down whole pages, the records which show how lands which had supplied the halls of two or three English thegns could now yield hardly a penny of income to their foreign masters. To most of us all this is mere book-learning; it was mere book-learning to me a few months back. But tales like these put on a new and fearful truth, they are clothed with a life which is terrible, indeed, to one who has seen the like with his own eyes. The harrying of Northumberland has ceased to be a mere name to one who has seen something of the harrying of Herzegovina. The churchyard of Evesham, crowded with the refugees who had fled from their wasted houses, becomes a reality in the eyes of one who has looked on the same sad sight in the *lazzaretto* of Ragusa.

Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy.

As the Greek nation was the first which developed for itself anything worthy of the name of civilisation, Greece and the Greek colonies naturally formed the whole extent of their own civilised world. Other nations were simply outside Barbarians. In the best days of Greece the interference of a foreign power in her internal quarrels would have seemed as if the sovereign of Morocco or China should claim the presidency of a modern European congress. In later times, indeed, Sparta and Thebes and Athens, each in turn, found it convenient to contract political alliances with the great king at Ekbatana, or with their more dangerous neighbour at Pella. But the Mede always remained a purely external enemy or a purely external paymaster; the Macedonian had himself to become a Greek before his turn came to be the dominant power of Greece. But in mediæval Italy the case was widely different. She affected, indeed, to apply the name Barbarian to all nations beyond the mountain-bulwark. Nor did the assumption want some show of justification in her palpable pre-eminence in wealth, in refinement, in literature, in many branches of art, above all in political knowledge and progress. But, notwithstanding this, it was impossible to place mediæval Italy so far above contemporary France or Spain or Germany as ancient Greece stood above the rest of her contemporary world. All the states of Western Christendom were fragments of a single Empire, whose laws and language and general civilisation had left traces among them all. A common religion, too, united them against the paynim of Cordova or Bagdad, too often against the schismatic who filled the throne of Constantine. Italy for ages saw the lawful successor of her kings and Cæsars in a Barbarian of the race most alien to her feelings and language. Most of her highest nobility drew their origin from the same stock. No wonder, then, if nations less alien to her tongues and manners played a part in her internal politics which differed widely from any interference of Barbarians in the affairs of Greece. Italian parties ranged themselves under the German watchwords of Guelf and Ghibelin, and fought under the standards of Angevin, Provençal, and Aragonese invaders. Florence looked to France—lily to lily—as her natural ally and her chosen protector. Sicily sought for her deliverer from French oppression in the rival power of a Spanish king. French and Spanish princes had been so often welcomed into Italy, they had so often filled Italian thrones and guided Italian politics, that men perhaps hardly understood the change or foresaw the consequences when for the first time a king of France entered Italy in arms as the claimant of an Italian kingdom. Gradually, but only gradually, the strife which had once been a mere disputed succession between an Angevin and an Aragonese pretender grew into a strife between the mightiest potentates of the West for the mastery of Italy and of Europe.

See Dean W. R. W. Stephens's Life and Letters of E. A. Freeman (2 vols. 1895).

RICHARD LODGE.

William Stubbs (1825–1901) was born at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. From a private school at Knaresborough he went on to Ripon Grammar School, and in 1844 matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1848 he took his degree with first-class honours in classics and a third-class in mathematics, and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. Two years later he resigned his fellowship on acceptance of the college living of Navestock in Essex. It was while he held this living that he made his reputation as a strenuous and accurate student of the ecclesiastical and mediæval history of England. This he owed partly to the publication of the *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum* in 1858, but mainly to the editorship of several chronicles in the Rolls Series. No volumes in this invaluable collection were edited with such consummate scholarship, with such critical insight and convincing knowledge, as those which were entrusted to his care. And the prefaces which he prefixed to these chronicles, especially those to the Chronicles of Richard I. and to the second volume of Benedict of Peterborough, proved that he was not only a master of the methods of research, but also a really great historian, capable at once of interpreting such remarkable characters as those of Henry II. and his sons, and also of explaining the obscure workings of early institutions. His knowledge of detail was enormous, and no appeal for information on the knottiest points of constitutional or genealogical history failed to elicit an answer from his stores of information. With another student of similar tastes, E. A. Freeman, his intercourse was at all times intimate and friendly. But there were many marked and obvious contrasts between the two men. Freeman was always writing to the press, reviewing books, attacking Froude, denouncing hunting and vivisection, expressing his opinion on Disestablishment, on tithes, on Ireland, on the Eastern question, and

generally siding with the Radical party in politics. Stubbs, on the other hand, was a retiring student, happy with his books and his family, and almost a recluse. Although a strong Conservative, he made no attempt to emphasise or assert his political opinions, and he often boasted in later years that he had never reviewed a book in his life.

Perhaps on account of this greater reticence, which preserved him from the enmities which Freeman's outspokenness too often provoked, Stubbs was the more fortunate in gaining recognition for his work. In 1862 he was appointed librarian at Lambeth, a post in which he was succeeded by another historian, J. R. Green; and in 1866 he became Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. The eighteen years which he spent in Oxford were certainly the most fruitful and possibly the happiest period of his life. His chief publications were the *Select Charters* (1870), a collection of documents and extracts from chronicles to illustrate the constitutional development of England to the end of Edward I.'s reign, and the *Constitutional History of England*, of which the first volume appeared in 1874, and the third and last in 1878. This latter book was at once accepted both in this country and on the Continent as the magisterial and, for the time, the definitive work on the subject. No doubt supplementary information may be and has been obtained, and upon points of detail Stubbs's conclusions may be open to modification, but the book is so cautious and based upon such exhaustive study that it is difficult to believe it can ever be quite superseded. No fewer than thirteen volumes in the Rolls Series were edited by Stubbs during these years. On the other side of his professorial work, as a lecturer, Stubbs was less obviously successful. He read his lectures from manuscript, and he did not attract a large class. Every year he was bound to deliver two public lectures, a duty at which he always grumbled. To these lectures more hearers came than to his consecutive courses, but he never drew such a crowd as came to listen to his predecessor, Goldwin Smith, or to his two successors, Freeman and Froude. Yet he was a really great and stimulating teacher. To him, more than any other man, was due the foundation and organisation of the flourishing school of modern history in Oxford. The secure basis upon which that school has been built was the strenuous study of the consecutive history of the English constitution, which Stubbs inculcated and for which he in large measure supplied the materials. The most influential and formative book in the studies of the school from that day to this has been Stubbs's *Select Charters*.

In 1879 Stubbs was appointed to a canonry at St Paul's, which he held along with his professorship in Oxford. He was now in a most enviable position, as his income was adequate to his needs, he had easy access to books both in Oxford and London, and in both places he was highly appreciated. But in 1884 he was offered and accepted the bishopric of Chester, and five years later he was translated to the see of Oxford. As a bishop he was energetic and liked by his clergy, while his learning added to the prestige of the Episcopal bench. But it may be held that his ecclesiastical duties might have been as efficiently performed by a man who had less obvious powers in another direction. As a bishop Stubbs was almost lost to history and to literature. At Chester he edited two volumes of William of Malmesbury, and while he lived at Cuddesdon he resumed some of his former connection with the university, and sat once more on boards and committees. But his only independent publication in the last sixteen years of his life was a collection of the public lectures which he had delivered with so much open repining during his tenure of the Oxford chair. Some of them are of remarkable merit, and one or two show glimpses of that genial humour which was familiar to Stubbs's personal friends, but which is not conspicuous in his published works and by many readers is probably unsuspected. He was fond of making epigrams, and one of them is worth quoting here:

> Froude informs the Scottish youth
> That parsons do not care for truth.
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
> That History is a pack of lies.
>
> What cause for judgments so malign?
> A brief reflexion solves the mystery.
> Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!

Perhaps constitutional history does not lend itself either to humour or to eloquence. At any rate, Stubbs was more eminent as a historian than as a man of letters. For evidence of his ability to write with vigour and point the reader must go either to his little book on the Early Plantagenets, his only contribution to the innumerable manuals which have been produced in such profusion by later historians, or preferably to the Prefaces in the Rolls Series. Since Stubbs's death these Prefaces have been collected and republished in a separate volume, and they will probably prove more attractive to the general reader than the *Constitutional History*, which is too solid and substantial for the ordinary appetite.

Henry II. and his Sons.

Henry's division of his dominions among his sons was a measure which, as his own age did not understand it, later ones may be excused for mistaking; but the object of it was, as may be inferred from his own recorded words, to strengthen and equalise the pressure of the ruling hand in the different provinces of various laws and nationalities. The sons were to be the substitutes, not the successors of their father; the eldest as the accepted or elected sharer of the royal name, as feudal superior to his brothers, and first in the royal councils, stood in the same relation to his father as the king of the Romans to the emperor; he might rule with a full delegated power, or perhaps with inchoate independence, but the father's hand was to guide the helm of State.

Unhappily the young brood of the eagle of the broken covenant were the worst possible instruments for the working of a large and complex policy: the last creatures in the world to be made useful in carrying on a form of government which the experience of all ages has tried and found wanting.

Yet how grand a scheme of western confederation might be deduced from the consideration of the position of Henry's children; how great a dream of conquest may after all have been broken by the machinations of Lewis and Eleanor! What might not a crusade have effected headed by Henry II., with his valiant sons, the first warriors of the age; with his sons-in-law, William the Lion, William of Sicily, and Alfonso of Castile; with Philip of France, the brother-in-law of his sons; Frederick Barbarossa, his distant kinsman and close ally; the princes of Champagne and Flanders, his cousins? In it the grand majestic chivalry of the emperor, the wealth of Sicily, the hardy valour and practical skill of Spain, the hereditary crusading ardour of the land of Godfrey of Bouillon and Stephen of Blois, the statesman-like vigour and simple piety of the great Saxon hero, under the guidance of the craft and sagacity, the mingled unimpetuosity and caution, of Henry II., might have presented Europe to Asia in a guise which she has never yet assumed. Yet all the splendour of the family confederation, all the close-woven, widespread web that fortune and sagacity had joined to weave, end in the cruel desertion, the baffled rage, the futile curses of the chained leopard in the last scene at Chinon. The lawful sons, the offspring, the victims, and the avengers of a heartless policy; the loveless children of a loveless mother have left the last duties of an affection they did not feel to the hands of a bastard—the child of an early, obscure, misplaced, degrading, but not a mercenary love.

(From the Preface to Benedictus Abbas.)

Impartiality in a Historian.

For my own part, I do not see why an honest partisan should not write an honest book if he can persuade himself to look honestly at his subject, and make allowance for his own prejudices. I know it is somewhat critical work, and a man who knows himself in one way may be quite ignorant of himself in another. I take Hallam as an illustrious example. Hallam knew himself to be a political partisan, and, wherever he knew that political prejudice might darken his counsel, he guarded most carefully against it: he did not claim the judicial character without fitting himself for it; and where he knew himself to be sitting as judge he judged admirably; so admirably that the advanced advocates even of his own views have long ago thrown him over as too timid and temporising for their purpose. Yet where he was not awake to his own prejudice, in matters, for instance, regarding religion and the Church, in which he seems to have had no doubt about his own infallibility of negation, how ludicrously and transparently unfair he is!

I do not see any necessity for this. I do not see why a man should not say once for all: I like Charles I. better than Oliver Cromwell; I like the cause for which Charles believed himself to be contending better than that for which Cromwell strove. Charles is attractive to me, Oliver is repulsive; Charles is my friend, Oliver is my foe: but am I bound to maintain that my friend is always right and my enemy always wrong; am I bound to hold Charles for a saint, Oliver for a monster; am I bound never to mention Charles without a sigh or Oliver without a sneer; am I bound to conceal the faults of the one and to believe every calumny against the other? If you like, put it the other way, believe in the great Protestant statesman, treat Charles as the overrated fine gentleman, the narrow-minded advocate of a theory which he did not understand, the pig-headed maintainer of a cause you dislike. You may be a partisan, but can you not believe that, if you believe your own side of the question, truth will be found on your side? Misrepresentation, exaggeration, dishonesty of advocacy, will only disparage the presentment which you desire to make of your own convictions and your own prepossessions. Nay, I would go further, and say I should like Charles better than Oliver even if his cause were less my own than I conceive it to be. I am ready to stick to my friends and vote against my unfriends; but why should I shut my eyes to the false and foolish things that my friends do, or to the noble aspirations, honesty, and good intentions of those whom I think wrong in their means and mistaken in their ends? Yet, as I began by saying, without some infusion of spite it seems as if history could not be written; that no man's zeal is roused to write unless it is moved by the desire to write down. Of course I seem to be stating extreme cases, but it is extreme cases that make their own advertisements, and that do the great mischief. Here the study of ancient history has its great advantage over modern; yet battles are still fought over the character of Tiberius, and the 'lues rehabitandi' has given a new reading to the history of Marius and Sylla.

(From *Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History.*)

RICHARD LODGE.

Walter Bagehot (1826–77) was born at Langport, Somerset, and from school at Bristol he passed in 1842 to University College, London, where he took his M.A. in 1848; in 1852 he was called to the Bar, but joined his father as a banker and shipowner at Langport. From Paris in 1851 he had written a series of letters justifying Napoleon's *coup d'état.* Soon after he became a writer for the periodicals, and was associated with R. H. Hutton on the *National Review.* In 1858 he married a daughter of Mr Wilson, founder of the *Economist* newspaper, and from 1860 till his death he was its editor. His works include *The English Constitution* (1867), a book of great value, translated into several foreign tongues; *Physics and Politics* (1872), applying to politics the evolution theory; *Lombard Street* (1873), a standard work on the money market; and three volumes of literary, biographical, and economic studies, with Memoir by R. H. Hutton (1879–81; new ed. 1895). Bagehot was an unconventional, original, and suggestive thinker, a trenchant but sagacious critic, and a vigorous and even brilliant writer. He was readier than most contemporaries to give due weight to the historical and evolutionary aspects of things; he recognised the limitations of the Ricardian economics, and treated political economy as a science not of rigorous laws, but of tendencies. There are essays on him in Mr Birrell's *Miscellanies* (1902) and in Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* (2nd series, 1902).

Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1829–1902), one of the great historical specialists of his time, gave in his career a supreme example of a life devoted to the realisation of a great idea. Born at Ropley in Hants, he was educated at Winchester School and at Christ Church, Oxford. Quitting Oxford in 1855, he married Isabella, youngest daughter of Edward Irving, the founder of the Apostolic Church, of which communion he became a member, and held high place in its hierarchy. In 1874 he was appointed Professor of History in King's College, London—a post which he held for fourteen years; and throughout the same period he acted as lecturer for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. In 1882 he received a pension of £150 from the Government of Mr Gladstone; and in 1884 All Souls College, Oxford, elected him to a Research Fellowship. On the death of Mr Froude in 1894 he was offered the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford; but, now in his sixty-fifth year, he declined the honour that he might devote himself to the great work of his life. He had honorary degrees from Oxford, Edinburgh, and Gottingen.

From the date of his leaving Oxford (1855) Gardiner addressed himself to the task which he unremittingly pursued to the close of his life—the history of England from the accession of James I. to the Restoration. In 1865 the first instalment of the work appeared in two volumes, and their successors followed at regular intervals till, in the last year of his life, he was disabled by ill-health. A fragment of the third volume of his *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate* (1654–66) was posthumously published in 1903. The great work, thus so nearly brought to completion, is a monument of patient, exact, and disinterested labour; but it was likewise a labour of love which from first to last engaged the whole heart and mind of its author. It was by natural affinity that Gardiner selected the special period of English history of which he has produced such a minute and exhaustive record. Of deep, though unobtrusive, religious feeling, he was naturally attracted to a period when religion played so large a part in the national development. His sympathies were with the Parliament rather than with the Crown in the great controversy that cleft the English nation in twain, but he was of too fair a mind and too genial a temper to do injustice to any mode of thought or feeling, however alien to his own. His estimates of the Royalists Strafford and Montrose are as generous as his estimates of the Parliamentarians Pym and Hampden. Of Cromwell, the dominating figure in his work, he has presented a portrait which in many of its traits differs from that of Carlyle, yet (due deduction made for the Carlylean emphasis) the lineaments presented in both portraits are essentially the same. For Gardiner, Cromwell was the 'most representative Englishman that ever lived'—typical of his countrymen by his innate conservatism and his statesmanship never determined by abstract theories, but by the immediate perception of actual fact.

The greatness of Gardiner's work does not proceed from his power as a thinker or from his skill as a literary artist; it was by his passion for truth and accuracy, his candour and breadth of sympathy, his unwearying industry, that he achieved a work which must ever hold its place among the chief historical productions in English literature. In the sense in which the expression is now employed, Gardiner was not, and did not desire to be, a 'scientific historian.' He did not conceive it to be the duty of the historian to efface



SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

himself in the presentation of his materials, nor to eschew all expression of his own opinion on the events and actions he has to narrate. Everywhere he frankly pronounces his judgments, whether of condemnation or approval; and in so doing he held that he was discharging not the least important function of the historian. In his conception, if history was not directly didactic, the writing of it is a vain labour; and the true scientific historian is he who most conscientiously seeks to ascertain and present the lessons which the past has to offer.

Other works of Mr Gardiner besides his principal History are *The Thirty Years' War* and *The First Two Stuarts* ('Epochs of Modern History'), *Student's History of England*, *An Introduction to English History* (in conjunction with Dr Bass Mullinger), and *Cromwell's Place in History* (being the first series of Ford Lectures, delivered in 1896).

P. HUME BROWN.

James Gairdner was born at Edinburgh in 1828, and at eighteen entered the Public Record Office in London, where he became assistant-keeper in 1859. He has shown a rare combination of erudition, accuracy, and judicial temper in editing a long series of historical documents, notably the letters and papers of Richard III. and Henry VII., and the continuation of Professor Brewer's calendar of Henry VIII. The same qualities are seen in his own works, which include *The Houses of Lancaster and York* (1874), *Life of Richard III.* (1878), *Studies in English History* (1881; written in conjunction with Spedding), *Henry VII.* (1889), and a *History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century* (1902). He edited the 'Paston Letters' in 1874, and re-edited them in 1901.

Richard Holt Hutton (1826–97), son and grandson of Unitarian ministers, was born at Leeds, and studied at University College, London, at Heidelberg and Berlin, and under James Martineau at the Manchester New College. He was for some time a Unitarian preacher, became principal of a Nonconformist university hall, and edited a Unitarian periodical; but under the influence of F. W. Robertson and F. D. Maurice he was drawn farther and farther from dogmatic Unitarianism, and ultimately joined the Church of England. He wrote for the *Prospective Review*, assisted in editing the *Economist*, and, with his friend Bagehot, the new quarterly *National Review*, besides teaching mathematics in Bedford College from 1856 till 1865. In 1861 he and Mr Townsend became associated as proprietors and joint-editors of the *Spectator* (founded in 1828), to which he gave the impress of his accomplished, resolute, devout mind. His department was literature, as his colleague's was politics; but both agreed in siding with the North against the South in the American Civil War, and thus for a time injured the success of their paper. Later, both editors greatly strengthened opposition to Irish Home Rule. Hutton became more and more a champion of Christianity in every form against naturalism; and he came to sympathise more and more fully with the neo-Catholic movement, and to revere Cardinal Newman. It was inevitable that he should have constant regard to ethical and religious interests in his judgments of men and movements, whether literary, social, or political; and he was perhaps stronger in sympathetic exposition than in pure criticism. He edited Bagehot's works and wrote a Memoir. His *Studies in Parliament* (1866), *Essays, Theological and Literary* (1871; 3rd ed. 1888), *Modern Guides of English Thought* (1887), and *Contemporary Thought and Thinkers* (1894) were partially recast and republished from the periodicals; his monograph on Scott ('Men of Letters,' 1878) was his least effective publication. The article on George Eliot in this work is abridged from that written by him for *Chambers's Encyclopædia* in 1889. Hutton's last years were clouded by the melancholia of his second wife, who, like his first, belonged to the Liverpool Roscoe family. A memorial volume by Mr Hogben appeared in 1899, but with few personal details, in deference to his own wish that no biography of him should be written; and Dr Robertson Nicoll published a study of him as critic and theologian in 1903.

George Bruce Malleson (1825–98) was born in London, entered the army 1842, served in India, edited the *Calcutta Review* 1864–69, and came home as colonel in 1877. He wrote quite a score of military books, the most important of which are the *Decisive Battles of India* (1883), the *History of the French in India* (1868), and the volumes of the *History of the Indian Mutiny* (1878–80), which continue Kaye's fragment of the *History of the Sepoy War*. Some later writers charge him with haste and inaccuracy.

James Hannay (1827–73), born at Dumfries, after five years in the navy, was at eighteen dismissed for insubordination by a court-martial sentence, afterwards quashed as irregular. He edited the *Edinburgh Courant* 1860–64, and from 1868 till his death was British consul at Barcelona. Of his novels the best are *Singleton Fontenoy* (1850) and *Eustace Conyers* (1855). His *Lectures on Satire and Satirists* (1854) deal with satirists of all ages—Horace and Juvenal, Erasmus and Buchanan, Butler and Swift, Moore and Byron—and are not less remarkable for his appreciative insight than for his own satiric power. *Essays from the Quarterly* (1861) show wide knowledge and fine literary sense, and, like all his works, are lighted up with an extraordinary wealth of epigram, simile, and suggestive allusion, classical and other. Other works were *Three Hundred Years of a Norman* [the Gurney] *House* (1866) and *Studies on Thackeray* (1869). The essay prefixed by him to an edition of Poe's poems was an admirable piece of work. There is an appreciation of his work in the *Bookman* for 1893.

Henry Morley (1822–94), the son of a London apothecary, was educated at the Moravian school of Neuwied-on-the-Rhine and King's College, London. After practising medicine at Madeley 1844–48, and keeping school at Manchester and Liverpool, he settled down in London in 1850 to literary work. His first publication was a volume of verse called *Sunrise in Italy* (1848); his next ventures were in the magazines—*Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the *Examiner*, a series of articles on public health being published also as a book. He was successively sub-editor and editor of the *Examiner* (1859–64), and, English lecturer at King's College for eight years, was for nearly quarter of a century (1865–89) Professor of English Literature there. Meanwhile he published Lives of Palissy (1852), Cardan (1854), Cornelius Agrippa (1856), and Clement Marot (1870), *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair* (1857), and two

volumes of fairy tales (1859–60). To another category belong the works by which he is best known —his *English Writers* (carried down in 10 vols. to Shakespeare, 1864–94), *A First Sketch of English Literature* (1873, which before his death reached its 34th thousand); his *Library of English Literature* (5 vols. 1876–82); his *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria* (1881); besides four admirable series edited by him—Morley's Universal Library (63 vols. at a shilling, 1883–88), Cassell's National Library (214 vols. at threepence, 1886–90), the Carisbrooke Library (14 vols. 1888–91), and Morley's Companion Poets (9 vols. 1891–92). His *Early Papers and Some Memories* (1891) were largely autobiographical.

David Masson, the biographer of Milton, was born at Aberdeen in 1822, and educated at Marischal College there and at the University of Edinburgh, where he studied theology under Dr Chalmers. While still but a boy in years he was editing an Aberdeen weekly paper; for a time he was on the literary staff of the publishers of the present work, and to their 'Educational Course' he largely contributed; but by 1847 he had settled in London, and was busy writing for reviews, magazines, and encyclopædias. In 1852 he succeeded to the chair of English Literature in University College, vacated by A. H. Clough; in 1865 he was appointed to the corresponding chair in Edinburgh University, and this post he held till he retired from active work in 1895. From 1859 till 1868 he edited *Macmillan's Magazine;* his first published work, *Essays, Biographical and Critical,* saw the light in 1856, and was reprinted with other essays in 1874–76 in three volumes named from 'Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats,' 'The Three Devils—Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's,' and 'Chatterton' respectively. But his greatest lifework is the magistral *Life of John Milton,* which justly claimed to be 'narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time;' admittedly the most complete biography extant of any Englishman, it has well been called 'a noble and final monument to the poet's memory.' The six volumes which it comprises appeared between the years 1859 and 1880, and, resting as they do on wide and laborious researches, present a marvellous compendium of material invaluable for the study not merely of Milton's life, but for all contemporary history—political, social, literary, theological. A three-volume edition of Milton's poems (1874; new ed. 1890) was followed by two smaller editions. Amongst Professor Masson's other works are books on the British novelists (1859), on recent British philosophy (1865), an exhaustive study of Drummond of Hawthornden (1873), a volume of *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories* (1892), and the admirable little book on De Quincey in the 'Men of Letters' series. *Carlyle Personally and in his Writings* (1885) bore testimony to a still more memorable friendship. Masson edited the standard edition of De Quincey's works (1889–90); and as editor of the register of the Privy Council of Scotland from 1879 till 1898 he put much admirable historical work into the exhaustive but luminous introductions to the annual volumes published under his charge. He delivered the Rhind Lectures in 1885, and was appointed royal historiographer of Scotland in 1893. In London he had been the zealous secretary of the Friends of Italy; in Edinburgh he took an active part in promoting the higher education of women; and a succession of eminent writers revere him as a spiritual father. A vigorous and original thinker, a learned, sagacious, and open-minded historian, he has accepted the high responsibility and maintained the dignity of the true man of letters, and has from the first been recognised as an author of weight, as a critic of exceptional breadth and sanity.

Strafford's Doom.

The plot having been discovered, and those concerned in it having fled, the consequent indignation of the two Houses, backed by a perfect tumult in London, and cries of 'Justice, Justice,' from excited mobs in the streets, was fatal to Strafford. Knowing this, and that an attempt to bribe the Lieutenant of the Tower had failed, he himself wrote, on the 4th of May, to the King, expressing resignation to his fate, and only recommending his four young children to his Majesty's protection. On the 8th the Bill of Attainder passed the Lords in a thin House. All then depended on the King.

It is not for a historian to be very ready with opinions as to what a king, or any other person, might, could, or should have done on this or that occasion. But here there can be no doubt. All the sophistication in the world cannot make a doubt. If ever there may be a moment in a man's life when, with all the clamour of a nation urging to an act, all personal and State reasons persuading to it as expedient, and all the pressure of circumstances impelling to it as inevitable, still even they who would approve of the act in itself must declare that for *that* man to do it were dastardly, such a moment had come for Charles. To dare all, to see London and England in uproar, to lose throne, life, and everything, rather than assent to the death of his minister, was Charles's plain duty. Strafford had been his ablest minister by far, had laboured for him with heart and head, had made the supremacy of the Crown the cause of his life; not an act he had done, one may say, but was with Charles's consent, or his implied command and approbation; and it was in trust in all this, and in the royal promise that 'not a hair of his head should be touched,' that Strafford, against his own better judgment, had run the risk of coming to London. If the words 'honour' and 'fidelity' have any meaning, there was but one right course for the King. How did he behave? On Sunday the 9th of May he had a consultation with Juxon, Usher, and Williams, as spiritual advisers, and with his Privy Councillors generally, respecting his scruples of conscience. Juxon and Usher gave him the manly advice that, if his conscience did not consent to the act, he ought not to do it; Williams drew some distinction or other between 'public conscience' and 'private conscience.' The sophistry helped Charles. He appointed a commission, consisting of Arundel and other

lords, to give his assent to the Bill the next day. On the 11th, however, he sent the young Prince of Wales to the Lords with a last message in Strafford's behalf. It would be 'an unspeakable contentment,' he said, if the Lords and Commons would agree to change Strafford's punishment into close imprisonment for life, on pain of death without farther process on the least attempt to escape or to communicate with the King. 'If no less than his life can satisfy my people,' the letter ended, 'I must say *Fiat justitia;*' and then there was a postscript, suggesting at least a reprieve till Saturday. Neither request was granted; and on Wednesday the 12th of May that proud curly head, the casket of that brain of power, rolled on the scaffold on Tower Hill.

(From the *Life of Milton.*)

William Young Sellar (1825–90), born near Golspie in Sutherland, was educated at Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and, as a Snell exhibitioner, at Balliol. He graduated at Oxford with a classical first, in 1850 was elected a Fellow of Oriel, next acted as assistant-professor at Durham, Glasgow (1851–53), and St Andrews (1853–59), filled for four years the Greek chair at St Andrews, and was elected in 1863 to the Latin chair at Edinburgh. He made his name widely known by his brilliant *Roman Poets of the Republic* (1863; enlarged 1881), which was followed by *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age —Virgil* (1877) and *Horace and the Elegiac Poets* (1892), the latter left unfinished at his death, and edited by his nephew, Mr Andrew Lang, with a brief memoir in which it is said, not amiss, that his first book 'would, in France, have given him probably a claim to membership of the Academy.'

John Conington (1825–69), born at Boston, was five years at Rugby, and while at Magdalen College, Oxford, carried off the Hertford and Ireland scholarships (1844). In 1846 he migrated to University College, where in 1848 he was elected a Fellow. Determining not to take orders, he tried the study of law, but soon abandoned it, and was Latin professor at Oxford from 1854 until his untimely death at his native place. His greatest work is his edition of *Virgil* (3 vols. 1861–68), with its singularly subtle and suggestive essays. It is as a skilful verse translator that he is best known, not so much for his metrical version of Horace's odes as for his rendering of the *Æneid* (1866), in Scott's ballad-metre—perhaps as good in its way as a verse translation by one not born a poet could be. He published also a prose translation of the *Æneid.* He further completed Worsley's translation of the *Iliad* in the Spenserian stanza, and Englished Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles* admirably in the couplet of Pope. In 1872 appeared his edition of Persius and his *Miscellaneous Writings*, with a short Life of him by Professor H. J. S. Smith.

Thomas Edward Brown (1830–97), son of the incumbent of a small living at Douglas in the Isle of Man, was educated on the island till he came (as servitor) to Christ's Church College, Oxford. He won a double first, was elected a Fellow of Oriel, and after teaching in the Isle of Man and at Gloucester, where Henley was one of his pupils, spent thirty years (1863–92) as a master at Clifton College. The rest of his life he spent in his beloved native island. His poetic temper was finer and richer than his poetic achievement, even his tenderest and most touching verses being somewhat rugged in form. Some of his lyrics are admirable; his notablest works were narrative poems in Manx English. *Betsy Lee* appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1873, and with other poems was included in *Fo'c's'le Yarns* (1881). Other collections were named from *The Doctor* (1887), *The Manx Witch* (1889), and *Old John* (1893); and all his poems were collected in one volume in 1900. His native humour, his warm love of nature and of the hills and winds and waves of Man, overflow into the two volumes of his letters published in 1900, with an introductory Memoir by Mr S. T. Irwin.

James Payn (1830–98) was the son of a clerk to the Thames Commissioners, did not learn much at Eton, but was crammed successfully for Woolwich. Health failing, he resolved to take orders, and while reading with a private tutor in Devonshire sent a contribution to *Household Words;* thus began the friendship with Dickens which influenced him for life. At Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1852, he published two volumes of verse, and finally decided to live by literature. He wrote industriously for the magazines, and in 1859 became editor (first at Edinburgh, from 1861 in London) of *Chambers's Journal*, in which, till he withdrew in 1874, many of his stories and articles appeared. The *Lost Sir Massingberd* ran in the *Journal* in 1864, and attracted a great deal of notice. His best-known novel, *By Proxy*, appeared in 1878, and rested for its popularity more on its whimsical humour, its knowledge of men, its ingenious situations, than on special knowledge of Chinese life. In 1882 to 1896 he was Sir Leslie Stephen's successor as editor of *Cornhill.* Of his other sixty novels the following are some of the most successful: *A Woman's Vengeance*, *Carlyon's Year*, *Not Wooed but Won*, *Thicker than Water*, *The Talk of the Town*, *The Heir of the Ages*, *A Modern Dick Whittington* (1892), *A Trying Patient* (1893), and *In Market Overt* (1895). His weekly column of literary and other *miscellanea* was long a feature of the *Illustrated London News.* *Some Literary Recollections* (1886) and *Gleams of Memory* (1894) are autobiographical; and there is an admirable biographical introduction by Sir Leslie Stephen to *The Backwater of Life*, a volume of essays by Payn published in 1900.

Sir John Skelton (1831–97) was born in Edinburgh, called to the Scottish Bar in 1854, and in 1892 became chairman of the Local Government Board for Scotland, of which he had

been secretary from 1868. Amongst his works were a defence of Mary Stuart (1876), sumptuous Lives of her (1893) and Charles I. (1898), besides *Maitland of Lethington* (1887; a brilliant and picturesque but strongly biassed book), *The Crookit Meg* (1880; a graphic story of life at Peterhead, originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*), and the *Table Talk of Shirley* (1895–96). He wrote also on Dryden and on Bolingbroke, and was closely associated with *Blackwood's Magazine;* and, a friend and correspondent of Mr Froude's, he was made K.C.B. in the year of his death.

Edmund Yates (1831–94), born at Edinburgh, the son of the actor-manager Frederick Henry Yates, from 1847 till 1872 had a berth in the Post-Office, being for ten years chief of the missing-letter department. Busily engaged in journalism —mainly as dramatic critic—by 1854, he became widely known as author of an offensively personal article on Thackeray. He produced many dramatic pieces, and published over a score of novels and other works, including *Broken to Harness*, *Running the Gauntlet*, and *Black Sheep;* was editor of *Temple Bar*, *Tinsley's*, and other periodicals; and in 1874 founded, with Grenville Murray, a successful 'society' weekly, *The World*, which, for a libel on Lord Lonsdale, involved him in 1884 in two months' imprisonment. The same year he issued his *Recollections and Experiences.*

Laurence Oliphant was born at Capetown in 1829. Both his parents belonged to Scottish families of distinction. His father was Sir Anthony Oliphant, at that time Attorney-General at the Cape; afterwards, Chief-Justice of Ceylon. His mother was a daughter of Colonel Campbell of the 72nd Highlanders. An only child, the idol of his parents, he was nurtured in such luxury that, had it not been for their religious disposition and the essential purity of his own character, he could hardly have escaped moral ruin—the common fate of spoiled children. As it was, it took him many years to fully realise that life held any responsibility for him more serious than that of amusing himself in relatively innocent ways. He was a traveller from his childhood—coming from Capetown to England at a very early age, and rejoining his parents in Ceylon when he was twelve years old. Five years later he was about to enter Cambridge University, when his parents decided on a two years' tour through Europe; whereupon he persuaded them that from an educational point of view it would be best for him to accompany them. From that time forward, for twenty years, he was, to use his own description, 'a rolling stone' through Europe, Africa, Asia, and America. Of the many important wars and revolutions of that stirring period there were few that he did not participate in, either actively or as an observer. He conspired with Garibaldi and saw Victor Emmanuel crowned. When war broke out with Russia he hastened to the Crimea. In 1856 he was assisting a filibustering adventure in Nicaragua, and narrowly escaped hanging. Failing to enter Parliament at the general election of 1857, he joined Lord Elgin's embassy to China, calling on the way at India, where the Mutiny was in progress. In China he accompanied the squadron which captured the Peiho forts, and was one of the party which scaled the walls of Tientsin. In 1861 he was in Yedo as one of the British Legation, and in that famous midnight assault with which the Japanese tried to expel the unwelcome foreigners he was severely wounded. After participating in the Polish insurrection of 1863 and the war in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, he returned to London, meaning to enter Parliament. Well-born, personally attractive, brilliant as a writer, witty and genial, he was already a favourite in the fashionable world, and it seemed as though the highest social and political honours were at his disposal. He entered the House of Commons as member for the Stirling Burghs, and was regarded with reason as amongst the most promising of coming Liberal statesmen.

About this time, however, occurred a turning-point in Oliphant's career. He came under the influence of Mr Thomas Lake Harris, then an obscure preacher of mystical doctrines. The man of pleasure, careless but not vicious, was awakened by this teacher to a consciousness of some of the deeper realities of existence. Up to thirty-eight years of age Oliphant had been possessed by an absorbing passion for knowing whatever could be known. It had been a period of learning, of preparation—a prolonged boyhood. Of the meaning of life he had hardly begun to think. But he had learned much, and qualified himself, as he said, to be 'a citizen of the world by an extended knowledge of it;' and, when he came to settle down, Mayfair and Parliament proved, by comparison, trivial. The long preparation had qualified him for something larger and better than anything they could offer; their prizes, precious to others, did not allure him. When, at the moment of disillusion, Mr Harris opened out to him visions of broader and nobler possibilities in new worlds yet unexplored, he appealed alike to his conscious need and his love of adventure. In 1867 he startled London society by his sudden departure for America, where he joined the community of the Brotherhood of the New Life at Brocton, on the shores of Lake Erie. He had thrown in his lot with Mr Harris, and with characteristic impetuosity and thoroughness had cast away his worldly prospects to work thenceforward, for the remainder of his days, for the regeneration, first of himself, and afterwards, when self-renunciation had qualified him, for the regeneration of mankind. The basis of his philosophy and religion was a belief that there were latent forces in nature which could be utilised in the interests of the human race, but, misused, would prove to be sources of grave peril. The first condition for successful work in this direction was absolute personal purity

of life. On the mystical doctrines of 'open breathing' and the 'two-in-one' which entered largely into Oliphant's beliefs it is not necessary to enlarge. He associated himself also with certain phases of spiritualism, disclaiming the authorship of some of his later books on the ground that he was simply the 'writing medium.' From the time he abandoned London society he lived a cheerful and even joyous life in the service of others. By many of his friends his career, thus diverted at the hour of its brightest promise, was counted a failure; but Oliphant himself thought otherwise, and, considering what he gained by the renunciation, he counted the world well lost.

Oliphant's mother, Lady Oliphant, became a member of the Brotherhood of the New Life a year later than himself. In 1872 he was married to Alice le Strange, of Hunstanston, Norfolk, who also joined the community. Lady Oliphant died in 1881, and in the same year Oliphant and his wife severed their connection with Mr Harris. The following year they established a settlement at Haifa in Palestine, where, in 1886, Mrs Oliphant died. In August 1888 Oliphant was married to Rosamond, daughter of Robert Dale Owen, and granddaughter of the famous Robert Owen. Two days later he was seized with a severe illness, and before the close of the year he died.

Oliphant's contributions to literature were numerous; they included books of travel, graphically written, some clever satires on society, and two novels scarcely so successful. His chief works are *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea* (1853); *The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha* (1856); *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan* (1859); *Patriots and Filibusters* (1860); *Piccadilly* (1866); *The Land of Gilead* (1880); *Traits and Travesties* (1882); *Altiora Peto*, a novel (1883); *Sympneumata* (1885); *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine* (1885); *Masollam*, a novel (1886); *Scientific Religion* (1888). The authorised biography is the *Memoir* (2 vols. 1891) by Mrs Oliphant the novelist, who justly acknowledges her inability to understand the mystical philosophy which had so important a bearing on Oliphant's character and career.

A Filibustering Expedition.

It was on the last day of the year [1857] that the good ship *Texas* cleared out of New Orleans with three hundred emigrants on board. At least we called ourselves emigrants—a misnomer which did not prevent the civic authorities, with the city marshal at their head, trying to stop us; but we had the sympathies of the populace with us, and under their ægis laughed the law to scorn. It would have been quite clear to the most simple-minded observer what kind of emigrants we were the day after we got out to sea and the men were put through their squad-drill on deck. There were Englishmen who had been private soldiers in the Crimea, Poles who had fought in the last Polish insurrection, Hungarians who had fought under Kossuth, Italians who had struggled through the revolutions of '48, Western 'boys' who had just had six months' fighting in Kansas, while of the 'balance' the majority had been in one or other of the Lopez expeditions to Cuba. Many could exhibit bullet-wounds and sword-cuts, and scars from manacles, which they considered no less honourable—notwithstanding all which, the strictest order prevailed. No arms were allowed to be carried. There were always two officers of the day who walked about with swords buckled over their shooting-jackets, and sixteen men told off as a guard to maintain discipline. Alas! the good behaviour and fine fighting qualities of these amiable emigrants were destined to be of no avail; for on our arrival at the mouth of the San Juan River we found a British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace, and the steamer by which we hoped to ascend the river in the hands of our enemies, the Costa Ricans. . . . Just before sunset we observed, to our dismay, a British man-of-war's boat pulling towards us; and a moment later Captain Cockburn, of H.M.S. *Cossack*, was in the captain's cabin, making most indiscreet inquiries as to the kind of emigrants we were. It did not require long to satisfy him; and as I incautiously hazarded a remark which betrayed my nationality, I was incontinently ordered into his boat as a British subject, being where a British subject had no right to be. As he further announced that he was about to moor his ship in such a position as would enable him, should fighting occur in the course of the night, to fire into both combatants with entire impartiality, I the less regretted this abrupt parting from my late companions, the more especially as, on asking him who commanded the squadron, I found it was a distant cousin. This announcement on my part was received with some incredulity, and I was taken on board the *Orion*, an 80-gun ship, carrying the flag of Admiral Erskine, to test its veracity, while Captain Cockburn made his report of the *Texas* and her passengers. As soon as the Admiral recovered from his amazement at my appearance, he most kindly made me his guest, and I spent a very agreeable time for some days, watching the 'emigrants' disconsolately pacing the deck, for the Costa Ricans gave them the slip in the night and went up the river, and their opponents found their occupation gone. . . . Poor Walker! he owed all his misfortunes, and finally his own untimely end, to British interference; for on his return to Central America, where he intended to make Honduras the base of his operations, he was captured at Truxillo by Captain (now Sir Nowell) Salmon, and handed over to the Honduras Government, who incontinently hanged him. This was the usual fate which followed failure in this country; and those who fought in it knew they were doing so with a rope round their necks—which doubtless improved their fighting qualities. I did not know, however, until my return to England, that rumour had accredited me with so tragic an end, when, at the first party I went to, my partner, a very charming young person, whom I was very glad to see again after my various adventures, put out two fingers by way of greeting, raised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise, and said in the most silvery and unmoved voice, 'Oh, how d' ye do? I thought you were hung!' I think it was rather a disappointment to her that I was not. There is a novelty in the sensation of an old and esteemed dancing partner being hanged, and it forms a pleasing topic of conversation with the other ones.

(From *Episodes in a Life of Adventure.*)

WALTER LEWIN.

Thomas William Robertson (1829–71) was born at Newark-on-Trent of a family that had for generations produced actors and actresses, and was himself brought up almost on the boards. In 1848 the Lincoln circuit, with which his father was connected, ceased to pay; the company was broken up, and Tom came to London. There and elsewhere he struggled for a living, acting as prompter and stage manager, writing unsuccessful plays, acting himself, writing for newspapers and magazines (*Fun* amongst them), translating French plays, and so forth; but he never became an actor of mark. His first success as a dramatist—when he was seriously thinking of becoming a tobacconist—was with *David Garrick* in 1864, the title-rôle of which was one of Sothern's great things. Spite of its name, this was substantially an adaptation from the French; and it was followed by a more original study of English Bohemianism, his comedy *Society*, first produced at Liverpool (1865), and received there and in London with the warmest approval. *Ours* (1866), produced by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, thoroughly established Robertson's fame; and from that time his pen was kept incessantly busy. *Caste* (1867), *Play* (1868), *School* (1869), *M.P.* (1870)—all brought out by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's; and *Home* (1869), and *Dreams* (1869), the former at the Haymarket, the latter at the Gaiety, were all equally successful. But in the midst of his triumphs the author died. His best comedies—notably *Caste* and *School*—still retain their popularity, which rests on the excellence of their construction and stagecraft, their merry humour, their healthy tone, their happy contrasts, and the sunny spirit that shines through them. His *Principal Dramatic Works* were published with a Memoir by his son in two volumes in 1880; and a more formal biography, his *Life and Writings*, by Pemberton in 1893.

Henry James Byron (1834–84), the son of a British consul in the West Indies, was born in Manchester, and entered the Middle Temple in 1858, but became famous as a prolific and popular writer of burlesques and extravaganzas. He wrote extensively for periodicals, was the first editor of *Fun*, and leased several theatres, where he produced more ambitious plays, in which he himself occasionally appeared—comedies or domestic dramas of a sort, enlivened by the smart dialogue and brisk incidents of farce. The best was *Cyril's Success* (1868); the most successful, *Our Boys*, which had an unprecedented run in London for more than four years (from the beginning of 1875). *The Upper Crust* suited Toole admirably. Byron excelled in depicting Cockney vulgarity; his dialogue is usually clever and amusing, but overladen with repartee and puns, for which he readily sacrificed probability and appropriateness. His plots have a considerable measure of originality and ingenuity, and even of human interest, but are always artificial and often inane. His verse was uniformly poor; and his work showed altogether a serious falling off from the standard even of Robertson.

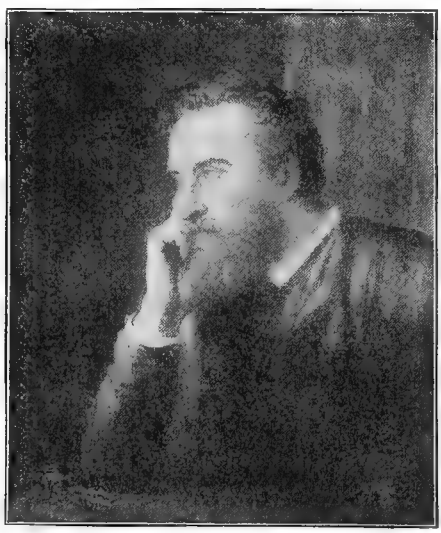
John Nichol (1833–94), son of a Glasgow professor of astronomy, was educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford, and from 1862 to 1889, when he resigned, was Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University. *Hannibal* (1873), a drama, was his first notable achievement; *The Death of Themistocles, and other Poems* (1881), his next. But, a pithy and accomplished writer both in verse and prose, he was known also as author of little books on Byron ('Men of Letters,' 1889), on Burns, and on Carlyle, and of a history of American literature (1882), originally contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Professor Knight published a Life of him in 1896.

Roden Noel (1834–94)—in full the Hon. RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL—was a son of the Lord Barham made Earl of Gainsborough in 1841, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge. *Behind the Veil* (1863) was the first of a series of more than half-a-dozen poems or books of poems (including *Songs of the Heights and Deeps* and *A Little Child's Monument*); besides a drama in verse. There was also from the same pen a volume of *Essays* on various poets from Chatterton to Whitman, and a short Life of Shelley; and Mr Roden Noel edited selections from Spenser and from Otway's plays.

Joseph Henry Shorthouse (1834–1903) was born at Birmingham, and became a chemical manufacturer there. He was profoundly interested in religious questions; bred a Quaker, he was as a grown man baptised into the Church of England. The greater part of his working life he devoted to business, though to literature he gave of his best. It was not till 1881, when he was within measurable distance of fifty, that his romance *John Inglesant*, on which he had been engaged for many years, and which had been privately printed the year before, carried his name over England; and people asked in surprise, 'Can such a thing come out of Birmingham, and be by a Birmingham manufacturer?' For the work was a protest in a modern and materialistic age and country in favour of old-world High Church religious fervour, chivalrous devotion to a sovereign, and holy reverence for woman. It awakened echoes in unlikely quarters, and stirred all readers who realise the eternal conflict between flesh and spirit. The mystical romance would never have been printed but for the urgency of Mr Shorthouse's friends; when submitted to James Payn it was rejected as defective in structure and lacking in the elements of popularity. It never was popular in the ordinary sense; yet a sale of over 80,000 copies had by 1901 testified to a grip on contemporary thought that was more than a *succès d'estime*. *The Little Schoolmaster Mark* (1883–84) met with no

such acceptance; nor can *Sir Percival* (1886) be pronounced an artistic triumph, spite of its restrained power and the delicate, over-refined style which marked it and all the author's works. *The Countess Eve* (1888) showed more of the author's characteristically tender spiritual suggestion. *A Teacher of the Violin* (1888), *Blanche, Lady Falaise* (1891), prefaces or introductions to Herbert's *Temple* (1882), an essay on *The Platonism of Wordsworth* (1882), a translation from Molinos (1883), and one or two other republications practically exhaust the list of his published works.

The Earl of Lytton (EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, 1831–91), son of the first Lord Lytton (page 332), was educated at Harrow and at Bonn, and in 1849 went to Washington as attaché



THE EARL OF LYTTON, G.C.B. (OWEN MEREDITH).
From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery. (Fred Hollyer, Photo.)

and private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer; subsequently he was attaché, secretary of legation, consul or *chargé d'affaires* at Florence, Paris, the Hague, St Petersburg and Constantinople, Vienna, Belgrade, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid, and Paris. In 1873 he succeeded his father as second Lord Lytton, and in 1876 became Viceroy of India. Made Earl of Lytton on his resignation in 1880, he was in 1887 sent as ambassador to Paris, and there he died. With more of the poetic equipment than his father possessed—imaginative vigour, facility of expression, metrical skill and grace—he yet never seemed to put his best strength into his poems, which were to the last the work of a brilliant amateur. His works, published mostly under the pseudonym of 'Owen Meredith,' include *Clytemnestra* (1855), a dramatic poem; *The Wanderer; Lucile* (1860), a novel in verse, probably his most successful work; a volume of what were called 'translations from the Servian;' *The Ring of Amasis*, a prose romance; *Orval, or the Fool of Time; Fables in Song; Glenaveril* (1885), an epic of modern life, in which, perhaps, he most nearly succeeded in imprinting character and individuality on his work; *After Paradise* (1887); *Marah* (1892); and *King Poppy* (1892). A selection from his poems by Miss M. Betham-Edwards appeared in 1890. He left his biography of his father incomplete—but only too complete on the unhappy relations between his father and mother.

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831–84), prince of parodists, was the son of the Rev. Henry Blayds, who in 1852 took the name of Calverley. Born at Martley in Worcestershire, from Harrow he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, whence in 1852 (the over-exuberance of his boyish spirits having come into conflict with academic discipline—he would jump over the college walls) he migrated to Christ's College, Cambridge. He won the Craven and other distinctions, graduated as second classic in 1856, and in 1858 was elected a Fellow of his college. At the university he was famous less for his scholarship, brilliant though it was (for he was not so industrious as he might have been), than for his gifts as a writer of clever verse, as a musician, as a caricaturist, as a talker, and as an athlete. The famous Pickwick paper (in answering which Professor Skeat was first and Sir Walter Besant second) was one of his happiest *jeux d'esprit* in prose, and was set in 1857, when he was a don. In 1865 he was called to the Bar, and settled in London, but a neglected fall on the ice at Oulton Hall, Leeds (his father-in-law's place), in the winter of 1866–67 put an end to what might have been an exceptionally brilliant career; for the remaining seventeen years of his life he was a confirmed invalid, the original concussion of the brain being followed by other maladies. One of the most gifted men of his time, and unrivalled as a humourist, Calverley will be remembered by his two little volumes, *Verses and Translations* (1862) and *Fly-Leaves* (1872). His serious verse is much of it very admirable; but it is for his humorous verses in various kinds that C. S. C. is best known to the world. His parodies, particularly that of Jean Ingelow, were obviously the best that had appeared since the *Rejected Addresses*, and in their own line are unequalled in modern English literature, innumerable as his imitators have been. Calverley's parodies have the highest qualities parodies can have: they depend not on a burlesque reproduction of the words or rhythms parodied, on the exaggeration of mannerisms, the caricaturing of mere externals, but get wonderfully near the whole spirit of the originals. His work exhibits a singular combination of delicate insight, creative imagination, genial but trenchant satire, lightness of touch, and mastery of rhythms. Some of his parodies are poems themselves. His ripe scholarship found admirable expression in his numerous renderings from and into Latin and

Greek; and his Theocritus (1869) displays also his facile mastery of English verse. His *Literary Remains* were published in 1885, with a Memoir by his brother-in-law, Sir W. J. Sendall, and reminiscences of Calverley by friends such as Dr Buller, Sir John Seeley, and Sir Walter Besant. An edition of the *Complete Works* appeared in 1901. The first of the examples quoted below, in which Rossetti's ballad manner is playfully 'taken off,' appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1869; the other is one of those in which some of Miss Ingelow's weaknesses were made fun of.

Ballad.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said 'I die,' and the goose ask'd 'Why?'
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—
The connexion of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but *she* didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her new chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them.
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem;
And as to the meaning, it 's what you please.

Lovers, and a Reflection.

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,
I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitter-bats waver'd alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours:—



C. S. CALVERLEY.
By permission of Messrs G. Bell & Sons.

By rises that flush'd with their purple favours,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes:

Song-birds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes,
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem;
They need no parasols, no goloshes;
And good Mrs Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His heather)
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms:

And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty;
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-wing'd sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of 'ancientry:'

Bowers of flowers encounter'd showers
In William's carol—(O love my Willie !)
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly :

A nest in a hollow, 'with buds to follow,'
I think occurred next in his nimble strain ;
And clay that was 'kneaden' of course in Eden—
A rhyme most novel, I do maintain :

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
And all least furlable things got 'furled ;'
Not with any design to conceal their 'glories,'
But simply and solely to rhyme with 'world.'

. . . . . .

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather,
And carted, or carried on 'wafts' away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ah me !
How much fewer volumes of verse there 'd be !

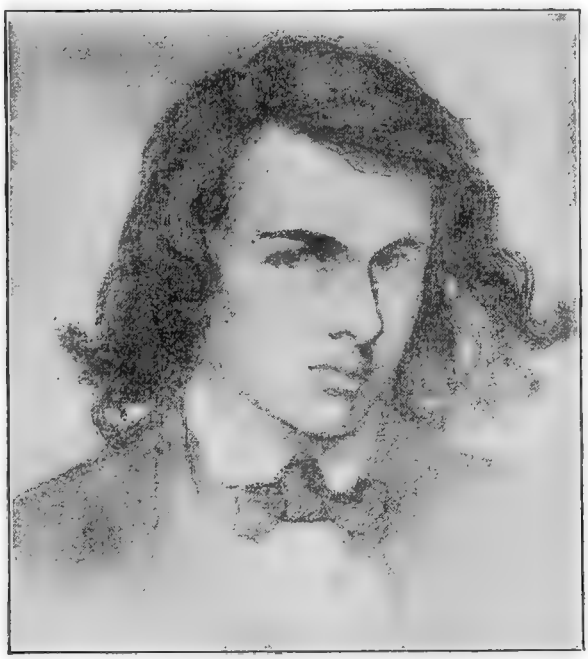
John Addington Symonds (1840–93), the son of a Bristol physician, was educated at Harrow and Balliol, won the Newdigate, and was elected a Fellow of Magdalen in 1862. Warned by chest weakness to give up the study of law, he after his marriage (1865) cheerfully chose literature as a profession, and by 1874 had collected in book form a series of sketches in Italy and Greece first published in the magazines. His *Introduction to the Study of Dante* (1872) was followed by *Studies of the Greek Poets* (1873–76), and his *opus magnum* on the *Renaissance in Italy* (6 vols. 1875–86), suggestive and brilliant in many parts, but not a complete, systematic, or entirely satisfactory presentation of so vast a subject. *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama* (1884) was a real contribution to the history of dramatic literature in England. Symonds wrote books on Shelley, Sidney, and Ben Jonson, on Walt Whitman and Boccaccio ; masterly translations of the Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella (1878), of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, and of students' Latin songs of the twelfth century (1884) ; a Life of Michelangelo (1892) ; some volumes of verse and of essays and criticisms ; and an account of his residence (for health's sake) at Davos Platz (1892). A Life was compiled from his letters by H. F. Brown (1895).

Richard Jefferies (1848–87)—in full, JOHN RICHARD JEFFERIES—was born at the farmhouse of Coate, two and a half miles from Swindon in Wiltshire. He started life as a journalist on the staff of the *North Wilts Herald* about 1866, and for twelve years was busy with this kind of work and with writing crude novels. His name first became known by a long letter to the *Times*, in November 1872, on the labourers of Wiltshire, which procured him an opening to the magazines as a writer on agricultural and rural topics. In 1877 he abandoned country journalism, and moved nearer to London, hoping to make a living by his pen. In the following year he won his first real success with *The Gamekeeper at Home*, printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette ;* its sub-title, 'Sketches of Natural History and Rural Life,' indicates the kind of work by which his future fame was won. Other books written in the same vein, or on similar subjects, are *Wild Life in a Southern County* (1879), *The Amateur Poacher* (1880), *Wood Magic* (1881), *Round about a Great Estate* (1881), *Nature near London* (1883), *Life of the Fields* (1884), *Red Deer* (on Exmoor ; 1884), and *The Open Air* (1885). *Bevis* (1882) glorifies his own memories of childhood ; *The Story of My Heart* (1883) is a strange, idealised autobiography of inner life. Besides these he wrote some later novels less characteristic of his natural vein ; *After London, or Wild England* (1885), is a curious romance of the future —England sunk into a primitive wilderness, and not even the ruins of Westminster Abbey visible for New Zealanders or others. He died at Goring in Sussex, after a long and painful illness of six years. Within his own province, although it was not a wide one, Jefferies was admirable. He possessed a wonderful insight into the habits and ways of animals and birds and creeping things, and a great love of them. No English writer has shown a more minute and accurate acquaintance with the life of the hedgerows and woodlands and fields of southern England ; the joy of life in him rises to a passion. He had a reverent feeling for nature, not only of her outward phases and aspects, but also of what may be termed her inner life, though hardly possessing Wordsworth's depth of vision. Nor were human beings excluded from the range of his observation and sympathy : he has left admirable sketches of country-folk—farmers, gamekeepers, labourers, and village-loafers ; he had not a little in common with Borrow, and something with Thoreau. But as a writer he stands alone, though he has had many imitators, in the cult of nature. For many critics his method of cataloguing natural phenomena and experiences is too photographic, or like an infinity of shorthand notes written out at length. For others it is wholly delightful ; Sir Walter Besant said he knew 'nothing in the English language finer, whether for the sustained style or the elevation that fills it,' than *The Pageant of Summer*, from which this is a characteristic paragraph :

Green rushes, long and thick, standing up above the edge of the ditch, told the hour of the year as distinctly as the shadows on the dial the hour of the day. Green and thick and sappy to the touch, they felt like summer, soft and elastic, as if full of life, mere rushes though they were. On the fingers they left a green scent ; rushes have a separate scent of green, so, too, have ferns, very different to that of grass and leaves. Rising from brown sheaths, the tall stems enlarged a little in the middle, like classical columns, and heavy with sap and freshness, leaned against the hawthorn sprays. From the earth they had drawn its moisture.

See Sir Walter Besant's *Eulogy* (1888) and the Life by H. S. Salt (1893).

Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1828–82), christened Charles Gabriel Dante, was the eldest son and second child of Gabriele Rossetti, Italian scholar and patriot, who spent the last thirty years of his life in exile in London, and of Frances Polidori, the sister of Lord Byron's friend. In blood Rossetti was three-fourths Italian, the English strain coming through his mother's mother, whose maiden name was Pierce. He was born in London, and educated at King's College School, early took to painting, and in 1846 entered the antique school of the Royal Academy, where he made the acquaintance of William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais. By his personal magnetism and his enthusiasm for the conversion of others to his own ideas, Rossetti was a natural leader of men ; and he has the best title to be regarded as the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a movement to do away in painting with the grandiose conceptions and fluent technique of the Academies of Art, and to recapture something of the religious intensity and humble, painstaking attention to detail of the early Italian painters. The immediate occasion, says Mr Holman Hunt, of the founding of the Brotherhood was the discovery, at Millais' house, of a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. The short-lived magazine, *The Germ*, was planned in 1849 to promulgate the ideas of the Brotherhood, and in 1851 Mr Ruskin wrote to the *Times* to defend them from the contumely that they had already excited. Rossetti's first oil-painting, 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' belongs to the year 1849; before this date he had produced some of his finest poetic work, notably *The Blessed Damozel* and *The Portrait*. For the next ten years he worked hard at poetry and painting, and in 1861 published his first volume of translations, *The Early Italian Poets*. The publication of his original poems was delayed by the death of his wife, Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, who died in 1862, less than two years after their marriage. In the despair of his grief Rossetti buried the manuscript poems, many of which had been written for her, in her coffin. Some seven years later he yielded to the persuasions of his friends and permitted them to be disinterred. The volume entitled *Poems* was published in 1870, and became the centre of fierce controversy. In 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' an article contributed to the *Contemporary Review* (October 1871) over the signature 'Thomas Maitland,' and reprinted separately, Mr Robert Buchanan stated the case of Rossetti's assailants, which, faintly outlined a year before in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was restated later in the *Quarterly* (1872), and, after his death, with even greater ferocity and rancour in the *British Quarterly* (1882). Apart from personal innuendo, these attacks charged Rossetti's poetry with gross animalism and vapid affectation. It is not easy to understand why Mr Buchanan's assault should have affected Rossetti as it did, but from this time he became habitually depressed and moody, more secluded in his habits, and addicted to the frequent use of chloral. He had lived and worked in a circle of sympathy, and this covert attack, delivered by a professed poet, revealed to him, perhaps for the first time, the breadth and depth of the popular misunderstanding of poetry. He replied, in a moderate and serious vein, under the title 'The Stealthy School of Criticism' (*Athenæum*, 1871), showing that in his sonnets, if they be not garbled by malice, 'all the passionate and just delights of the body are declared—somewhat figuratively, it is true, but unmistakably—to be as naught if not ennobled by the concurrence of the soul at all times. Years later, in a private letter, Mr Buchanan admitted that he had been 'most unjust' when he 'impugned the purity and misconceived the passion of writings, too hurriedly read, and reviewed *currente calamo*.'



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
From the Drawing by himself (1846) in the National Portrait Gallery.

From his wife's death onward Rossetti lived in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where for a short time he shared his house with Mr Swinburne, Mr George Meredith, and his brother, Mr W. M. Rossetti. In 1874 he published *Dante and his Circle*, a volume of translations wonderful for their fidelity to the matter and form of the originals, and in

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to "Sonnet VII.—Supreme Surrender," page 644.

1881 *Ballads and Sonnets*, which contains the completed sonnet-sequence entitled *The House of Life*. In the following year he died, from the effects of a paralytic stroke, at Birchington near Margate.

All who knew Rossetti personally are at one in testifying to the dominant influence and power of his temperament and intellect over those with whom he was brought into contact. He was vehement, passionate, wilful, brusque in phrase and manner, absolutely direct and sincere, genial and often playful in humour. The very force and largeness of his temper made him a leader, and turned his ideas into movements. During his later years the so-called 'Æsthetic Movement,' which directed itself, not without a mixture of affectation, to the cult of beauty in daily life, bore witness to his influence. In literature his main ideas were held, with inevitable characteristic differences, by William Morris and Walter Pater. In disciples of weaker mind and feebler temper the worship of beauty and passion became little better than a fashionable craze—the amusement of brainless and bloodless eccentrics. Yet even the æsthetic movement helped to break up the prevalent indifference of the British public to the fine arts by giving to art the more intelligible form of a religion. In all the poetic and artistic movement of the mid-nineteenth century Rossetti was a prime force in England, as Baudelaire was in France. Alone among his Pre-Raphaelite associates he was first of all a poet. It is not wholly easy to apply the Pre-Raphaelite doctrine to poetry, yet in Rossetti's early poems its influence may be traced. The Pre-Raphaelites aimed at a minute fidelity in the representation of natural objects, and modelled their practice on the Tuscan artists of the earlier Renaissance. To the modern impressionist, with his fuller psychology of vision, fidelity to nature may well seem inconsistent with discipleship to the early Tuscans. Yet all depends upon the attitude and purpose of the painter. The Pre-Raphaelites looked at nature not as a vague pageant of tones fading into one another, and leading up to a focus of interest, but as an ordered array of objects, each infinitely worthy of intense and reverential scrutiny. Their multitudes are not the crowds of earth, but the hierarchies of an imagined heaven, where each soul is a point of light. They arrange images and impressions as the Japanese arrange flowers, so that each may keep its perfect independence and none be lost in the mass. A religious sense inspires their efforts, but it is still a religion of the eye: nothing is too small for attention; the meaning of nature is in every part; all natural forms, if they be carefully observed, are perfect in beauty. The Pre-Raphaelites love order, procession, ritual; and to gratify this taste they thin out the wild profusion of nature as a forester thins a wood. Their eye is the eye of a child, who sees the shape of the clover-leaf long before he sees the clouds or the gradations of shadow on the hills. This love of distinctness and clarity, of the perfection and chastity of sharply separated existences, may be found in Rossetti's earliest poems. These poems owe much to the Tuscan painters, and seem to belong to an earlier and more religious order of ideas. The Blessed Damozel, holding the three lilies in her hand and wearing the seven stars in her hair, gazing from the rampart of God's house far down into the gulf where the moon flutters like a little feather, is described with a homely simplicity and tenderness of language which recalls the best phase of mediæval literature, modified by the influence of Italian painting:

> Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
> To Him round whom all souls
> Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads,
> Bowed with their aureoles:
> And angels meeting us shall sing
> To their citherns and citoles.

The same influences are visible in *The Staff and Scrip*:

> The lists are set in Heaven to-day,
> The bright pavilions shine;
> Fair hangs thy shield, and none gainsay;
> The trumpets sound in sign
> That she is thine.

And in *The Portrait* a similar method is used with that ease and mastery in figurative suggestion which is one of Rossetti's great powers:

> While hopes and aims long lost with her
> Stand round her image side by side,
> Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
> About the Holy Sepulchre.

The distinct perception and close delineation of single things seen can never of itself make fine poetry. Its poetic value depends on its relation to feeling, its service rendered by way of suggesting or expressing the governing emotion. The fixed, intense gaze of passion sees things almost supernaturally distinct; when the mind is under the stress of some great pain, or lifted on the wave of some great joy, the senses are abnormally acute.

> From perfect grief there need not be
> Wisdom or even memory:
> One thing then learnt remains to me,—
> The woodspurge has a cup of three.

So the Pre-Raphaelite method touches a perfection in poetry that it missed in painting; for in poetry it is employed in strict subordination to a single feeling. Tennyson's 'blue fly buzzing in the pane,' which was ridiculed by some of his early critics, awakens at once a sense of the dreary monotony of life in the deserted house. Rossetti's *My Sister's Sleep* is an even finer example of the same poetic mode. Watch is being kept at midnight in the sick-room; and twelve strikes:

> Our mother rose from where she sat:
> Her needles, as she laid them down,
> Met lightly, and her silken gown
> Settled: no other noise than that.

In this and in others of his early poems, as, for instance, *World's Worth*, there is a purity of diction and a slow distinctness of enunciation that bespeak deep passion. There is no 'flow of language;' it is the ebbing of the life-blood, drop by drop.

Rossetti is most widely and generally known as the author of *The House of Life*. These famous sonnets, which range through a great diversity of moods, have but one subject—the passion, and the mystery, and the sacrament of love between man and woman. The passion is so intense that it bears the seal of a tragic fate on its forehead even from its birth, like the love of Romeo and Juliet or of Tristan and Iseult. As we are carried along these rapids we hear the distant roar of the doom ahead. It is perhaps over-curious to speculate on the different completion that Rossetti might have given to *The House of Life* had fate dealt more gently with him, and carried him out safely among the pastures where the river is deep and silent and the voices of children are heard. Perhaps his gain would have been our loss, for where the shadow falls deepest and the doom impends, his thought tightens its grasp, and his expression becomes almost Shakespearian in its tortuous and complex strength. His poetry fulfils the requirements of his own famous saying, which makes 'fundamental brain-work,' an essential of all poetry. The glamour of his passion and the intoxication of his admirers with the strange beauty that he celebrates interfered for a time with the due recognition of his speculative genius. But it is on the strength of this foundation—on the range and power of his vision—that his best claim to a place among the English poets must be based. The attention of the public is at all times easily lured from substance to accident; and the early Italian angels and archaic musical instruments have obscured the calm sweep of the horizon that surrounds them. In *The Blessed Damozel*, written by a boy of eighteen, these lines might well startle a critic looking only for costume and conceits:

> From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
> Time like a pulse shake fierce
> Through all the worlds.

Rossetti has that great 'negative capability' which Keats found lacking in Coleridge, the power of resting content in the contemplation of mystery, without any irritable striving after certainty and system. Some of his profoundest reflections have thus been mistaken, even by favourable critics, for commonplaces. Commonplaces are great truths which from the dullness and flimsiness of man's mind have lost their power to move. They regain that power in the mind of a poet. A tree outlives the generations of man; and there comes a man whom the thought excites:

> Ye, who have passed Death's haggard hills; and ye
> Whom trees that knew your sires have ceased to know
> And still stand silent:—is it all a show,—
> A wisp that laughs upon the wall?

The Burden of Nineveh is a splendid piece of historical imagining. The great winged stone bulls of Nineveh, newly dug up, are seen by the poet as they are carried into the British Museum, and they beget in him a passion of reverie. Their shadow, under which Sennacherib has perhaps knelt, is now thrown on the London flags:

> Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown
> Such proof to make thy godhead known?
> From their dead Past thou liv'st alone;
> And still thy shadow is thine own,
> Even as of yore in Nineveh.

When Satan showed all the kingdoms of the world to Christ, did the desolation of Nineveh, already ruined, not rebuke him? The poem is compacted of thought, down to the last line, in which there comes a sense of misgiving with regard to our own civilisation, when it shall be looked back upon by coming generations:

> Those heavy wings spread high,
> So sure of flight; which do not fly;
> That set gaze, never on the sky;
> Those scriptured flanks it cannot see;
> Its crown, a brow-contracting load;
> Its planted feet which trust the sod:
> (So grew the image as I trod:)
> O Nineveh, was this thy God,—
> Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

Since the whole bulk of Rossetti's poetic work is comparatively small, its variety deserves notice. *A Last Confession* is a dramatic monologue, not unlike some of Browning's, but built round a single impression—the sense of horror awakened in the soul by the sound of a coarse, empty laugh, which reveals, as no sight can reveal it, the abode of lost souls. The whole tragedy, it is easy to divine, was built up from this single experience. In *The King's Tragedy* and *The White Ship* two memorable historical tragedies are recited with concentrated power. *Sister Helen* and *Eden Bower* tell weird stories of supernatural terror in a revived ballad metre, with varied refrains. Perhaps those critics are right who insist on the insuperable difficulties of modern attempts to revive the ballad. The refrain, well suited for the broad and simple effects of the old ballads, is teased and varied in *Sister Helen* for the purposes of a more restless and critical poetry, and the old effect is lost. Lastly, in *The Stream's Secret*, *Love's Nocturne*, and many shorter poems Rossetti proves himself unsurpassed in the power of evoking emotions of wonder and pathos and mystery from the subtle music of words.

It is customary to conclude the critical consideration of a poet by noticing his limitations, and by enlarging on what he did not accomplish, which is like saying the Lord's Prayer backwards by way of thank-offering for his achievements. Rossetti, it is truly said, 'deals with man little as a social being, and not much as an ethical being; he knows (save here and there) of no care for the

many, of no conflict between duty and desire, the interest of the many and the passion of one.' But he expressed the passion of one—the passion of man, hungry at heart and islanded between two eternities—with a stress of thought, a lyrical fervour, and a high command of the manifold chords of language which have not often been matched in the annals of English poetry.

Sonnet VII.—Supreme Surrender.

To all the spirits of Love that wander by
  Along his love-sown harvest-field of sleep
  My lady lies apparent; and the deep
Calls to the deep; and no man sees but I.
The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh,
  Rests there attained. Methinks proud Love must weep
  When Fate's control doth from his harvest reap
The sacred hour for which the years did sigh.

First touched, the hand now warm around my neck
  Taught memory long to mock desire: and lo!
  Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow,
Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing ache:
And next the heart that trembled for its sake
  Lies the queen-heart in sovereign overthrow.

Sonnet LV.—Still-born Love.

The hour which might have been yet might not be,
  Which man's and woman's heart conceived and bore
  Yet whereof life was barren,—on what shore
Bides it the breaking of Time's weary sea?
Bondchild of all consummate joys set free,
  It somewhere sighs and serves, and mute before
  The house of Love, hears through the echoing door
His hours elect in choral consonancy.

But lo! what wedded souls now hand in hand
Together tread at last the immortal strand
  With eyes where burning memory lights love home?
Lo! how the little outcast hour has turned
And leaped to them and in their faces yearned:—
  'I am your child: O parents, ye have come!'

Sonnet LXXIII.—The Choice.

Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.
  Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
  Thou say'st: 'Man's measured path is all gone o'er:
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
  Even I, am he whom it was destined for.'
  How should this be? Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
  Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.
  Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
  Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

Sonnet LXXVII.—Soul's Beauty.

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
  Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
  Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
  The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
  By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
  Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
  By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
  Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

Sonnet XCI.—Lost on Both Sides.

As when two men have loved a woman well,
  Each hating each, through Love's and Death's deceit;
  Since not for either this stark marriage-sheet
And the long pauses of this wedding-bell;
Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel
  At last their feud forlorn, with cold and heat;
  Nor other than dear friends to death may fleet
The two lives left that most of her can tell:—

So separate hopes, which in a soul had wooed
  The one same Peace, strove with each other long,
  And Peace before their faces perished since:
So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,
  They roam together now, and wind among
  Its bye-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

My Sister's Sleep.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
  At length the long-ungranted shade
  Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
  Over the bed from chime to chime,
  Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
  With work to finish. For the glare
  Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
  Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
  The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room with subtle sound
  Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
  And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
  And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
  Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
  Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
  The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
  Her needles, as she laid them down,
  Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

'Glory unto the Newly Born!'
  So, as said angels, she did say;
  Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long-watched-for rest!

She stopped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
'God knows I knew that she was dead.'
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
'Christ's blessing on the newly born!'

The Sea-Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

The Cloud Confines.

The day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart;
No lips of cloud that will part
Nor morning song in the light:
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.'

The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.'

What of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time?—
Red strife from the furthest prime,
And anguish of fierce debate,
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grinds them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.'

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.'

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future 's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we?—
We who say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.'

The Family Letters and Memoir by his brother, William Michael (2 vols. 1895), should be referred to; that brother's *Rossetti as Designer and Writer* (1889); the *Rossetti Papers* (1903) compiled by the same hand; *Rossetti's Letters to W. Allingham* (1897); Theodore Watts-Dunton in *Encyclopædia Britannica* and *Nineteenth Century* for March 1883; works by William Sharp (1882), Hall Caine (1882), Joseph Knight (1887), and F. G. Stephens (*Portfolio*, 1894); and Walter Pater's Essay on Rossetti. See also articles on 'The Rossettis' by William Sharp in the *Fortnightly* for 1886; on 'The Poetical Writings of Mr Dante Gabriel Rossetti by Miss Alice Law in the *Westminster Review* for 1895; and on 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood' by W. Holman Hunt in the *Contemporary Review* for 1886 (three articles).

WALTER RALEIGH.

Christina Rossetti * (1830–94), the youngest child of Gabriele Rossetti, and sister to Dante Rossetti, spent the greater part of her life in London, where she was born and died. She lived in great privacy, devoting herself to the care of her mother (who died in 1886), to her religious duties, and to poetry. She was an attached member of the Church of England, and, for reasons of religion, rejected two proposals of marriage, one from a Roman Catholic, the other from a suitor of 'undefined and heterodox views.' The series of sonnets entitled *Monna Innominata*, and some others of her best-known poems, are probably as directly autobiographical in import as Mrs Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Her earliest printed verses appeared when she was eleven years old, and from that time till her death she wrote, not voluminously, but incessantly. A volume called *Verses* was privately issued by her grandfather, Gaetano Polidori, in 1847; she contributed several numbers to *The Germ* (1850) over the signature 'Ellen Alleyn;' and thereafter wrote many poems, articles, essays, and short stories for various magazines. The best of her poems were collected by her in *Goblin Market and other Poems* (1862), *The Prince's Progress and other Poems* (1866), *A Pageant and other Poems* (1881), and *Verses* (1893). To these must be added the posthumous volume of *New Poems* (1896).



CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI
(with her Mother, FRANCES MARY LAVINIA ROSSETTI).
From the Drawing in Crayons by D. G. Rossetti (1877) in the National Portrait Gallery.

Though by the accidents of association Christina Rossetti was brought near to the group of poets and painters who started the Pre-Raphaelite movement, she belongs to no school, and holds a place by herself in English poetry. She is the least ambitious, and some would add the greatest, of English poetesses. She has that rarest of gifts, the gift of expressing deep feeling in quiet speech and perfect musical cadence. Her best sonnets, though they have not the splendour of the greatest of Shakespeare's, or Milton's, or Wordsworth's, or Rossetti's, yet come nearer than any of these to the purity and simplicity and perfection of form that mark the finest Italian sonnets. Her thoughts run naturally into a lyrical mould, and there is no sense of effort in all her work. She made no attempt in the larger poetic kinds of drama or romance, and was never betrayed by literary admiration into imitating the works of others at the sacrifice of sincerity and spontaneity. Imitation has been the besetting sin of not a few English poetesses. Mrs Aphra Behn, a clever and excellent woman, has been called vicious because she wrote fashionable comedies from the stand-point of the courtly rakes of the Restoration; Mrs Hemans is almost inconceivable without Byron; and Mrs Browning often forgoes her genuine gifts, even in her lyrics, to masquerade as a kind of conventional man, or, straining after power, strikes that note of 'falsetto muscularity' which, in works like *Aurora Leigh*, offended Dante Rossetti. It is therefore not a little to say in praise of Miss Rossetti that she knew herself and held fast by her own experience; that she looked in her heart and wrote. Nor would she have resented praise bestowed on her work as 'woman's work.' Women know and feel many things that men do not know or feel, and it is only by expressing these things that they can match men in literature. It was by simple loyalty to their own experience and their own vision that Jane Austen and Christina Rossetti achieved their unique positions among English writers.

Her genius is almost purely lyrical, and her poems are full of that beautiful redundance and that varied reiteration which are natural to all strong feeling and all spontaneous melody. Her lyrics have very much the air of improvisations; she chooses for theme some simple, elemental feeling, and pours it into song, the expression rising unsought, with incessant recurrence to the words or phrases given at first, and with a delicate sense of pattern which prescribes the changes in the cadence. Her ideas are so essentially poetical that they can hardly be expressed in prose. Her art is so subtly simple that critical analysis may well despair of explaining it. The whole bulk of her poems would yield but few quotations and perhaps not one generalised statement of moral truth. Though, like many other poets famous for

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verbal melody, she had no strong taste for music, her poetical gift is musical rather than pictorial. Her most characteristic imagery, such as is found in *A Birthday* or *Death Watches*, is passionate, not contemplative; it is the outcome of moments of feeling arrested, and yields little or nothing to thought, yet everywhere and always the soul of poetry is in her work.

The poems of many earlier religious poets are easily and sharply divisible into secular and sacred. It would be vain to attempt any such bisection of Miss Rossetti's work. Some of her poems deal with religious themes, and some do not, but all alike are permeated with religious ideas. This is especially noticeable in the very few of them that have any sort of claim to be called 'long poems.' *Goblin Market* and *The Prince's Progress* are fairy stories, the one telling of certain goblin sellers of magic fruit who haunt a mossy valley, the other describing the temptations and adventures that befall a prince of fable on his way to claim his bride. The stories are told without the smallest didactic intention; they are dream fantasies; but no one who reads them can fail to perceive that the ideas shadowed in them are all religious. *Goblin Market* is an idyl of temptation and of vicarious sacrifice; *The Prince's Progress* is a history of the pilgrimage of the soul, unmindful of its destiny, blinded and hindered by the love of ease and pleasure, by the search for wealth or knowledge, and aroused from time to time by the chiding, wailing voices that are carried on the air. A deep melancholy underlies all her most heart-felt poems, and if she resembles Shelley in lyrical elevation and the natural glow of lyrical utterance, there is more of the sadness of humanity in her poems than in his. Her verses beginning, 'Passing away, saith the World, passing away,' have been given the fame that they deserve by the praise of Mr Swinburne, who alludes to them as 'the great New-Year hymn of Miss Rossetti, so much the noblest of sacred poems in our language that there is none which comes near it enough to stand second; a hymn touched as with the fire and bathed as in the light of sunbeams, tuned as to chords and cadences of refluent sea-music beyond reach of harp and organ, large echoes of the serene and sonorous tides of heaven.'

Shall I forget?

Shall I forget on this side of the grave?
I promise nothing: you must wait and see
  Patient and brave.
(O my soul, watch with him and he with me.)

Shall I forget in peace of Paradise?
I promise nothing: follow, friend, and see
  Faithful and wise.
(O my soul, lead the way he walks with me.)

A Birthday.

My heart is like a singing bird
  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
  Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
  That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
  Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
  Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
  And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
  In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
  Is come, my love is come to me.

Echo.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight on a stream;
    Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brim-full of love abide and meet;
  Where thirsting longing eyes
    Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
    Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

Rest.

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
  Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
  Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
  Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
  Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
  Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
  And when she wakes she will not think it long.

From 'Old and New Year Ditties.'

Passing away, saith the World, passing away:
Chances, beauty and youth sapped day by day:
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to gray,
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play;
Hearken what the past doth witness and say;
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,

A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one certain day,
Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay:
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
Winter passeth after the long delay:
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray:
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray.
Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day,
My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear Me say.
Then I answered: Yea.

Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde.

I have desired, and I have been desired;
But now the days are over of desire,
Now dust and dying embers mock my fire;
Where is the hire for which my life was hired?
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Longing and love, pangs of a perished pleasure,
Longing and love, a disenkindled fire,
And memory a bottomless gulf of mire,
And love a fount of tears outrunning measure;
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Now from my heart, love's deathbed, trickles, trickles,
Drop by drop slowly, drop by drop of fire,
The dross of life, of love, of spent desire;
Alas, my rose of life gone all to prickles,—
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Oh vanity of vanities, desire;
Stunting my hope which might have strained up higher,
Turning my garden plot to barren mire;
Oh death-struck love, oh disenkindled fire,
Oh vanity of vanities, desire!

Monna Innominata.

'Amor, che ne la mente mi ragiona.'—DANTE.
'Amor vien nel bel viso di costei.'—PETRARCA.

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honourable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

There is a Life of *Christina Rossetti* by Mackenzie Bell (1898), containing excerpts from her letters; and essays on her works by Edmund Gosse (*Critical Kit-Kats*, 1896), Arthur Symons (*Studies in Two Literatures*, 1897), A. C. Benson (in the *National Review*, February 1895), and Mrs Meynell (in the *New Review*, February 1895).

WALTER RALEIGH.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1833–98), beloved by English children as 'Lewis Carroll,' was the son of the vicar of Daresbury in Runcorn parish, Cheshire; and, passing from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford, he graduated B.A. in 1854 with a first-class in mathematics. Elected a student of his college, he took orders in 1861, and from 1855 to 1881 was mathematical lecturer. In his own name he published a series of useful and even important mathematical works, begun with books on algebraical geometry and trigonometry in 1860, and continued in 1867–96 by works on *Determinants*, *Euclid and his Modern Rivals*, *Curiosa Mathematica*, and *Symbolic Logic*. Traces of a mathematical mind may also be found in the wonderfully different half of his literary activity credited to 'Lewis Carroll.' He was extremely punctilious in preserving the distinction between Dodgson the mathematical college don and the



CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON.
From a Photograph by Hills & Saunders.

'Lewis Carroll' whose works overflowed with fun, nonsense, humour, and the imaginary creations dear to children. 'Lewis Carroll' never quite equalled again the genial creator of *Alice*, his first triumph; *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), with its continuation *Through the Looking-glass* (1872), and its illustrations by Tenniel, has become a nursery classic, and been translated into most of the languages of Europe. To the 'Lewis Carroll' series belong also *Phantasmagoria* (1869), *Hunting of the Snark* (1876), *Doublets* (1879), *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883; new ed. 1897), *A Tangled Tale* (1886), *Game of Logic* (1887), and *Sylvie and Bruno* (1889–93)—the latter in places positively tedious. Mr S. D. Collingwood published his *Life and Letters* in 1898, and *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book* in 1899.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834–92), born at Kelvedon in Essex, in 1849 became usher in a school at Newmarket, and in 1854 pastor of the New Park Street Chapel, London. The vast

Metropolitan Tabernacle was erected for him in 1859–61; with it were connected almshouses, a pastor's college, and an orphanage, over all of which he exercised and maintained effective supervision. He had a unique gift as an orator, and enlivened his fervour with quaint humour; his voice was of marvellous clearness and reach, and he wielded his mother-tongue with native vigour. His theological acquirements were slender and his commentaries uncritical. With the newer criticism he had no sympathy; and four years before his death he withdrew from the Baptist Union because no action was taken against persons charged with what he and conservative divines regarded as fundamental errors. His sermons, issued weekly from 1855, showed enormous energy of productivity, and continued to be surprisingly fresh; they had an average issue of 30,000, and were translated into several foreign tongues. He published over a hundred volumes, including *The Saint and his Saviour* (1867), *John Ploughman's Talk* (1868), *The Treasury of David* (a commentary on the Psalms, 1865–80), *Interpreter* (1874), *Sermons in Candles* (1891), and *Messages to the Multitude* (1892). A collection of Spurgeon's speeches was edited by Pike (1878); there are short Lives by Pike, Ellis, and Shindler (1891–92), and the authoritative autobiography in four volumes was compiled by his wife and Mr Harland (1897–98).

Sir John Robert Seeley (1834–95) was the third son of Mr Seeley the publisher. He was educated at the City of London School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, was bracketed with three others as senior classic in 1857, and next year was elected a Fellow of his college. In 1863 he became Professor of Latin in University College, London, in 1869 of Modern History at Cambridge, and there to the end of his industrious life he remained. *Ecce Homo* had appeared anonymously in 1865, and excited an extraordinary commotion in the religious world. It was denounced with vehemence by many evangelicals like Lord Shaftesbury as subverting the foundation of Christian faith and hope; on the other hand, its reverent tone and literary charm commended the book to many orthodox minds. For while it deliberately excluded consideration of the supernatural and insisted on Christ's human work as the founder of a Church of humanity, it did not profess to deal with all the aspects of Christ's mission—some even expected it to be followed by an *Ecce Deus*, which was no part of Seeley's plan. The work certainly produced no little influence on contemporary thought. Strictly anonymous at first, it was soon pretty confidently referred to the Cambridge historian, and was ultimately acknowledged by him as his. *Natural Religion* (1882), also anonymously published, was perhaps an even more effective presentation of the author's view of the essence of Christianity; but as an eirenicon between science and faith, it persuaded neither the Christian nor the Agnostic. For it posited a non-supernatural Christianity, and contented itself with a religion which was practically the pursuit of the ideal in life. Seeley's *Life and Times of Stein* (1879) was the best history of the creator of modern Germany, but, written without enthusiasm, it was generally pronounced tedious. His *Short Life of Napoleon the First* (1885) insisted on treating that portentous phenomenon as a clever and unscrupulous *condottiere* merely, and almost wholly ignored his power of political combination, his administrative sagacity, and his profound legislative achievement. In so far the historian showed himself liable to a prepossession. In his historical work generally Seeley sought for the driest light and refused to appeal to the emotions; and his concern in history was with the State and its development, with public documents and diplomatics: though he strove to find in past political consecutions answers to the pressing problems of the present. In one work he struck a chord in the public breast; his *Expansion of England* (1883) did much to build up British Imperialism, to show the significance of the struggle between France and Britain in the eighteenth century, and to emphasise the value of Britain's oversea inheritance. His *Growth of British Policy*, unfinished at his death, was an almost equally pregnant essay on our foreign policy, its conditioning causes, methods, and results, from the accession of Elizabeth down to the beginning of the eighteenth century; to this Professor Prothero prefixed a short Life of the author (1895). *An Introduction to Political Science*, published in 1896, comprises two series of lectures. Seeley's work on Goethe, a reissue of magazine articles, was sound and



SIR J. R. SEELEY.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

sensible but not remarkably illuminative. For his service to the national cause he was created K.C.M.G. in 1894.

Lord de Tabley was the title, borne after his succession in 1887 to his father, the second baron, by the Hon. JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER WARREN (1835–1895), one of the truest poets of his time, though he never attained popularity with the public, and even to many lovers of poetry became well known only a few years before his death. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was for a time attached to the embassy at Constantinople under Sir Stratford de Redcliffe. In 1859 he was called to the Bar, and about the same time published, under a pseudonym, a volume of poems—his own, and not, as has been erroneously said, the joint work of himself and a dead friend. Other volumes of verse—including *Ballads and Metrical Sketches*, *The Threshold of Atrides*, *Glimpses of Antiquity*, *Præterita*, *Eclogues and Monodramas*, *Studies in Verse*—followed in 1860–65; and two powerful dramas, *Philoctetes* (1866) and *Orestes* (1868), were Greek not in subject-matter alone. In 1868, too, the author (pseudonymous or anonymous as yet) made his only entry into English public life as candidate for Mid-Cheshire on the Liberal side. He was not elected, and soon after took up his residence in London, where he lived the life of a literary recluse in the society of a few warm friends. He was not a bookman merely, but an enthusiastic expert in botany, in book-plates, and in Greek coins. Fruits of these studies appeared in a work on book-plates (1880) and one on *The Flora of Cheshire* (1899). *Rehearsals* (1870) and *Searching the Net* (1873) were collections of poems; *The Soldier's Fortune* (1876) was a poetic tragedy. *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical* (1893), comprised selections from past work with new pieces, and a supplementary volume appeared in 1895. At his death his fame was steadily growing; and a posthumous volume, *Orpheus in Thrace, and other Poems*, edited by the Hon. Lady Leighton Warren (1901), was universally greeted as a rare addition to the treasury of English poetry. Lord de Tabley's high-strung, too sensitive temperament is reflected in much of his verse—his noble melancholy, his all-but pessimistic outlook on a world of empty strife and vain ambition. And another and equally sensitive side of his character appears in the poems and passages which give rich and melodious utterance to the poet's heart-felt joy in the ineffable beauty of nature.

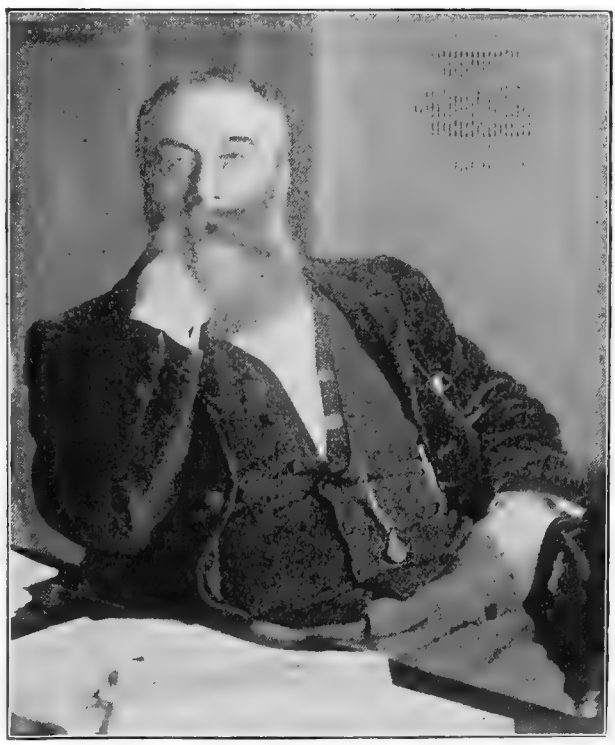
See the Memoir by Sir M. E. Grant Duff prefixed to *The Flora of Cheshire* (1899); Mr Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats* (1896); and the biographical sketch by Professor Hugh Walker (1903).

Sir Walter Besant (1836–1901), born at Portsmouth, studied at King's College, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge; and, having abandoned the idea of taking orders, was appointed to a professorship in Mauritius, where he found time to read largely in French literature. A succession of feverish attacks compelling him to resign this post, he returned to England, and in 1868 gladly accepted the office of secretary of the newly-founded Palestine Exploration Fund, an appointment he retained till his success as a writer of fiction made him independent of this staff (1885). His first work, *Studies in French Poetry*, appeared in 1868, and attracted much attention, rather by its interest and pleasant style than from its exhaustiveness. Three years later he began to collaborate in story-writing with **James Rice** (1844–82), who from Northampton came to Queen's at Cambridge, from law drifted into literature, had published one or two unimportant novels, and was now editor of *Once a Week*. Together they produced *Ready-money Mortiboy* (1872), *My Little Girl*, *With Harp and Crown*, *This Son of Vulcan*, *The Golden Butterfly* (1876, which greatly increased their popularity), *The Monks of Thelema*, *By Celia's Arbour*, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, and *The Seamy Side* (1881). This literary partnership between two men of different gifts, comparable for intimacy with that of Beaumont and Fletcher or of Erckmann and Chatrian, continued unbroken—and with the happiest results—until the death of the younger collaborateur. Thenceforward Besant continued to produce fiction wholly his own in invention and development, with unabated energy and fertility, though for the most part in a distinguishably different manner, sending forth in succession *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1882), *All in a Garden Fair*, *Dorothy Forster*, *Children of Gibeon*, *Armorel of Lyonesse*, *The Ivory Gate*, *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, *The Master Craftsman*, *The Rebel Queen*, *The Fourth Generation*, *The Lady of Lynn*, and other stories.

Ready-money Mortiboy (drafted by Rice and partly written before the partnership began) and *The Golden Butterfly* are probably the best-known of all the books associated with Besant's name; and though it be admitted that the books produced by the collaborateurs are richer in humour, more vivid in characterisation, fresher and more entertaining altogether, this does not prove that these features were wholly or mainly Mr Rice's contribution, but that Besant grew older. Unquestionably the later novels were many of them somewhat incredible and factitious, didactic and overweighted with detail, as well apt to repeat ideas and situations. Perhaps Besant was right in regarding *Dorothy Forster*, a story of the Earl of Derwentwater and the Rebellion of 1815, as his best tale. *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, on the other hand, was the most notable of a series which produced a marked and unexpected influence on the public heart and conscience; they stimulated and guided the philanthropic (and fashionable) movement that led to the establishment of the People's Palace in the east end of London.

Another series of Sir Walter's literary enterprises concerned the topography and history of London.

It was his ambition to be the Stow of nineteenth-century London; and he projected a vast scheme in which he was to have the help of experts, retaining for his own share the general history of London from the earliest times to the end of the nineteenth century. This he seems ever to have regarded as his *magnum opus*, and to it he devoted the continuous labour of five years. To this plan, unfinished at his death, belonged the pleasant volumes on Westminster, London, South London, and East London (written by him with some assistance), and the more ambitious work on *London in the Eighteenth Century*, thoroughly characteristic of the man, and published in 1902. From the *Autobiography* published in the same year it appeared that he had completed a history of London from the beginning as far as the end of the eighteenth century. His attitude towards religious and theological problems was frankly expounded in the same book, and was by no means conservative. His relations with Mr Rice (who, it should be added, wrote a well-known history of the British Turf) he had explained in a preface to the library edition of *Ready-money Mortiboy* in 1887.



SIR WALTER BESANT.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

As secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund Besant edited or wrote works on Jerusalem, Palestine, and the survey; and as first chairman of the Society of Authors he laboured strenuously to secure, especially to inexperienced writers for the press, as full a share as possible of the profits accruing from their labours. His zeal in their behalf, testified to by a great expenditure of time and work, led him ultimately to be unduly suspicious and not a little unfair to one of the two partners in the business of publishing books.

Further French studies were a work on the French humourists (1873) and small works on Rabelais, Montaigne, and Coligny; he wrote also Lives of Professor Palmer and Richard Jefferies; and there were opuscules from his hand on Whittington, Captain Cook, and King Alfred. *Ready-money Mortiboy* was dramatised by the author. *As We are and as We may be* was a collection of miscellanies, posthumously published in 1903.

Thomas Hill Green (1836–82) was born at the rectory of Birkin in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first in classics, and later a third in law and modern history. He was elected and re-elected a Balliol Fellow, became the first lay tutor of the college, and, under Jowett, the main influence in Balliol. He married a sister of J. A. Symonds in 1871, and became in 1877 Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy. Green's noble character, contagious enthusiasm, philosophical independence and profundity, and strong interest in social questions gathered around him many of the best men at Oxford. Popular education and temperance lay near his heart, and he gave himself with great earnestness to School-Board work and political reform. He was the 'Mr Gray' of *Robert Elsmere*. In 1874 he contributed his masterly introduction to the Clarendon Press edition of Hume's *Treatise on Human Nature*, subjecting Hume's philosophy in detail to searching and hostile analysis from an idealist point of view. His own philosophy, which sprang from the sympathetic study of Kant and Hegel, was largely a polemic against current empiricism as stultifying philosophy and rendering the ethical standard nugatory; he was a trenchant critic of British empirical philosophy, whether that of Hume or of Lewes or of Herbert Spencer. His *Prolegomena to Ethics*, left incomplete at his death, was edited in the following year by Mr A. C. Bradley; and two addresses or lay-sermons to his pupils were issued with an unfinished preface by Arnold Toynbee. His condemnation of Hume and scattered essays in *Mind* and elsewhere were edited by R. L. Nettleship (1885–88), the third volume containing a Memoir.

John Richard Green * (1837–83) was the son of an Oxford tradesman, and was educated at Magdalen College School till the age of fifteen, when he was sent to complete his education under the charge of a private tutor. In 1854 he competed successfully for an open scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, and was matriculated at the end of 1855. The choice of a college was probably unfortunate; the members of Jesus College were mostly Welshmen, and they were rather isolated from the rest of the university. Green made few intimate friends during his undergraduate days, refused to throw himself into the normal current of Oxford studies, and was content with a pass degree in 1859. That his time had not been wholly wasted, and that his early taste for reading had led him into the direction of his later work, is proved by some brilliant papers on the history of Oxford which he contributed during his last year of residence to the *Oxford Chronicle*. In 1860 he took orders and accepted a curacy in London at St Barnabas, Goswell Road. For a few months in 1863 he had charge of a parish in Hoxton, but was compelled by ill-health to resign it. After another short period as a curate at Notting Hill, he received from Bishop Tait the curacy-in-charge of St Philip's, Stepney, which he held for five years. He discharged his clerical duties with rare fidelity and devotion; but his sympathies were always with the Broad Church party, and as time went on he became more and more reluctant to bind himself to any definite religious dogmas. He had always been delicate, and the arduous labour of a clergyman in the east end of London overtaxed his strength. When he resigned his charge at Stepney in 1869, he gave up all active clerical work.

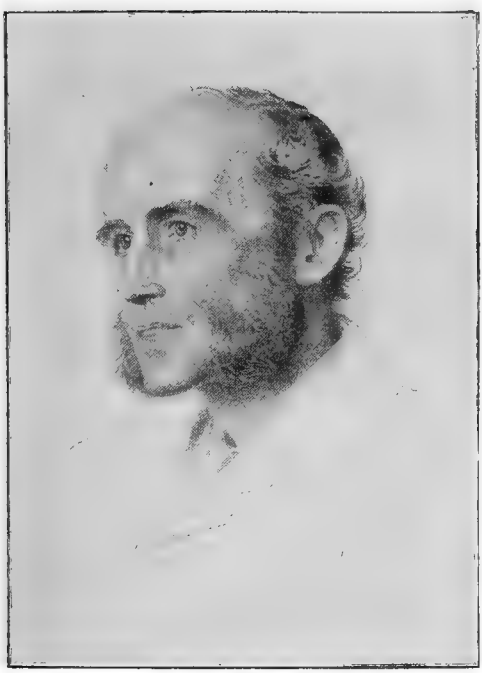
During his life in London Green had managed to find time for literary work. Whenever he could get away from his parish, he spent his time in the British Museum studying the authorities for early English history. He had plans for a history of Somersetshire, and a history of the English Church in connection with the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; but his favourite scheme was a history of England under the Angevin kings, a task which has since been performed by his disciple, Miss Kate Norgate. A paper which Green read before the Somersetshire Archæological Society led to an intimate friendship with Freeman, by whom he was induced to become a contributor, and after a time a frequent contributor, to the *Saturday Review*. Through Freeman he became acquainted with Stubbs, who was at the time Lambeth Librarian, an office in which Green succeeded him, and was also engaged in editing some of the most important volumes in the Rolls Series. The encouragement which he received from these two older students was of immense value to Green, and he recognised his obligation when in 1878 he dedicated his *History of the English People* 'to two dear friends, my masters in the study of English History, Edward Augustus Freeman and William Stubbs.'

Green's intention, when he abandoned the Church, was to earn a living by writing for the *Saturday*, but to devote almost the whole of his energy and time to the Angevin period. It was a great blow to him to discover in 1869 that his lungs were affected, and that he would have to curtail his work and to live the life of an invalid. For three successive winters he was compelled to go to the South. Under these unwelcome and unexpected conditions he was induced to alter his plans, to abandon or postpone the unremunerative task of writing a lengthy book on a special period, and to undertake for Macmillan a *Short History of the English People*. To the writing of this book he gave five years of such strenuous work as he could put into the limited hours allowed by medical advice. It was published in 1874, and Green suddenly found himself famous. This was the more startling and gratifying, because the experts who had read the proof-sheets were by no means unanimous in prophesying success. But the verdict of readers was as decisive as in the case of Macaulay's first two volumes a quarter of a century before. It was not merely the vividness of the narrative and the picturesqueness of the style that secured such a notable triumph: Green had presented the social side of English history in its connection with political life and constitutional progress as nobody had presented it before. His life in the east end had been a more valuable training to him than Gibbon's experience as a militia officer had been to the writer of the *Decline and Fall*. Green's intention was clearly stated in his Preface: 'The aim of the following work is defined by its title; it is a history, not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People. At the risk of sacrificing much that was interesting and attractive in itself, and which the constant usage of our historians has made familiar to English readers, I have preferred to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the intrigues of favourites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. It was with this purpose that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender. Whatever the worth of the present work may be, I have striven throughout that it should never sink into a "drum and trumpet history."' The mere abandonment of the time-honoured division into reigns was in itself a revolution. No other European country had at that time found such a historian as Green, and though foreigners have since tried to emulate his methods, none have succeeded in equalling their model.

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection entitled "Oxford in the Middle Ages," page 653.

The *Short History* remains unique in historical literature.

For nine more years Green was engaged in a heroic struggle to do as much work as increasing ill-health would allow. His opportunities for research were seriously curtailed by the necessity of always wintering abroad. In 1877 he married Miss Alice Stopford, whose invaluable assistance made the remaining years of his life happier and more fruitful than they could otherwise have been. He never returned to his project of Angevin history, but set himself to work out the general history of England on an ever-increasing scale. In 1878–80 he published in four volumes his *History of the English People*, in which he expanded the *Short History*, and rewrote those periods of it which had been defectively treated in the former book. Then he began from the beginning to utilise on a large scale the authorities which he had been studying for so many years. One volume, *The Making of England*, which brought the history down to 828, was published in January 1882. With feverish activity he went on dictating another volume to his wife, but it was still unfinished when he died at Mentone on 7th March 1883; it appeared as a posthumous work under the name of *The Conquest of England*. It is to these last two books that we must look to estimate the immense labour which it had cost Green to draw his brilliant picture of the nation's progress; and it is in these books that we see most clearly the extraordinary imaginative power which enabled Green to throw himself into the life of the distant past. This is his supreme merit as a historian, and in this quality he has never been surpassed.



JOHN RICHARD GREEN.
By permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.

Oxford in the Middle Ages.

At the time of the arrival of Vacarius, Oxford stood in the first rank among English towns. Its town church of St Martin rose from the midst of a huddled group of houses, girt in with massive walls, that lay along the dry upper ground of a low peninsula between the streams of Cherwell and the upper Thames. The ground fell gently on either side, eastward and westward, to these rivers, while on the south a sharper descent led down across swampy meadows to the city bridge. Around lay a wild forest, the moors of Cowley and Bullingdon fringing the course of Thames, the great woods of Shotover and Bagley closing the horizon to the south and east. Though the two huge towers of its Norman castle marked the strategic importance of Oxford as commanding the river valley along which the commerce of southern England mainly flowed, its walls formed, perhaps, the least element in its military strength, for on every side but the north the town was guarded by the swampy meadows along Cherwell, or by the intricate channels into which the Thames breaks among the meadows of Osney. From the midst of these meadows rose a mitred abbey of Austin canons, which, with the older priory of St Frideswide, gave the town some ecclesiastical dignity. The residence of the Norman house of the D'Oillis within its castle, the frequent visits of English kings to a palace without its walls, the presence again and again of important councils, marked its political weight within the realm. The settlement of one of the wealthiest among the English Jewries in the very heart of the town indicated, while it promoted, the activity of its trade. No place better illustrates the transformation of the land in the hands of its Norman masters, the sudden outburst of industrial effort, the sudden expansion of commerce and accumulation of wealth which followed the Conquest. To the west of the town rose one of the stateliest of English castles, and in the meadows beneath the hardly less stately abbey of Osney. In the fields to the north the last of the Norman kings raised his palace of Beaumont. The canons of St Frideswide reared the church which still exists as the diocesan cathedral, while the piety of the Norman Castellans rebuilt almost all the parish churches of the city, and founded within their new castle walls the church of the Canons of St George. We know nothing of the causes which drew students and teachers within the walls of Oxford. It is possible that here as elsewhere a new teacher had quickened older educational foundations, and that the cloisters of Osney and St Frideswide already possessed schools which burst into a larger life under the impulse of Vacarius. As yet, however, the fortunes of the University were obscured by the glories of Paris. English scholars gathered in thousands round the chairs of William of Champeaux or Abelard. The English took their place as one of the 'nations' of the French University. John of Salisbury became famous as one of the Parisian teachers. Beket wandered to Paris from his school at Merton. But through the peaceful reign of Henry the Second Oxford was quietly increasing in numbers and repute. Forty years after the visit of Vacarius its educational position was fully established. When Gerald of Wales read his amusing Topography of Ireland to its students, the most

learned and famous of the English clergy were, he tells us, to be found within its walls. At the opening of the thirteenth century Oxford was without a rival in its own country, while in European celebrity it took rank with the greatest schools of the Western world. But to realise this Oxford of the past we must dismiss from our minds all recollections of the Oxford of the present. In the outer aspect of the University there was nothing of the pomp that overawes the freshman as he first paces the 'High,' or looks down from the gallery of St Mary's. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of a mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves in church porch and house porch, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets, take the place of the brightly-coloured train of doctors and Heads. Mayor and Chancellor struggled in vain to enforce order or peace on this seething mass of turbulent life. The retainers who followed their young lords to the University fought out the feuds of their houses in the streets. Scholars from Kent and scholars from Scotland waged the bitter struggle of North and South. At nightfall roisterer and reveller roamed with torches through the narrow lanes, defying bailiffs and cutting down burghers at their doors. Now a mob of clerks plunged into the Jewry, and wiped off the memory of bills and bonds by sacking a Hebrew house or two. Now a tavern row between scholar and townsman widened into a general broil, and the academical bell of St Mary's vied with the town bell of St Martin's in clanging to arms. Every phase of ecclesiastical controversy or political strife was preluded by some fierce outbreak in this turbulent, surging mob. When England growled at the exactions of the Papacy, the students besieged a legate in the abbot's house at Osney. A murderous town and gown row preceded the opening of the Barons' War. 'When Oxford draws knife,' ran the old rhyme, 'England's soon at strife.'

Tudor Architecture.

A transformation of an even more striking kind marked the extinction of the feudal character of the noblesse. Gloomy walls and serried battlements disappeared from the dwellings of the gentry. The strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan Hall. Knole, Longleat, Burleigh and Hatfield, Hardwick and Audley End, are familiar instances of a social as well as an architectural change which covered England with buildings where the thought of defence was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, on its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the south. Nor was the change less within than without. The life of the Middle Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the baron looked from his upper daïs on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of the household withdrew with his family into his 'parlour' or 'withdrawing-room' and left the hall to his dependants. The Italian refinement of life which told on pleasance and garden told on the remodelling of the house within, raised the principal apartments to an upper floor—a change to which we owe the grand staircases of the time—surrounded the quiet courts by 'long galleries of the presence,' crowned the rude hearth with huge chimney-pieces adorned with fauns and cupids, with quaintly interlaced monograms and fantastic arabesques, hung tapestries on the walls, and crowded each chamber with quaintly carved chairs and costly cabinets. The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be overrated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. 'You shall have sometimes,' Lord Bacon grumbled, 'your houses so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold.'

The *Letters of John Richard Green*, edited by Leslie Stephen (London, 1901), gives the best account of his life. A short Memoir to 1874 was prefixed by Mrs Green to the illustrated edition of the *Short History* in 1892. There are also valuable articles by Mr James Bryce in *Macmillan's Magazine* (May 1883; republished in *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, 1903), by Mr P. Lyttelton Gell in the *Fortnightly Review* (May 1883), and by the Rev. H. R. Haweis in the *Contemporary Review* (May 1883).

RICHARD LODGE.

James Thomson (1834–82), poet, was the son of James Thomson, officer in the merchant service, and his wife Sarah Kennedy, and was born at Port-Glasgow. Reared at the Royal Caledonian Asylum and trained at Chelsea for an army teacher, he got an assistant's post in 1851 at Ballincollig, near Cork. Here he met Charles Bradlaugh and loved Matilda Weller, whose death in 1853 left him desolate. After holding various positions as teacher, Thomson was in 1862 discharged from the army for an irregularity. He had meanwhile greatly extended his scholarship and become specially expert in his knowledge of modern languages. Through Bradlaugh's influence he now became a London clerk, presently contributing freely to the *National Reformer*. His signature was 'B.V.,' the initials representing Bysshe Vanolis, and indicating the writer's reverence for Shelley and Novalis. Unfortunately Thomson lacked moral fibre, and his lonely sensitiveness, terribly strained by the extravagance of his free-thinking, made him a gloomy if energetic pessimist. Relieving his solitude with drink, he soon became hopelessly besotted. In 1872 he visited Colorado as a mining agent, and for a month or two in 1873 he was a war correspondent in Spain. Apart from these variations, he lived miserably in London. After 1875 he deserted the *National Reformer* for *The Secularist* and *Cope's Tobacco Plant*. He died in University College Hospital, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

Thomson's highest achievement is the pessimistic view of the world in *The City of Dreadful Night*. Originally contributed to the *National Reformer*, this was published with other poems in 1880. Despite its wayward philosophy and persistently

gloomy atmosphere, the poem reveals a distinct personality, and has engaging nimbleness and grace of artistic form. In the same volume the lyric 'To our Ladies of Death,' prompted by De Quincey's *Suspiria*, is very strikingly conceived and daintily elaborated. Thomson further illustrates his sovereign quality in *Vane's Story* and the attractive Oriental tale, *Weddah and Om-el-Bonain*, published with other poems in 1881. In his first two volumes appeared the author's best work. They include, besides the poems named, 'Sunday at Hampstead,' 'Sunday up the River,' and various other short pieces that evince a winning love of natural beauty and rare energy of lyrical rapture. In 1881 Thomson issued *Essays and Phantasies*, which are curious if not important. Posthumous works are *A Voice from the Nile, and other Poems*, and *Satires and Profanities*, both published in 1884; *Shelley, a Poem*, published in 1885; and *Poems, Essays, and Fragments*, issued in 1892. The collected Poems appeared in two volumes in 1895, and a volume of Prose was published in 1896. Mr Bertram Dobell prefixed a Life of Thomson to the volume entitled *A Voice from the Nile, and other Poems;* and in 1889 Mr H. S. Salt published a work which, as revised in 1898, has become the standard biography of the poet.

From 'The City of Dreadful Night.'

Of all things human which are strange and wild
  This is perchance the wildest and most strange,
And showeth man most utterly beguiled,
  To those who haunt that sunless City's range;
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
How Time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,
  How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him and the days;
  The burden of the months he scarce can bear;
And often in his secret soul he prays
  To sleep through barren periods unaware,
Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure;
Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
  He would outsleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvellous fancy he must make
  Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us;
This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,
  Wounded and slow and very venomous;
Which creeps blindwormlike round the earth and ocean,
Distilling poison at each painful motion,
  And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright
  The little time here given him in trust,
But wasteth it in weary undelight
  Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,
He naturally claimeth to inherit
The everlasting Future, that his merit
  May have full scope; as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,
  O nights that are as æons of slow pain,
O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
  O Life, whose woeful vanities remain
Immutable for all of all our legions
Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
  Not of your speed and variance *we* complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
  Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
We do not claim renewed and endless life
  When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
  Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

THOMAS BAYNE.

Robert Buchanan (1841–91), a versatile and highly talented writer in verse and prose, was born at Caverswall in Staffordshire, the son of a Scottish schoolmaster and Socialist, who settled for a while



ROBERT BUCHANAN.
From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

in Glasgow. The son was educated at Glasgow High School and University, where his closest friend was the short-lived David Gray (page 657). In the year 1860 the two set out for London to set the Thames on fire; but gloom and poverty hung over their steps, and fame did not come until too late for the elder of the pair. Buchanan's first work, *Undertones*, a volume of verse, published in 1863, was well received. The *Idylls and Legends of Inverburn* followed in 1865, and next year came *London Poems*, his first distinct success—a rare combination of lyrical vigour and insight into humble life, lightened up with humour and sweetened with pathos. Later volumes of verse were a translation of Danish ballads and *Wayside Posies* (1866); *North Coast Poems* (1867); *Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama*, and *The Drama of Kings* (1871), two rhapsodies suggested by the

stirring events of the time on the Continent; *St Abe* and *White Rose and Red* (1873), in which he found American themes for comic and sentimental treatment; *Ballads of Love, Life, and Humour* (1882); and *The City of Dream* (1888). At one time there were good judges who regarded him as the coming poet. But he scattered and sometimes misdirected his energies in prose fiction, drama, and strongly aggressive criticism. An unhappy notoriety was won by the article he wrote, under the pseudonym of 'Thomas Maitland,' on 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' in the *Contemporary Review* for October 1871. It was mainly an attack upon Dante G. Rossetti, and that poet answered for himself in a famous letter to the *Athenæum* on 'The Stealthy School of Criticism.' Mr Swinburne's scathing pamphlet, *Under the Microscope* (1872), followed, and eventually Buchanan was fain to withdraw the main part of his charge. The most notable of his novels are *A Child of Nature* (1879), *God and the Man* (1881), *The Martyrdom of Madeline* (1882), and *Foxglove Manor* (1884). He was successful as a dramatist with *A Nine Days' Queen*, *Lady Clare*, *Storm-beaten*, *Sophia* (an adaptation of *Tom Jones*), and the well-known melodrama *Alone in London*. In his latest poems, *The Outcast* and *The Wandering Jew* (1893), he attacked, somewhat too petulantly, the modern development of Christianity. The close of his life was pathetic. He was ruined by an unlucky speculation, and obliged to part with all his copyrights. A stroke of paralysis followed, and eight months later he died at Streatham. His Life was written by Harriet Jay, his sister-in-law, in 1903. An 'Introduction' to his poetry, and a critical monograph on him as 'The Poet of Revolt,' by Mr Stodart Walker, had been issued in 1901. In 1885 his poems then published were collected in a single volume.

From 'The Birth of Balder.'

Balder's Birth-Song.

There blent with his growing
The leaf and the flower,
The wind lightly blowing
Its balm from afar.
The smile of the sunshine,
The sob of the shower,
The beam of the moonshine,
The gleam of the star.
'Mid shining of faces
And waving of wings,
With gifts from all places
Came beautiful things;
The blush from the blossom,
The bloom from the corn,
Blent into his bosom,
Ere Balder was born.

As a rainbow in heaven
Was woven the rune,
The colours were seven
Most dim and divine:
Thro' regions of thunder
Serene swam the moon,
With white rays of wonder
Completing the sign.
The snow-star was gleaming
Cold, silent, and clear,
Its bright image beaming
Deep down in the mere;
The night grew profounder,
The earth slept forlorn,
With the drift wrapt around her
Ere Balder was born.

Beside a waste water
Lay Frea alone,
In Asgard they sought her,
To earth she had crept;
The Father was sitting
Snow-white on his throne,
The night-clouds were flitting,
The wind-harps were swept.
No eyes divine found her—
She lay as one dead—
Vast forests around her,
Black vapours o'erhead,—
She saw not,—she heard not,—
But weary and worn,
Snow-shrouded, she stirred not
Ere Balder was born.

Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy (1844–81) was born in London of Irish descent. In 1861 he entered the British Museum library, and in 1863 was promoted to the natural history department, where fishes and reptiles became his specialty. He married the eldest daughter of Dr Westland Marston. His works were *An Epic of Women* (1870), *Lays of France* (based on Marie de France; 1872), *Music and Moonlight* (1874), and the posthumous *Songs of a Worker* (1881), besides, with his wife, the children's stories *Toyland* (1875). See a small Monograph by Mrs Louise Chandler Moulton (1894).

Ode.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.
. . . .
But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—

How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

David Gray (1838–61), eldest of eight children of a handloom weaver, was born on the bank of the Luggie near Kirkintilloch. He showed much promise at school, was destined in consequence for the ministry, and by dint of pupil-teaching paid his way for four years at Glasgow University. But having contributed a considerable number of poems to the *Glasgow Citizen*, he determined, with his friend Robert Buchanan, to go to London, and begin the career of a man of letters. By mistake the two travelled by different trains, and, arriving alone, Gray spent the first night in the open air; the result was a cold which soon became consumption. For a time the poet lived with his friend Buchanan in a garret in Blackfriars, and Mr Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton) found him some literary work. But his disease increased, and, after a sojourn in the south of England, he returned to his father's cottage at Kirkintilloch to die. During his remaining months he wrote a series of thirty sonnets, *In the Shadows*. These breathe the very passion of despair, and remain his finest work. His longest poem, 'The Luggie,' is a descriptive piece containing many passages of great beauty. The poet of 'The Luggie' presents one of the most pathetic figures in Scottish literature; Pollok, Fergusson, and Bruce were all, like him, cut off before their prime, but none of these received the arrow of death with such a piteous cry. His poems were published in 1862, after his death, with a Memoir by Dr Hedderwick of the *Citizen*, and an Introduction by Lord Houghton.

Sonnet.

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But, like a child that in the night-times cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the day.

(From *In the Shadows*.)

Edward Lear (1812–88), born in London, had from boyhood a passion for drawing and painting, and by a book of fine coloured drawings of parrots interested the Earl of Derby, who gave him the opportunity of visiting Italy. He settled in Rome and became a landscape-painter, but in spite of ill-health was an indefatigable traveller, visiting not merely the out-of-the-way corners of Italy, Greece, and Turkey, but Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and India. After 1837 he was very little in England, though he exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1850 to 1873, and he died at San Remo. Lear is less known by his paintings than by his beautifully illustrated books of travel—*Sketches of Rome* (1842), *Illustrated Excursions in Italy* (1846), *Journal in Greece and Albania* (1851), *Journal in Calabria* (1852), and *In Corsica* (1869). Naturalists thought his drawings of birds equal to Audubon's, and Tennyson praised his Greek journal in a well-known poem. But Lear is far best known by his *Book of Nonsense* (1846; 29th ed. with Introduction by Sir E. Strachey, 1894), an original compound of wit, humour, paradox, and good sense in rhymes extraordinarily facile and felicitous, which have gone to the hearts of all English children. The outcome of his friendship with the Derby family, the book was written to amuse the childhood of the fifteenth Earl of Derby (1826–93), afterwards a very grave statesman. *More Nonsense Rhymes* followed in 1871; *Nonsense Songs, Stories, and Botany* in 1870; *Laughable Lyrics* in 1876.

Charles Jeremiah Wells (1800–79) was born in London and educated at Edmonton, was a friend of Hazlitt and Keats (though from both he was ultimately estranged), and till 1830 practised as a solicitor in London. His book of *Stories after Nature* (1822), tales in poetic prose, fell still-born, and was followed in 1824 by the remarkable biblical drama, *Joseph and his Brethren*, which, though praised by R. H. Horne in *The New Spirit of the Age* in 1844, remained all but unknown until attention was directed to its beauties by Rossetti in Gilchrist's Life of Blake (1863) and by Mr Swinburne, who in the *Fortnightly* (1875) hailed him as 'a poet meant to take his place amongst the highest.' Wells, who had abandoned professional work for a country life in Wales and Hertfordshire, went to Brittany in 1840, and finally settled at Marseilles. After his wife's death in 1874 he burnt MSS. of tragedies and poems that would have filled eight or ten volumes; but when a revised edition of *Joseph* had been published in 1876, the old man was moved to write some additional scenes for his *chef-d'œuvre*, which Mr Gosse has described as 'an overgrown specimen of the pseudo-Jacobean drama in verse popular in ultra-poetical circles between 1820 and 1830,' to be regarded less as a play than as a poetical curiosity of florid eloquence and rich versification.

See Mr Watts-Dunton in the *Athenæum* (1876, 1879), Mr Buxton Forman in Miles's *Poets of the Century*, and Linton's edition of *Stories after Nature* (1891).

George Meredith * was born on 12th February 1828, in Hampshire, which forms the scenic background of several of his novels. He was at school in Germany, and on his return began the study of law. But, drawn to literature, he began to contribute to the magazines, edited a paper for a time, and even after he was a famous novelist served as special correspondent in north Italy during the war with Austria in 1866. For many years he was literary reader to Chapman and Hall; latterly his home was at Boxhill in Surrey. In *Chambers's Journal* for July 1849 appeared his first publication, the poem of 'Chillianwallah,' and two years later he published a small volume of poems. His first effort in prose was the extravaganza, *The Shaving of Shagpat* (1856), in which the manner of the Eastern story is imitated with much exuberance of fancy and command of language; but it was in 1859 that he laid claim to be ranked among the greater novelists by the publication of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, in which he struck the note that characterises his work—the satirical exposure of the mischief wrought by the various forms of egoism. While this work made too large and too frequent concessions to the 'comic spirit,' on whose inspiration the author has always been over-ready to depend, it showed a remarkable grasp of some of the most serious issues of life, and a sure mastery of all the elements of a finished style. *Evan Harrington* (1861) is called a comedy, and treats in a light tone, though with a serious purpose, of the career of a high-spirited youth who finds himself forced by honour into a lower social position than is in keeping with his upbringing. The following year saw the publication of *Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads*, which tell their story in a somewhat dark and fragmentary manner, but with great truth of observation and strength of pathos. *Emilia in England* (1864), now known as *Sandra Belloni*, is full of interest, though it has suffered from a tendency to caricature in some of the characters; but in *Rhoda Fleming* (1865) the author struck a higher note in a most successful attempt to deal with a tragic situation in the life of the yeoman class, displaying a power of delineating elemental passion that recalls the work of the greatest dramatists. *Vittoria* (1866) is a sequel to *Sandra Belloni*, and deals with the Italian rising of 1848. Here the author rises to his full stature as an historian of great events, narrated with all the wisdom and impartiality of a scientific observer, yet with the sympathy and imaginative insight of a poet. The culmination of the novelist's power is chiefly revealed in his elaborate portrait of the noble heroine who fills the chief place in the story; but the whole book has a nervous strength, a directness of style, a fullness of knowledge, and a power of dramatic presentment that entitle it to be called a masterpiece. *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* (1871) is a loosely constructed work, written with a bewildering rapidity of movement; but it contains many delightful episodes, and, like *Evan Harrington*, it is distinguished by the brilliant portrayal of an adventurer, whose point of view is expressed with convincing sympathy. *Beauchamp's Career* (1875) is a study of the conflict of ideas with the inertia of sentiment and tradition, in the experiences of a young naval officer, whose political enthusiasm brings him into a perplexing antagonism with his social surroundings. In 1879 appeared *The Egoist*, Mr Meredith's most unique, if not his greatest novel, where he claimed deliberately the vantage-ground of the spirit of comedy, constructing his framework with some approach to the observance of the dramatic unities. The plot is of the simplest, and the book is really a study of the most refined form of self-preoccupation, presented through a marvellously searching analysis of the subtleties of motive, accompanied by a free play of genial satire. In 1881 was published *The Tragic Comedians*, an imaginative, yet veracious, record of the pathetic episodes that led to the humiliating death of the social democrat Lassalle, where a splendidly endowed nature is represented as betrayed by its overweening self-sufficiency. *Diana of the Crossways* (1885) reflects in part the career of the Hon. Mrs Norton, and is perhaps the most brilliant of the author's novels, though its style shows an undue surrender to the fascination of epigram—at times to the extent of interfering with the dramatic presentation of his characters, and the determining act of the heroine is barely made credible. Three small volumes of verse were entitled *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth* (1883), *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life* (1887), and *A Reading of Earth* (1888), which, if not always attaining the lucidity and sustained elevation that belongs to the highest poetry, are yet remarkable for their revelation of beauty in nature and life, and their wealth of imaginative suggestion. *One of our Conquerors* (1891) and *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* (1894) both deal with the problem of the sacredness of the marriage tie in exceptional situations; but the former presents the issue in the more convincing light, and is the novel in which the position of women is most explicitly dealt with. The theme is one on which Mr Meredith has given a wealth of keen psychological and ethical suggestions. The author's last novel, *The Amazing Marriage* (1895), illustrates his liking for setting himself a difficult task, and though he may have failed to persuade us of the possibility of the main fact in the story, the book shows no failure of power in the general treatment of the theme.

Mr Meredith's intellectual eminence, his originality and uniqueness, his penetrating insight, the breadth and depth of his criticism of life, his boundless gift of brilliant and most pregnant aphorisms, are practically undisputed. His rank as a writer has been more debated. 'He is the

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection from "Love in the Valley," page 659.

Master of all of us,' said R. L. Stevenson. Some critics have dilated on his lack of constructive skill, or even paradoxically affirmed that he violates every canon which the art of fiction should observe; and too much has been made of the obscurity and indirectness of his diction. The idiosyncrasies of his style, which in the later works is often provokingly compressed and elliptical, form a certain barrier to appreciation, and repel many at the outset; but those who have become accustomed to the atmosphere of his thought and utterance are agreed that there are few writers, living or dead, whose works will better repay a careful study. Unintelligibility and obscurity are relative terms; and to the novel in its most complex and highest form it cannot be made matter of reproach that there are some—perhaps many—who lack the intelligence or the sensibility that can alone admit them to the charmed circle of appreciative readers. The difficulties of Mr Meredith's style and manner have been greatly exaggerated, and are felt to be a serious impediment to sympathetic understanding only by those who have not the patience to apply themselves to the study of the higher fiction with the same ardour that they would think necessary in the case of any other art. No one has ever tried to make words convey so much meaning as Mr Meredith, and very few have had so much meaning to express. His power of phrase-making is as wonderful as the variety and appositeness of his use of individual words. It should be noted that with the publication of *The Egoist* in 1879, there was a marked change in Mr Meredith's style, a change not without its disadvantages—to a more fastidious choice of words, with an increasing command of felicitous phrases, and a more sedulous effort to put the fullest significance and suggestiveness into every sentence. Although Mr Meredith was long in gaining recognition, and is unlikely ever to be a popular writer in the ordinary sense, he is now regarded by the majority of cultivated readers as one of the most powerful and original intellectual forces of our time, distinguished alike for the large sanity of his outlook upon life, the subtlety and grasp of his insight into the springs of character, and his command of many of the most effective forms of artistic expression.

From 'Love in the Valley.'

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
  Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:
  Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
  Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hailstones.
  Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.
  . . . . . .
Happy happy time, when the white star hovers
  Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
  Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
  Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
  Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.'

They believe that the angels have been busy about them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have worthily striven to bring them together. And, O victory! O wonder! after toil and pain, and difficulties exceeding, the celestial hosts have succeeded!

'Here we two sit who are written above as one!'

Pipe, happy Love! pipe on to these dear innocents!

The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In the West the sea of sunken fire draws back; and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven.

'Lucy, did you never dream of meeting me?'

'O Richard! yes; for I remembered you.'

'Lucy! and did you pray that we might meet?'

'I did!'

Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise, the fair Immortal journeys onward. Fronting her, it is not night but veiled day. Full half the sky is flushed. Not darkness: not day; but the nuptials of the two.

'My own! my own for ever! You are pledged to me? Whisper!'

He hears the delicious music.

'And you are mine?'

A soft beam travels to the fern-covert under the pine-wood where they sit, and for answer he has her eyes: turned to him an instant, timidly fluttering over the depths of his, and then downcast; for through her eyes her soul is naked to him.

'Lucy! my bride! my life!'

The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.

Pipe no more, Love, for a time! Pipe as you will you cannot express their first kiss; nothing of its sweetness, and of the sacredness of it nothing. St Cecilia up aloft, before the silver organ-pipes of Paradise, pressing fingers upon all the notes of which Love is but one, from her you may hear it.

From 'The Egoist.'

'An oath?' she said, and moved her lips to recall what she might have said and forgotten. 'To what? What oath?'

'That you will be true to me dead as well as living! Whisper it.'

'Willoughby, I shall be true to my vows at the altar.'

'To me! me!'

'It will be to you.'

'To my soul. No heaven can be for me—I see none, only torture, unless I have your word, Clara. I trust it. I will trust it implicitly. My confidence in you is absolute.'

'Then you need not be troubled.'

'It is for *you*, my love; that you may be armed and strong when I am not by to protect you.'

'Our views of the world are opposed, Willoughby.'

'Consent; gratify me; swear it. Say, "Beyond death." Whisper it. I ask for nothing more. Women

think the husband's grave breaks the bond, cuts the tie, sets them loose. They wed the flesh—pah! What I call on you for is nobility: the transcendent nobility of faithfulness beyond death. "*His* widow!" let them say; a saint in widowhood.'

'My vows at the altar must suffice.'

'You will not? Clara!'

'I am plighted to you.'

'Not a word?—a simple promise? But you love me?'

'I have given you the best proof of it that I can.'

'Consider how utterly I place confidence in you.'

'I hope it is well placed.'

'I could kneel to you, to worship you, if you would, Clara!'

'Kneel to heaven, not to me, Willoughby. I am I wish I were able to tell what I am. I may be inconstant: I do not know myself. Think; question yourself whether I am really the person you should marry. Your wife should have great qualities of mind and soul. I will consent to hear that I do not possess them, and abide by the verdict.'

'You do; you do possess them!' Willoughby cried. 'When you know better what the world is, you will understand my anxiety. Alive, I am strong to shield you from it; dead, helpless—that is all. You would be clad in mail, steel-proof, inviolable, if you would . . But try to enter into my mind; think with me, feel with me. When you have once comprehended the intensity of the love of a man like me, you will not require asking. It is the difference of the elect and the vulgar; of the ideal of love from the coupling of the herds. We will let it drop. At least, I have your hand. As long as I live I have your hand. Ought I not to be satisfied? I am; only, I see farther than most men, and feel more deeply.'

From 'Vittoria.'

It was he who preached to the Italians that opportunity is a mocking devil when we look for it to be revealed; or, in other words, wait for chance; as it is God's angel when it is created within us, the ripe fruit of virtue and devotion. He cried out to Italians to wait for no inspiration but their own; that they should never subdue their minds to follow any alien example; nor let a foreign city of fire be their beacon. Watching over his Italy; her wrist in his meditative clasp year by year; he stood like a mystic leech by the couch of a fair and hopeless frame, pledged to revive it by the inspired assurance, shared by none, that life had not forsaken it. A body given over to death and vultures—he stood by it in the desert. Is it a marvel to you that when the carrion-wings swooped low, and the claws fixed, and the beak plucked and savoured its morsel, he raised his arm, and urged the half-resuscitated frame to some vindicating show of existence? Arise! he said, even in what appeared most fatal hours of darkness. The slack limbs moved; the body rose and fell. The cost of the effort was the breaking out of innumerable wounds, old and new; the gain was the display of the miracle that Italy lived. She tasted her own blood, and herself knew that she lived. Then she felt her chains. The time was coming for her to prove, by the virtues within her, that she was worthy to live, when others of her sons, subtle and adept, intricate as serpents, bold, unquestioning as well-bestridden steeds, should grapple and play deep for her in the game of worldly strife. Now—at this hour of which I speak—when Austrians marched like a merry flame down Milan streets, and Italians stood like the burnt-out cinders of the fire-grate, Italy's faint wrist was still in the clutch of her grave leech, who counted the beating of her pulse between long pauses, that would have made another think life to be heaving its last, not beginning.

A revised edition of Mr Meredith's novels began to appear in 1896, and was completed three years later in thirty-two volumes. There is a very complete bibliography by Mr John Lane prefixed to the study of Meredith published by Mr Le Gallienne in 1890; Miss Hannah Lynch published a book on him in 1891, as did Mr Walter Jerrold in 1903. Mr Basil Worsfold discussed his theory of fiction in *The Principles of Criticism* (1897); and in *Victorian Prose Masters* (1902) Mr W. C. Brownell has attempted an appreciative critical estimate. Mr Meredith's profound significance in connection with the Renascence of Wonder has been suggested in the essay introductory to the present volume.

JAMES OLIPHANT.

Justin M'Carthy, born at Cork in 1830, early embraced a journalistic career, which, commencing in Liverpool, was most of it spent in England. In 1860 he joined the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons as representative of the *Morning Star*, and in 1864 became editor of that paper; later he was appointed a leader-writer on the *Daily News*. For many years he contributed copiously to the literature of fiction, *A Fair Saxon* (1873) and *Dear Lady Disdain* (1875) being perhaps his most successful novels. But Mr M'Carthy's main interests have always been centred in public affairs. Not only did he for many years occupy a prominent position in the House of Commons as an active member and, for a time, the chairman of the Irish party, but his best literary work has been done in the region of political history. The *History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria* (1878–97), is an excellent and, on the whole, extremely fair summary of the events of the Victorian era; the latter half of the work has the interest and value which attaches to a description of political events by one who was acquainted with many of the principal personages who figure in his pages. A *History of the Four Georges*, written after the first volume of the *History of Our Own Times* had appeared, may be best described in an Irishism as a sequel of antecedent history; it is written on the same scale as the earlier work and treated in the same manner. But Mr M'Carthy is more at home in the history of events which are still politics than of politics which have become history. A similar criticism may fairly be passed on *The Reign of Queen Anne* (1902). Among other works which blend history with politics are *The Life of Sir Robert Peel* (1891), Lives of Pope Leo XIII. and of Mr Gladstone, and *Modern England* (1898). Mr M'Carthy retired from Parliament and from public life in 1896, and devoted himself exclusively to literary work; and in 1903 a Civil List pension was bestowed on him. His *Reminiscences* (1899) contain effective sketches of contemporary personages; in *British Political Leaders* (1903) the sketches are too purely journalistic to be of enduring value.—His son, **Mr Justin Huntly M'Carthy** (born 1860), is a novelist, dramatist, and historian.

James Hutchison Stirling, patriarch of British philosophers, was born at Glasgow in 1820, studied at Glasgow University, and practised 1843–1851 as a surgeon near Aberdare in South Wales; but afterwards went to Paris and Heidelberg, and devoted himself to philosophy. His *Secret of Hegel* (1865; new ed. 1900), a masterpiece of philosophical insight and expository genius, opened up an unknown world to English readers, and gave a powerful impulse to the study of philosophy; in 1881 came his *Complete Text-book to Kant.* LL.D. both of Edinburgh and of Glasgow, he delivered the first course of Gifford lectures at Edinburgh —*Philosophy and Theology* (1890). Other works, hardly less original, incisive, and influential, are an assault on Hamilton's doctrine of perception (1865); a translation, with notes, of Schwegler's *History of Philosophy* (1867; 12th ed. 1893); *Jerrold, Tennyson, and Macaulay* (1868); *As Regards Protoplasm* (1869; complete ed. 1872), a reply to Huxley; *Lectures on the Philosophy of Law* (1873); *Burns in Drama* (1878); *Darwinianism* (1894), a trenchant criticism of the three Darwins; *What is Thought? or the Problem of Philosophy* (1900); and, finally, *The Categories* (1903). In Germany, as well as in Italy and elsewhere, the *Secret of Hegel* was accepted as a profound, brilliant, and authentic exegesis; Emerson knew no modern British book that showed 'such competence to analyse the most abstruse problems of the science, and, much more, such singular vigour and breadth of view in treating the matter in relation to literature and humanity.' And Carlyle thought its author 'the only man in Britain capable of bringing metaphysical philosophy, in the ultimate, German or European, and highest actual form of it, distinctly home to the understanding of British men who wish to understand it.'

Lewis Campbell was born 3rd September 1830, at Edinburgh, the son of a cousin of Thomas Campbell the poet, and was educated at the Academy of Edinburgh, the University of Glasgow, and Trinity and Balliol Colleges at Oxford. He took Anglican orders, and in 1856–58 was vicar of an English parish; from 1863 to 1892 was Professor of Greek at St Andrews, where he delivered the Gifford Lectures in 1894–95. He has edited the plays of Sophocles and three of Plato's dialogues, one of them in collaboration with Professor Jowett, and has translated Æschylus and Sophocles into spirited and graceful English verse. Besides other books and articles on classical subjects he has published sermons, written (in collaboration with W. Garnett) the Life of Clerk Maxwell, and (with Evelyn Abbott) edited Jowett's Life and Letters.

Friedrich Max-Müller (1823–1900), son of the German poet Wilhelm Müller, was born at Dessau, and educated at Leipzig, Berlin, and Paris; and through Bunsen was, as an accomplished Sanskritist, asked to England to edit the Rig Veda for the East India Company. Settling at Oxford, he was successively Taylorian Professor of Modern Languages and, from 1868, of Comparative Philology, a study he did more than any one else to promote in England, though many of his favourite doctrines have been superseded. Besides a history of Sanskrit literature and books on the science of religion, of thought, and of mythology, he issued in singularly nervous, polished, and idiomatic English the essays he called *Chips from a German Workshop* (1868–75), and the Glasgow Gifford lectures on natural religion (1889–93). He held numerous academic and other honours, and in 1896 was made a member of the Privy Council. *Auld Lang Syne* (1898–99) was autobiographical; and his wife edited his Life and Letters (1902).

Thomas Hodgkin, born of Quaker stock at Tottenham in 1831, and educated at University College, London, became partner in a large banking house at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Devoting learned leisure to historical writing, he has recorded the history of Italy after the fall of the Roman Empire in *Italy and her Invaders* (7 vols. 1880–98); and as *parerga* wrote monographs on *The Dynasty of Theodosius* (1889) and *Theodoric the Goth* (1891), and a Life of Charlemagne (1897).

Frederic William Farrar (1831–1903), born in Bombay, graduated at London University and at Cambridge. Ordained in 1854, he was for many years a master at Harrow, and in 1871–76 head-master of Marlborough College; in 1876 he became canon of Westminster and rector of St Margaret's, archdeacon of Westminster in 1883, and Dean of Canterbury in 1895. An eloquent preacher and a copious author, he wrote *Eric* and other stories of school-life, books on philology and education, a Life of Christ (1874) which ran through twelve editions in as many months, a Life of St Paul, besides *Lives of the Fathers* and a *History of Interpretation.* One of several volumes of sermons was *Eternal Hope* (1878), disputing the doctrine of eternal punishment. *Darkness and Dawn* (1892) was a story of Nero's days, and *Gathering Clouds* (1895) of Chrysostom's. His Life by his son was published in 1903.

Frederic Harrison, born in London in 1831, was educated at King's College School, London, and Wadham College, Oxford, taking a classical first-class in 1853. He became Fellow and tutor of his college, but was called to the Bar in 1858, and practised conveyancing and in the Courts of Equity. He has served on more than one Royal Commission, from 1877 till 1889 was Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law to the Inns of Court, and was an alderman in the London County Council. He is an advanced Liberal and Home-Ruler, and his outlook on the world is largely conditioned by his zeal as a convinced Comtist. Since 1880 he has been president of the English Positivist Committee. An eager student of history and

literature, as a critic he wields a versatile and trenchant pen. He has written on the meaning of history (1862), on order and progress, on education and the choice of books, on Byzantine history, and on early Victorian literature; edited the Positivist *Calendar of Great Men*, and published much on Positivist matters, especially on Comte's Positive Polity; is author of books on Cromwell, William the Silent, King Alfred, and Ruskin (1902), the latter containing much original and suggestive criticism; and we have further had from him a collection of critiques of Tennyson, Mill, and others, and a volume on Washington, with other addresses delivered in America (1901).

Sir Leslie Stephen, son of Sir James Stephen, for many years Colonial Under-Secretary, was born at Kensington Gore, 28th November 1832. He was educated at Eton, King's College, London, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. It was his intention to follow a clerical career, and he took holy orders, but in consequence of increasing intellectual dissatisfaction with the creed of the Church, he abandoned the idea of becoming a clergyman and devoted himself to literature. Settling in London, he contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as well as to the *Fortnightly Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*. In 1871 he was appointed editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and retained this position till 1882, when he resigned in order to undertake the duties of editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The first volume of the *Dictionary* appeared early in 1885, and under Stephen's editorship twenty quarterly volumes were published. He afterwards appointed Mr Sidney Lee—since 1883 his assistant—joint-editor, and early in 1891, in impaired health, he abandoned the editorship to his coadjutor, but continued to be contributor. In 1895 he was appointed president of the London Library in succession to Tennyson, and in June 1902 was created a Knight Commander of the Bath. A thinker of singular independence and energy, a critic of exceptional learning, breadth, and sanity, Sir Leslie Stephen has been an industrious writer, amongst his works being *The Playground of Europe* (1871), *Hours in a Library* (three series, 1874-79), *The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876 and 1881), *Essays on Freethinking and Plain Speaking* (1879), *The Science of Ethics* (1882), *Life of Henry Fawcett* (1885), *An Agnostic's Apology* (1893), *Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen* (1895), and *Studies of a Biographer* (4 vols. 1898–1902). His great work on *The English Utilitarians* (3 vols. 1900) consists mainly of studies of Bentham, James Mill, and John Stuart Mill. A disciple of Hume, Bentham, and the Mills, in his *Science of Ethics* he retains on the whole the utilitarian system, modified by the new light thrown upon the ethical development of man by the theory of Darwin and the speculations of Spencer.

Stopford Augustus Brooke, born in 1832 at Letterkenny in Donegal, had a distinguished course at Trinity College, Dublin, and taking orders, became a curate in London. His first incumbency was St James's Chapel (1866–75); his second, Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, where, in virtue of his independence of thought and the literary grace of his sermons, he came to be till his resignation in 1894 amongst the foremost London preachers. In 1880, on dogmatic grounds connected with miracles, he severed his connection with the Church of England. For a time he had been a royal chaplain. His Life of Robertson of Brighton (1865) from the first ranked as a classical biography; his *Primer of English Literature* (1876), unique amongst primers, was followed by his *History of Early English Literature* (2 vols. 1892) and a one-volume work on *English Literature to the Norman Conquest* (1898). Amongst his volumes of sermons and theological works are *Jesus and Modern Thought* and *The Gospel of Joy*. A poet himself, he is a critic of sympathetic insight, and he has published, besides a little book on Milton, important studies of Tennyson (1894) and Browning (1902). With a colleague he prepared *A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue* (1901); and the first section of the present work (Vol. I. pp. 1–30) is from his pen.

James Cotter Morison (1832–88), son of the proprietor of Morison's Pills, was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and lived much in France. His masterpiece, *The Life of St Bernard* (1863), was dedicated to Carlyle. For his friend Mr Morley he wrote *Gibbon* (1878) and *Macaulay* (1882) in the 'Men of Letters' series; his last work, *The Service of Man* (1887), was a criticism of revealed religion from the Positive point of view.

Sir Lewis Morris was born at Penrhyn in Carmarthen in 1833, and educated at Sherborne and Jesus College, Oxford, where in 1855 he took a first in classics and won the Chancellor's prize. He practised at the Bar as a conveyancer from 1861 to 1881, and subsequently devoted himself to local work in Wales in connection with education and politics, but failed (as a Liberal candidate) to gain a seat in Parliament for a Welsh constituency. *Songs of Two Worlds* (3 vols. 1872–75) by 'A New Writer' showed taste, grace, craftsmanship, and the influence of Tennyson; *The Epic of Hades* (1876), by the same anonymous 'New Writer,' retold in a sufficiently modern spirit the myths and legends of ancient Greece—of Helen, Endymion, Marsyas, and the rest. These pretty idyls were welcomed with joy by a great public. His critics were willing here, as in his later work, to recognise attractive narrative, metrical skill, clear and sometimes forcible thought, unmistakable talent, but refused to acknowledge evidence of true poetic genius. He has since published *Gwen, a Drama in Monologue; The Ode of Life; Songs Unsung; Gycia, a Tragedy; A Vision of Saints* (1890), *Idylls and*

Lyrics (1896), *Harvest Tide*, and many other books of verse, besides articles and addresses. In 1877 he was made an honorary Fellow of his old college; in 1895 he was made a knight-bachelor; and he holds a Greek decoration and some other honours.

Edward Burnett Tylor was born at Camberwell in 1832, educated at the Friends' school, Grove House, Tottenham, and starting from Cuba in 1856 with a friend, made a scientific journey through Mexico, one result of which was his *Anahuac, or Mexico and the Mexicans* (1861). He was recognised as the most philosophical of English anthropologists and one of the moulders of the science when, already F.R.S. and an honorary graduate of Oxford and St Andrews, he was appointed successively keeper of the Oxford University Museum (1883), Reader in Anthropology, and Professor of Anthropology; and he has been Gifford lecturer at Aberdeen and president of the Anthropological Society. His *Researches into the Early History of Mankind* (1865) and *Primitive Culture* (2 vols. 1871; 3rd ed. 1891) stand first among works of their class, in learning, arrangement, grasp of principles, and breadth of view. The foundation of his philosophy of man is involved in the significance he finds in the various ideas, rules, and usages that accompany or flow from animism, the child-like apprehension by the primitive savage of disembodied spiritual existences, as the minimum of religion and the basis of culture. One of the best introductory handbooks to a subject ever written is his attractive, luminous, and comprehensive *Anthropology* (1881).

Sir Edwin Arnold, the son of a Sussex magistrate, was born in 1832, and was sent to school at Rochester, to King's College, London, and to University College, Oxford, where he was elected a scholar. He won the Newdigate (1853) with a poem on *Belshazzar's Feast*, for a while was second master at Birmingham, and afterwards became principal of the Deccan College at Poona. Returning to England in 1861, he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which, as editor and otherwise, he has been since identified. He published a volume of poems in 1853, and as early as 1875, in *The Song of Songs of India*, was busy with his life-task of interpreting in English verse the life and thought of the East. His most important book is *The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation* (1879), a verse rendering of the story of the life of Buddha, with an exposition of Nirvana and Karma and the rest of his teaching, and, incidentally, descriptions of the scenery and manners of ancient India. His statement of Indian philosophy has not been accepted by experts as impeccable, and his fluent and sometimes grandiose blank verse was by critics generally regarded as lacking in distinction; but the work attained great popularity, and by the end of the century had gone through sixty English and eighty American editions. In *The Light of the World* (1891) he attempted, more audaciously and less successfully, to do for Jesus Christ's life and teaching what he had done for Buddha. The subject was less unfamiliar, the inadequacy of the treatment more generally recognised, and the not infrequent infelicities more inevitably conspicuous. There was little to rivet attention, the paraphrases of the gospel story were found pedantic or purposeless, and, spite of much fine writing in smooth and copious (but monotonous) blank verse, the whole failed of effect. Other works are *Pearls of the Faith; With Sa'adi in the Garden* (translations from the *Gulistan*); *The Tenth Muse, and other Poems; Potiphar's Wife; Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife* (a play); *The Voyage of Ithobal.* He has visited India and Japan, and given readings in the United States; and has written books on his travels, some of them originally articles in his paper. He is C.S.I. (1877) and K.C.I.E. (1888), and has Siamese, Japanese, Persian, and Turkish decorations. His third wife is a Japanese lady.



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Lord Avebury had made his name in literature as Sir John Lubbock long ere he was created a peer (1900). The son of the astronomer Sir John William Lubbock (1803–65), he was born in London in 1834; from Eton he passed at fourteen into his father's banking-house; in 1856 became a partner; served on several educational and currency commissions; and in 1870 was returned for Maidstone in the Liberal interest, in 1880 for London University—after 1886 as a Liberal Unionist. He was the means of passing more

than a dozen important measures, including the Bank Holidays Act, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Ancient Monuments Bill, and the Shop Hours Bill. He holds honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and several other home and foreign universities; was vice-chancellor of London University 1872–80; and has been president of the British Association, vice-president of the Royal Society, president of the London Chamber of Commerce, chairman of the London County Council, and president of many scientific associations at home and honorary fellow of many learned societies abroad. Distinguished for his original researches on primitive man and on the habits of bees and ants, he is almost equally well known as having greatly contributed, by the interest of his exposition, to popularise all the scientific subjects with which he deals; and his treatises on the practical philosophy of life have some of them reached their two hundredth thousand. His selection of the hundred best books in universal literature greatly extended the mental horizon of many Englishmen and Englishwomen. He has given innumerable lectures and addresses, scientific and popular, and contributed more than a hundred memoirs to the *Transactions of the Royal Society* and other scientific journals. He has also published *Prehistoric Times* (1865; 6th ed. 1900); *The Origin of Civilisation* (1870; 6th ed. 1902); *The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects* (1874); *British Wild-flowers in Relation to Insects* (1875); *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* (1882); *The Senses and Instincts of Animals* (1888); *The Pleasures of Life* (1887–89); *The Beauties of Nature* (1892); *The Use of Life* (1894); and *The Scenery of Switzerland* (1896).

Sabine Baring-Gould, born at Exeter in 1834, of an old Devon family, in early life lived much in Germany and France. Educated at Clare College, Cambridge, he became incumbent of Dalton near Thirsk in 1866, and rector of East Mersea, Colchester, in 1871; and in 1881 presented himself to the rectory of Lew Trenchard, Devon, having on his father's death (1872) succeeded to the estate there. He is one of the most indefatigable, multifarious, and unequal of authors. His eighty works include, besides several volumes of sermons and theological works, collections of English minstrelsy and west-country songs; books of travel in Iceland, Brittany, and South France; works on Germany, past and present, and its Church; histories of the Cæsars and Napoleon Bonaparte; a whole series of popular antiquarian publications, of which *The Book of Were-Wolves* (1865) and *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* (1866) were the most popular; collections of fairy stories, of historic oddities, and strange events; and a long series of novels, of which *Mehalah* (1880), *John Herring*, *Richard Cable*, *Mrs Curgenven*, and *Nebo the Nailer* (1902) are amongst the best known. *Chris of all Sorts* was the work of 1903.

William Morris *

was born 24th March 1834 at Walthamstow, not then a suburb of London, and educated at Marlborough and Oxford. His writings form only one part of his life-work as poet, artist, and reformer; in each of these directions he did a full life's work. As artist the volume of original work produced by him or under his direction is enormous, and its effect—striking enough in England already—is only now beginning to manifest itself in anything like its true proportion in western and central Europe. As reformer, the result of his life-work has been to revolutionise the decorative instincts of English homes; to emphasise, and to translate for the public, the meaning of decorative art; to bring back into English printing the ideals of an early age, 'printing books which should have a definite claim to beauty and at the same time should be easy to read and should not dazzle the eye or trouble the intellect of the reader to eccentricity of form in the letters;' and even in the Socialist agitation which took up so much of the latter years of his life, and which embodied for him so many of his ideals, to redeem it from the narrowness which characterises so many of the European Socialist parties, and to bring it into line with the aspirations common to the thinking men of all political parties. His influence is apparent not in the work of his imitiators only, but even more in the general Renaissance of style, the substitution of a truer feeling for beauty of line and colour in all the ordinary surroundings of life. He died 3rd October 1896.

As a writer, Morris belongs to the Romantic school at its best and healthiest. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, of which his work is but the direct expression, is a phase of the great romantic development, which, arising in our country, finding its first expression in the poems of Ossian, the Percy Ballads, and the work of Chatterton, spread to the continent of Europe, made itself deeply felt in Germany and in western Europe generally, while pursuing in England a course freed from some of the excesses of disordered imagination which characterised it abroad. As Mr Watts-Dunton, in formulating his theory of the Renascence of Wonder, has finely pointed out, the English Romantic school did not aim merely at the revival of natural language; it sought rather to reach through Art the forgotten world of old Romance—that world of wonder and mystery and spiritual beauty of which poets gain glimpses through

> Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

When Morris was beginning his career as a writer by his contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, Tennyson had written his best poems, Browning was at his finest and freshest, Ruskin and Carlyle were applying a vigorous criticism in life and art. The moral and

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection entitled "The Wedding Path," page 667.

emotional life of the nation had been stimulated by the Tractarian movement and the Russian war, and he himself, prepared by a lifelong interest in mediæval architecture and in such romance as was open to the reader of the day, had just made the acquaintance of Malory and Froissart. It was at this time that *The Blessed Damozel* and *Hand and Soul* fell into his hands. We have heard him describe their thrilling effect upon him, and when this was reinforced by the remarkable personal influence of Rossetti and his paintings, the young poet found his bent determined. We owe to the acquaintanceship and intimacy then formed many of the more distinctive poems—such as *The Defence of Guenevere*, *King Arthur's Tomb* and *The Blue Closet*, and the *Tune of Seven Towers*—but Morris even in these owed little to Rossetti, except subject and a sort of courtly and intense note in the diction: the two minds were essentially unlike. He was much more influenced by Tennyson and by Browning, but his poems were fresher and less conscious than those of Tennyson, while Browning had taught something of his own insight without lending his fine worldliness to the observation of the younger mind. In that sensitivity to the outward circumstances of things which we call sensuousness Morris approaches Keats. 'Riding Together,' 'Summer Dawn,' or 'The Haystack in the Floods,' should, any one of them, have established the poet's reputation: they did not. The little volume was spoken of 'as a curiosity which shows how far affectation may mislead an earnest man towards the fogland of Art.'

Nearly ten years passed before Morris published his *Jason*, a poem originally designed to take its place in the framework of *The Earthly Paradise*, but which had outgrown in the making the limits of that scheme. His early verse 'had gradually gained for itself an increasing audience amongst men of imaginative taste,' to quote again the words of the greatest critic of our days. It was followed by the *Earthly Paradise* itself, the collection of poems with which Morris's name is most often associated. The device by which twelve classic legends are alternate with as many mediæval ones provided the poet with an opportunity of which he took the fullest advantage, while the introduction and the poems of the Months which connect the stories are little masterpieces: no one who understands the charm of English country can be unmoved by them. These works mark the second stage in his development as a writer. The early poems are all edge; these are distinguished by a flow so smooth and easy that 'the happiness of epithet and of local colouring, the picturesque detail and the appropriate phrase which give life and individuality to his pictures, are for the most part known only by their effects and only fully appreciated in the retrospect.'

Love is Enough, published in 1872, was a bold innovation in point of form, written with a passionate quality such as one found in his earliest work, a much more mature balance in carrying out his scheme. It is perhaps the least popular of his works, and at the same time it is the most instructive for the student of his work, with its ordered intricacy, its architectural construction of four receding planes. In it real things are seen through a medium of strange and deceptive splendour, not enhanced but transformed, while the skill with which the difficult Middle English metres is handled enlarges the limits of English verse.

The third period of artistic development, dating from his visits to Iceland, is marked by a series of translations from the Icelandic, culminating in his epic of *Sigurd the Volsung*, perhaps his finest work. 'More masculine than *Jason*, more vigorous and romantic than the best of the stories in the *Earthly Paradise*, it will take its place among the epic poems of the world.' A comparison of the way in which the subject of *Sigurd* was treated by Ampère among the French, Fouqu among the Germans, and Morris among the English would present an instructive study of the development of the Romantic school in these three countries. Translations of the *Æneid*, the *Odyssey*, and *Beowulf* mark another development of his energies. Virgil was brought from Classical Art straight into Romance; but after all this was but just, as the *Æneid* is the fountain-head of Romanticism. In writing of his version of the *Odyssey*, we may again quote from Mr Watts-Dunton: 'The two specially Homeric qualities—those, indeed, which set Homer apart from all other poets—are eagerness and dignity. That Tennyson could have given us the Homeric dignity his magnificent rendering of a famous fragment of the *Iliad* shows. Chapman's translations show that the eagerness also can be caught. Morris could not have given the dignity of Homer, but then, while Tennyson has left us but a few lines speaking with the dignity of the *Iliad*, Morris gave us a literal translation of the entire *Odyssey*, which, though it missed the Homeric dignity, secured the eagerness as completely as Chapman's free and easy paraphrase.'

As a prose writer his productions fall into three distinct classes—his controversial writings, his translations, and his prose romances. The works of the first class, including his lectures on art and his Socialist tales and tracts, *A Dream of John Ball*, and *News from Nowhere*, are written in an English so simple and direct that it has no rival since the best of Cobbett, yet with a distinction and grace all his own. A little sketch, *Under the Elm-tree*, still lives in one's memory as the very embodiment of poetical ideas, expressed in plain and serious prose. Apart from its tendency, *A Dream of John Ball* is a work whose beautiful language, whose delicate fidelity to archæological details and mediæval feeling, have conquered for it a place in the affections of many who are as the

poles asunder from its author's sympathies. The translations from the Icelandic, which we have already mentioned, are remarkable for their closeness in point of form to the originals, and the same may be said for the three little French romances; but in the case of the latter the Old French lends itself more gracefully to our tongue, of which it is, in truth, a sort of foster-mother.

His published prose romances begin with *The House of the Wolfings*, 'a form of literary art so new that new canons of criticism have to be formulated and applied to it.' It is the tale of a little Northern tribe attacked by the Romans, and is told in prose intermingled with song-speech—a true



WILLIAM MORRIS.
From a Photograph by Messrs Walker & Boutall.

Northern saga. From that time forward a succession of these tales poured from his pen, *The Roots of the Mountains*, *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, *The Wood beyond the World*, *The Well at the World's End*, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, and *The Sundering Flood*. Round their language and diction a storm of criticism raged. A public accustomed to the stereotyped form of the magazine and the newspaper found itself in face of a use of language as individual and striking as that of Carlyle or Meredith, and wondered accordingly. For Morris the use of archaic words and old-world turn of phrase was an artistic necessity, if he were to create the atmosphere he required, to awaken the mind to the expectation of strange surroundings and simpler if unaccustomed motives. He is not in the world of Caxton or of Malory, yet of such surroundings is his tale built up, and his language recalls, but does not copy, theirs. For this age of his romance never existed—a fact which no man knew better than himself. Two pasts were always with him: the historical, with its riches of art and its squalid poverty, its high aims and marvellous performances, its misery and vice, its good and bad, and the bad very bad; the other an ideal age, five hundred years behind us and a thousand years ahead. The age in which he loved to move is one which contains only what is fairest and strongest in mediæval life: he peoples with his imagination a little hollow land, sheltered by wide forests and desolate wastes, where his loved ones may live undisturbed, far from the foes of the outside world. Once, indeed, he began a story of the actual past—the adventures of one of his favourite Northmen in the decaying Roman civilisation, but he found the task of portraying its evil too great for what was to be the solace of his leisure hours, and he abandoned it half-done. To the picturing, then, of this ideal world the poet, the artist in words, brought a style wholly new, which places these romances among the most original contributions to pure literature that our epoch has seen. Morris's use of the supernatural, too, is very personal and quite northern in character, avoiding the bizarre, the cruel, the borderland of madness into which so many of the German Romantic school fall. Perhaps the principal defect of these romances is a want of relief to the virtues of almost all the actors therein: even the criminality which occurs is business-like and free from any taint of meanness.

The literary art of William Morris is, as we have said, of the Romantic school; indeed, in many respects it is not too much to say that the school touches its high-water mark of achievement with him. Perhaps no single line of his reaches the haunting beauty of certain stanzas from Keats or the sensuous magic of Rossetti; but, on the other hand, he is free from the mysticism, of the latter, he has a fuller and stronger sweep of wing than the former. Analogies have been sought for him with Chaucer and with Spenser, but though he is a romantic story-teller like Chaucer, he is distinguished from him by the fact that he finishes his stories, and by his deliberate avoidance of humour in his writing, probably in accordance with the theories of art he held. That this avoidance was deliberate is known from the suppressed conclusion of *Sir Peter Harpedon's End*, of which Mr Watts-Dunton has preserved the memory. His points of contact with Spenser are more numerous, but no exact parallel can be drawn. His art as a story-teller was that of the *improvisatore*, and he carried it to the highest point of which it was capable. The pictorial quality of his work sets him in a class apart from other writers of the Romantic school. His special bent of mind was historic, and there were few questions concerning the Middle Ages which he had not studied. Scott knew history perhaps as well; he had at his finger-ends all that was to be known of olden times, but he did not *see* as Morris did. He could describe, he could not paint in words. 'My work,' said Morris, 'is the embodi-

ment of dreams—to bring before men's eyes the image of the thing my heart is filled with.' It was this characteristic—the pictorial view of things—which, in addition to the romantic spirit and the imaginative love of beauty, gave unity and harmony to all his work, artistic and literary.

The Wedding Path.

He said: 'We shall be home but a very little while after the first, for the way I tell of is as short as the Portway. But hearken, my sweet! When we are in the meadows we shall sit down for a minute on a bank under the chestnut trees, and thence watch the moon coming up over the southern cliffs. And I shall behold thee in the summer night, and deem that I see all thy beauty; which yet shall make me dumb with wonder when I see it indeed in the house amongst the candles.'

'O nay,' she said, 'by the Portway shall we go; the torch-bearers shall be abiding thee at the gate.'

Spake Face-of-god: 'Then shall we rise up and wend first through a wide treeless meadow, wherein amidst the night we shall behold the kine moving about like odorous shadows; and through the greyness of the moonlight thou shalt deem that thou seest the pink colour of the eglantine blossoms, so fragrant they are.'

'O nay,' she said, 'but it is meet that we go by the Portway.'

But he said: 'Then from the wide meadow come we into a close of corn, and then into an orchard-close beyond it. There in the ancient walnut-tree the owl sitteth breathing hard in the night-time; but thou shalt not hear him for the joy of the nightingales singing from the apple-trees of the close. Then from out of the shadowed orchard shall we come into the open town-meadow, and over its daisies shall the moonlight be lying in a grey flood of brightness.

'Short is the way across it to the brim of the Weltering Water, and across the water lieth the fair garden of the Face; and I have dight for thee there a little boat to waft us across the night-dark waters, that shall be like wavering flames of white fire where the moon smites them, and like the void of all things where the shadows hang over them. There then shall we be in the garden, beholding how the hall-windows are yellow, and hearkening the sound of the hall-glee borne across the flowers and blending with the voice of the nightingales in the trees. There then shall we go along the grass paths whereby the pinks and the cloves and the lavender are sending forth their fragrance, to cheer us, who faint at the scent of the over-worn roses, and the honey-sweetness of the lilies.

'All this is for thee, and for nought but for thee this even; and many a blossom whereof thou knowest nought shall grieve if thy foot tread not thereby to-night; if the path of thy wedding which I have made, be void of thee, on the even of the Chamber of Love.

'But lo! at last at the garden's end is the yew-walk arched over for thee, and thou canst not see whereby to enter it; but I, I know it, and I lead thee into and along the dark tunnel through the moonlight, and thine hand is not weary of mine as we go. But at the end shall we come to a wicket, which shall bring us out by the gable-end of the Hall of the Face. Turn we about its corner then, and there are we blinking on the torches of the torch-bearers, and the candles through the open door, and the hall ablaze with light and full of joyous clamour, like the bale-fire in the dark night kindled on a ness above the sea by fisher-folk remembering the Gods.'

'O nay,' she said, 'but by the Portway must we go; the straightest way to the Gate of Burgstead.'

In vain she spake, and knew not what she said; for even as he was speaking he led her away, and her feet went as her will went, rather than her words; and even as she said that last word she set her foot on the first board of the foot-bridge; and she turned aback one moment, and saw the long line of the rock-wall yet glowing with the last of the sunset of midsummer, while as she turned again, lo! before her the moon just beginning to lift himself above the edge of the southern cliffs, and betwixt her and him all Burgdale, and Face-of-god moreover. (From *The Roots of the Mountains.*)

Summer Dawn.

Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

(From *The Defence of Guenevere.*)

I know a little garden close.

'I know a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

'And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before.

'There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea;
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

'For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to loose what all men seek.

'Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face

Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.'

(From *The Life and Death of Jason*, Book iv.)

[*The Life of William Morris*, by Mr J. W. Mackail, was published in two volumes in 1899; a book on Morris, his art, his writings, and his public life, by Mr Aymer Vallance, had appeared in 1897, in which year Mr Buxton Forman produced *The Books of William Morris;* and there is *A Description of the Kelmscott Press* by Mr S. C. Cockerell (1898).]

ROBERT STEELE.

Thomas Hood the Younger (1835–74), son of a more famous father, Thomas Hood the Elder (see above at page 136), studied at Pembroke College, Oxford; published a poem, a 'Farewell to the Swallows,' in 1853, and a series of *Pen and Pencil Pictures* in 1857; and after a year or two of journalism in Cornwall and five years' clerking in the War Office, he became, in 1865, editor of *Fun*, to which he contributed largely in prose, in verse, and in drawings. He published half-a-dozen novels, the best *Captain Masters's Children* (1865); and to a volume of his *Favourite Poems* (Boston, U.S., 1877) his sister prefixed a Memoir.

Richard Garnett, born at Lichfield in 1835, the son of a keeper of books in the British Museum, held in the same institution a succession of posts, being latterly editor (1881–90) of the great catalogue and (1890–99) keeper of printed books. He has published several volumes of original verse, besides translations from German and Italian, essays, and books on Carlyle, Emerson, Milton, Blake, and E. G. Wakefield, as well as on the relics of Shelley, on *The Age of Dryden*, on Richmond on the Thames, and a *History of Italian Literature*. *The Twilight of the Gods*, published in 1888 with other tales, was a brilliant *jeu-d'esprit*. He has also contributed much to encyclopædias and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and was responsible for two of the volumes of *English Literature, an Illustrated Record* (4 vols. 1903; the other volumes by Mr Gosse). He is LL.D. and C.B.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.*

Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, and critic, was born at St Ives, Huntingdon, in 1832. At the age of eleven he was sent to a private school at Cambridge, and he received there and afterwards at home an elaborate education. At an early period of his life, in order to learn the Romany language, he saw much of the gypsies, and had those remarkable experiences with them which lend perhaps the chief colour to *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love.* In 1875, having settled in London, he became a prominent figure in a famous group of poets, and the leading critic of poetry on the *Examiner* and the *Athenæum*. Afterwards he took the same position on the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, contributing to it a treatise on 'Poetry,' which has been described by an eminent writer as 'the literary crown of that vast work.' This essay is alone sufficient to show how deep has been his study of poetic principles, and how completely justified was Mr Swinburne in styling him 'the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age.' In 1897 he published *The Jubilee Greeting to the Men of Greater Britain*, and in the same year his long-looked-for volume of collected poems, *The Coming of Love*, which immediately set him in the front rank of contemporary poets. In the following year he published *Aylwin*, a poetical romance, which was placed by Lord Acton and Mr G. B. Gooch, in *The Annals of Politics and Culture*, first amongst the three most important books published in England in 1898. Henry Aylwin, in this story, and Percy Aylwin, in *The Coming of Love*, may be regarded as the embodiment of his philosophy of life. The two cousins, Henry Aylwin of the romance, and Percy Aylwin of the poem, are phases of a modern Hamlet, a Hamlet who stands at the portals of the outer darkness, gazing with eyes made wistful by the loss of a beloved woman. In both the romance and the poem the theme is love at war with death, or, to use the words of the author, in his preface to the illustrated edition of *Aylwin:*

It is a story written as a comment on Love's warfare with death—written to show that confronted as man is every moment by signs of the fragility and brevity of human life, the great marvel connected with him is not that his thoughts dwell frequently upon the unknown country beyond Orion where the beloved dead are loving us still, but that he can find time and patience to think upon anything else—a story written further to show how terribly despair becomes intensified when a man has lost —or thinks he has lost—a woman whose love was the only light of his world—when his soul is torn from his body, as it were, and whisked off on the wings of the 'viewless winds' right away beyond the farthest star, till the universe hangs beneath his feet a trembling point of twinkling light, and at last even this dies away and his soul cries out for help in that utter darkness and loneliness. It was to depict this phase of human emotion that both *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love* were written. They were missives from the lonely watch-tower of the writer's soul, sent out into the strange and busy battle of the world—sent out to find, if possible, another soul or two to whom the watcher was, without knowing it, akin.

In *Aylwin* the problem is symbolised by the victory of love over sinister circumstance, whereas in the poem it is symbolised by a kind of unistic dream of 'Natura Benigna.' *Aylwin* is so full of portraits of men of genius that no one can form a vivid conception of the higher literary and artistic life of the mid-Victorian epoch who has not studied it. Notwithstanding the vogue of *Aylwin*, there is no doubt that it is on his poems, such as *The Coming of Love*, *Christmas at the Mermaid*, *Prophetic Pictures at Venice*, *John the Pilgrim*, *The Omnipotence of Love*, *The Three Fausts*, *What the Silent Voices Said*, *Apollo in Paris*, *The Wood-Hunter's Dream*, *The Octopus of the Golden Isles*, *The Last Walk with Jowett from Boar's Hill*, and *Omar Khayyām*, that Mr Watts-Dunton's future

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position will mainly rest. There is only room here to touch upon *The Coming of Love*, a poem which, as a critic has said, 'has its chances for all time.'

Percy Aylwin is a poet and a sailor with such an absorbing love for the sea that he has no room for any other passion: to him an imprisoned sea-bird is a sufferer almost more pitiable than an imprisoned man, as will be seen by the following extract from the opening section of the poem:

Mother Carey's Chicken.

[Percy, on seeing a storm-petrel in a cage on a cottage wall near Gypsy Dell, takes down the cage, with the view of releasing the bird.]

I cannot brook thy gaze, beloved bird;
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye;
Too deeply, brother, is my spirit stirred
To see thee here, beneath the landsmen's sky,
Cooped in a cage with food thou canst not eat,
Thy 'snow-flake' soiled, and soiled those conquering feet
That walked the billows, while thy '*sweet-sweet-sweet*'
Proclaimed the tempest nigh.

Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed,
Friend whom I blessed wherever keels may roam,
Prince of my childish dreams, whom mermaids nursed
In purple of billows—silver of ocean-foam,
Abashed I stand before the mighty grief
That quells all other: Sorrow's King and Chief,
Who rides the wind and holds the sea in fief,
Then finds a cage for home!

From out thy jail thou seest yon heath and woods,
But canst thou hear the birds or smell the flowers?
Ah, no! those rain-drops twinkling on the buds
Bring only visions of the salt sea-showers.
'The sea!' the linnets pipe from hedge and heath;
'The sea!' the honeysuckles whisper and breathe,
And tumbling waves, where those wild-roses wreathe,
Murmur from inland bowers.

These winds so soft to others—how they burn!
The mavis sings with gurgle and ripple and plash,
To thee yon swallow seems a wheeling tern;
And when the rain recalls the briny lash,
Old Ocean's kiss we love—oh, when thy sight
Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,
The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright—
Bright as the lightning's flash—

When all these scents of heather and brier and whin,
All kindly breaths of land-shrub, flower, and vine,
Recall the sea-scents, till thy feathered skin
Tingles in answer to a dream of brine—
When thou, remembering there thy royal birth,
Dost see between the bars a world of dearth,
Is there a grief—a grief on all the earth—
So heavy and dark as thine?

But I can buy thy freedom—I (thank God!),
Who loved thee more than albatross or gull—
Loved thee, and loved the waves thy footsteps trod—
Dreamed of thee when, becalmed, we lay a-huli—
'Tis I, thy friend, who once, a child of six,
To find where Mother Carey fed her chicks,
Climbed up the boat and then with bramble sticks
Tried all in vain to scull—

Thy friend who shared thy Paradise of Storm—
The little dreamer of the cliffs and coves,
Who knew thy mother, saw her shadowy form
Behind the cloudy bastions where she moves,
And heard her call: 'Come! for the welkin thickens,
And tempests mutter and the lightning quickens!'
Then, starting from his dream, would find the chickens
Were daws or blue rock-doves—

Thy friend who owned another Paradise,
Of calmer air, a floating isle of fruit
Where sang the Nereids on a breeze of spice,
While Triton, from afar, would sound salute:
There wast thou winging, though the skies were calm;
For marvellous strains, as of the morning's shalm,
Were struck by ripples round that isle of palm
Whose shores were Ocean's lute.

And now to see thee here, my king, my king,
Far-glittering memories mirrored in those eyes,
As if there shone within each iris-ring
An orbèd world—ocean and hills and skies!—
Those black wings ruffled whose triumphant sweep
Conquered in sport!—yea, up the glimmering steep
Of highest billow, down the deepest deep,
Sported with victories!—

To see thee here! a coil of wilted weeds
Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spray,
Rider of sportive Ocean's reinless steeds—
Winner in Mother Carey's Sabbath-fray
When, stung by magic of the Witch's chant,
They rise, each foamy-crested combatant—
They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and pant
Till albatross, sea-swallow, and cormorant
Must flee like doves away!

And shalt thou ride no more where thou hast ridden,
And feast no more in hyaline halls and caves,
Master of Mother Carey's secrets hidden,
Master and monarch of the wind and waves;
Who never, save in stress of angriest blast,
Asked ship for shelter—never till at last
The foam-flakes hurled against the sloping mast
Slashed thee like whirling glaives;

Right home to fields no seamew ever kenned,
Where scarce the great sea-wanderer fares with thee,
I come to take thee—nay, 'tis I, thy friend!
Ah, tremble not—I come to set thee free;
I come to tear this cage from off this wall,
And take thee hence to that fierce festival
Where billows march and winds are musical,
Hymning the Victor—Sea!

Yea, lift thine eyes to mine. Dost know me now?
Thou 'rt free! thou 'rt free. Ah, surely a bird can smile!
Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how
I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,
Whilst thou wouldst pat the waves, then, rising, take
The morsel up and wheel about the wake?
Thou 'rt free, thou 'rt free, but for thine own dear sake
I keep thee caged awhile.

Away to sea! no matter where the coast:
The road that turns for home turns never wrong;
Where waves run high my bird will not be lost:
His home I know: 'tis where the winds are strong—

Where, on a throne of billows, rolling hoary
And green and blue and splashed with sunny glory,
Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—
Prophetic Nature bares the secret of the story
That holds the spheres in song!

Percy, carrying the bird in the cage, suddenly comes upon a landsman friend of his, a Romany Rye (presumably the late F. H. Groome), who is just parting from a young gypsy-girl. She is so beautiful that Percy stands dazzled and forgets the petrel. It is symbolical of the inner meaning of the story that the bird now pushes its way through the half-open door and flies away. From that moment, through the magic of love, to Percy the land is richer than the sea, and this ends the first phase of the story. The first kiss between the two lovers is thus described:

If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?
Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam
And miles of furze shine yellow down the west?
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast
Her bosom beats: I see the bright eyes beam.
I think she kissed these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine: so hallowed of the lips they pressed.
Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?
Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!
I seem to know them, though this body of mine
Passed into spirit at the touch of hers!

Percy stays with the gypsies, and the gypsy-girl, Rhona, teaches him Romany. This arouses the jealousy of a gypsy rival—Herne the 'Scollard.' Percy Aylwin's family afterwards succeeds in separating him from her, and he is again sent to sea. While cruising among the coral islands he receives the letter from Rhona which of itself paints her character with unequalled vividness:

Rhona's Letter.

On Christmas Eve I seed in dreams the day
When Herne the Scollard come and said to me,
He s off, that rye o yourn, gone clean away (gentleman)
Till swallow-time; he s left this letter: see.
In dreams I heerd the bee and grasshopper,
Like on that mornin, buz in Rington Hollow,
She ll live till swallow-time and then she ll mer, (die)
For never will a rye come back to her (gentleman)
Wot leaves her till the comin o the swallow.

All night I heerd them bees and grasshoppers;
All night I smelt the breath o grass and may,
Mixed sweet wi smells o honey from the furze
Like on that mornin when you went away;
All night I heerd in dreams my daddy sal (laugh)
Sayin, De blessed chi ud give de chollo (girl—whole)
O Bozzles breed—tans, vardey, greis,[1] and all—
To see that tarno rye o hern palall (back)
Wot s left her till the comin o the swallow.

I woke and went a-walkin on the ice
All white with snow-dust just like sparklin loon, (salt)
And soon beneath the stars I heerd a vice,
A vice I knowed and often, often shoon; (hear)
An then I seed a shape as thin as tuv; (smoke)
I knowed it wur my blessed mammy s mollo. (spirit)
Rhona, she sez, that tarno rye you love,
He s thinkin on you; don t you go and rove; (weep)
You ll see him at the comin o the swallow.

Sez she, For you it seemed to kill the grass
When he wur gone, and freeze the brooklets gillies; (songs)
There wornt no smell, dear, in the sweetest cas, (hay)
And when the summer brought the water-lilies,
And when the sweet winds waved the golden giv, (wheat)
The skies above em seemed as bleak and kollo (black)
As now, when all the world seems frozen yiv. (snow)
The months are long, but mammy says you ll live
By thinkin o the comin o the swallow.

She sez, The whinchat soon wi silver throat
Will meet the stonechat in the buddin whin,
And soon the blackcaps airliest gillie ull float (song)
From light-green boughs through leaves a-peepin thin;
The wheat-ear soon ull bring the willow-wren,
And then the fust fond nightingale ull follow,
A-callin Come, dear, to his laggin hen
Still out at sea, the spring is in our glen;
Come, darlin, wi the comin o the swallow.

And she wur gone! And then I read the words
In mornin twilight wot you rote to me;
They made the Christmas sing with summer birds,
And spring-leaves shine on every frozen tree;
And when the dawnin kindled Rington spire,
And curdlin winter-clouds burnt gold and lollo (red)
Round the dear sun, wot seemed a yolk o fire,
Another night, I sez, has brought him nigher;
He s comin wi the comin o the swallow.

And soon the bull-pups found me on the Pool—
You know the way they barks to see me slide—
But when the skatin bors o Rington scool
Comed on, it turned my head to see em glide.
I seemed to see you twirlin on your skates,
And somethin made me clap my hans and hollo;
It s him, I sez, achinnin o them 8s. (cutting)
But when I woke-like—I m the gal wot waits
Alone, I sez, the comin o the swallow.

Comin seemed ringin in the Christmas-chime;
Comin seemed rit on everything I seed,
In beads o frost along the nets o rime,
Sparklin on every frozen rush and reed;
And when the pups began to bark and play,
And frisk and scrabble and bite my frock and wallow
Among the snow and fling it up like spray,
I says to them, You know who rote to say
He s comin wi the comin o the swallow.

The thought on t makes the snow-drifts o December
Shine gold, I sez, like daffodils o spring
Wot wait beneath: he s comin, pups, remember;
If not—for me no singin birds ull sing:
No chorin chiriklo ull hold the gale (cuckoo)
Wi Cuckoo, cuckoo, over hill and hollow:
There ll be no crackin o the meadow-rail,
There ll be no Jug-jug o the nightingale,
For her wot waits the comin o the swallow.

Come back, minaw, and you may kiss your han (mine own)
To that fine rawni rowin on the river; (lady)
I'll never call that lady a chovihan, (witch)
Nor yit a mumply gorgie—I ll forgive her. (miserable gentile)

Come back, minaw: I wur to be your wife.
Come back—or, say the word, and I will follow
Your footfalls round the world: I ll leave this life
(I ve flung away a-ready that ere knife)—
I m dyin for the comin o the swallow.

[1] Tents, wagons, horses.

After a while Percy returns to England and proceeds to Gypsy Dell, reaching it at the very moment when 'the Scollard,' maddened by jealousy on discovering that Rhona is to meet Percy that night, has drawn his knife upon the girl under the starlight by the river-bank. But the courageous girl overcomes her antagonist and hurls him into the water, where he is drowned. There are other witnesses—the stars, whose reflected light, according to a gypsy superstition, writes in the water, just above where the drowned man sank, mysterious hieroglyphics legible only to a gypsy star-reader—signs telling the story of the deed. For a Romany woman the penalty of marrying a Gorgio is death. Notwithstanding this, Rhona, defying all perils, marries Percy. Here is the bewitching picture of Rhona waking in the tent at dawn:

The young light peeps through yonder trembling chink
The tent's mouth makes in answer to a breeze;
The rooks outside are stirring in the trees
Through which I see the deepening bars of pink.
I hear the earliest anvil's tingling clink
From Jasper's forge; the cattle on the leas
Begin to low. She 's waking by degrees:
Sleep's rosy fetters melt, but link by link.
What dream is hers? Her eyelids shake with tears;
The fond eyes open now like flowers in dew:
She sobs I know not what of passionate fears:
'You 'll never leave me now? There is but you;
I dreamt a voice was whispering in my ears,
"The Dukkeripen o' stars comes ever true." '

But Rhona cannot free her mind from forebodings, and one night when they are on the river together, she herself reads the runes of the stars:

The mirrored stars lit all the bulrush-spears,
And all the flags and broad-leaved lily-isles;
The ripples shook the stars to golden smiles,
Then smoothed them back to happy golden spheres.
We rowed—we sang; her voice seemed in mine ears
An angel's, yet with woman's dearer wiles;
But shadows fell from gathering cloudy piles,
And ripples shook the stars to fiery tears.
What shaped those shadows like another boat
Where Rhona sat and he Love made a liar?
There, where the Scollard sank, I saw it float,
While ripples shook the stars to symbols dire;
We wept—we kissed—while starry fingers wrote,
And ripples shook the stars to a snake of fire.

The gypsies, by reading the starry signs, get, as Rhona foresaw, a knowledge of the homicide, and, inveigling her from her husband, secretly slay her. Percy, coming back to Gypsy Dell, tries vainly to find out where the gypsies have buried her. Then he flies from the dingle lest the memory of Rhona should drive him mad, and lives alone in the Alps, where he passes into the strange ecstasy, depicted in 'Natura Maligna,' which has been much discussed by the critics:

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold
Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey;
By glacier-brink she stood—by cataract-spray—
When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.
At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,
And if a footprint shone at break of day,
My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say:
' 'Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold.'
I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright,
Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,
When lo, she stood! . . . God made her let me pass,
Then felled the bridge! . . Oh, there in sallow light,
There down the chasm, I saw her, cruel, white,
And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

Of this awful vision Sir George Birdwood, the orientalist, wrote in the *Athenæum* of 5th February 1881: 'Even in its very epithets it is just such a hymn as a Hindu Puritan (Saivite) would address to Kali ("the malignant") or Parvati ("the mountaineer"). It is to be delivered from her that Hindus shriek to God in the delirium of their fear.' Finally, a magical dream comes to the anguished lover which prepares him for the true reading of 'The Promise of the Sunrise' and the revelation of 'Natura Benigna':

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear:
Last night came she whose eyes are memories now;
Her far-off gaze seemed all forgetful how
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.
'Sorrow,' I said, 'has made me old, my dear;
'Tis I, indeed, but grief can change the brow:
Beneath *my* load a seraph's neck might bow,
Vigils like mine would blanche an angel's hair.'
Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move!
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—
I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove
Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise;
But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice.

And now 'Natura Benigna' speaks to him, and he is consoled:

What power is this? What witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sweet—
What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?
Mother, 'tis *I*, reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all it prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of Silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

It is intensely interesting to the metrical student to see how in a form so novel, so concentrated, and so artistic, Rhona Boswell lives with an electric passion unrivalled save in the terse drama of the Border ballad or the 'lyrical cry' of Heine or Burns.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Algernon Charles Swinburne*

was born in Chapel Street, Belgravia, on 5th April 1837. His father, Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, belonged to an old Northumbrian family, and his mother, Lady Jane Henrietta, was a daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham. Although born in London, he is not a Londoner, for it was by chance that his birth took place at a time when his family were making a brief stay in the metropolis. His father owned a beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, East Dene, Bonchurch —together with the well-known Landslip; and his grandfather (Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart.) resided at Capheaton, his estate in Northumberland. The two families for some years lived together, spending the summer at Capheaton and the winter at East Dene. Some of his later lyrics were written at The Orchard, a beautiful place at Niton Bay belonging to a relative. He entered Eton in his twelfth and left it in his seventeenth year. After leaving Eton he read for two years with the future Bishop Woodford. A reminiscence of his school-days appears in the Dedication to *Poems and Ballads*. Speaking of his verses, he says:

> Some sang to me dreaming in classtime,
> And truant in hand as in tongue;
> For the youngest was born of boy's pastime,
> The eldest are young.

In 1856 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he joined a literary set, the chief members of which were John Nichol, T. H. Green, A. V. Dicey, G. Birkbeck Hill, and George Rankine Luke, a brilliant young student who was drowned (not unlike 'Lycidas') while swimming in the Isis. Other contemporaries were Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the Right Hon. James Bryce. Four contributions by Mr Swinburne appeared in the *Undergraduate Papers* (1857–58), a publication edited by John Nichol, who has described it as being, 'to our set what *The Germ* was to Rossetti's.' Although in 1858 he took the Taylorian Prize for French and Italian, and a second-class in classical moderations, Mr Swinburne left Oxford in 1860 without taking a degree, and shortly afterwards published at his own expense his first volume of poetry, *The Queen Mother and Rosamund* (1860), two Shakespearian plays full of dramatic fire and poetic presage; but although its promise was recognised by some literary men, the book fell dead. In 1861 Mr Swinburne spent with his parents a few weeks in Italy. At that time Walter Savage Landor was living at Fiesole. Being already an ardent Landorian, Mr Swinburne had brought with him a letter of introduction to Landor from Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), and the two poets met four or five times, the young generation mingling with the old:

> And with the white the gold-haired head
> Mixed running locks, and in Time's ears
> Youth's dreams hung singing, and Time's truth
> Was half not harsh in the ears of youth.

During the next few years Mr Swinburne contributed several poems to the *Spectator*, in which also appeared his famous letter on Mr George Meredith's *Modern Love*—the first authoritative recognition of his friend's genius as a poet. *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared in 1865. Highly praised by Monckton Milnes in the *Edinburgh Review*, by the *Athenæum*, and by other literary journals, it immediately placed the young poet in the foremost files of fame. *Chastelard*, the first part of his Mary Stuart trilogy, was published in the same year; and in the following year (1866) *Poems and Ballads* fell like a thunderbolt on Philistia. If *Atalanta* made the poet Byronically famous, *Poems and Ballads* made him Byronically infamous. Savagely assailed and maligned, he fiercely defended himself in *Notes on Poems and Reviews* (1866); but the British public was in 'one of its periodical fits of morality,' and the poet was 'singled out as an expiatory sacrifice.' For years the storm raged round his head, and the London clubs buzzed with fantastic legends and apocryphal gossip. But although, or because, Philistia howled, everybody knew 'Faustine' and 'Dolores' by heart. 'We all went about,' said a contemporary poet, 'chanting to one another those new, astonishing melodies.' Mr Swinburne himself has described *Poems and Ballads* as *péchés de jeunesse*. But 'Dolores' is more than a *tour de force* in double rhymes. It is one of the most poignantly moral lyrics in our literature. It is a passionate revelation of the pain of pleasure, the ennui of evil, and the satiety of sin. It may seem a far cry from Solomon to Swinburne, but 'Dolores' is really a lyrical version of the seventh chapter of Proverbs. It is the despairing cry of the baffled voluptuary. Vice has its renegades as well as virtue. We hear too much about the temptations of vice, and too little about the temptations of virtue. 'Dolores' shows that in the deepest depth of hedonism the hedonist is haunted by the eternal riddle of good and evil, that the wiles of vice are weaker than the wiles of virtue, and that the attainment of perfect depravity is infinitely harder than the attainment of perfect righteousness. Doubtless so daring a paradox was bound to *épater le bourgeois*, especially the conventional Pharisee, who habitually overvalues the power of evil and undervalues the power of good; but surely the purblindest prude might have perceived the ethical meaning of such lines as:

> Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
> In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
> With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
> And delicate dust.

No prophet or preacher has painted the agony and anguish of sin more remorselessly than Mr Swinburne. With regard to the metrical structure of 'Dolores,' it is interesting to note that it is based on Byron's 'Stanzas to Augusta' ('Though the day of my destiny's over'). By truncating the last line

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of the stanza Mr Swinburne turned the Byronic jingle into a masterpiece of rhythmical music.

In *Poems and Ballads* Mr Swinburne also showed his consummate mastery of the aerial lyric, the lyric spun out of rainbow film and moonshot mist. 'A Match' is perhaps the loveliest of his fairy cobwebs of song :

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief ;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We 'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We 'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy ;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We 'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day ;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We 'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein ;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

Many enthusiasms now came to the moulding of the poet's rich and ebullient genius, which hitherto had been shaped by the poets of Greece, by the Elizabethan dramatists, by Shakespeare, by Shelley, by Landor, and by Victor Hugo, to whom as well as to Mazzini, he had been devoted from boyhood. Taking rooms in London, where he had many congenial friends (Rossetti, William Morris, Meredith, Burne-Jones, Whistler, Watts-Dunton), he found himself in the midst of that marvellous efflorescence of the romantic spirit, the Pre-Raphaelite movement. But his passion for liberty kept pace with his romanticism. During the long struggle for Italian unity he was the Tyrtæus of freedom. *A Song of Italy* had appeared in 1867, and in 1871 came that majestic liturgy of liberty, that terrible hymnal of revolution, *Songs before Sunrise*. Thereafter he returned to the more purely artistic inspirations which had been overshadowed by his chivalrous championship of oppressed nationalities, although in *William Blake, a Critical Essay* (1868), he had displayed that variety of spiritual insight, that mastery of impassioned prose, and that versatility of imaginative penetration which afterwards in so many fields enriched the treasury of criticism. The romantic mystery veiling the fame and fate of Mary Stuart had always fascinated him. The 'ancestral voices' of his Jacobite forebears had kindled in his temperament, ever thirsting after high loyalties, the fiery fealty which a star-struck dynasty even in its darkest hour had always inspired. He now returned to this alluring theme, and in *Bothwell* (1874) he produced the second part of his great Stuart trilogy, which he completed in *Mary Stuart* (1881). It is a mistake to treat Mr Swinburne's tragedies as if they had been written for the stage. They were, of course, composed in deliberate contempt for the modern theatre, in which the drama is divorced from literature. *Bothwell* is really a chronicle play of epic dimensions into which the poet poured all the wine he had crushed from the grapes of history. To censure it because of its length is uncritical. It is not a drama, but a dramatic chronicle, or, to use Mr Swinburne's own phrase, a 'chronicle history.' Its gigantic scale is due not to verbosity, but to the poet's determination to present not a travesty of history, but a rigidly faithful series of historical pictures and portraits. It is a monument of that nineteenth-century discovery, the historic sense. It is as if a Gardiner had turned poet in order to paint passionately vivid portraits of Mary, of Bothwell, of Darnley, of John Knox, and of the minor figures in a tragic coil of doom as awful as that of the *Oresteia*. *Bothwell* is, indeed, too opulently rich in magnificent poetry to be enjoyed by those who judge in conventions and appraise in platitudes. It would be hard to find in poetic drama passages more splendid than the dreams of Bothwell and Darnley, the speech of John Knox, and the haunting scene in Darnley's chamber on the night of his murder. The blank verse of *Bothwell* is notable for natural fluency, freedom from rhetoric, and sweet spontaneity.

In *Erechtheus* (1876) Mr Swinburne resumed the attempt to recreate the form and temper of Greek tragedy which had been so irrelevantly successful in *Atalanta*. During the ten years of incessant

energy in varied technique which has passed since he wrote *Atalanta* the powers of the poet had steadily strengthened and matured. Under its austere form *Atalanta* pulses with the luxuriant exuberance of youthful romanticism. Its arraignment of the gods and most of its choruses are really as modern in temper as *Prometheus Unbound*. *Erechtheus* is a much more serious attempt to solve the problem which has fascinated many generations of poets from Milton to Shelley, from Landor to Matthew Arnold—the problem of resurrecting in English the soul of Greek thought and imagination. In the case of Mr Swinburne the fascination was a fascination of opposites, for no temper could be less Greek than the Swinburnian temper. But there seems to be a principle in literature which resembles the principle of sexual selection. The artist sometimes instinctively seeks for his own antithesis and hungers after victory in alien forms. All the romantic riot in Mr Swinburne's blood clamoured for Greek severity and Greek restraint. Nothing is more remarkable in the phenomena of literature than this unconscious economy of correction. The same tendency may be seen in Browning, whose Gothic grotesquerie and barbaric formlessness were always sprawling at the feet of Greek sanity and Greek beauty. The most paradoxical feature of Mr Swinburne's Hellenism is its co-existence with his romanticism. His imagination is Protean. He assumes the very soul of a period, and for the time sings as if he were a poet of the time. At one moment he is an Elizabethan dramatist, at another a Hebrew seer, at another a French lyrist, at another a Greek poet. His mastery of multifarious styles is unparalleled. The vivid Greek verses prefixed to *Atalanta* are followed by the no less vivid 'Argument,' written in prose as magical as that of the Authorised Version. Or take 'Anactoria' (perhaps the pinnacle of his achievements in point of form), or 'On the Cliffs,' in which he captures the uncapturable Sapphic cadence:

> Bid not ache nor agony break nor master,
> Lady, my spirit.

But of all Mr Swinburne's spiritual transmigrations *Erechtheus* is the most wonderful. Its cold austerity of contour, its pure sanity of style, its noble patriotism, its holy maternal heroism, its magnanimity, and its clangorous songs of storm and battle are all built up into an edifice of balanced beauty and symmetrical strength. The choruses in *Erechtheus* will never be so popular as the choruses in *Atalanta;* but in perfection of form and unity of spirit it is nobler than *Atalanta*, and indeed nobler than any other reincarnation of Greek art.



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

After *Erechtheus* the romantic temper reconquered the poet's imagination, and since then it has maintained its ascendency. This no doubt is partly due to the influence of the closer intimacy which sprang up about this time between him and the great romantic poet and critic Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton. It was in 1879 that the two friends became permanent housemates at The Pines, Putney Hill. They have lived together ever since. In these days when literary friendships are sometimes more perilous than literary enmities, the spectacle of a literary friendship which has endured for thirty years refutes a reproach which is often cast at the Republic of Letters. Though living so near London, Mr Swinburne is not of London, and his days pass serenely between the lintels of literature and life. Yet he is by no means the bookish recluse of popular legend. He sees

many friends at The Pines. He is full of physical fire and energy. A great lover of long rambles, he is seen every morning 'walking the Wimbledon postman off his legs.' He is like a boy in his hearty love for the open air. He never deigns to wear an overcoat or to carry an umbrella or to wear a glove, but swings along with an elastic stride in winter and summer, in wind and snow and rain, with a gusto for all weathers as hearty as George Borrow's. He still delights in swimming with his friend, who as a boy swam at Cromer with George Borrow. The value of a comradeship so congenial in so many ways to Mr. Swinburne's essentially sociable nature can hardly be exaggerated, and there can be no doubt that his genius owes much to the sympathy and the incitement of this ideal companionship. *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882) was inscribed: 'To my best friend, Theodore Watts, I dedicate in this book the best I have to give him;' and to it was prefixed this beautiful sonnet:

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,
That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound
Since first we here together saw and heard
Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word
Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned
Here with the best one thing it ever found,
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

There is a friend that as the wise man saith
Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me
Hath time not shown, through days like waves at strife,
This truth more sure than all things else but death,
This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
That washes toward your feet these waifs of life.

Assuredly the poet gave his 'best,' for besides *Tristram*, in which the impassioned splendour of his lyrical genius culminated, the volume contains some of his finest sonnets (including the superb cameos of the Elizabethan dramatists) and that lovely nosegay of child-songs, 'A Dark Month.' In *A Midsummer Holiday* (1884), which was also inscribed 'To Theodore Watts,' Mr. Swinburne commemorated a holiday spent with his friend on the East Anglian coast. As this volume contains some of Mr Swinburne's most magnificent sea-ballads, a word about his passion for the sea may not be out of place. Doubtless other poets have sung the sea, but no other poet has sung it so spontaneously and so sincerely. Most of our poets, from Campbell to Kipling, regard the sea either as a stage for our naval heroes, or as material for metaphor, or as a stock-pot of sentiment, or as a reservoir of rhetoric. Even Byron addresses the ocean as if it were a public meeting. Mr Swinburne was the first poet to escape from all these artificialities and to do for the sea what Wordsworth did for the land. His clean rapture in the sea is free from literary affectation. The glorious description of Tristram swimming is written in the grandly spacious manner of the greatest poetry:

And he, ere night's wide work lay all undone,
As earth from her bright body casts off night,
Cast off his raiment for a rapturous fight
And stood between the sea's edge and the sea
Naked, and godlike of his mould as he
Whose swift foot's sound shook all the towers of Troy;
So clothed with might, so girt upon with joy,
As, ere the knife had shorn to feed the fire
His glorious hair before the unkindled pyre
Whereon the half of his great heart was laid,
Stood, in the light of his live limbs arrayed,
Child of heroic earth and heavenly sea,
The flower of all men: scarce less bright than he,
If any of all men latter-born might stand,
Stood Tristram, silent, on the glimmering strand.
Not long: but with a cry of love that rang
As from a trumpet golden-mouthed, he sprang,
As toward a mother's where his head might rest
Her child rejoicing, toward the strong sea's breast
That none may gird nor measure: and his heart
Sent forth a shout that bade his lips not part,
But triumphed in him silent: no man's voice,
No song, no sound of clarions that rejoice,
Can set that glory forth which fills with fire
The body and soul that have their whole desire
Silent, and freer than birds or dreams are free
Take all their will of all the encountering sea.
And toward the foam he bent and forward smote,
Laughing, and launched his body like a boat
Full to the sea breach, and against the tide
Struck strongly forth with amorous arms made wide
To take the bright breast of the wave to his
And on his lips the sharp sweet minute's kiss
Given of the wave's lip for a breath's space curled
And pure as at the daydawn of the world.
And round him all the bright rough shuddering sea
Kindled, as though the world were even as he,
Heart-stung with exultation of desire:
And all the life that moved him seemed to aspire,
As all the sea's life toward the sun: and still
Delight within him waxed with quickening will
More smooth and strong and perfect as a flame
That springs and spreads, till each glad limb became
A note of rapture in the tune of life,
Like music mild and keen as sleep and strife:
Till the sweet change that bids the sense grow sure
Of deeper depth and purity more pure
Wrapped him and lapped him round with clearer cold,
And all the rippling green grew royal gold
Between him and the far sun's rising rim.
And like the sun his heart rejoiced in him,
And brightened with a broadening flame of mirth:
And hardly seemed its life a part of earth,
But the life kindled of a fiery birth
And passion of a new-begotten son
Between the live sea and the living sun.
And mightier grew the joy to meet full-faced
Each wave, and mount with upward plunge, and taste
The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross
Its flickering crown of snows that flash and toss
Like plumes in battle's blithest charge, and thence
To match the next with yet more strenuous sense;
Till on his eyes the light beat hard and bade

His face turn west and shoreward through the glad
Swift revel of the waters golden-clad,
And back with light reluctant heart he bore
Across the broad-backed rollers in to shore.

As examples of Mr Swinburne's later sea poetry, we may mention those magnificent ballads, 'In the Water' and 'On the Verge.'

Since the publication of *A Midsummer Holiday* Mr Swinburne has devoted himself mainly to poetic drama in the Elizabethan manner. In *Marino Faliero* (1885) he handled with great power the well-known story of the octogenarian doge of Venice. Faliero is a magnificent conception, and the stainless loves of Bertuccio and the Duchess are as pure and as fresh as the loves of Dante and Beatrice. It is indeed a curious error to imagine that the Swinburnian conception of love is solely or even mainly sensual. The truth is that in Mr Swinburne's poetry many phases of the love-passion are found. No doubt he seems to accentuate the sensual as distinguished from the sentimental side of love; and the explanation is to be sought not only in the poet's passionate temperament, but in his saturation with Greek poetry, in which love is an animal appetite like hunger or thirst. Further, his Elizabethanism leads him into direct locutions which are at variance with the modern taste for veiled suggestion. Stress is often laid on his Gallicism, but in point of fact his temper is utterly different from the Gallic temper, preferring plain, downright Saxon to salacious euphemism and suggestive periphrasis. The present literary convention is not likely to be permanent, and it must be said that Mr Swinburne's fearless candour is broader and larger and in essence more wholesome than the mawkish sentimentalism of the fading Victorian age. Chastelard is a poignantly true study of a young man fascinated by the selfish cynicism of a beautiful woman. Everybody knows that there are women who dominate men not by their nobility, but by their ignobility—women whose charm is a repulsive attraction. But Mr Swinburne shows other aspects of love. It would be hard to match in our literature the extreme exaltation and heroic purity of the erotic passages in *Tristram*. Here the love-passion is shown in its healthiest and wholesomest phase, a phase which stands midway between Greek animalism and Victorian sentiment. Since *Marino Faliero* Mr Swinburne has published three plays: *Locrine* (1887), *The Sisters* (1892), and *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards* (1899). In addition to the volumes of poems already mentioned, he has published *Songs of Two Nations* (1875); *Poems and Ballads: Second Series* (1878); *Poems and Ballads: Third Series* (1889); *Songs of the Springtides* (1880); *Studies in Song* (1880); *The Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense* (1880); *A Century of Roundels* (1883); *Astrophel* (1894); *The Tale of Balen* (1896). He has also made a volume of *Selections* from his poetical works. His prose works include *George Chapman: a Critical Essay* (1875); *A Note on Charlotte Brontë* (1877); *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880); *Miscellanies* (1886); *A Study of Victor Hugo* (1886); *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889); *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894). He has also contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and to the leading monthly reviews many valuable critical monographs and essays. In his numerous studies of the Elisabethan dramatists he has done more than any writer save Charles Lamb to revive interest in the great poets so long overshadowed by the genius of Shakespeare.

In many respects, indeed, Mr Swinburne is more Elizabethan than Victorian. Like Ben Jonson he is 'passionately kind and angry,' and like Marlowe he is 'all air and fire.' No modern poet is more utterly born and more utterly made a poet. There seems to be no thread of prose in his nature. His imagination is perpetually incandescent, his poetic energy always at white heat. He sees everything in terms of poetry. He has no gift of prose compromise or secular conciliation. His intellect is worked by his imagination so swiftly that it seems uncontrollable; but in reality he is a perfect master of his vehicle. It is possible for a poet to be too poetical for his time, for in all save the golden ages of literature, poetry is a foreign language to four men out of five and to nine critics out of ten. Learning does not endow a man with the power of knowing poetry when he sees it. That is why so much modern criticism is preoccupied with the unpoetic elements of poetry—with its philosophy, its morality, its message to the age, its anecdotes, and so forth. Before poetry like Mr Swinburne's didactic criticism is dumb, searching in vain for the facile novelette, the easy platitude, the pious truism. He is a singer and nothing but a singer:

He sings in music for the music comes.

In Tennyson's just phrase, 'he is a reed through which all things blow into music.' This, far from being a defect, is a unique power, for he has made poetry almost as sensuously emotional and imaginative as music. It is with music that his poetry ought to be compared, for it affects the intellectual feelings not merely through the logical faculty, but mainly through the aural imagination. It rolls along in vast volumes of subtly modulated melody, in long, undulant waves of rhythmic harmony that elate and exalt, trouble and charm, thrill and enthrall the mind. It enters the soul not by the avenue of the eye, but by the avenue of the ear; not like the coloured song of Milton or Shakespeare, Keats or Wordsworth, but like the symphonies and sonatas, the operas and oratorios, of the great musical composers. Other poetry may be read by the eye: his must be read by the ear. Unfortunately, in modern times the habit of reading poetry aloud has died out, and most men in the presence of poetry are like the deaf at a concert or the colour-blind in a picture gallery. That is why

the magnitude of Mr Swinburne's creative energy is unsuspected by students trained in the old didactic school. Bewildered by his manifold music, they charge him with masking his intellectual poverty under sonorous verbiage. It is strange that a fallacy so uncritical should pass for criticism. In sheer intellectual power of the imagination Mr Swinburne is surpassed by none of his contemporaries. The fact that his intellect expresses itself in so many new metrical forms proves rather than disproves its strength: for in his best work the conquest of sense is not less complete than the conquest of sound; the mastery of mind is as triumphant as the mastery of music. The quality of intellectual imagination displayed in 'Atalanta,' 'Erechtheus,' 'Tristram,' 'Hertha,' 'Tiresias,' 'The Hymn to Proserpine,' 'The Hymn of Man,' 'The Eve of Revolution,' 'Ave Atque Vale' (a threnody as fine as *Lycidas* or *Adonais*), 'The Triumph of Time,' 'A Forsaken Garden,' 'Hesperia,' 'The Garden of Proserpine,' 'By the North Sea,' 'A Nympholept,' 'A Song in Time of Order,' 'Itylus,' 'Jacobite Song,' 'Cor Cordium,' 'Ilicet,' 'Christmas Antiphones,' and in scores of lyrics, songs, and sonnets, is of the first order. Full justice has never been done to the intellectual subtlety of such a poem as 'Hertha:'

> I am that which began;
> Out of me the years roll;
> Out of me God and man;
> I am equal and whole;
> God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul. . .
>
> Beside or above me,
> Nought is there to go;
> Love or unlove me,
> Unknow me or know,
> I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken, and I am the blow.
>
> I the mark that is missed,
> And the arrows that miss,
> I the mouth that is kissed
> And the breath in the kiss,
> The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is. . . .
>
> But what thing dost thou know,
> Looking Godward, to cry
> 'I am I, thou art thou,
> I am low, thou art high'?
> I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find thou but thyself, thou art I.

No doubt it is Mr Swinburne's diffuseness which has engendered the critical delusion that he is mainly a gorgeous verbalist. But although in one sense he is the most diffuse of poets, in another sense he is the least diffuse. Few poets can pack an iambic line more cunningly and more closely, with more magical feats of elision, or beat more music into a sonnet or a song. As has been pointed out, he is diffuse only in anapæstic and dactylic metres. The true test of the Swinburnian lyric is not verbal parsimony, but musical richness; for here it is music that expresses emotion—music and music alone, music often without colour, music often without pictorial flashes. Of course there are unvitalised tracts in Swinburne, as in all poets, where the music expresses no emotion, and then, no doubt, as Mr Myers said, we must read the emotion into the music. But true criticism must recognise that diffuseness is as legitimate in anapæsts and dactyls as it is illegitimate in iambs. For it has been shown that, owing to the dominance in English of the consonants over the vowels, the anapæstic line, with its crowded syllables, becomes 'pebbly' unless the corners are bevelled off by liquids; and the available words containing l's and r's being limited, the expression of the thought must be manipulated in order to include them. The result is that the poet in his search for music diverges from concise and direct utterance, deliberately sacrificing verbal brevity to verbal music. Another charge brought against Mr Swinburne concerns his undoubtedly excessive use of alliteration. Here again the explanation is to be found in the laws governing anapæstic and dactylic verse; for if daring liquidation is necessary to oil the clogging consonants, daring alliteration is necessary to drive them along. Therefore criticism must recognise that bold alliteration is as legitimate in anapæsts and dactyls as it is illegitimate in iambs. If we study, for example, one of the loveliest choruses in *Atalanta*, the hymn to Artemis, we shall see that its rhythmical beauty could not have been achieved without liquidation and alliteration:

> When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
> The mother of months in meadow or plain
> Fills the shadows and windy places
> With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
> And the brown bright nightingale amorous
> Is half assuaged for Itylus,
> For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
> The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.
>
> Come with bows bent, and with emptying of quivers,
> Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
> With a noise of winds and many rivers,
> With a clamour of waters, and with might;
> Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
> Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
> For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
> Round the feet of the day, and the feet of the night.
>
> Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
> Fold our hands round our knees, and cling?
> O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
> Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
> For the stars and the winds are unto her
> As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,
> For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
> And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.
>
> For winter's rains and ruins are over,
> And all the season of snows and sins;
> The days dividing lover and lover,
> The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flowers of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

It may seem superfluous to praise the metrical splendour of this immortal lyric, but one may pardonably dwell on the magical effect produced by the introduction of the couplet after the fourth line; by the choice of a dactyl for the opening of the second stanza instead of the anapæst used for the opening of the first stanza; and by the thunderous reiteration of the word 'fire' in the fourth line of the third stanza.

It must be admitted that in rhymed iambic measures Mr Swinburne is often too diffuse and too alliterative. This is due partly to his training in dancing metres, and partly to his undoubted passion for sacrificing the demands of the eye to the demands of the ear. His habit of allowing the rhyme to master his imagination continually retards the imaginative *περιπέτεια*:

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

Indeed, it must be said that no great poet has ever defied so defiantly the maxim, *Ars est celare artem*. He seems to reveal his art as carefully as other poets conceal it. But it would be absurd to suppose that he does so by chance and not by design. He doubtless deliberately accepts the loss in illusion for the sake of the gain in music. It is uncritical, therefore, to censure as insincerity what is evidently a deliberate means towards a definite end. The question whether the end justifies the means is a question of ear as well as eye; for undoubtedly undue servility to the eye tends towards metrical monotony as great as the metrical monotony produced by undue servility to the ear.

On the whole, it must be allowed that Mr Swinburne, by vindicating the stifled claims of lyrical music, has enriched our poetry with an almost inexhaustible variety of new rhythms, new metres, new measures, and new rhymes. He has, indeed, no rival as a metrical inventor. As a specimen of his extreme subtlety in this respect, it is sufficient to cite 'Super Flumina Babylonis,' one of the many grandly sonorous metrical structures which he has built upon the prose cadences of the Old Testament:

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
And wouldst not see.

Apart from its rhythmical beauty, this poem illustrates the Hebraic temper of the poet's genius. In prophetic grandeur and moral sublimity he is close of kin to the great Israelitish seers. His imaginative metempsychosis of the august Hebrew spirit is, indeed, one of the most original features of his poetry, and suggests a comparison with Milton's Hebraism which would, however, take us too far afield.

Another marvellous feat of metrical creation is the *κομμός* in *Atalanta*, remarkable for rhythmical qualities quite different from those displayed in the poems already mentioned:

Meleager.

Let your hands meet
Round the weight of my head;
Lift ye my feet
As the feet of the dead;
For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs of it molten as lead. . . .

Unto each man his fate;
Unto each as he saith
In whose fingers the weight
Of the world is as breath;
Yet I would that in clamour of battle mine hands had laid hold upon death. .

Would God he had found me
Beneath fresh boughs!
Would God he had bound me
Unawares in mine house,
With light in mine eyes, and songs in my lips, and a crown on my brows!

But thou, O mother,
The dreamer of dreams,
Wilt thou bring forth another
To feel the sun's beams
When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by impassable streams? .

Chorus.

When thou dravest the men
Of the chosen of Thrace,
None turned him again
Nor endured he thy face
Clothed round with the blush of the battle, with light from a terrible place.

Oeneus.

Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears ;
Filling thine eyes
And fulfilling thine ears
With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty, the splendour of spears. . . .

Meleager.

For the dead man no home is ;
Ah, better to be
What the flower of the foam is
In fields of the sea
That the sea-waves might be as my raiment, the gulf-stream a garment for me. . .

Would the winds blow me back ?
Or the waves hurl me home ?
Ah, to touch in the track
Where the pine learnt to roam
Cold girdles and crowns of the sea-gods, cool blossoms of water and foam !

In all poetry there is no funeral dirge so heavily melancholy, so sorrowfully dolorous, so plangently solemn. The rhythms and the rhymes rise and fall like the slow feet of mourners, and the syllables beat with the very pulse of grievous despair. Another kind of metrical invention is found in 'The Eve of Revolution,' where the magnificent sublimity of the music is heightened and deepened by the splendid *leitmotif* of the trumpet that breaks up the night. Tremendous are the metrical antitheses and antiphones in *Tristram of Lyonesse*, notably in the book entitled 'Iseult at Tintagel,' where the wind and the sea chant a terrible choral accompaniment to the anguish of the Queen :

And swordlike was the sound of the iron wind,
And as a breaking battle was the sea. .
And as a full field charging was the sea,
And as the cry of slain men was the wind. .
And all her soul was as the breaking sea,
And all her heart anhungered as the wind.
And all their past came wailing in the wind,
And all their future thundered in the sea.
And as men's anguish clamouring cried the wind,
And as God's anger answering rang the sea. . .
And like a world's cry shuddering was the wind,
And like a God's voice threatening was the sea.
And like man's heart relenting sighed the wind,
And as God's wrath subsiding sank the sea.

There is a perpetual play and counterplay of symbolical imagery throughout the poem. The *leitmotif* of tragic passion appears at the close of the first book 'The Sailing of the Swallow' :

Their heads neared and their hands were drawn in one,
And they saw dark, though still the unsunken sun
Far through fine rain shot fire into the south ;
And their four lips became one burning mouth.

And at the end, when Iseult steps on shore and finds Tristram dead, it resumes the whole tragedy of their tragic love :

And ere her ear might hear her heart had heard,
Nor sought she sign for witness of the word ;
But came and stood above him newly dead,
And felt his death upon her, and her head
Bowed, as to reach the spring that slakes all drouth,
And their four lips became one silent mouth.

In many respects *Tristram of Lyonesse* must be regarded as Mr Swinburne's masterpiece. It is the noblest 'lyrical epic' in our literature. In it the heroic couplet is transformed from the cold artificial cadence of Dryden and Pope into a grandly sonorous and sinuous rhythmical life, full of cunningly linked harmonies and anapæstic undulations more nearly resembling the Homeric hexameter than any of the innumerable attempts to reproduce 'the strong-winged music of Homer,' and at the same time approximating very closely to the fluent continuity of blank verse. Where, for example, can such a passage as the description of Tristram rowing be matched ?

And while they sat at speech as at a feast,
Came a light wind fast hardening forth of the east
And blackening till its might had marred the skies ;
And the sea thrilled as with heart-sundering sighs
One after one drawn, with each breath it drew,
And the green hardened into iron blue,
And the soft light went out of all its face.
Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place
And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might
In the east wind's full face and the strong sea's spite
Labouring ; and all the rowers rowed hard, but he
More mightily than any wearier three.
And Iseult watched him rowing with sinless eyes
That loved him but in holy girlish wise
For noble joy in his fair manliness
And trust and tender wonder ; none the less
She thought if God had given her grace to be
Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea,
Even such a man she would be ; for his stroke
Was mightiest as the mightier water broke,
And in sheer measure like strong music drave
Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave,
And as a tune before a great king played
For triumph was the tune their strong strokes made,
And sped the ship through with smooth strife of oars
Over the mid sea's grey foam-paven floors,
For all the loud breach of the waves at will.
So for an hour they fought the storm out still,
And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high
The keel sprang from the wave-ridge, and the sky
Glared at them for a breath's space through the rain.

Or take the great couplet in the description of Tristram's last fight :

But on the slayer exulting like the flame
Whose foot foreshines the thunder Tristram came.

Or the sunset in joyous Gard :

So that day
They communed, even till even was worn away,
Nor aught they said seemed strange or sad to say,
But sweet as night's dim dawn to weariness.
Nor loved they life or love for death's sake less,
Nor feared they death for love's or life's sake more.
And on the sounding soft funereal shore

They, watching till the day should wholly die,
Saw the far sea sweep to the far grey sky,
Saw the long sands sweep to the long grey sea.
And night made one sweet mist of moor and lea,
And only far off shore the foam gave light,
And life in them sank silent as the night.

Or Iseult's piteous prayer:

Yea, though deep lips and tender hair be thinned,
Though cheek wither, brow fade, and bosom wane,
Shall I change also from this heart again
To maidenhood of heart and holiness?
Shall I more love thee, Lord, or love him less—
Ah miserable! though spirit and heart be rent,
Shall I repent, Lord God? shall I repent?
Nay, though thou slay me! for herein I am blest,
That as I loved him yet I love him best—
More than mine own soul or thy love or thee,
Though thy love save and my love save not me.

Or the large imagery in the lines telling how Tristram—

Let all sad thoughts through his spirit sweep
As leaves through air or tears through eyes that weep
Or snowflakes through dark weather: and his soul,
That had seen all those sightless seasons roll
One after one, wave over weary wave,
Was in him as a corpse is in its grave.

Or this flash of romantic glamour:

And like the moan of lions hurt to death
Came the sea's hollow noise along the night.

Or this troubling picture of the queen:

And all that strange hair shed
Across the tissued pillows, fold on fold
Innumerable, incomparable, all gold.

The failure of modern poets to raise blank verse to the Shakespearian or to the Miltonic height suggests that the Swinburnian heroic couplet may be more suited to the genius of a language which craves for the rich emphasis of rhyme. Before *Tristram* was written our poets assumed, perhaps too hastily, that the heroic couplet was an artificial form incapable of being made ductile and flexible. *Tristram* overthrew that assumption, and perhaps the *Tristram* couplet may be still further developed by poets who cannot build the loftier harmonies of blank verse. It is, indeed, a pity that Mr Swinburne has not continued an experiment so fruitful.

In conclusion, it may be well to clear away certain uncritical ideas with regard to Mr Swinburne's religious poems. It is absurd to assume that, because he scourges the crimes of Christless Christianity, he is therefore blind to the moral grandeur of Christ. Now and again an ignorant and illiterate person speaks of such a poem as 'Before a Crucifix'—a vindication of Christ against theological caricatures of Christ—as if it were an attack on Christ Himself! It would indeed be strange if a poet who has drawn his inspiration so largely from the Bible were unable to realise its ethical splendour. It is because he realises it more intensely than some of its professional interpreters that he perceives the paradox of an unchristian Christianity—

Of Christian creeds that spit on Christ.

His conception of Christ is summed up in his sonnet 'On the Russian Persecution of the Jews,' with its prophetic appeal:

Face loved of little children long ago,
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,
Say was not this thy passion, to foreknow
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

There is really no deep difference between the Pantheism of Browning and the 'Pananthropism' of Swinburne; and the spiritual interpretation of the Incarnation brings the most liberal theologians very close to the Swinburnian conception of the divinity of man. It is not a paradox, therefore, but a platitude to say that Mr Swinburne, far from being irreligious, is one of the most religious poets of our time. Faults he has, but they are superficial faults of taste and judgment rather than deep flaws of the spirit; and the day is coming when it will be universally acknowledged that he has pursued his artistic aims with a high nobility of soul and with a lofty faith in the spiritual future of humanity.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Thomas Hardy.*

Thomas Hardy, one of the greatest novelists of the period, was born at Upper Bockhampton near Dorchester, 2d June 1840. He was brought up and practised as an architect, gaining in 1863 the prize and medal of the Institution of British Architects and Sir William Tite's prize for architectural design. His intention was to become an architect, and his earliest work in print is an account of the building of a house, published in *Chambers's Journal* in 1865. But he gradually became absorbed in literature, and from the beginning of his career till now he has steadily risen in the estimation alike of critics and the public. Always a diligent student, he was in his early years deeply impressed by the poetry of Crabbe. The Dorsetshire poems of his friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Barnes, were also favourites, and he has written more than one critical appreciation of these, remarkable for depth and subtlety. Mr Hardy, who has resided for many years at Max Gate, Dorchester, has had no public life, and has jealously guarded his privacy. But on various occasions he has spoken frankly of his own intention in his novels, partly in his interesting prefaces and partly in occasional replies to critics. He has removed the thin veil which hangs over the scenery of his fiction. Mr Hardy's first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published anonymously in 1871. Though it had no popular success, its great power was recognised by the critics, notably

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection from "The Return of the Native," page 682.

the *Athenæum* and the *Spectator*—'We see no reason why he should not write novels only a little inferior to the best of the present generation.' In 1872 the charming idyl *Under the Greenwood Tree* appeared, and was recognised as a singularly fresh and delightful sketch of rural life, comparable with the masterpieces of George Sand. It describes the love affairs of a country schoolmistress, 'a bright little bird,' with the vicar, the churchwarden, and the tranter's son, who wins the prize. It was followed in 1873 by *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, a tragedy wrought out with much subtlety and pathos. Its irony prevented it from being very popular, though the heroine is one of the most winning among the author's creations. Mr Hardy gained his first notable success with his next book. *Far from the Madding Crowd*, first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the editorship of Mr Frederick Greenwood. Appearing anonymously, it was attributed by many readers to George Eliot, though some of the younger critics of the day did not hesitate to deny this on the ground that the story was much too good for her. From that day Mr Hardy had his own circle of warm admirers, both among reviewers and readers. In *Far from the Madding Crowd* there is a sure and easy power, a wealth of material, an unfailing distinction of expression, and a dramatic power which places the book among the author's finest productions. *The Hand of Ethelberta*, which followed in 1876, is a very clever and brilliant exercise in comedy. The heroine, Ethelberta, is a butler's daughter, who finds herself placed by marriage in an aristocratic environment, and the tale describes the reactions between her and her circumstances. Next came *The Return of the Native*, perhaps the greatest and most original of all Mr Hardy's books, the most masterly in style, and the profoundest in its apprehension of nature and character. It was somewhat coldly received, but has steadily grown in favour. Then came *The Trumpet-Major*, a slighter and more popular book, on the lines of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It was succeeded by *A Laodicean* and *Two on a Tower*, both highly finished works, but neither marking an advance. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886) is a sound and strong study of human nature, and the *Woodlanders* (1887) is a book of more complex and still greater power, ranking with *Far from the Madding Crowd* and the *Return of the Native*. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891) was the first story of Mr Hardy's that had a really great circulation, and in some respects it marked a new departure in his work. There was no change in the underlying convictions and preferences to which he has been constant from the beginning, but he asserted his right to deal more frankly and explicitly with the problems of life and destiny. This claim was pushed still further in *Jude the Obscure* (1895), which called forth much hostile criticism. It is certain that *Tess* and *Jude* are in every respect among the highest achievements of the author, whatever be thought of their philosophy. By the time they were published, comparisons between Mr Hardy and the popular novelists who reigned over the dreariest period of British fiction were felt to be ridiculous. In 1897 *The Well-beloved*, published some years previously in serial form, appeared as a book. *Wessex Tales* (1888) contains some of the best short stories in the language, and *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891) embodies in fiction some Wessex traditions. Two volumes of poetry, *Wessex Poems* (1898) and *Poems of the Past and the Present* (1901), are characteristic expressions of the author's mind, rugged and sombre, but often with a haunting melody of their own.

Mr Hardy is first of all a most original writer. He is influenced by no master, although it is easy to see that Heine and Schopenhauer have touched him. As a stylist he occupies a high place, though he has cared supremely for rendering the truth as he has seen it in fact and life. He is born of the earth, born of Wessex almost in a more special sense than her other children. His Teniers-like power of catching and fixing phases of peasant life is unapproached except in Shakespeare. At their best his peasants are comparable only with those in *Hamlet* and *A Winter's Tale*. It has been complained that he brings the phrases and thoughts of culture into the conversation of his rustics, intertwining distinct phases of either thought or language, or of both. It may be replied that the humours of his peasantry are bound up largely with their use of scriptural language; but the true answer is that such creations of genius attest themselves like Shakespeare's. His sensitiveness to scenic and atmospheric effects; to the moods and changes of day and night; to the voices of the heathbells, the trees, and the winds; to the delicate harmonies of colour, achieves an effect impossible to the closest observation and the minutest vision. It brings the reader into the inmost heart and shrine of nature. In Mr Hardy's view of life the main interest is that of love. He has hardly any place for children. His heroes and heroines are isolated. Family ties count for little. The ordinary ambition for a career is scarcely recognised. In his characters the element of flexibility is wanting, and when the phase of passionate love is ended there is little to follow but misery. His women have been described as 'Undines of the earth.' They are fascinating, vivacious, incalculable. They have an elemental purity of nature, and so long as they are led by instinct they are true, but they make no fight against circumstances. They show an impassioned receptivity, and their love is blind and impulsive. From the first, but more explicitly in his later books, Mr Hardy has proclaimed that human life is governed by inscrutable forces; that human beings are puppets of fate, and destined to misery. From an artistic point of view, it is difficult to secure the full effect of tragedy in a book where tragedy itself is treated as hardly more than a deeper ringe

of the common leaden colour in the human lot, and it might be fair to say that in the *Return of the Native* the final impression is rather that of human miserableness than of human grief. But this cannot be said of *Tess* and *Jude the Obscure*. There we have a true rendering of the anguish of the human spirit, of the depths, though not of the heights, in life.

From 'The Return of the Native.'

The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through



THOMAS HARDY.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champaigns of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Fair prospects wed happily with fair times; but alas, if times be not fair! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings over-sadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule: human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it is young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind, and, ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle-gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen. . . .

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

Valenciennes.

(1793.)

We trenched, we trumpeted and drummed,
And from our mortars tons of iron hummed
Ath'art the ditch, the mouth we bombed
The Town o' Valencieën.

'Twas in the June o' Ninety-dree
(The Duke o' Yark our then Commander beën)
The German Legion, Guards, and we
Laid siege to Valencieën.

This was the first time in the war
That French and English spilled each other's gore;
—God knows what year will end the roar
Begun at Valencieën!

'Twas said that we 'd no business there
A-topperèn the French for disagreën;
However, that 's not my affair—
We were at Valencieën.

Such snocks and slats, since war began
Never knew raw recruit or veteràn:
Stone-deaf therence went many a man
Who served at Valencieën.

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,
A hundred thousand balls and bombs were fleën;
And harmless townsfolk fell to die
Each hour at Valencieën!

And, sweatèn wi' the bombardiers,
A shell was slent to shards anighst my ears:
—'Twas nigh the end of hope and fears
For me at Valencieën!

They bore my wownded frame to camp,
And shut my gapèn skull, and washed en cleän,
And jined en wi' a zilver clamp
Thik night at Valencieën.

'We 've fetched en back too quick from dead ;
But never more on earth while rose is red
Will drum rouse Corpel !' Doctor said
O' me at Valencieën.

'Twer true. No voice o' friend or foe
Can reach me now, or any livèn beën ;
And little have I power to know
Since then at Valencieën !

I never hear the zummer hums
O' bees ; and don' know when the cuckoo comes ;
But night and day I hear the bombs
We threw at Valencieën. . .

As for the Duke o' Yark in war,
There be some volk whose judgment o' en is meän ;
But this I say—'a was not far
From great at Valencieën.

O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,
My wownds come back, as though new wownds I 'd had ;
But yet—at times I 'm sort o' glad
I fout at Valencieën.

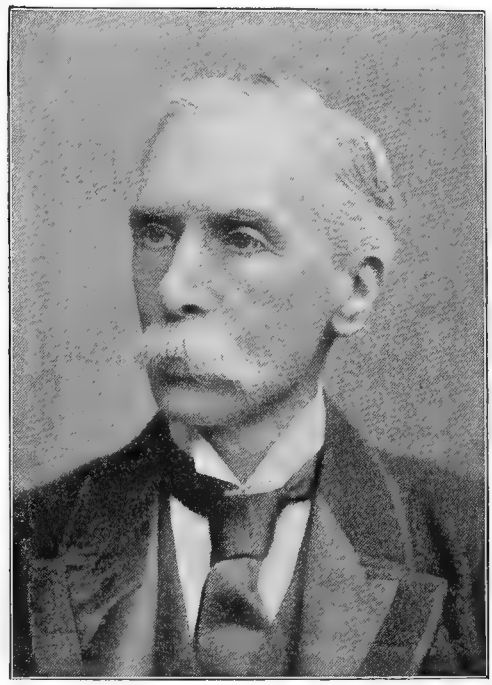
Well : Heaven wi' its jasper halls
Is now the on'y Town I care to be in. .
Good Lord, if Nick should bomb the walls
As we did Valencieën !

1878–1897.

One of the best criticisms is in the *Westminster Review*, April 1883 ; another is that by Coventry Patmore in the *St James's Gazette*, 2nd April 1887. See also volumes by Lionel Johnson (1894) and Annie Macdonell (1894). The Hardy country has been described and illustrated by Bertram Windle. See also *Bookman*, November 1901.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Alfred Austin, poet-laureate from 1896 onwards, was born of Catholic parents at Headingley, Leeds, in 1835 ; and, educated at Stonyhurst and Oscott, he graduated at the University of London in 1853, and was called to the Bar in 1857, but practised for little more than three years, having on his father's death in 1861 adopted literature as a profession. His first efforts in poetry and fiction (*Randolph, a Tale of Polish Grief*, &c.) had hardly been successful ; but *The Season, a Satire* (1861), was distinctly bright and clever. In *The Poetry of the Period* (1870) he distinguished himself more by the audacity of his judgments on Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne than by real critical insight. *The Golden Age, Interludes, Madonna's Child, The Tower of Babel* ('a celestial love drama'), *The Human Tragedy, Lyrical Poems*, and *Narrative Poems* (vol. vi. of a collected edition of his works) are volumes of verse in various kinds, as are *Savonarola* (a tragedy), *Prince Lucifer* (a drama in verse), *England's Darling, The Conversion of Winckelmann and other Poems*, and *Flodden Field*, performed at His Majesty's Theatre in 1903 ; and we have further had from him the idyllic prose books *The Garden that I Love, In Veronica's Garden*, and *Lamia's Winter Quarters*, not to speak of *Spring and Autumn in Ireland* and *A Tale of True Love*. From 1883 Mr Austin had been the energetic editor of the *National Review ;* and in 1896 (four years after the death of Tennyson) he was named poet-laureate. The appointment has caused an unfair standard to be applied to his work—Tennyson could have no successor in his own rank. But Mr Austin's best lyrics, if they lack the true lyrical ring, are simple, sincere, fresh, and graceful, like much of his prose. His worst, unhappily, are some of his official elucubrations as laureate, or such verses as he felt called to produce in praise of the Jameson Raid.



ALFRED AUSTIN.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Sir Alfred Comyns Lyall was born, the son of a clergyman, at Coulston in Surrey in 1835, and was educated at Eton and Haileybury for an Indian career. K.C.B. (1881) and Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces in 1882–87, he was in 1888 appointed a member of the Council of India. His *Verses written in India* proved him to be not merely a keen critic of the life about him but a poet. His *Asiatic Studies* (1882 ; new ed. 1899) showed a rarely sympathetic insight into the actual beliefs of the Indian people, and has been heartily accepted as a standard authority. He has also written a book on Warren Hastings, and one on the rise of the British dominion in India (1893) ; and, in a different field, a critical study of Tennyson (1902). He is a member of the Privy Council and holds honorary degrees of Oxford and Cambridge.

Alfred Ainger, son of a London architect, was born in 1837, graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and after holding a cure near Lichfield, in 1866 became a reader at the Temple Church, in 1887 a canon of Bristol, and in 1894 Master of

the Temple. Author of the articles on Lamb and Hood in this work; of selections, with a memoir, from Hood; and of a book on Crabbe ('Men of Letters' series, 1903), he is best known in literature as the biographer (1882; new ed. 1888) and editor (6 vols. 1883–88) of Lamb.

William Edward Hartpole Lecky, historian and moralist, was born at Dublin on 26th March 1838, and educated for the Irish Church first at Cheltenham and then at Trinity College, Dublin. His first book (1860) was on *The Religious Tendencies of the Age.* He soon resolved to make historical research his life-work; and after a distinguished literary career he was from 1895 till 1903 M.P. for Dublin University. In 1861 he published anonymously *The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, four brilliant and sympathetic essays on Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell; the greatly enlarged edition of 1903, which omitted Swift, expanded the O'Connell article into what is the best history of Ireland from the Union to the potato famine. His final judgment on Swift appeared in the introduction to an edition of the Dean's works (1897). His learned, luminous, and dispassionate *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* (2 vols. 1865; new ed. 1899) does not deal with rationalism in the sense of religious free-thought or mere anti-supernaturalism in interpreting the Bible—still less with rationalism in the stricter sense of one specific school of German Biblical criticism. It has for its subject the dawn of the age of reason and the decline of the age of unhesitating faith, the gradual revolt, conscious or unconscious, against traditional, ecclesiastical, and clerical standards of judgment in all that concerns life and manners. The decay of the belief in witchcraft and magic; fading faith in the miraculous as an explanation of mysteries; the sapping of the persecuting spirit by the growth of toleration; the disappearance of superstition and the secularisation of life—all fall within the scope of this scholarly and original work. The statements, guardedly made, are supported by a mass of copious notes and references; and though the work is well written, Lecky attached more importance to the substance of what he said than to the manner of saying it. The tone is nowhere that of a partisan; but the ethical philosopher is the unhesitating friend of progress, and in his own sense of the word is a broad-minded rationalist. He did, and did admirably, some of the work Buckle proposed to do; but his spirit was not the spirit of Buckle—it was more truly historical, more genial and broad-minded.

The *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (8 vols. 1878–90; 12th ed. in 12 vols. 1899) is not a history in strict chronological form, but rather a philosophical study of events and their causes, a succession of dissertations on the manners of the last age, relieved by an admirable series of finished historical portraits. Perhaps the most original portion of the work is the treatment of the American war of independence; but the five volumes dealing with Ireland are even more valuable, and it should count as a special merit that one Irish historian was able to treat Irish political history with moderation and charity. Lecky stands midway between the dramatic school of literary historians and the modern scientific type of researchers in archives who are not ashamed of the dryasdust method. He rarely obtrudes any personal prepossession, and is singularly free from prejudice; he is afraid of purple patches and epigrams as disturbing the judicial attitude; but when he gives the reins to his imagination he commands an impressive diction. In him the task of the historian is not so much to paint a picture as to solve a problem—to explain a nation's present by the past. The *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (2 vols. 1869) is also learned, laborious, and judicial, and it occupies a field of its own, showing exceptional power of gathering vast masses of detached social phenomena, too much unheeded, into a new light, and of interpreting their significance and their lesson. A volume of poems (1891) was not generally considered to show Lecky at his best; he was essentially a thinker and expositor, and not a lyrist; but as counterpieces to his best prose the verses are of great interest to his readers. Lecky, who was in substance a Whig and a Moderate, took, in spite of his warm Irish sympathies, a strong side against Home Rule, and in his *Democracy and Liberty* (1896; new ed. 1899) revealed the anti-Radical who does not hesitate to lay bare the defects and dangerous tendencies of unrestrained democracy, at home and abroad. *The Map of Life: Conduct and Character* (1899), though it demands only the freedom which is consistent with a determinist view of life, is not a disquisition on the foundation of morals, but a compendium of practical observations on such subjects as the management of character, success, money, marriage, national and individual ideals, and the disproportionate amount of English energy devoted to political interests. Lecky, who was LL.D. and D.C.L., was admitted to the Privy Council in 1897; one of the first authors to receive the new Order of Merit in 1902, he was the first to be removed by death (22nd October 1903).

Persecutions of the Wesleyans.

From the time of the institution of lay preachers Methodism became in a great degree independent of the Established Church. Its chapels multiplied in the great towns, and its itinerant missionaries penetrated to the most secluded districts. They were accustomed to preach in fields and gardens, in streets and lecture-rooms, in market-places and churchyards. On one occasion we find Whitefield at a fair mounting a stage which had been erected for some wrestlers, and there denouncing the pleasures of the world; on another, preaching among the mountebanks at Moorfields; on a third, attracting around his pulpit 10,000 of the spectators at a racecourse; on a

fourth, standing beside the gallows at an execution to speak of death and of eternity. Wesley, when excluded from the pulpit of Epworth, delivered some of his most impressive sermons in the churchyard, standing on his father's tomb. Howell Harris, the apostle of Wales, encountering a party of mountebanks, sprang into their midst exclaiming, in a solemn voice, 'Let us pray,' and then proceeded to thunder forth the judgments of the Lord. Rowland Hill was accustomed to visit the great towns on market-day in order that he might address the people in the market-place, and to go from fair to fair preaching among the revellers from his favourite text, 'Come out from among them.' In this manner the Methodist preachers came in contact with the most savage elements of the population, and there were few forms of mob violence they did not experience. In 1741 one of their preachers named Seward, after repeated ill-treatment in Wales, was at last struck on the head while preaching at Monmouth, and died of the blow. In a riot, while Wheatley was preaching at Norwich, a poor woman with child perished from the kicks and blows of the mob. At Wednesbury—a little town in Staffordshire—then very famous for its cockfights—numerous houses were wrecked; the Methodists were stoned, beaten with cudgels, or dragged through the public kennels. Women were atrociously abused. The leaders of the mob declared their intention to destroy every Methodist in the county. Wesley himself appeared in the town, and the rioters speedily surrounded the house where he was staying. With the placid courage that never deserted him in danger, he descended alone and unarmed into their midst. His perfect calmness and his singularly venerable appearance quelled the most noisy, and he succeeded by a few well-chosen words in producing a sudden reaction. His captors, however, insisted on his accompanying them to a neighbouring justice, who exhorted them to disperse in peace. The night had now fallen, and Wesley was actually returning to Wednesbury protected by a portion of the very crowd who had attacked him, when a new mob poured in from an adjoining village. He was seized by the hair and dragged through the streets. Some struck at him with cudgels. Many cried to knock out his brains and kill him at once. A river was flowing near, and he imagined they would throw him into the water. Yet in that dreadful moment his self-possession never failed him. He uttered in loud and solemn tones a prayer to God. He addressed those who were nearest him with all the skill that a consummate knowledge of the popular character could supply, and he speedily won over to his side some of the most powerful of the leaders. Gradually the throng paused, wavered, divided; and Wesley returned almost uninjured to his house. To a similar courage he owed his life at Bolton, when the house where he was preaching was attacked, and at last burst open, by a furious crowd thirsting for his life. Again and again he preached, like the other leaders of the movement, in the midst of showers of stones or tiles or rotten eggs. The fortunes of his brother were little different. At Cardiff, when he was preaching, women were kicked and their clothes set on fire by rockets. At St Ives and in the neighbouring villages the congregation were attacked with cudgels, and everything in the room where they were assembled was shattered to atoms. At Devizes a water-engine played upon the house where he was staying. His horses were seized. The house of one of his supporters was ransacked, and bull-dogs were let loose upon him. At Dublin Whitefield was almost stoned to death. At Exeter he was stoned in the very presence of the bishop. At Plymouth he was violently assaulted and his life seriously threatened by a naval officer.

(From *England in the Eighteenth Century.*)

Early Christianity and Patriotism.

The relations of Christianity to the sentiment of patriotism were from the first very unfortunate. While the Christians were, from obvious reasons, completely separated from the national spirit of Judea, they found themselves equally at variance with the lingering remnants of Roman patriotism. Rome was to them the power of Antichrist, and its overthrow the necessary prelude to the millennial reign. They formed an illegal organisation, directly opposed to the genius of the empire, anticipating its speedy destruction, looking back with something more than despondency to the fate of the heroes who had adorned its past, and refusing resolutely to participate in those national spectacles which were the symbols and the expressions of patriotic feeling. Though scrupulously averse to all rebellion, they rarely concealed their sentiments, and the whole tendency of their teaching was to withdraw men as far as possible both from the functions and the enthusiasm of public life. It was at once their confession and their boast that no interests were more indifferent to them than those of their country. They regarded the lawfulness of taking arms as very questionable, and all those proud and aspiring qualities that constitute the distinctive beauty of the soldier's character as emphatically unchristian. Their home and their interests were in another world, and, provided only they were unmolested in their worship, they avowed with frankness, long after the empire had become Christian, that it was a matter of indifference to them under what rule they lived. Asceticism, drawing all the enthusiasm of Christendom to the desert life, and elevating as an ideal the extreme and absolute abnegation of all patriotism, formed the culmination of the movement, and was undoubtedly one cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire.

There are, probably, few subjects on which popular judgments are commonly more erroneous than upon the relations between positive religions and moral enthusiasm. Religions have, no doubt, a most real power of evoking a latent energy which, without their existence, would never have been called into action; but their influence is on the whole probably more attractive than creative. They supply the channel in which moral enthusiasm flows, the banner under which it is enlisted, the mould in which it is cast, the ideal to which it tends. The first idea the phrase 'a very good man' would have suggested to an early Roman would probably have been that of great and distinguished patriotism, and the passion and interest of such a man in his country's cause were in direct proportion to his moral elevation. Ascetic Christianity decisively diverted moral enthusiasm into another channel, and the civic virtues, in consequence, necessarily declined. The extinction of all public spirit; the base treachery and corruption pervading every department of the Government; the cowardice of the army; the despicable frivolity of character that led the people of Treves, when fresh from their burning city, to call for theatres and circuses, and the people of Roman Carthage to plunge wildly into the excitement of the chariot races,

on the very day when their city succumbed beneath the Vandal—all these things coexisted with extraordinary displays of ascetic and of missionary devotion. The genius and the virtue that might have defended the empire were engaged in fierce disputes about the Pelagian controversy, at the very time when Attila was encircling Rome with his armies, and there was no subtlety of theological metaphysics which did not kindle a deeper interest in the Christian leaders than the throes of their expiring country. The moral enthusiasm that in other days would have fired the armies of Rome with an invincible valour, impelled thousands to abandon their country and their homes, and consume the weary hours in a long routine of useless and horrible macerations.



WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

When the Goths had captured Rome, St Augustine, as we have seen, pointed with a just pride to the Christian Church, which remained an unviolated sanctuary during the horrors of the sack, as a proof that a new spirit of sanctity and of reverence had descended upon the world. The Pagan, in his turn, pointed to what he deemed a not less significant fact—the golden statues of Valour and of Fortune were melted down to pay the ransom to the conquerors. Many of the Christians contemplated with an indifference that almost amounted to complacency what they regarded as the predicted ruin of the city of the fallen gods. When the Vandals swept over Africa, the Donatists, maddened by the persecution of the orthodox, received them with open arms, and contributed their share to that deadly blow. The immortal pass of Thermopylæ was surrendered without a struggle to the Goths. A Pagan writer accused the monks of having betrayed it. It is more probable that they had absorbed or diverted the heroism that in other days would have defended it. The conquest, at a later date, of Egypt by the Mohammedans, was in a great measure due to an invitation from the persecuted Monophysites. Subsequent religious wars have again and again exhibited the same phenomenon. The treachery of a religionist to his country no longer argued an absence of all moral feeling. It had become compatible with the deepest religious enthusiasm, and with all the courage of a martyr.

(From *The History of European Morals.*)

Lord Acton (1834–1902), born at Naples JOHN EMERICH EDWARD DALBERG-ACTON, was the grandson of the Minister of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and succeeded his father as baronet in 1838. He was educated at Oscott under Cardinal Wiseman, and at Munich by Dr Döllinger, whose views he zealously espoused, distinguishing himself in Rome in 1870 by his hostility to the dogma of papal infallibility. He sat in Parliament for Carlow (1859–65), and was raised to the peerage by Mr Gladstone in 1869 as Baron Acton of Aldenham. The leader of the Liberal Catholics in England, he was for a time editor of the *Home and Foreign Review*, and afterwards of the *Weekly Chronicle* and *British Quarterly;* but it was rather by his universal repute as a scholar of singular learning and breadth of mind than by his writings on the Vatican decrees (1874), Wolsey (1877), German Schools of History (1886), and other occasional publications, that he had shown himself exceptionally well qualified to hold the Cambridge chair of History as Seeley's successor (1895). His inaugural lecture on *The Study of History* expounded the high and deep view he took of the subject. The inherent worth and interest of humanity was his leading thought; the course of history was for him a philosophy of history. Historical facts were for him 'not a burden on the memory, but an illumination of the soul.' His point of view was cosmopolitan; his erudition was vast and his insight profound. But his lofty ideal of fastidious accuracy limited his productiveness. No scholar of anything like his learning wrote or published so little; perhaps his chiefest bequest to posterity was his planning and mapping out and laying the foundations of the great *Cambridge Modern History*, of which the first volume appeared in the year of his death. His enormous library, purchased after his death by an American millionaire, and presented to Mr John Morley, found an appropriate resting-place in the University of Cambridge. A bibliography of the works of Bishop Stubbs, Bishop Creighton, and Lord Acton was edited for the Royal Historical Society in 1903 by Dr W. A. Shaw.

William John Courthope, the son of a Sussex clergyman, was born in 1842, studied at Harrow and New College, Oxford, and besides being a Civil Service Commissioner, has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Editor of Pope's works and author of a Life of him, he has written, besides a short Life of Addison, *The Paradise of Birds*, and other works, a magistral *History of Poetry* (4 vols. 1895–1904).

John Morley, son of a surgeon at Blackburn, was born on the 24th December 1838. He entered Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1856, and three years later took his degree. At that time the Tractarian movement, which had long dominated Oxford, had spent its force, and was followed by a movement in the direction of Liberalism; J. S. Mill succeeded to the intellectual throne vacated by Newman. At a formative period of his life Mr Morley came under the influence of Mill, to whose memory he has paid a noble tribute. On the conclusion of his university course he embarked upon a literary career; and after a few preliminary ventures (as in editing the *Literary Gazette* and the *Morning Star*), he was appointed editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, in succession to G. H. Lewes. In 1880 he became editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then the leading organ of advanced Liberalism in London, notably in dealing with Irish politics; and he conducted the *Pall Mall* till he was sent (1883) to Parliament by Newcastle. In 1886 he was appointed Secretary for Ireland in Mr Gladstone's Home Rule administration, with a seat in the Cabinet; and in 1892, when the Gladstone Government again held office, he returned to his old post. In 1895 Mr Morley was one of those who lost their seats in the disaster which overtook the Liberal party; his loss of popularity being largely due to the stand he made against Socialistic interference with the hours of labour in the form of a compulsory eight hours' day. In 1896 he re-entered Parliament as member for the Montrose Burghs. Since 1894 he has been a trustee of the British Museum.



JOHN MORLEY.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Mr Morley's speeches, models of literary excellence, are distinguished by dignity of tone, elevation of thought, and manifest sincerity. In recent years, especially on foreign questions—notably on the South African war—Mr Morley has taken the unpopular side; but by the force of his personality and his steadfast adherence to his principles he has retained the respect of those who have differed most violently from him. The key to Mr Morley's public career is to be found in his writings. A friend and admirer of J. S. Mill, he has carried to the study of modern problems the spirit and methods of Philosophical Liberalism; and he has freed the creed of his masters from many of its crudities. On the historic side the old Liberals were always weak. They condemned or approved institutions, not according to their relative values, but according to their relation to an abstract system of political philosophy. This error was noted by Mill, but he came upon the scene too early to profit by the revolution worked in political philosophy, especially on the historic side, by the evolutionary conception of society. Mr Morley accepts in the main the leading conceptions of the Philosophic Liberals—namely, a belief in individual and social progress along the lines of freedom and knowledge — progress being accelerated by the growth of justice and sympathy. His political creed, rooted in a passionate desire for justice and freedom, makes him look coldly upon recent Socialistic developments. And it is his intense interest in the progress of humanity which explains his antipathy to the Imperialist conception; in his view, Great Britain should be not the military dictator but the moral pioneer of humanity. Mr Morley is entirely free of the crude views of the early Radicals, who hoped in their day to see the establishment of the Age of Reason; evolution, not revolution, is the keynote of his thinking. His study of Burke and Comte has shown him the relative value of old ideas and old institutions; and by his deep historic sense, his fondness for the concrete, his vital interest in humanity, apart from philosophic shibboleths, Mr

Morley has left behind him the old revolutionary Liberalism of his masters, and has advanced to what may be called evolutionary Liberalism.

Mr Morley's philosophy of life must be gathered from a study of his writings, of which that *On Compromise* (1874) is one of the most characteristic. In his *Voltaire* (1872) we have his attitude towards religion, particularly to that form of it which in his view has been the main obstruction to individual and social progress. In his *Diderot and the Encyclopædists* (1878) we have his insistence upon the paramount importance of knowledge and freedom as the two vital factors in progress; and a generous tribute is paid to the advanced thinkers of the Revolution period, who fought so valiantly for the liberation of humanity. In *Rousseau* (1873), along with appreciation of Rousseau's influence as supplementary to the hard, dry, critical influence of Voltaire, we have a protest against the dangers of importing into political life sentimentalism and intuitionalism. In *Burke* (1879) Mr Morley presents us with a sketch of the ideal politician, in whom the desire for progress is held in check by a profound regard for the principles of order and continuity. In his *Life of Cobden* (1881) he does justice to those great politico-economic principles which, in his opinion, tend to internationalise commerce and industry, thereby promoting the brotherhood of man. Two series of *Critical Miscellanies* (1871 and 1877) and a volume of *Studies in Literature* (1891) are an integral part of Mr Morley's literary work; and the *Oliver Cromwell* (1900) showed how fairly Mr Morley could deal with a man and a revolution dominated by religious conceptions he does not share. His *Life of Gladstone* (3 vols. 1903) was sure to be not merely a permanent addition to the political history of the time, but a literary masterpiece. Yet as Gladstone's career was so bound up with the public life of his time, there was an obvious danger that the historian would encroach on the biographer; that against the massive historic background the figure of Gladstone would shrink into something quite indistinct and shadowy. But in this greatest of our political biographies, Mr Morley's intuitive sense of literary proportion stood him in good stead; the history of the time is depicted with superb and attractive lucidity, while Gladstone all through remains the central figure.

The Political Spirit.

It is at least well, and more than that, it is an indispensable condition of social well-being, that the divorce between political responsibility and intellectual responsibility, between respect for what is instantly practicable and search after what is only important in thought, should not be too complete and universal. Even if there were no other objection, the undisputed prominence of the political spirit has a plain tendency to limit the subjects in which the men animated by it can take a real interest. All matters fall out of sight, or at least fall into a secondary place, which do not bear more or less directly and patently upon the material and structural welfare of the community. In this way the members of the community miss the most bracing, widening, and elevated of the whole range of influences that create great characters. First, they lose sincere concern about the larger questions which the human mind has raised up for itself. Second, they lose a fearless desire to reach the true answers to them, or if no certain answers should prove to be within reach, then at any rate to be satisfied on good grounds that this is so. Such questions are not immediately discerned by commonplace minds to be of social import. Consequently they, and all else that is not obviously connected with the machinery of society, give way in the public consideration to what is so connected with it, in a manner that cannot be mistaken. . . . How momentous a disadvantage this is we can best know by contemplating the characters which have sometimes lighted up the old times. Men were then devoutly persuaded that their eternal salvation depended on their having true beliefs. Any slackness in finding out which beliefs are the true ones would have to be answered for before the throne of Almighty God, at the sure risk and peril of everlasting damnation. To what quarter in the large historic firmament can we turn our eyes with such certainty of being stirred and elevated, of thinking better of human life and the worth of those who have been most deeply penetrated by its seriousness, as to the annals of the intrepid spirits whom the Protestant doctrine of indefeasible personal responsibility brought to the front in Germany in the sixteenth century, and in England and Scotland in the seventeenth? It is not their fanaticism, still less is it their theology, which makes the great Puritan chiefs of England and the stern Covenanters of Scotland so heroic in our sight. It is the fact that they sought truth and ensued it, not thinking of the practical nor cautiously counting majorities and minorities, but each man pondering and searching so 'as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.'

(From *On Compromise.*)

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

James Bryce, son of Dr James Bryce, geologist and schoolmaster, was born at Belfast, 10th May 1838, and educated at Glasgow High School and University, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1862 as double first. Elected a Fellow of Oriel, and called to the Bar in 1867, he was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford from 1870 to 1893, and entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1880. In 1886 he was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in 1892 Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and he is a member of the Privy Council. His literary works give him a place among the most accomplished scholars of the day. His first book of note, *The Holy Roman Empire*, which appeared in 1884, was an elaboration of a university prize essay, and contains a luminous sketch of the central political institutions of the Middle Ages; his *Transcaucasia and Ararat* (1877) is the record of a visit to the East, in which he climbed the historic mountain. The monumental work on *The American Commonwealth* (1888) marked him as the successor of De Tocqueville, and won him the honour of a corresponding membership of the Institute of France. His later works are *Impres-*

sions of South Africa (1897), *Studies in History and Jurisprudence* (1902), and an interesting volume of *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903).

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, son of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Governor of Madras and Baronet, and Hannah, the sister of Lord Macaulay, was born in 1838 at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire, the birthplace of his illustrious uncle. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, he graduated as second classic in 1861, and gave high promise of distinction in literature by his Aristophanic skits of *Horace at the University of Athens* (1861) and *The Ladies in Parliament* (1869). In 1865 he entered Parliament as a Liberal, and sat, mainly for Scotch constituencies, until 1897, filling at different times the Cabinet offices of Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary for Scotland. His earlier prose works were the *Letters of a Competition Wallah* (1864) and the brilliant but rather too emphatic narrative of the defence and fall of *Cawnpore* (1864). In 1876 he enriched English biography with his admirable *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, which ranks next to the masterpieces of Boswell and Lockhart, and in 1880 he followed it up with a vivid picture of later eighteenth-century politics in *The Early History of Charles James Fox. The American Revolution* (parts i. and ii., 3 vols. 1899–1903) was in a sense a continuation of the *Fox*.—His youngest son, **George Macaulay Trevelyan,** born in 1876, has also applied himself to historical studies, and published a volume on *England in the Age of Wycliffe* (1899).

Mandell Creighton (1843–1901), born at Carlisle, from Durham School passed to Merton College, Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow in 1866. Successively vicar of Embleton, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, Bishop of Peterborough (1891) and of London (1896), he became one of the most authoritative of English historians, amongst his works being a book on Simon de Montfort (1876), his great *History of the Papacy during the Reformation Period* (1882–94; new ed. 6 vols. 1901), and the sumptuous *Queen Elizabeth* (1897). His Memoir of Sir George Grey, privately printed in 1884, was published after his death; as were his *Thoughts on Education* and his *Essays and Reviews* (1902).

William Hale White was born at Bedford about 1830, the son of a bookseller who was from 1850 to 1880 doorkeeper to the House of Commons. In 1848–51 Mr Hale White qualified at Cheshunt and New College for the Congregational ministry, but was expelled for his views on inspiration, whereupon he became a journalist and miscellaneous writer. His translation of Spinoza's *Ethic* (1883; revised by Miss Hutchison Stirling; new ed. 1894) was published under his own name; but he owes his literary eminence to the powerful studies of domestic, social, moral, and theological problems contained in the remarkable trilogy of novels, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (1881), *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* (1885), and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887), 'edited by Reuben Shapcott.' 'Mark Rutherford's' later novels, *Miriam's Schooling*, *Catherine Furze*, and *Clara Hopgood* (1896) attracted less notice. He collected and edited in 1897, as *The Inner Life of the House of Commons*, a series of articles contributed by his father to a weekly paper. In a book on *The Apostasy of Wordsworth* (1898) he vindicated the poet's consistency; in 1900 he gave us *Pages from a Journal.*

William Robertson Smith (1846–94), the son of the Free Church minister at Keig in Aberdeenshire, was educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Bonn, and Göttingen, and in 1870 became Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College at Aberdeen. For his article on the 'Bible' in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he was prosecuted before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on a charge of heresy, but acquitted, in 1880. Another article on 'Hebrew Language and Literature' cost him his chair, from which he was dismissed in 1881. Subsequently he delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow the lectures republished as *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church* (1881) and *The Prophets of Israel* (1882), and after assisting and succeeding Professor Spencer Baynes in the editorship of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he was made Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University in 1883 and university librarian. Ere his death he had gained the reputation of one of the foremost Semitic scholars in Europe; *The Religion of the Semites* (1889) containing some of his most pregnant work.

Edward Dowden, born at Cork in 1843, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1867 he became Professor of English Literature. To him we owe *Shakspere, his Mind and Art* (1875), a work which gave a decided impulse to Shakespearean study and gave him high standing as a Shakespearean scholar; the invaluable *Shakspere Primer;* the *Introduction to Shakspere* (1893); the standard *Life of Shelley* (1886); and an excellent small book on Southey; besides poems, several volumes of studies in literature, a *History of French Literature* (1897), and *Puritan and Anglican* (1900). He has also edited Shelley, Wordsworth, selections from Southey, critical editions of *Hamlet*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, and of the *Sonnets*, the correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, and that of Southey with Caroline Bowles. Professor Dowden contributed the article on Matthew Arnold to the present work.

John Pentland Mahaffy was born near Vevay, Switzerland, in 1839, studied in Germany and at Trinity College, Dublin, and from 1871 to

1899 was Professor there of Ancient History. He has written on Kant, on primitive civilisation, on Greek antiquities, on papyri, and on the art of conversation, but is best known for a series of fresh and interesting works on Greek history, such as *Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander*, *Alexander's Empire*, *Greek Life and Thought from Alexander to the Roman Conquest*, and *The Empire of the Ptolemies*.

Henry Austin Dobson was born at Plymouth on the 18th of January 1840, and at the age of eight went with his parents to Holyhead in Wales. Educated at Beaumaris and Coventry, and afterwards at the *gymnase* of Strasburg, he returned to England in 1856, intending to follow his father's profession of civil engineer; but it was fated that he should enter the Civil Service as a clerk in the Board of Trade, where—for the last seventeen years as principal of his department—he served until his retirement in 1901. His office-work did not debar him from favourite studies in art, or from practising in prose and verse. His first poetical contribution to a magazine was to *Temple Bar* in December 1864. But his literary career practically began in March 1868, when he became a contributor of verse to *St Paul's Magazine*, then under the editorship of Anthony Trollope; and to the editor his first volume of poems, *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société*, was dedicated at its publication in October 1873. *Proverbs in Porcelain* followed in 1877, *Old-World Idylls* in 1883, and *At the Sign of the Lyre* in 1885. Whether in the artificial forms of old French verse—rondel, rondeau, ballade, triolet, chant royal, and villanelle (which he was among the earliest to write systematically)—or in more familiar and less elaborate rhythms, his poems are remarkable for perfection of technique, for freshness, spontaneity, and sprightly humour, while many are instinct with true pathos or genuine satire. Activity in prose composition and editorial work soon followed. In 1879 Mr Dobson began his literary studies of the eighteenth century with the *Life of Hogarth* (expanded in the subsequent editions of 1891, 1898, and 1902), and continued them in the monograph on *Fielding* in the 'English Men of Letters' (1883; new American ed. 1900), since followed in the same series by *Richardson* (1902) and *Fanny Burney* (1903); in *Thomas Bewick and his Pupils* (1884; new ed. 1889); in *Steele* (1886) and *Goldsmith* (1888); in *Horace Walpole* (1890), in *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes* (1892–96), *A Paladin of Philanthropy* (1897), and *Side-Walk Studies* (1902). By these he has approved himself an accurate and sympathetic biographer and an exquisite critic, having at command the rare gift of combining the results of conscientious and laborious research with lightness and brightness of presentment. Through his various works in prose and verse, and through his editing of a selection of *Eighteenth-Century Essays* (1882), and the *Fables* of Gay (1882), the poems of Prior (1889), and the plays, poems, and novel of Goldsmith, as well as by his contributions to Ward's *English Poets*, Craik's *English Prose*, and to most of the principal magazines and reviews, Mr Dobson has attained critical rank as the supreme authority on the lighter literary aspects of the ages of Pope and Johnson; and his intimate knowledge of French literature is seen in his *Four Frenchwomen* (1890). His prose has the same pleasant ease and daintiness of style as distinguishes his poems, which, with some new additions, were collected in 1897. The fifth edition (1902) contained selections from *Carmina Votiva*, poems first privately published in 1901. In 1902 Edinburgh conferred on him its honorary degree of LL.D. He contributed important articles to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and to *Chambers's Encyclopædia;* and the value of his contributions to the present work (see Vol. II., pages 1–13, 294–300, 339–348, 478–494) cannot fail to be recognised by every reader.

Angel-Court.

In Angel-Court the sunless air
  Grows faint and sick; to left and right
  The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddled and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say? For surely rare
  Must be the angel-shapes that light
                In Angel-Court!

Nay! the Eternities are there.
  Death at the doorway stands to smite;
  Life in its garrets leaps to light;
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
                In Angel-Court.

On a Fan.

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
  Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
  Roses and vaporous blue;
  Hark to the dainty *frou-frou!*
Picture above, if you can,
  Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
  Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
  Beauties that Fragonard drew,
  Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
  Eager to sigh or to sue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
  Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous!*
Matters of state and of might,
  Things that great ministers do;
  Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
  Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Envoy.

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's *Fan!*

A Garden Song.

Here, in this sequestered close,
Bloom the hyacinth and rose;
Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;
Here, without a pang, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
In this quiet resting-place;
Peach, and apricot, and fig
Here will ripen, and grow big;
Here is store and overplus,—
More had not Alcinoüs!

Here, in alleys cool and green,
Far ahead the thrush is seen;
Here along the southern wall
Keeps the bee his festival;
All is quiet else—afar
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long;
Here be spaces meet for song;
Grant, O garden-god, that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,—
Now that mood and moment please,—
Find the fair Pierides!

In After Days.

In after days when grasses high
O'ertop the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honoured dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—'He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

The Letter.

'Dear *John* (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
For Father's gone to *Chorley Fair* with *Sam*,
And Mother's storing Apples,—*Prue* and Me
Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam:
But we shall meet before a Week is gone,—
"'Tis a long Lane that has no turning," *John!*

'Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait
Behind the White-Thorn, by the broken Stile—
We can go round and catch them at the Gate,
All to Ourselves, for nearly one long Mile;
Dear *Prue* won't look, and Father he'll go on,
And *Sam's* two Eyes are all for *Cissy*, *John!*

'*John*, she's so smart,—with every Ribbon new,
Flame-coloured Sack, and Crimson Padesoy:
As proud as proud; and has the Vapours too,
Just like My Lady;—calls poor *Sam* a Boy,
And vows no Sweet-heart's worth the Thinking on
Till he's past Thirty . . I know better, *John!*

'My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much
Before we knew each other, I and you;
And now, why, *John*, your least, least Finger-touch,
Gives me enough to think a Summer through.
See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone!
Look in this corner,—mind you find it, *John!*'

(From 'A Dead Letter.')

Mrs Richmond Ritchie, as novelist and author perhaps still better known as 'Miss Thackeray,' is Thackeray's eldest daughter, Anne Isabella, and was born in 1837. She first appeared as an author in vol. i. of the *Cornhill* (1860) with 'Little Scholars.' To this sketch succeeded a dozen or more volumes of novels, tales, biographical essays, and other varied work, of which may be mentioned *The Story of Elizabeth* (1863); *The Village on the Cliff* (1867); *Old Kensington* (1873); *Miss Angel* (1875; its heroine Angelica Kauffmann); *Mrs Dymond* (1885); *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning* (1892); *Lord Tennyson and his Friends* (1893); *Chapters from some Memoirs* (1895); and her dainty modern recasts of such old-world stories as 'Bluebeard' and 'Cinderella.' Tender, delicate, harmonious, her books are feminine as are very few women's books. In 1877 she married her cousin, Mr Richmond Thackeray Ritchie.



MRS RICHMOND RITCHIE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Mary Elizabeth Braddon was born in Soho Square, London, in 1837, the daughter of a London solicitor; and her brother has been Prime Minister of Tasmania, and first representative of Tasmania in the Commonwealth Parliament. She early showed a turn for literature, which she indulged by sending verses and miscellaneous contributions to a Brighton newspaper. Neither a comedietta brought out at the Strand in 1860, a volume of verse, nor one or two novels had had much success, when, in 1862, *Lady Audley's Secret*, the story of a golden-haired murderess, attained an enormous popularity, in three months reaching its eighth three-volume edition. *Aurora Floyd* (1863) was little less popular. Of some sixty novels by her—almost all of them sensational, melodramatic, ingenious in plot, and carefully constructed so as to lead up to an unforeseen *dénouement*—one of the best is *Ishmael* (1884), a tale of the Second Empire, which depends not so much on sensation as on character. But her men and women are conventional. She has no deep insight into life, and though her fertility of invention is marvellous, her style has no literary charm. *His Darling Sin* (1899), *The Infidel* (1900), *The Conflict* (1903), well illustrated the author's unabated command of her powers. Her dramas (*Griselda*, *The Missing Witness*) have the same merits and defects as her novels. Several of her works appeared in *Temple Bar*, *St James's Magazine*, and *Belgravia*, of which last magazine she was for some years editor. In 1874 she married the publisher, Mr John Maxwell (1825–95), but to her wide circle of readers always remained 'Miss Braddon.'

Augusta Webster (1837–94), the daughter of Vice-Admiral Davies, was born at Poole, and in 1863 married Mr Thomas Webster, solicitor and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. She wrote reviews marked by intellectual power, sympathetic insight, and literary finish for the *Examiner*, and a novel, *Lesley's Guardians*. Her translations of *Prometheus Vinctus* and *Medea* (1866) were models in their kind. Her original poetic work, which showed from the first exceptional accomplishment, began with *Blanche Lisle* (under a pseudonym), and included *Dramatic Studies* (1866), *Portraits* (1870), *A Book of Rhyme* (1881), and the dramas *The Auspicious Day* (1874) and *The Sentence* (1887).

Rhoda Broughton, the daughter of a clergyman and born in North Wales in 1840, secured notice in 1867 by two novels in a vein then unusual—*Cometh up as a Flower* and *Not Wisely but Too Well*—lively in action, brisk in description, piquant, and skilfully piloting her characters through risky situations. *Red as a Rose is She* (1870) was equally popular; and when *Foes in Law* and *Lavinia* appeared in the first years of the twentieth century, Miss Broughton had amused a large circle of readers by a succession of nearly a score of novels, some of which were less effective than her first efforts.

Ouida, her own childish mispronunciation of 'Louisa,' is the pseudonym under which Mdlle. de la Ramée has made herself conspicuous as the author of more than forty novels, not to speak of dramatic sketches, critical studies, and contributions to magazines. Spite of her French name, she comes on her father's side of Suffolk farming stock, though her mother was French; she was born about 1840 at Bury St Edmunds, lived long in London, and from 1874 made her home in Italy, first at Florence, then at Lucca. She was writing for *Colburn's New Monthly* and *Bentley's Magazine* as early as 1860; and among the most successful and characteristic of her novels are *Strathmore* (1865), *Idalia* (1867), *Under Two Flags* (1868; generally accounted her best), *Puck* (1869), *Folle*



OUIDA.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Farine (1871), *Pascarel* (1873), *Ariadne* (1877), *Moths* (1880), *Guilderoy* (1889), *The Silver Christ* (1891), and *The Massarenes* (1897). In *Bimbi: Stories for Children* (1882), she essayed a very different kind of work. Ouida has always pleased the crowd better than the critics. Her stories have verve and go; she envelops her handsome rakes and women with a past in a certain glamour, and treats several sides of life with a frankness till her time rare amongst English women writers; she often attains to the picturesque, is not seldom truly tender, is sometimes powerful, and has created one or two attractive characters. But she has no profound insight into the human heart; she is hardly less amazingly inaccurate in matters of ordinary observation than of literary allusion; her characters are often conventional and her stories unreal; her ideals are always tawdry or unwholesome, and her style is wholly without beauty or distinction. She feels keenly to the point of extravagance on vivisection and the grievances of the Italian peasantry under the new régime, and has expounded her views largely both in her novels and in magazine articles.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, son of a Sussex squire, was born in 1840, studied at Stonyhurst and Oscott, was for twelve years in the diplomatic service, and in 1877–81 made those travels in Arabia and the Moslem East of which the books on the Bedouins and on Nejd, by his wife, Lady Anne Blunt (daughter of Lord Lovelace), are a brilliant record. He was an equally enthusiastic supporter of the Nationalist movements in Egypt (under Arabi Pasha) and in Ireland, and was in Kilmainham for holding a meeting in a proclaimed district. His *Love Sonnets of Proteus* (1880) as poems are not always perfect in form, but are vital, personal, introspective, modern, accomplished; and besides printing his views on Islam and India, he has published *In Vinculis* (prison poems), *Esther*, *The Stealing of the Mare* (with Lady Anne), *Griselda*, and *Satan Absolved*, and some miscellaneous poems. A collection of his poetry was edited in 1898 by Mr Henley and Mr Wyndham.

Frederic William Henry Myers (1843–1901), son of an Anglican clergyman (author of *Catholic Thoughts on the Bible* and other works), was born at Keswick, and educated at Cheltenham College and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1864, and was made Fellow and classical lecturer in 1865. In 1872 he became a school inspector under the Education Department, an office held until the year before his death, which occurred at Rome. He wrote several volumes of poetry, the first of which was *St Paul* (1867); published a collection of *Essays, Classical and Modern* (1883), which shows fine critical insight; and contributed the monograph on Wordsworth to the series of 'English Men of Letters.' He was best known, however, as one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research in 1882, and as joint-author of some of its publications, including *Phantasms of the Living* (1886); in his last work, *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, he summed up what he accepted as the positive results of such researches.

William Black (1841–98) was born in Glasgow, where he received his education, and studied art at a government school with the view of becoming a landscape-painter. Instead, however, he adopted journalism, having written for the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen* before his removal to London in 1864, the year in which he made his first—and wholly unsuccessful—effort in fiction, a story called *James Merle*. During the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866 he proved his exceptional gifts as special war correspondent on the staff of the *Morning Star;* and in a novel, *Love or Marriage* (1868), he utilised some of his experiences. *In Silk Attire* (1869) and *Kilmeny* (1870) proved more successful than the previous work; but it was *A Daughter of Heth* (1871) that established his reputation with the novel-reading public. *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* (1872) is founded on an actual driving excursion between London and Edinburgh, and obtained praise from Ruskin. *A Princess of Thule* (1873) is perhaps the best of all his many romances, with its vivid transcripts of Hebridean sunsets and scenery, its quaint Gaelic-English; above all, its exquisite heroine. Soon after this Black, who had been sub-editor of the *Daily News* for five years, gave up journalism for the career of a novelist; and amongst the *Princess of Thule's* many successors are *Macleod of Dare* (1878), which ends tragically; *White Wings* (1880); *Shandon Bells* (1882); *Yolande* (1883); *Judith Shakespeare* (1884), with



WILLIAM BLACK.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Shakespeare himself for one of the characters; *White Heather* (1886); *In Far Lochaber* and *The Strange Adventures of a House Boat* (1888); *Stand Fast, Craig Royston* (1890); *Highland Cousins* (1894); and *Wild Eelin* (1898). He was more skilful in describing scenery and communicating its charm than in creating character or working out an inevitable plot. His popularity was great and well deserved, but can hardly be said to have outlived him.

William Clark Russell, born of English parentage in New York in 1844, is the son of Henry Russell, the well-known singer and composer of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' and other familiar melodies. Educated in England and France, he went to sea in the British merchant service at the age of thirteen, and served as a sailor for seven years. Afterwards he took to journalism, and finally to fiction, wherein he has turned his nautical experience to good account in a long series of breezy sea-stories beginning with *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate* (1874), and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* (1877), and continuing in *An Ocean Tragedy* (1890), *The Convict Ship* (1894), *The Last Entry* (1897), and *The Ship's Adventure* (1899).

He has also reprinted some volumes of collected articles and papers, and written biographies of Nelson and Collingwood.

Andrew Lang was born at Selkirk in 1844, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy, at St Andrews University, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a classical first-class, and was elected Fellow of Merton College in 1868. Choosing a literary career, or marked by literature for her own, he soon became one of the busiest as well as the brightest writers in the world of London journalism, and one of the most versatile and many-sided of English bookmen. He treats the most varied subjects with the same light, humorous touch, and he touches nothing which he does not adorn. He often expounds very serious and heart-felt convictions in a sprightly, airy, or even paradoxical manner, and in controversy contrives playfully to deal quick and deft and heavy strokes. He took a foremost part in the long debate with Professor Max Müller and his school about the interpretation of mythology and folk-tales, and it may safely be said that to his brilliant polemic fell most of the honours of the field. He was made LL.D. of St Andrews in 1885, and in 1888 was elected the first Gifford lecturer at that university. His poetical work included *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* (1872), *Ballades in Blue China* (1880), *Helen of Troy* (1882), *Rhymes à la Mode* (1884), *Grass of Parnassus* (1888; largely a new edition of *Ballads and Lyrics*), and *Ballades of Books* (1888). Critics professed to trace the influence of Rossetti and Swinburne in Mr Lang's poetry, but were willing to concede to him a wonderful power of uttering his own subtle imaginations in well-marked cadences, in short, clear-ringing phrases. The *Ballades* of 1880 were among the first illustrations in English verse of the experiments in old French measures made in France by De Banville. The *Ballades in Blue China* are not without the qualities of serious poetry. The fairy poem, 'The Fortunate Isles,' amongst the 'ballads and verses vain' of the *Rhymes à la Mode*, is a beautiful and sustained effort of pure fantasy, controlled by a something deeper underlying it. *Custom and Myth* (1884) and *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (2 vols. 1887) were at once recognised as solid contributions to the study of the philosophy and religion of primitive man, written with unusual directness and vigour, and lightened up by a wealth of felicitous illustration. Admirably clever and entertaining volumes, on subjects ranging from pure literature, from folklore and primitive religion, down to the byways of bibliographers and the gossip of the day, are *The Library*, *In the Wrong Paradise*, *Books and Bookmen*, *Letters to Dead Authors*, *Letters on Literature*, *Lost Leaders*, *Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody* –all issued between 1880 and 1890. He translated with exquisite skill *Aucassin and Nicolette*, produced the faultless edition of Perrault's *Popular Tales*, and selected the fairy-tales forming the *Blue Fairy Book*, the *New Fairy Book*, and other like collections. *Cock Lane and Common Sense* and *The Book of Dreams and Ghosts* illustrate his interest in occultism and his open mind on the problems of the 'sub-liminal' region. *The Making of Religion* and *Magic and Religion*, arising out of his appointment as Gifford lecturer at St Andrews, continued his researches and speculations on the deepest questions of life. *The Monk of Fife* was a notable novel, and his Life of J. G. Lockhart a still more notable biography. A less congenial piece of work was the life and letters of Lord Iddesleigh. If his history of St Andrews was a somewhat slight piece of work, his books on Prince Charles Edward, on Pickle the Spy, and on the Companions of Pickle were based largely on original documents. *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* has much of the fascination of its subject; and his History of Scotland from the Roman occupation (vols. i. and ii., 1900–1903) constitues an important—though not unbiassed—piece of historical work. A book on Tennyson is but one of many contributions to literary criticism. He himself translated *Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus*, and the *Homeric Hymns*; shared (with Messrs Butcher, Leaf, and Myers) in exceptionally scholarly and graceful prose translations of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, and edited the 'Border' Scott, the 'Gadshill' Dickens, and a selection from Burns; and has written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, and (on Ballads) for the present work.

Ballade to Theocritus in Winter.

Ah! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet:
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be.—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

Envoy.

Master,—when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea!

Twilight on Tweed.

Three crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Flashed in the golden stream.

. . . .

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair you be;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

Robert Bridges, born in 1844 the son of a Kentish squire, studied at Eton and Corpus Christi, Oxford, qualified in medicine at Bartholomew's, and for some years practised in that and other London hospitals till 1882, when he retired. For a dozen years before that he had been known as a cultured and scholarly poet of indisputable and unique gifts; his lyrics give him a place apart from contemporaries, and some of them have a charm hardly equalled since the Elizabethan days. *The Growth of Love*, *Prometheus the Fire-giver* (1883), *Eros and Psyche* (1885), are amongst his nameworthy poems; and his plays include *Nero* (1885), *Achilles in Scyros* (1890), *Palicio*, *Ulysses*, *The Christian Captives*, *The Humours of the Court*, *The Feast of Bacchus* (1889). He has shown rare sympathy and insight as a critic in his essay on Keats; and by his examination of Milton's prosody and other studies on verse forms, he has shed much light on the mysteries and fascinations of the subtlest metrical rhythms and harmonies. Sometimes he seems to defy his own lessons; at times his verses are apparently written to illustrate his theories; and some of his experiments—such as the 'Peace Ode' in 1903, written so that 'if English were spelt as it is or should be pronounced, the syllables would scan according to the laws of Greek prosody'—must be pronounced scholarly, ingenious, and original rather than inspired, happy, or melodious.

William Minto (1845–93), born near Alford in Aberdeenshire, was educated at Aberdeen and Merton, Oxford, and after editing the *Examiner* and doing other journalistic work in London, from 1880 was Professor of Logic and English at Aberdeen. His *Manual of English Prose Literature* (1872) became a standard book; his *Characteristics of the English Poets* (1874) proved him a sympathetic critic; and he wrote the *Defoe* for the 'Men of Letters' series. His two novels (1886 and 1888) did not attract much notice.

Alexander Anderson, born at Kirkconnel in Dumfriesshire in 1845, laboured for nearly twenty years as surfaceman on the railway near his native place, but found time to cherish his joy in poetry not merely by the diligent study of English and Scottish literature, but by reading the greater French, Italian, and German poets in their own tongues. He had published two collections of poems when in 1880 he was summoned to a post in the Library of the Edinburgh University; and there he has continued ever since, save during three years when he was secretary to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh (1883–86). His best-known volumes are *Songs of the Rail* (3rd ed. 1881) and *Ballads and Sonnets* (1879). He has contributed much verse to the magazines, and has printed (privately) a volume of translations from Heine. Though he has done justice to the poetry of the railway and of the railway-man's life, his themes embrace most of those that most nearly touch the human heart. Only part of his poems are written in the Scottish vernacular, the rest being in excellent nervous English.

Sidney Colvin, born at Norwood in 1845, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has been Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge (1873–85), and Keeper of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. He has written much on art criticism for the magazines and reviews, issued a *History of Engraving in England*, published Lives of Landor and Keats, and edited Keats's letters and R. L. Stevenson's letters and the Edinburgh edition of his works.

George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, born at Southampton in 1845, was educated at King's College School, London, and Merton College, Oxford. In 1868–76 he was a schoolmaster at Manchester, Guernsey, and Elgin, but soon after established himself as one of the most active critics of the day; in 1895 he became Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh. All his work is characterised by fullness of knowledge, definiteness of judgment, wealth of illustrative allusion, and energy—if not grace—of style. He has been an active contributor to the greater magazines (of *Macmillan's* he was for some time editor) and to encyclopædias—this work contains four valuable articles by him. Amongst his works are two on the history of French literature; books on Dryden, Marlborough, Scott, and Matthew Arnold; essays on English literature and on French novelists; a volume of *Corrected Impressions;* a *Short History of English Literature*, besides histories of Elizabethan and of nineteenth-century literature; some of the little books on 'Periods of

European Literature,' of all of which he is general editor; a book on the town of Manchester, and much miscellaneous work; editions of Scott's *Dryden* and of Sterne; and a great work on *The History of Criticism from the Earliest Times to the Present*, in three volumes.

Alfred Perceval Graves, born in 1846 in the south of Ireland, thoroughly understands the southern peasant. His ballads are the work of a generation earlier than that of Mr Yeats, and they embody an earlier and very different—not on that account, perhaps, a less accurate—conception of Irish character; he may be said to belong to the school of Lever and Lover. His best-known song, 'Father O'Flynn,' is an admirable example of the school of Irish humour to which it belongs—humour genuine and never coarse—April laughter, bright and wholesome, but with a tear of tenderness never far off. In other pieces—'The White Blossom 's off the Bog,' for instance—he has struck with a true touch the note of gentle pathos. Mr Graves's principal volumes are *Songs of Killarney* (1873), *Irish Songs and Ballads* (1880), and *Father O'Flynn and other Irish Lyrics* (1889). Several of his songs have been published with musical accompaniment arranged by Professor Villiers Stanford.

William Schwenck Gilbert was the son of William Gilbert (1804–89), author of some thirty novels and tales, and was born in London in 1836. He graduated at London University, was a clerk in the Privy-Council Office from 1857 to 1862, and in 1864 was called to the Bar. From 1861 he had been contributing to the magazines, and he was erelong on the staff of *Fun*, in whose columns his *Bab Ballads* appeared. His burlesque *Dulcamara* (1866) was followed by a long series of comedies, burlesques, and operettas—the fairy comedies including *The Palace of Truth* (1870), *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871), *The Wicked World* (1873), and *Broken Hearts* (1876). Other comedies are the charming *Sweethearts* (1874) and *Engaged* (1877), somewhat more cynical in tone; among his plays are also *Charity* (1874), *Gretchen* (1879), *Comedy and Tragedy* (1884), and an unsuccessful drama, *Brantinghame Hall* (1888). But the work with which his name is more especially identified is the characteristic genre of light, witty, humorous, paradoxical operettas, in which his sprightly and cleverly versified words and songs were wedded to the tuneful and taking music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The 'Gilbert and Sullivan' productions, though not quite a new species, were a very considerable contribution to the dramatic art of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. Though neither great nor profound either as literature or as art, they had in both elements real interest and value, and attracted and entertained large sections of the public who had no keen attachment to the classical drama or the 'legitimate' opera. Besides the preliminary experiments in this sort, *Thespis* (1871) and *Trial by Jury*, this wonderfully popular series comprised *The Sorcerer* (1877), *H.M.S. Pinafore* (1878), *The Pirates of Penzance* (1880), *Patience* (1881), *Iolanthe* (1882), *Princess Ida* (1883), *The Mikado* (1885), *Ruddigore* (1887), *The Yeomen of the Guard* (1888), *The Gondoliers* (1889), *Utopia Limited* (1893), and *The Grand Duke* (1896). In nearly all his better-known works Gilbert displays a fantastic humour that is often subtle, nearly always healthy in tone, and is only the more entertaining for a slight flavour of cynicism, which is seldomer seriously meant than set down in pure fun. On the other hand, the satire, though playfully put, is often real and effective. His touch is light, and the absurd earnestness with which his quaint conceits are worked out is inimitable, though it has constantly been imitated. In *The Yeomen of the Guard* he forsook the grotesque vein, and presented characters that are both human and pathetic. As seems appropriate in the case of one who claims to be of the blood of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Mr Gilbert's work was at least as popular in America as at home. Misunderstanding between Mr Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan led to a temporary breach in the brilliantly successful partnership of more than twenty years' standing, and for a time the collaborators worked apart; but Gilbert's libretto to *His Excellency* (1894), set to music by another composer, was found to lack an important element of its popularity. Even in the last joint works of the old partners it seemed as if the vein was largely exhausted, and even before Sullivan's death the series had come to an end. Much of Gilbert's verse shows supreme craftsmanship and mastery of rhymes and rhythms.

Francis Cowley Burnand, born in 1836, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, with a view to Anglican orders, but in 1858 became a Roman Catholic. He was called to the Bar in 1862, but the success of some early dramatic ventures altered his plans; and he has produced over a hundred and twenty pieces, chiefly light comedies and burlesques, including *The Colonel* and *Cox and Box* (to Sullivan's music). He had joined Mr H. J. Byron in starting *Fun*, but in 1863 left that paper for *Punch*, of which in 1880 he became editor. Amongst his own contributions to *Punch* were *Happy Thoughts* (1868), *The Modern Sandford and Merton* (1872), and *Strapmore*, by 'Weeder' (1878). *My Time and what I've done with it* (1874) was followed in 1903 by a more considerable autobiographical *Reminiscences*.

George Robert Sims was born in London in 1847, and was educated there and at Bonn. Having joined the staff of *Fun* in 1874, he soon commenced his 'Dagonet' ballads and other contributions to the *Referee*. Among his plays are *Crutch and Toothpick* (1879), *Mother-in-law* (1881), *The Lights o' London* (1881), *The Romany Rye* (1882), and, written in collaboration, *In the Ranks*, *Harbour Lights*, *The Golden Ladder*, *Little Chris-*

topher Columbus, *The Gipsy Earl*, *The Gay City*, and *Scarlet Sin*. His novels include *Rogues and Vagabonds*, *Memoirs of Mary Jane*, *Mary Jane Married*, *Memoirs of a Landlady*, and *The Ten Commandments*. His *Daily News* letters on the housing of the London poor were effective work in a very different category.

Sydney Grundy, the son of a Manchester mayor, was born in 1848, educated at Owens College, and called to the Bar in 1869. He practised as a barrister for seven years, and had meanwhile made his first literary and dramatic ventures, including a novel in 1876. His first dozen plays were mainly adaptations from the French: *A White Lie* and *A Fool's Paradise* (both in 1889) were on similar lines, but original in substance; and his art was developed in a long series of plays, of which *Sowing the Wind* (1893), *The New Woman* (1894), *The Greatest of These* (1895), *A Marriage of Convenience*, *The Black Tulip*, and *A Debt of Honour* have been amongst the most entertaining and successful.

Henry Arthur Jones, the son of a Buckinghamshire farmer, was born at Grandborough in 1851, was educated in the county, and from thirteen to twenty-seven was engaged in business. His first nameworthy play, *A Clerical Error*, was produced in 1879; his first hit was *The Silver King* (1882). He passed from melodrama in *Saints and Sinners* (1884) to serious criticism of modern country life; and this was followed by *The Middleman* (1889), *The Dancing Girl* (1891), and *The Crusaders*, showing greater depth and maturity. Of more than a score of plays produced by him—many of them with a piquant element of social satire—some of the most notable were *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894), *Michael and his Lost Angel* (1896), *The Liars* (1897), *The Manœuvres of Jane* (1898), and *Mrs Dane's Defence* (1900).

Arthur Wing Pinero, the son of a London solicitor, was born in 1855, and bred at private schools with a view to his father's profession; but in 1874 made his début on the stage at Edinburgh, in 1875 joined the Lyceum company, and continued an actor till 1881. The player had ere then made himself known as a promising playwright, his earlier pieces including *£200 a Year* (1877) and *The Squire* (1881). His farces *The Magistrate*, *The Schoolmistress*, and *Dandy Dick* proved him a genial humourist; *Sweet Lavender* (1888) was a sentimental drama. *The Profligate* was a new departure; *The Weaker Sex*, *Lady Bountiful*, and one or two others are also 'modern' and real. But it was in *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* (1893) that Mr Pinero produced a play that marked an epoch in the history of modern English drama; and the serious problems of modern social life were the keynotes of those that followed—*The Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith* (1895), *The Benefit of the Doubt*, *Trelawny of the Wells*, *The Princess and the Butterfly* (1897), *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899), *Iris* (1901), and *Letty* (1903).

William Ernest Henley (1849–1903) was born at Gloucester and educated at the Crypt Grammar School there. While lying in hospital at Edinburgh he was visited by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the two became intimate for years, collaborating especially in a series of plays, *Deacon Brodie*, *Beau Austin*, *Admiral Guinea*, and *Robert Macaire*. Henley edited *The Magazine of Art*, *The Scots* (later *National*) *Observer*, *The New Review*, and other serials; two or three anthologies of lyrics; an edition of Burns (with Mr T. E. Henderson) and one volume of an edition of Byron; part of a Shakespeare, and the 'Tudor Translations;' and republished in volumes *Views and Reviews* on literary and artistic subjects. With Mr Farmer, he worked on a great dictionary of slang, practically completed at his death. His poetry is vigorous and vivid in expression and rapid in movement; shows a fondness for unrhymed lyrical measures and experiments in unusual rhythms, for odd words and curious locutions; and is lacking chiefly in simplicity and grace. The 'Hospital Rhymes' in the first *Book of Verses* (1888; 4th ed. 1893) are full of the grimmest realism, whereas the 'Bric-à-brac' series are largely exercitations in artificial verse forms. The *London Voluntaries*, published with the *Song of the Sword* (1892), had more of true poetry in them, of music and magic. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1898; but *For England's Sake* (1900) and *Hawthorn and Lavender* (1901) were later volumes. All his work, prose and verse, reflects his virile temperament; his 'unconquerable soul' had to contend against physical disabilities and broken health. His best poems were short; in much of his verse there were rough, even coarse, passages; and he could celebrate the speed of the motor-car in a poem which is as little a thing of beauty as the vehicle itself. Yet some of his poems, and parts of many, were exquisite; at times he heard 'the voice of strange command':

> Out of the sound of the ebb and flow,
> Out of the sight of lamp and star,
> It calls you where the good winds blow,
> Where the unchanging meadows are;
> From faded hopes, and hopes agleam,
> It calls you, calls you night and day,
> Beyond the dark, into the dream
> Over the hills and far away.

In criticism he was confident, aggressive, full of prejudices, anti-conventional in his judgments, arrogant and contemptuous but stimulating, pungent, and trenchant in style. He commanded an exceptional wealth of epigram and dealt largely in inexplicit allusions; and his intolerance of dullness led to eccentricity and paradox. He strenuously maintained Byron's claim to be regarded as the great English poet of the nineteenth century. His long essay on Burns prefixed to the edition of the works by him and Mr Henderson aggrieved worshippers of the bard by insisting overmuch that Burns was 'a lewd peasant of genius' who completed rather

than initiated a development in national song; and he outraged Stevensonians by the manner of his protests against the representation of R. L. S. given in the official Life. As editor he 'discovered,' encouraged, trained, or stimulated a remarkable series of writers who became noted for their gifts.

Edmund Gosse, the son of Philip Henry Gosse (1810–88) the distinguished naturalist, was born in London on 21st September 1849, and educated in Devonshire. Appointed assistant-librarian at the British Museum in 1867, he became translator to the Board of Trade in 1875. Five years earlier he had appeared as a poet in a volume of *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets*, in which he collaborated with Mr J. A. Blaikie; this was followed in 1873 by another volume of lyrics entitled *On Viol and Flute*. In 1872–74 he had visited Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, and familiarised himself still more thoroughly with Scandinavian literature; in 1877 he made a similar literary tour in Holland. For some years afterwards he devoted himself mainly to verse, producing *King Erik*, a tragedy on a Norse theme (1876); the *Unknown Lover*, in dramatic form (1878); and *New Poems* (1879); which were followed by *Firdausi in Exile* (1886) and *In Russet and Silver* (1894). The spontaneity, grace, and lightness of touch displayed in his lyrical poetry were universally recognised. His first prose work of note, *Northern Studies*, was published in 1879, and was the fruit of his Scandinavian and Dutch researches; Mr Gosse's essays on Ibsen were the earliest efforts to introduce the great Norwegian dramatist and poet to the English public. In 1882 he contributed the excellent monograph on *Gray* to the series of 'English Men of Letters,' and he has since shown his interest in the work of that eighteenth-century classic by editing Gray's works in 1884. Thenceforth he devoted himself mainly to the illustration of English literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, his work comprising *Seventeenth Century Studies* (1883), a review of the transition *From Shakespeare to Pope* (1885), a *Life of Congreve* (1888), a *History of Eighteenth Century Literature* (1889), *Jacobean Poets* (1894), and, on larger lines, the *Life and Letters of Dr Donne* (1899). Other volumes of essays were *Gossip in a Library*, *Questions at Issue*, and *Critical Kit-Kats* (1896); and a suggestive *History of Modern English Literature* appeared in 1897. In 1890 Mr Gosse performed a pious duty in publishing a Life of his father. *The Secret of Narcisse* (1892) was a prose romance of the Renaissance in France; *Hypolympia, or the Gods in the Island* (1901), was a delightful 'ironic phantasy.' Mr Gosse's editorial care has also been exercised on a selection of *English Odes* (1881), and on collecting the works of Lodge, the Elizabethan dramatist, in 1882, and of Thomas Lovell Beddoes in 1890–91. Translations of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* (1891) and, in collaboration with Mr William Archer, of *The Master Builder* (1893) showed his sustained interest in Norse drama. In 1884 he lectured at Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and other American universities. Mr Gosse's taste and enthusiasm have done much for the intelligent understanding of literature: he is a strict but sympathetic critic; and the polished prose of his critical work shows much of the grace and lucidity of his verse. In 1884 his literary distinction was recognised by his appointment, as successor of Sir Leslie Stephen, to the Clark Lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge; next year another honour followed in the honorary degree of M.A. conferred by the University; and St Andrews added its LL.D in 1899. Mr Gosse has supervised a series of short histories of the literatures of the world, and had charge of the literary department of the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. With Dr Richard Garnett he is author of *English Literature, an Illustrated Record* (4 vols. 1903–4), the second and fourth volumes being from his pen. And he was an important contributor to the present work, the articles on Spenser and on Sidney as poet, on Webster, Ford, and Shirley, and on the Elizabethan song-writers and sonnet-cycles, being his work.

The Mænad's Grave.

The girl who once, on Lydian heights,
  Around the sacred grove of pines,
Would dance through whole tempestuous nights
  When no moon shines,
Whose pipe of lotos featly blown
Gave airs as shrill as Cotys' own,

Who, crowned with buds of ivy dark,
  Three times drained deep with amorous lips
The wine-fed bowl of willow-bark,
  With silver tips,
Nor sank, nor ceased, but shouted still
Like some wild wind from hill to hill,

She lies at last where poplars wave
  Their sad gray foliage all day long,
The river murmurs near her grave
  A soothing song;
Farewell, it saith! Her days have done
With shouting at the set of sun.

(From *On Viol and Flute.*)

Two Points of View.

If I forget,—
May joy pledge this weak heart to sorrow!
If I forget,—
May my soul's coloured summer borrow
The hueless tones of storm and rain,
Of ruth and terror, shame and pain,—
If I forget!

Though you forget,—
There is no binding code for beauty;
Though you forget,—
Love was your charm, but not your duty;
And life's worst breeze must never bring
A ruffle to your silken wing,
Though you forget.

If I forget,—
The salt creek may forget the ocean ;
If I forget
The heart whence flows my heart's bright motion,
May I sink meanlier than the worst,
Abandoned, outcast, crushed, accurst,—
If I forget !

Though you forget,—
No word of mine shall mar your pleasure ;
Though you forget,—
You filled my barren life with treasure,
You may withdraw the gift you gave,
You still are lord, I still am slave,—
Though you forget.

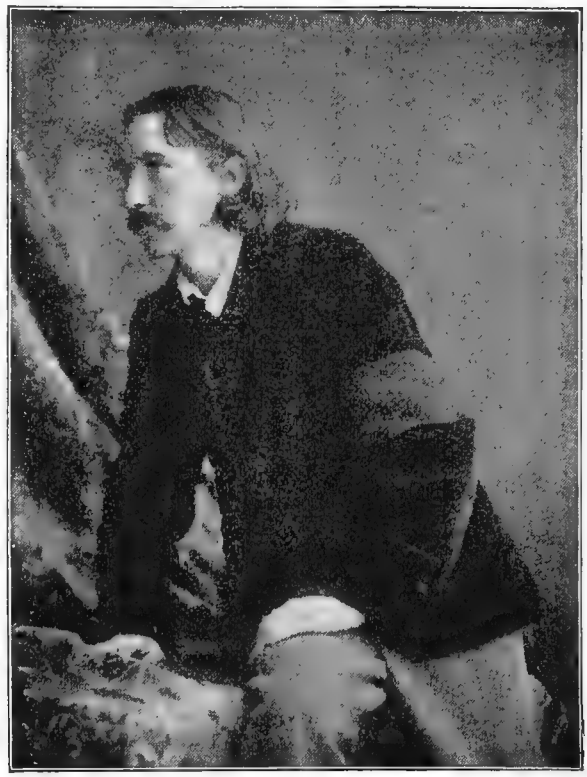
(From *Firdausi in Exile.*)

Robert Louis Stevenson,*

essayist and romance-writer, was the only child of Thomas Stevenson, a distinguished civil engineer, himself the youngest son of one still more famous, Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Mathematical and engineering talent was hereditary in the family, who for three generations have been pre-eminent in the construction and illumination of lighthouses. His mother was Margaret Balfour, of the old Scottish family of the Balfours of Pilrig. From her he inherited the delicacy which made him a chronic invalid throughout his life. He was born in Edinburgh on the 13th of November 1850. Even in childhood his health gave constant anxiety, and his education was interrupted and irregular : from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year much of his time was spent in travelling in the south of England and abroad. He was destined for the hereditary profession of his family, and between 1867 and 1871 went through a course of engineering study at Edinburgh University, also gaining some practical experience, and that familiarity with the sea and sea-folk which is so marked a feature in his writings, chiefly in connection with the great Wick breakwater and the Dhu Heartach Lighthouse. But he had no aptitude for the scientific side of the profession, and insufficient health for the exposure and physical hardships which its practice involves. Even as a boy, he was completely wrapped up in two interests : literature, and the curious study of human life in all its aspects, with a strong leaning towards its more sordid and squalid aspects, and as strong a revolt against convention and respectability. In 1871 he definitely abandoned engineering and began to read law, being admitted an advocate at the Scottish Bar in 1875. To his legal studies he only gave an absolute minimum of attention ; but whether at Edinburgh, at his father's country-house among the Pentlands, or in rambles far and wide over both Lowlands and Highlands, he was an industrious student of human nature, an eager devourer and assimilator of all sorts of imaginative and historical literature, and, to use his own phrase, 'a sedulous ape' of the writers upon whom he had an ambition of forming his style. The cult of the *mot propre*, a quality then, even more than now, rather French than British, became his consuming passion. Fortunately his admiration for the large manner of the Romantic school, and the underlying Puritanism of his own temperament, kept him from dropping into a mere follower of the school of Flaubert. In or about his twenty-fifth year the formative influences in his artistic life came in rapid succession : first the acquaintance, which soon ripened into a close and lifelong friendship, with Mr Sidney Colvin ; then his own initiation into authorship through Mr Leslie Stephen and the *Cornhill Magazine ;* and, a little later, his introduction by Mr Stephen to Mr W. E. Henley at the beginning of 1875. In the summer of that year his cousin, the brilliant artist and critic, R. A. M. Stevenson, took him to Fontainebleau and introduced him into the cosmopolitan artists' colony at Barbizon. For three years he passed much of his time there. In 1876 he made, together with Sir Walter Simpson, the canoe-journey from Antwerp to Pontoise, the record of which, *An Inland Voyage* (1878), was his first published work. Though it had no wide or striking success, it gave him a significant place in literature among the small circle who ultimately form public taste. In the same year with it there appeared (in magazines) the series of fantastic stories entitled *New Arabian Nights*, and also the striking study or apologue called *Will o' the Mill*, one of his first and most successful essays in that mixture of psychology and romance which he was to make peculiarly his own. In 1879 appeared *Travels with a Donkey through the Cevennes*, the journal of a tour taken in southern France in the previous autumn. During these years Stevenson lived almost as much in France as in Edinburgh or London. At Barbizon he had made the acquaintance of a Californian lady, Mrs Osbourne, whom he afterwards married, and who was his critic and collaborator in much of his work thereafter. It was mainly to renew relations with her that in the summer of 1879 Stevenson went out to California. This was the darkest period of his fortunes. His writing as yet only brought him a very small and very precarious income ; the hardships of the journey, which, partly for economy's sake, and partly to gain a new experience (recounted in *Across the Plains*), he took as an ordinary emigrant, greatly reduced his small stock of bodily strength ; and the winter of 1879–80, spent in poverty, loneliness, and dejection, almost wore through the frail thread of his life. With his marriage and return to Europe in 1880 the tide of his fortunes began to turn ; but there was no physical recovery, and for the rest of his life he had to struggle against constant ill-health which seldom allowed him to work for more than two or three hours in the day, and often for months together debarred him from both work and companionship. The volume and excellence of the work he produced under these appalling

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difficulties during the next few years are equally amazing. His laborious apprenticeship was now bearing fruit. The collected volume of essays entitled *Virginibus Puerisque* was published in 1881, after a winter spent at Davos; in that year, among many other works planned or begun, he wrote the brilliant story of Scottish diablerie called *Thrawn Janet*, began the series of verses of childhood which took the world by storm when they appeared four years later, and began also the first of his serious romances of adventure, the epoch-making *Treasure Island*. It was printed and published in 1882, and obtained immediate and almost universal recognition. Hitherto Stevenson had only been known to a comparatively small circle of appreciative critics. He now took his place as one of the foremost imaginative writers of his time. The *New Arabian Nights* already mentioned were collected and published about the same time, and were followed by a fresh series, *More New Arabian Nights*, in 1883; in 1882 also appeared a second volume of collected essays, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, which established his reputation as a fine and subtle critic, and as the expounder of a suggestive and original philosophy of life. From this time forward he was not only a writer of unquestioned originality and distinction, but the head of a school, and an influence in literature of profound import.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From a Photograph by W. J. Hawker, Bournemouth.

Two years at Hyères did nothing to restore his health, and in the autumn of 1884 he settled at Bournemouth, where he remained until the summer of 1887. The first fruit of this period was the singular and interesting *Prince Otto*, a romance in a manner quite new to him, and one which he never repeated. The influence of Mr George Meredith is very marked in it; and to that influence may be at least in part attributed the fact that, alone among all his romances, it makes a serious if not wholly successful attempt to create women and make them integral to the story. For the absence of female interest is one of the most marked features of Stevenson's work. On men, and more especially on young men and boys, he lavished all his art and all his refined psychology; his heroines, where there are any, are mere boys in petticoats, and his subsidiary women characters little more than part of the scenery or background of the action. Two years' labour was spent over *Prince Otto;* but some months before it appeared there was published the celebrated *Child's Garden of Verse*, as decisive and important a success in its own field of literature as *Treasure Island* had been two years before. The field was in this case almost wholly new; the *Child's Garden* may be said not only to have founded a new school, but to have opened up a new side of life, and to be a substantial contribution towards the theory of human development and the science of psychology. The essay called *Child's Play*, which had originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* as early as 1878, and was included in the *Virginibus Puerisque* volume of 1881, had broken ground in this direction, with singular delicacy and depth of insight. But now Stevenson was able to address his vindication and interpretation of childhood *urbi et orbi;* these verses, perpetually reprinted, quoted, in many cases set to music and sung, have become household words among the whole English-speaking world.

A few months after *Prince Otto* appeared the brief but very highly finished psychological romance, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. Its fortunes were at first doubtful; the public were a little shocked, a little puzzled, and greatly inclined to be scandalised. Like the story of the Suicide Club in the *New Arabian Nights*, it was thought to deal too lightly and fantastically with a subject in itself painful and even shocking, as to which conventional good-taste suggested that the lips should be closed, if not the eyes shut. But it soon conquered popularity; and it has, alone among Stevenson's works, added two names to the common stock of these imagina-

tive creations which are as real and as widely known as any historical figures. During those years much of his time was also spent in writing plays and dramatic sketches, for the most part in collaboration with Mr Henley. A volume containing four of the plays which they completed between 1880 and 1885, *Deacon Brodie*, *Beau Austin*, *Admiral Guinea*, and *Macaire*, was published in 1892. Neither author had any notable dramatic gift. Two of the four plays have been produced on the stage, but rather as literary curiosities than as pieces which could attract the public, or which had any essential vitality. The best that can be said of Stevenson's plays is that they are not feebler or more ineffective than Scott's.

But by this time Stevenson had turned to a field for romance with which he was, alike by birth and training, peculiarly qualified to deal—Scotland of the eighteenth century. A passionate lover of Scotland and the Scottish character, he had also since boyhood been a student of Scottish history, and was versed in the annals of both the Whigs and the Jacobites. The celebrated political and criminal trials of that period had been his favourite reading as a student of law and a briefless advocate. He had planned and begun to collect materials for more than one historical work dealing with Scotland between 1660 and 1800. Edinburgh still in his boyhood retained a tradition of the period when it was a centre of national life as various, crowded, and thrilling as had ever been in Athens or Florence. And the eighteenth century had from the first strongly attracted his imagination. At the age of four-and-twenty he had written of it in words of quite remarkable insight and sympathy: 'the spirit of a country orderly and prosperous, a flavour of the presence of magistrates and well-to-do merchants in bag-wigs, the clink of glasses at night in fire-lit parlours, something certain and civic and domestic,' and yet withal in the fullest sense of the word romantic. Where the great magician had been, it might seem presumptuous to follow; but the field from which Scott had reaped with so large and careless, yet so sure and fine a hand, still left ample resources for the new methods which the mere lapse of half a century necessarily implied. To this period and setting belong the four works which are the core and consummation of Stevenson's achievement in romance: *Kidnapped* (1886), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), *Catriona* (1893), and *Weir of Hermiston*, left a fragment at the author's death.

In 1887 Stevenson's lung-disease had become so serious that neither the English nor the French Riviera was any longer a safe refuge for him. He left England that autumn in order to spend the winter in the dry air of the Adirondack Mountains at Lake Saranac, and from that time never returned to Europe. The charming volume of poems, *Underwoods*, was published just after his departure. In verse Stevenson was only a brilliant amateur; but these poems have all the curious fascination that attaches to the work of a trained artist who diverges for his own amusement into an alien though cognate art. The same year was issued the collected volume of short stories entitled *The Merry Men*; and in the following year *The Black Arrow*, a romance of adventure of which the scene is laid in England during the Wars of the Roses. Here, as always when he went back beyond the eighteenth century, his touch is uncertain and his success very imperfect. With the Middle Ages he had no sympathy; and the fifteenth century, although it lies beyond the Middle Ages properly so called, was almost equally alien from him. In the summer of 1888 the voyage in the Southern Pacific, which had been one of his cherished dreams since boyhood, was actually undertaken. The climate there was favourable; the semi-barbaric and adventurous life of the Polynesian Islands fascinated him; and after wanderings in the South Seas extending over nearly two years, he bought a piece of land in Samoa and settled there for the remainder of his life. Through the six years spent by him in the South Seas he was writing constantly. The petty politics of Samoa absorbed much of his interest; but his journals and letters failed to arouse any great corresponding interest in the audience for whom he wrote. Nor did he obtain any striking success by his stories of life in the islands (the *Island Nights' Entertainments* of 1893 and *The Ebb-tide* of 1894), though they contain much admirable description and characterisation. He went on, however, at the same time working on his main central line, and whenever he laid his scene in Scotland, his certainty of touch and vigour of handling remained almost unimpaired. In another work of this period, *The Wrecker* (1892), he made an attempt at filling a larger canvas, working into it the suggestions and memories of his earlier life in Edinburgh and among the artists of Paris and Fontainebleau, with his later experiences of California and the Pacific. The result was a strangely amorphous and ineffective book, containing much excellent work that is on the whole wasted. The two works last named, and some others of minor importance, were written in collaboration with his stepson, Mr Lloyd Osbourne. By this time physical debility had greatly affected Stevenson's power of continuous or constructive work. *St Ives*, the story of the adventures of a French prisoner of war in Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars, is perhaps the weakest and most flaccid of all his romances. He left it incomplete; but its own vitality, no less than his, was already exhausted. In the last months of his life he was able to rally his powers for a last effort, and the opening chapters of *Weir of Hermiston* (the scene of which is again in Scotland towards the end of the eighteenth century) are on a level with his best and finest work. But

this was the last flare of a dying flame. On the 3d of December 1894 he died suddenly in his home at Vailima in Samoa.

Great as is the positive and essential merit of Stevenson's work when at its best, it is as an influence in letters and in thought that his position is most notable. In some respects he is an interesting parallel to William Hazlitt, a writer whom, both in substance and manner, he took in youth for one of his chief models. If to Hazlitt may be applied the caustic saying of Voltaire, *Sa réputation s'affermira toujours, parce qu' on le lit guère*, so more than half of the various and unequal work that fills the long shelf of Stevenson's collected works will probably become the possession of a small circle of men of letters and be disregarded or forgotten by the wider public. The same fate has already overtaken De Quincey, who likewise resembles Stevenson in multifariousness, in a certain extravagance and whimsicality of mind, and in the possession of a style of great fascination and marked individuality, highly artificial in origin and construction, but become a second nature to its author, and handled with perfect ease and consummate skill. Stevenson as an essayist stands apart from both in virtue of his refined and subtle psychology: as a romance-writer he belongs to a different order of literature. The name by which he was known among the native Samoans, *Tusitala* ('the teller of tales'), is that on which his permanent reputation will rest. His delight in stories of adventure was that of a boy, and his story-telling instinct (one of the rarest of literary qualities) unsurpassed within the limits which his nature had assigned to him. He was one of those persons who in a sense never outgrow their boyhood. As has been already remarked, one half of the human race remained for him throughout life almost a sealed book. 'I have never pleased myself with any women of mine,' he wrote towards the end of his life; and the criticism is just. Even his men are for the most part larger children. But of the romance of boyhood and adolescence, and, going still farther back, of the feelings and inner life of childhood, he is an unsurpassed master. Even the philosophy of life developed in both his essays and his romances is that rather of a gifted boy than of a mature man. Like his style, it was fully developed in him by the age of five-and-twenty; and it underwent no change thereafter except, in his last years, an imperceptible and silent reversion towards the traditions of his birth and blood. He has been called, not unjustly, the best loved of modern writers; and the Gods, according to the Greek saying, also loved him: for he died young.

From 'Notes on Edinburgh.'

The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean; and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate. For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that Somewhere-else of the imagination, where all troubles are supposed to end. They lean over the great bridge which joins the New Town with the Old—that windiest spot, or high altar, in this northern temple of the winds—and watch the trains smoking out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies. Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney-tops! And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts; go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction; go where they will, they take a pride in their old home.

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires. The rest may have admirers; she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And indeed, even by her kindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting. She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags. In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity. The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands grey and silent in a workman's quarter and among breweries and gasworks. It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood. Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murder has been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levées, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours. Now, all these things of clay are mingled with the dust, the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the vulgar; but the stone palace has outlived these changes. For fifty weeks together, it is no more than a show for tourists and a museum of old furniture; but on the fifty-first, behold the palace reawakened and mimicking its past. The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six

and clattering escort come and go before the gate; at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers; from time to time the old volcano smokes. Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan trappings. Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence; it has long trances of the one and flashes of the other; like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumental marble. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead; you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade; and at night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations. Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon; and you see a troop of citizens in tawdry masquerade; tabard above, heather-mixture trowser below, and the men themselves trudging in the mud among unsympathetic bystanders. The grooms of a well-appointed circus tread the streets with a better presence. And yet these are the Heralds and Pursuivants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before two score boys, and thieves, and hackney-coachmen. Meanwhile every hour the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students, coming and going, fills the deep archways. And lastly, one night in the springtime—or say one morning rather, at the peep of day—late folk may hear the voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street; and a little after, or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a psalm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way. There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity. And the late folk will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments—the parliaments of Churches which are brothers in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

From 'Kidnapped.'

The next day Mr Henderland found for me a man who had a boat of his own and was to cross the Linnhe Loch that afternoon into Appin, fishing. Him he prevailed on to take me, for he was one of his flock; and in this way I saved a long day's travel and the price of two public ferries I must otherwise have passed.

It was near noon before we set out; a dark day with clouds, and the sun shining upon little patches. The sea was here very deep and still, and had scarce a wave upon it; so that I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. The mountains on either side were high, rough and barren, very black and gloomy in the shadow of the clouds, but all silver-laced with little watercourses where the sun shone upon them. It seemed a hard country, this of Appin, for people to care as much about as Alan did.

There was but one thing to mention. A little after we had started, the sun shone upon a little moving clump of scarlet close in along the waterside to the north. It was much of the same red as soldiers' coats; every now and then, too, there came little sparks and lightnings, as though the sun had struck upon bright steel.

I asked my boatman what it should be; and he answered he supposed it was some of the red soldiers coming from Fort William into Appin, against the poor tenantry of the country. Well, it was a sad sight to me; and whether it was because of my thoughts of Alan, or from something prophetic in my bosom, although this was but the second time I had seen King George's troops, I had no good-will to them.

At last we came so near the point of land at the entering in of Loch Leven that I begged to be set on shore. My boatman (who was an honest fellow and mindful of his promise to the catechist) would fain have carried me on to Balachulish; but as this was to take me farther from my secret destination, I insisted, and was set on shore at last under the wood of Lettermore (or Lettervore, for I have heard it both ways) in Alan's country of Appin.

This was a wood of birches, growing on a steep, craggy side of a mountain that overhung the loch. It had many openings and ferny howes; and a road or bridle track ran north and south through the midst of it, by the edge of which, where was a spring, I sat down to eat some oat-bread of Mr Henderland's, and think upon my situation.

Here I was not only troubled by a cloud of stinging midges, but far more by the doubts of my mind. What I ought to do, why I was going to join myself with an outlaw and a would-be murderer like Alan, whether I should not be acting more like a man of sense to tramp back to the south country direct, by my own guidance and at my own charges, and what Mr Campbell or even Mr Henderland would think of me if they should ever learn my folly and presumption: these were the doubts that now began to come in on me stronger than ever.

As I was so sitting and thinking, a sound of men and horses came to me through the wood; and presently after, at a turning of the road, I saw four travellers come into view. The way was in this part so rough and narrow that they came single and led their horses by the reins. The first was a great, red-headed gentleman, of an imperious and flushed face, who carried his hat in his hand and fanned himself, for he was in a breathing heat. The second, by his decent black garb and white wig, I correctly took to be a lawyer. The third was a servant, and wore some part of his clothes in tartan, which showed that his master was of a Highland family, and either an outlaw or else in singular good odour with the Government, since the wearing of tartan was against the Act. If I had been better versed in these things, I would have known the tartan to be of the Argyle (or Campbell) colours. This servant had a good-sized portmanteau strapped on his horse, and a net of lemons (to brew punch with) hanging at the saddle-bow; as was often enough the custom with luxurious travellers in that part of the country.

As for the fourth, who brought up the tail, I had seen his like before, and knew him at once to be a sheriff's officer.

I had no sooner seen these people coming than I made up my mind (for no reason that I can tell) to go through with my adventure; and when the first came alongside

of me, I rose up from the bracken and asked him the way to Aucharn.

He stopped and looked at me, as I thought, a little oddly; and then, turning to the lawyer, 'Mungo,' said he, 'there's many a man would think this more of a warning than two pyats. Here am I on my road to Duror on the job ye ken; and here is a young lad starts up out of the bracken, and speers if I am on the way to Aucharn.'

'Glenure,' said the other, 'this is an ill subject for jesting.'

These two had now drawn close up and were gazing at me, while the two followers had halted about a stone-cast in the rear.

'And what seek ye in Aucharn?' said Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure; him they called the Red Fox; for he it was that I had stopped.

'The man that lives there,' said I.

'James of the Glens,' says Glenure, musingly; and then to the lawyer: 'Is he gathering his people, think ye?'

'Anyway,' says the lawyer, 'we shall do better to bide where we are, and let the soldiers rally us.'

'If you are concerned for me,' said I, 'I am neither of his people nor yours, but an honest subject of King George, owing no man and fearing no man.'

'Why, very well said,' replies the Factor. 'But if I may make so bold as ask, what does this honest man so far from his country? and why does he come seeking the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here, I must tell you. I am King's Factor upon several of these estates, and have twelve files of soldiers at my back.'

'I have heard a waif word in the country,' said I, a little nettled, 'that you were a hard man to drive.'

He still kept looking at me, as if in doubt.

'Well,' said he, at last, 'your tongue is bold; but I am no unfriend to plainness. If ye had asked me the way to the door of James Stewart on any other day but this, I would have set ye right and bidden ye God speed. But to-day—eh, Mungo?' And he turned again to look at the lawyer.

But just as he turned there came the shot of a firelock from higher up the hill; and with the very sound of it Glenure fell upon the road.

'O, I am dead!' he cried, several times over.

The lawyer had caught him up and held him in his arms, the servant standing over and clasping his hands. And now the wounded man looked from one to another with scared eyes, and there was a change in his voice that went to the heart.

'Take care of yourselves,' says he. 'I am dead.'

He tried to open his clothes as if to look for the wound, but his fingers slipped on the buttons. With that he gave a great sigh, his head rolled on his shoulder, and he passed away.

From 'Pulvis et Umbra.'

Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp: nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction, NH_3 and H_2O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible properties no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumours that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable: one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds: a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;—and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little,

cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. (From *Across the Plains.*)

From 'Underwoods.'

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazel'd brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is,
And sweeter she than primroses,
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals. (No. iv.)

From 'Songs of Travel.'

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure:
Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

(No. xliii.; To S. R. Crockett, on receiving a dedication.)

The only complete collection of Stevenson's works is the Edinburgh edition in twenty-eight volumes (1894–98); but most of his romances, essays, and miscellaneous writings are in general circulation. His *Life*, by Mr Graham Balfour (2 vols. 1901), does little more than supplement the two volumes of *Letters to his Family and Friends*, edited by Mr Sidney Colvin (1899). Some further biographical details are given in *R. L. Stevenson's Edinburgh Days*, by Miss E. B. Simpson (1898). Out of the hundreds of critical articles on the man and his work which have appeared during the later years of his life and since his death, few are of any substantial value. Among those which are, two only are of sufficient importance to demand mention: Mr Colvin's preface—really an informal biography—to the two volumes of letters just mentioned, and Professor W. Raleigh's able, if somewhat academic, appreciation, *R. L. Stevenson* (1895).

J. W. MACKAIL.

John Churton Collins, born in 1848 in Gloucestershire, studied at Balliol, has written much for the reviews and magazines, edited works of Tourneur, Herbert of Cherbury, Greene, Dryden, Tennyson, and written books on Sir Joshua Reynolds, on Bolingbroke and on Voltaire in England, and on Swift, besides *A Study of English Literature*, *Illustrations of Tennyson*, *Essays and Criticisms*, and *Ephemera Critica.*

William Hurrell Mallock, born in 1849 at Cockington Court, Devon, won the Newdigate in 1871 whilst at Balliol, Oxford. He made a hit with *The New Republic* (1877) and *The New Paul and Virginia* (1878); has written *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*, and other novels; has published a poem on Lucretius and other volumes of verse; and in *Aristocracy and Evolution*, *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, and other works has sought to make serious contributions to the solution of religious, political, and sociological problems.

Henry Rider Haggard, born at Bradenham Hall in Norfolk, 22nd June 1856, and educated at Ipswich Grammar School, held several official positions in South Africa in 1875–79, and on his return was called to the Bar. His first book, *Cetewayo and his White Neighbours* (1882), attracted little notice; and two novels, *Dawn* (1884) and *The Witch's Head* (1885), were only successful after *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) and *She* (1887) had by their novelty and imaginative ingenuity won great and immediate popularity. Among his other novels are *Jess* (1887), *Allan Quatermain* (1887), *Maiwa's Revenge* (1888), *Cleopatra* (1889), *Allan's Wife* (1890), *Nada the Lily* (1892), *Montezuma's Daughter* (1893), *Joan Haste* (1895), and *Swallow, a Story of the Great Trek* (1897). *The World's Desire* (1891) was written in collaboration with Mr Andrew Lang. Mr Haggard is keenly interested in agricultural conditions and problems, and has published *A Farmer's Year* (1899) and *Rural England* (1903), a somewhat pessimistic survey of the present agricultural position, based on elaborate personal inquiries.

Mrs Humphry Ward was born in 1851 at Hobart in Tasmania, eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, second son of Dr Arnold of Rugby, who, having resigned his Tasmanian inspectorship of schools on becoming a Roman Catholic, was by Dr Newman appointed Professor of English Literature in a Catholic college at Dublin. Mary Augusta Arnold was already known as a scholarly and accomplished writer when in 1872 she married Thomas Humphry Ward, editor of *The English Poets*. She began early to contribute to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and gave the fruits of her Spanish studies to Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. A child's story,



MRS HUMPHRY WARD.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Milly and Olly (1881), *Miss Bretherton* (1884), a slight novel, and the translation of Amiel's *Journal Intime* (1885) prepared the way for the spiritual romance of *Robert Elsmere* (1888), which became the novel of the season. It embodied an attempt to describe the struggle of a soul in its voyage towards newer theistic aspirations after losing the landmarks of the old faith. Profound spiritual insight, broad human sympathy, and strong thinking are manifest throughout; but as a work of art it is marred by diffuseness, didactic persistency of purpose, and a fatal want of mastery over the fundamental secret of the novelist—the power to make her puppets live rather than preach. Its successor, *David Grieve* (1892), showed all its faults and fewer merits. *Marcella* (1894) and *Sir George Tressady* (1895) are novels of English politics and society with much that is truly felt and movingly represented, yet too didactic withal. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (1898) and *Eleanor* (1900) deal with aspects of modern Catholicism; and *Lady Rose's Daughter* (1903) is another novel of society, depicting a situation that recalls the relations of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse and Madame du Deffand.

Madame Duclaux, a bilingual authoress, was born at Leamington in 1857, was educated at Brussels, in Italy, and at University College, London, and under her maiden name of Agnes Mary Frances Robinson was well known as an English poetess ere, in 1888, she married Professor James Darmesteter, a learned Parisian, who was professor at the Collége de France (died 1894). In 1901 she married Professor Duclaux, Director-in-Chief of the Pasteur Institute. Her *Handful of Honeysuckles* showed her a poetess of rare gifts, and the impression was confirmed by her *Crowned Hippolytus*, a translation from Euripides; *The New Arcadia and other Poems; An Italian Garden*, a book of songs; *Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play;* and *Retrospect and other Poems.* She has published a novel, *Arden*, and books on the End of the Middle Ages and on Emily Brontë; in French and English, Lives of Margaret Queen of Navarre and of M. Renan, and a mediæval anthology; and in French, a book on *Froissart* (in the 'Grands Ecrivains' series), and *Grands Ecrivains d'Outremanche* (1901).

Michael Field is the pseudonym adopted by two ladies who write poetry in collaboration, and whose names are understood to be Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper. They have produced about a dozen plays in verse, and also three or four volumes of lyrics. Some of the plays, like *Callirrhöe* (1884) and *Brutus Ultor* (1887), have classical themes, but the majority are based on passages of English and Scottish history. Such are *Fair Rosamund* (1884); *The Father's Tragedy* (1885), dealing with the fate of David, Earl of Rothesay; *William Rufus* (1886); *Canute the Great* (1887); and *The Tragic Mary* (1890), who of course is Mary Queen of Scots. These latter are written after the Elizabethan manner, and by some critics have even been called Shakespearian. *Callirrhöe* is pretty and ingenious, but not at all Hellenic in tone or quality. The lyrical poems published under the pseudonym as *Long Ago* (1889), *Sight and Song* (1892), and *Under the Bough* (1893) are less ambitious and have more decided charm.

Alice Meynell, daughter of Mr T. J. Thompson, and younger sister of Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) the battle-painter, was educated entirely by her father, with whom she lived in England and Italy until her marriage in 1877 with Mr Wilfrid Meynell, who has written much for the reviews, and in 1903 published a Life of

Beaconsfield. *Preludes* (1875), her first volume of verse, was illustrated by her sister, and was republished with some changes and additions in 1893. It was praised by Ruskin and Rossetti, and contains verse of high quality and finish for so young a poetess as she was when most of its contents were written. For many years afterwards her literary activity was mainly employed in essay-writing in the newspapers and reviews, but in 1897 she edited an Anthology of English Poetry, showing delicate literary discernment. The list of her published works includes *The Rhythm of Life* (1893), *The Colour of Life* and *The Children* (1896), *The Spirit of Place* (1898), a sympathetic criticism of Ruskin, and a volume of *Later Poems* (1902).

Mary St Leger Harrison, at the beginning of the twentieth century one of the most conspicuous and powerful of women novelists, is the younger daughter of Charles Kingsley, and as Mary St Leger Kingsley spent her girlhood at Eversley Rectory. She married the rector of Clovelly in that North Devon which was so dear to her father, but became a widow in 1897. Under the pen-name of 'Lucas Malet' she made her mark in 1882 with *Mrs Lorimer*, a sketch in black and white, and had a great success in *Colonel Enderby's Wife* (1885)—both of them, like most of her novels, dealing frankly with the ethical aspects of human life and society. *Little Peter* and *A Counsel of Perfection* were succeeded by *The Wages of Sin* (1891), *The Carissima* (1896), *The Gateless Barrier* (1900), and *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, a 'strong' rather than pleasant study of an unamiable dwarf and his noble mother (1901). In 1899 Mrs Harrison had become a member of the Roman Catholic communion.

Fiona Macleod is the name borne by the authoress of a remarkable series of Celtic tales, romances, and poems which began to appear in 1894 with *Pharais, a Romance of the Isles.* Then followed in quick succession *The Mountain Lovers* and *The Sin-Eater* (1895), *The Washer of the Ford* and *Green Fire* (1896), and *The Laughter of Peterkin* (1897), most of which were collected in 1897 in a three-volume reprint. Later books are *The Dominion of Dreams* (1899), *The Divine Adventure* (1900), and *Drostan and Iseult* (1902). Fiona Macleod finds her themes in the Celtic myths of early Ireland and Scotland, which in her pages are so effectively treated as to make her one of the chief representatives of that 'Celtic Revival' of which Mr W. B. Yeats is the protagonist. *From the Hills of Dream* is a collection of lyrics; *Through the Ivory Gates*, poems; *The Immortal Hour*, a drama based on a Celtic legend. In the dedication to Mr Meredith of *The Sin-Eater* she says: 'The beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism, the spiritual glamour—it is out of these, the spiritual inheritance of the Gael, that I have fashioned these tales.'

James Matthew Barrie was born in 1860 at Kirriemuir, a Forfarshire village to which he has given a popularity it never formerly enjoyed. Educated at first at the village school, he passed to Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, taking his M.A. in 1882. After eighteen months' work on the staff of a Nottingham newspaper, he settled in London as a contributor to such weekly journals as the *Speaker* and the *National Observer.* His first book, *Better Dead* (1887), was largely a satire on London life; his second, *The Auld Licht Idylls* (1888), and its successor and sequel, *A Window in Thrums* (1889), made him one of the most popular writers of the day. Few recent



JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

sketches of Scottish village life show as much keen observation and quaint humour as are to be found in these vignettes of an extinct generation of country weavers. Less successful was Mr Barrie's next venture, *The Little Minister*, a full-length novel published in *Good Words* in 1891, which, though clever in description, dialogue, and character-drawing, showed a lack of constructive power on a large design and of skill in the handling of a theme involving serious passion. Other works of fiction from his pen are *When a Man's Single* (1888); *My Lady Nicotine* (1899); *Sentimental Tommy* (1896), with its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel* (1900); and *The Little White Bird* (1902). *Margaret Ogilvie* (1896) is a pathetic picture of the life and death of his mother. His dramatic ventures, including *Walker, London* (1892), a slight but agreeable farce, in the title-rôle of which Mr J. L. Toole made one of his last successes; *The*

Professor's Love Story (1895), a charmingly fresh comedy; and a setting of his own novel *The Little Minister* (1897), which displayed many of the faults of the novel, were wonderfully well received on the stage, and have been followed by *The Wedding Guest*, a rather melodramatic piece; *The Admirable Crichton*, a clever fantasy; *Quality Street;* and the 'delightful joke' *Little Mary* (1903). There is a book on Barrie and his work by Hammerton (1900).

George Bernard Shaw, novelist and playwright, was born at Dublin in 1856. He had no university education, but in 1876 came to London and there embarked, at first with small success, in a career of journalism and literary work. Between 1880 and 1883 he produced four novels, the best-known of which is *Cashel Byron's Profession*, with a boxer for hero. In 1883 he became a Socialist agitator, and helped to form the programme of the Fabian Society, editing the essays of the League, to which he had contributed in 1889. Several tracts from his pen were also published by the same adventure, among them *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* in 1891. In 1892 appeared the first of his clever and eccentric plays, *Widowers' Houses*, produced by the Independent Theatre Society, and followed by *Arms and the Man* (1894), *Candida*, *The Man of Honour* and *The Man of Destiny* in 1897, and others in the same erratic vein. A collection of them, under the title of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, was issued in 1898; *Three Plays for Puritans* followed in 1900; and *Man and Superman* (1903) combines comedy with a paradoxical philosophy of life.

John Davidson, son of a minister of the Evangelical Union, was born at Barrhead in Renfrewshire in 1857, and educated at Greenock. After studying for one session at Edinburgh University, he spent some twelve years in desultory employment as chemist's assistant, mercantile clerk, and teacher in various schools at Greenock, Perth, Glasgow, Paisley, and Crieff. In 1890 he went to London as a journalist, and wrote for the newspapers until his verses began to attract attention. Already he had published several dramas—*Bruce, a Chronicle Play* (1886), after the Elizabethan manner; *Smith, a Tragic Farce* (1888); and *Scaramouch in Naxos* (1889). These were followed in 1891 by a volume of poems entitled *In a Music Hall*, and before the end of the century he had produced seven or eight other volumes of poetry and drama, the most notable of which are *Fleet Street Eclogues* (1893–95), *Ballads and Songs* (1894), *New Ballads* (1896), *The Last Ballad* (1898), *Godfrida*, a play, and *The Testament of an Empire Builder* (1902). His verse is forcible, graceful, and luxuriant; in his treatment of some metropolitan scenes he shows a quite poignant realism; in his dramatic works he is more successful with a theme like that of the story of Ariadne than with the heroic history of a nation's struggle for freedom.

William Watson, son of a Yorkshire farmer, was born at Burley-in-Wharfedale in that county on 2nd August 1858. His father afterwards became a merchant at Liverpool, where the son was brought up. None of our universities can claim the honour of educating him; but from an early age he showed a poetic bent and gift, and in 1880 appeared *The Prince's Quest*, his first published work, manifesting strongly the influence of William Morris. Neither it, however, nor the *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*, which came out in 1884, attracted much attention; and it was not till the thoughtful and touching verses on 'Wordsworth's Grave,' in the measure of Gray's *Elegy* and the manner of Matthew Arnold, were issued along with some other short pieces in 1890 that Mr Watson was generally recognised as a poet. In 1892 he produced another pleasing elegy entitled 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' on the death of Tennyson, bringing it out along with several other lyrics, one of which, 'England my Mother,' bears close resemblance to Mr Henley's much more powerful verses to 'England, my England,' published earlier in the same year. *The Eloping Angels* (1893) is a clever caprice in Byronic *ottava rima*, and, like the majority of its predecessors, has something of the air of an echo of the great masters. More original and personal are the sonnets on *The Year of Shame* and *The Purple East* (1896), although they are deformed by their fierce and almost hysterical denunciation of the 'unspeakable Turk.' The most notable of Mr Watson's other poems are his *Father of the Forest* (1895) and *The Hope of the World* (1897), which were collected along with the rest of his verse in 1898; in 1902 he produced one of the many odes on the coronation of King Edward VII., and in 1903 published *For England: Poems written in Estrangement.* In prose he has written a volume of essays entitled *Excursions in Criticism* (1893). In 1895 he received a Civil List pension in recognition of his work.

Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde (1856–1900), poet and dramatist, was the younger son of Sir William Wilde, eminent both as surgeon and as antiquary, and of Jane Elgee, a lady who under the *nom de guerre* of 'Speranza' contributed some inspiring verse to *The Spirit of the Nation.* He was educated first at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Magdalen, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize in 1878 by a poem on *Ravenna.* Here he began that cult of 'æstheticism' for which he quickly became famous both in England and America. This movement, which for a few years took an astonishing hold on the British public, derived its impulse mainly from Wilde, and its influence has been much more than ephemeral. In 1881 appeared a volume of poems, marked by a singular mixture of verbal felicity and affected sentiment. In 1888 Wilde entered on a period of great activity, first as a writer of novels

and stories, and later as a dramatist. In the former kind *Dorian Gray* (1891) is his chief work, and its success was due, in part at least, to qualities not exclusively literary. The popularity of his plays was more legitimately earned. *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892), *A Woman of No Importance* (1893), *The Ideal Husband*, and *The Importance of being Earnest* (1895) were all of them successful on the stage, and are admirable specimens of light comedy, abounding in vivacious dialogue and dexterous situations. Wilde's career was abruptly terminated in the height of his dramatic success; and after undergoing two years imprisonment for an odious criminal offence, he was released in 1897, and passed his remaining years in France, where shortly before his death he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1898) embodies his experiences as a convict.

George Moore, novelist, playwright, and art critic, was born in 1857, son of a Mayo landowner and M.P., who, like most of the Young Ireland party, to which he was attached, united literary talent with political activity. Educated at Oscott, Moore early gave proof that his father's taste for letters had descended to him. His earliest venture was in verse. *Flowers of Passion* appeared in 1878, and *Martin Luther*, a tragedy, in 1879. Following these efforts, Moore spent several years in the study of art in Paris, where he imbibed views which have coloured all his subsequent work. In 1885 a translation of Zola's *Pot-bouille* expressly avowed the direction which Moore's artistic and literary sympathies had now taken; but in *A Mummer's Wife*, a novel published in the previous year, he had indicated his enthusiasm for 'realism' plainly enough. *Vain Fortune* (1891) and *Esther Waters* (1894) are in the same vein. His later career has been chiefly associated with what is known as the Celtic Revival, and is somewhat at odds with his earlier tendencies. That his intimate connection with the modern school of art and letters in France should have led him to the conclusion that the English language has ceased to be an apt vehicle for literary purposes, is less surprising than that the disciple of realism should find the elixir of a new literary life in the idealism of the Celtic movement. With Mr Yeats, Mr Martyn, Dr Hyde, and others, he has been a contributor to *Ideals in Ireland* (1901), and has written *The Bending of the Bough* for the Irish Literary Theatre. It is perhaps as an art critic that he has most deservedly won distinction; his best work in this kind is to be found in *Modern Painting* (1898). In 1903 he renounced the Roman Catholic faith, mainly on Celtic-national grounds.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was the son of a clerk in the Exchequer Office in Edinburgh who possessed a share of the artistic gifts of his famous brother Richard Doyle; born in 1859, he was educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University for a medical career. He practised medicine on land and on an Arctic ship, but was writing for *Chambers's Journal* when still a student, and in 1887 and 1888 attracted notice by *A Study in Scarlet* and *Micah Clarke*, which were followed in 1890 by the still more popular *White Company;* and save that he exercised his medical profession with the troops during part of the war in South Africa, and that he stood in 1900, unsuccessfully, as Unionist candidate for a seat in Edinburgh, he has since 1890 been known as a successful author by profession, especially as the creator of a special type of detective story, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, first published in the *Strand Magazine*, and in 1891 in book form. *Brigadier Gerard*, *Rodney Stone*, and *The Hound of the Baskervilles* are amongst his most successful stories. He also wrote *The Great Boer War* (1900) and a short work on *The Cause and Conduct of the War*, issued to explain and defend the action of Britain against misrepresentation in Europe and America. For his services in this connection he was knighted in 1902. In a straightforward, unaffected, vigorous style he writes stories full of invention, movement, and interest.

Sidney Lee, to whom Britain is largely indebted for the carrying out of the monumental *Dictionary of National Biography*, was born in London in 1859, studied at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford. From the beginning of the *Dictionary of National Biography* to the twenty-first volume (1883–90) he was assistant-editor; in 1890–91 (vols. xxii.–xxvi.) he was joint-editor with Sir Leslie Stephen; and from 1891 to the conclusion of the work (with the sixty-third volume), besides supplement (3 vols.) and epitome (1891–1903), was sole editor. In 1883 he produced a new edition of Lord Berners's translation of Huon of Bordeaux; which was followed by a recension and continuation of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography; he wrote on Stratford-on-Avon from the earliest time till Shakespeare's death, and on the first folio Shakespeare; and he has published Lives of Shakespeare and of Queen Victoria, expanded from the articles on them contributed by him to the *Dictionary*. The article on Shakespeare in this work is from his pen.

Israel Zangwill, born in London in 1864, the son of an immigrant, was successively teacher and journalist; has written essays, poems, and plays; but is best known as author of *Children of the Ghetto*, *Ghetto Tragedies*, *The King of Schnorrers*, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, and other stories showing his keen insight into all aspects of Jewish life and his sympathy with his race, as well as his literary skill and power.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, born in 1863, the son of a London head-master and clergyman, was educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, and called to the Bar in 1887. *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) was not his first book, but it was that which made his pen-name of 'Anthony Hope' familiar; and, compounded of romanticism, satire, modernity,

and burlesque, has served as a model to many attempts in the same genre. The amusing *Dolly Dialogues* belong to the same year; and other notable works are *Rupert of Hentzau*, *The King's Mirror*, *Quisante*, *Tristram of Blent*, and *The Intrusions of Peggy*.

Rudyard Kipling,* journalist, writer of short stories, poet and novelist, was born at Bombay on 30th December 1865. His father, Mr John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., is an artist of considerable knowledge and skill; his mother (*née* Alice Macdonald) has, in conjunction with her daughter, published a volume of poems (*Hand in Hand*, 1902) showing no small literary power combined with rare delicacy and refinement of feeling. Mr Rudyard Kipling was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon. Afterwards returning to India, he became a journalist and acted at Allahabad as assistant-editor on the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer*, in which were printed the stories which, when collected and republished in book form, first drew the attention of the reading public to his merits. Mr Kipling has travelled in China, Japan, Africa, Australia, and America. It was during his seven years' residence in the United States that he all but succumbed to an attack of pneumonia, which called forth an extraordinary manifestation of sympathy on the part of the American public. After this he returned to England, but he has since then made more than one visit of considerable duration to South Africa. Mr Kipling's publications include *Departmental Ditties* (1886), *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *In Black and White*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *Under the Deodars*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, *Life's Handicap*, *The Light that Failed*, *The Naulakha* (written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier), *Barrack Room Ballads*, *Many Inventions*, *The Jungle Book*, *The Second Jungle Book*, *The Seven Seas*, *Captains Courageous*, *The Day's Work*, *Stalky & Co.*, *From Sea to Sea*, *Kim*, *Just So Stories*, and *The Five Nations*, a collection of poems, published in 1903.



RUDYARD KIPLING.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

Mr Kipling is still a young man with many years of work, it may be hoped, before him. No attempt could therefore in any case be made to fix the place which he will eventually occupy in the literature of his age and country. The task would be made additionally difficult by the curious and almost freakish developments and changes which have marked his literary power during the last eighteen years. He became known originally as a writer of short stories dealing with Indian life, and particularly with the life of the British soldier in India. These showed him to be possessed of a method at once vivid and strong, and of an uncompromising directness of expression somewhat rare amongst the writers of the day. The stories were not less remarkable for the extraordinary keenness of observation displayed by the writer. He may be said (although not a few soldiers might hesitate to concur in this dictum) to have represented the common soldier with a faithful accuracy that left but little to be desired; there, limned to the life, were the Cockney, the Yorkshireman, and the Irishman, three types of the great mass of their fellows who make up the rank and file of the army. Their weaknesses and the peculiar code of morals that is supposed to distinguish the regular soldier from his civilian fellow-countrymen were set down as faithfully as their courage, their fatalistic endurance, their admiration of manliness, and their resourcefulness. The success of *Soldiers Three* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* was incontestable, and they were followed by sketches displaying the same graphic power in conjuction with imaginative insight and a vein of tenderness in some of the tales that formed a strange contrast to the somewhat brutal but intentional roughness of other writings by the young author. Less successful was *The Light that Failed*, Mr Kipling's first attempt at a novel. The same qualities and the same contrast are to be observed in this book as in the collections of shorter stories, but the coarseness outweighs and overpowers the tenderness; and the style of writing which, in spite of its jerkiness and its lack of emotional restraint, carried the writer triumphantly through the few pages of the short story seems to lag and halt when forced into his service for a novel. While the two *Jungle Books* and *Kim* must not be forgotten by those who endeavour to estimate Mr Kipling's position, it may safely be said that of late

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Mr Kipling's chief triumphs have been gained by his poems. The best of these, such as, to take only two examples, 'The Ballad of East and West' and 'The Recessional,' reach a very high level indeed. In the 'Ballad' is to be found that union of fiery descriptive power with nobility of feeling and an artfully simple metrical dexterity which stamps all great ballads. The subject fortunately forbade that overwrought attention to its technical details which is a mark of some of Mr Kipling's pieces both in verse and prose ; but there is, on the contrary, a downright and straightforward narration of a heroic and knightly incident which makes its appeal to the reader without any adventitious trickery. No doubt many of Mr Kipling's pieces in verse, notably the *Barrack Room Ballads*, with their coarse dialect jargon and their almost affected brutality of sentiment, are destined merely to a passing popularity. Of many of his other pieces, too, it may be said that the strenuous and often aggressive patriot has submerged the poet ; but if he be judged by the best of his work in poetry, it may be affirmed that amongst writers of the day he is unsurpassed for vigour of diction combined with an imaginative power that holds the reader in its spell even when the subject dealt with by the poet is most terrible and distressing.

RUDOLF C. LEHMANN.

Stephen Phillips, born at Somerton near Oxford in 1868, is the son of an English clergyman, and was educated at the Grammar Schools of Stratford and of Peterborough, where his father was Precentor of the Cathedral. After studying a while for the Civil Service, he went on the stage, playing parts of all kinds in Benson's Company, and subsequently became an army tutor. Finally he turned to literature, and in 1897 drew critical notice by his striking poem *Christ in Hades*, afterwards included in the volume of *Poems* published in the same year, which was 'crowned' by the *Academy* journal. In 1899 appeared the first of three poetical dramas, *Paolo and Francesca*, followed by *Herod* (1900) and *Ulysses* (1902). The author's theatrical experience helped, with their own dramatic and poetic merit, to secure success on the stage for each of these plays, and especially for the last. As a poet Mr Phillips is admitted by the best critics to have true and high poetic endowment, with a real gift for epigrammatic and memorable lines.

William Butler Yeats, born in Dublin in 1865, of Anglo-Irish parentage, has steeped his imagination in the legend and myth of the Irish Celt, and it has been apparently the chief ambition of his maturer years to give reality to that conception of an individual Irish literature, divorced from English influences, which has inspired the movement of which the Irish Literary Society and the Irish Literary Theatre are the organised champions. Yet it may be doubted whether the *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), over which he has brooded in *The Celtic Twilight* (1902), in which he loves to sit, are really Irish ideas, or whether his art is as Celtic as he supposes. Certainly, in spite of his 'Cathleens' and 'Maires,' his 'Finns' and 'Brans,' one may read the latest and most carefully revised edition of his *Poems* without finding any very direct evidences of a distinctively Celtic imagination. Mr Yeats was born with a delight in the vague, the mystical, and the unreal. These are poetical qualities ; but they are not the peculiar characteristic of Irish folklore any more than they are the peculiar characteristic of the Scandinavian sagas. In every race and in every literature, if you go back to the primitive myth and unrecorded tradition, you go back to the vague, the mystical, and the unreal. If the past be but remote enough, even realities become unreal, and action no more than a dream. Whatever his tongue, the bard or story-teller can only speak of 'old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago.' Mr Yeats is a poet of imagination, and he has found in the realm of Celtic myth, which Ferguson was the first to explore, material which mates with his fancy. But to speak of his verse or of his prose tales—charming as many of the latter are—as an interpretation of Irish character is to profoundly misinterpret that character. It is characteristic of Mr Yeats's delight in dreams and shadows that the poet who has most attracted and influenced him is William Blake, whose works he edited in 1892 in conjunction with Mr E. J. Ellis.

It is nineteen years since Mr Yeats, then a lad of nineteen, first appeared in print in the pages of the *Dublin University Review*. Since then, though he has published many volumes, he has written comparatively little verse. He is to be commended for the restraint he has exercised, and the fastidiousness with which he has pruned his poems. Though he has published since 1888 several volumes of poetry, the collected edition, which contains 'all of his published poetry which he cares to preserve,' is still of modest size. As an interpreter of Celtic myth and tradition, and an exponent of the Celtic influences in literature, Mr Yeats takes himself, as we have seen, very seriously. Every one may not take the same view of his mission that he does himself. But no one can doubt that he is a poet. When he is least self-conscious Mr Yeats can fulfil with real charm of manner and of language one of the highest functions of a poet, that of expressing in the language of the imagination the dimly realised feelings of less gifted persons. If he can give the world more of such poetry as the lyric in which he has sung for every prisoned toiler in the smoke of cities the haunting charm of nature's lonely solitudes, the world will forgive him readily enough for many affectations :

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

COMPLEMENTARY LIST

OF RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AUTHORS, IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE.

George Long (1800–79), sometime professor in University College, London, edited the *Penny Cyclopædia*, contributed much to Smith's Classical Dictionaries, and was an accomplished translator and commentator on classical texts.

John Colquhoun (1805–85), army officer, wrote *The Moor and the Loch*, *Rocks and Rivers*, *Salmon Casts*, and *Sporting Days*.

Charles George William St John (1809–56), for a while a clerk in the Treasury, wrote *Wild Sports of the Highlands* and valuable *Note-books* on sport and natural history.

John Bright (1811–89) wrote little directly for publication, though he contributed a few prefatory notes to other people's works, and was co-editor with Thorold Rogers of Cobden's speeches. His own *Speeches on Questions of Public Policy*, which may fairly claim to rank as literature, were published in 1868 (new ed. 1878); his *Public Addresses* in 1879; and his *Public Letters* in 1885.

Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy (1812–78), professor in London University and then Chief-Justice of Ceylon, wrote *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*.

William George Ward (1812–82), Fellow and tutor of Balliol, became a Tractarian, and wrote *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, whence he became known as 'Ideal Ward;' becoming Roman Catholic, he edited the *Dublin Review*, and maintained Papal infallibility against liberalism in theology.

Edward Forbes (1815–54), Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, published more than two hundred works or papers on various departments of zoology and palæontology.

George Jacob Holyoake (b. 1817) has written many books on the history of co-operation and on secularism (of which he was the foremost exponent), as well as the autobiographical *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*.

John Campbell Shairp (1819–85), Principal of St Andrews University and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was a poet and accomplished critic, amongst his works being *Kilmahoe*, *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, *Culture and Religion*, *Aspects of Poetry*, and a small book on Burns.

Alexander Campbell Fraser (b. 1819), at first a Free Church minister, and for thirty-five years Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh, published the great edition of Berkeley's works with notes and life, as also of Locke's *Essay*, with smaller books on Berkeley and Locke, and defended theism in his Gifford Lectures.

Francis Galton (b. 1822), traveller and anthropologist, has by a long life of patient research made himself the supreme authority on all that concerns heredity in man, amongst his books being *Tropical South Africa*, *Hereditary Genius* (1869), *English Men of Science—their Nature and Nurture*, *Human Faculty*, *Natural Inheritance*, as well as an important work on *Finger Prints* and a *Fingerprint Directory*.

Sir Edward Bruce Hamley (1824–93), Lieutenant-General and Commandant of the Staff College, contributed to *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, and, besides books on wars and campaigns, wrote on Voltaire, on *Shakespeare's Funeral*, and *Lady Lee's Widowhood*.

Lord Kelvin (b. 1824), long known as Sir William Thomson, the most eminent mathematician and physicist of his time, has published not merely innumerable *Mathematical and Physical Papers*, but also three volumes of *Popular Lectures and Addresses*.

Augustus Jessopp (b. 1824), rector of Scarning, has written much on local and ecclesiastical history, *Arcady* and *The Coming of the Friars* amongst many other books.

Sir William Huggins (b. 1824) has, as an astronomer directing his own private observatory, made himself a supreme authority on spectroscopic astronomy, and has contributed largely to the Transactions of the learned societies.

George Bruce Malleson (1825–98), colonel, wrote books on the French in India, on the Indian Mutiny, and other periods of military history.

Frederick James Furnivall, born in 1825, has given a great impulse to the scholarly study of English literature by over a hundred works he has published, largely annotated editions of old English texts for the learned societies of which he has been an important member.

Lord Dufferin (1826–1902), statesman and orator, was author of *Letters from High Latitudes*, first published in 1859. And see page 385.

St George Mivart (1827–1900), Professor of Zoology at the Roman Catholic College of Kensington, wrote *The Genesis of Species* and other works from the standpoint of a sincere evolutionist save as regards mind, but an opponent of natural selection; and was for his eschatological views ultimately debarred from the sacraments of his Church.

Simon Somerville Laurie (b. 1829), from 1876 till 1902 Professor of Education at Edinburgh, has published a Life of Comenius; works on the institutes of education, on the history of mediæval education, on the philosophy of ethics, and on British theories of morals; and as 'Scotus Novanticus,' *Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta* and *Ethica*.

William Michael Rossetti (b. 1829), editor of the famous Pre-Raphaelite *Germ* in 1850, has written much on

his father, his brother and sister, and on the Pre-Raphaelites; produced a Life of Keats; and edited many of the English poets, including Shelley, Blake, and the series of 'Moxon's Popular Poets.'

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff (b. 1829) has published, besides political speeches and miscellanies, *Studies in European Politics*, books on Sir Henry Maine, M. Renan, and Lord de Tabley, and four series of *Notes from a Diary*.

Stanley Leathes (1830–90), Prebendary of St Paul's, was Boyle lecturer, Hulsean lecturer, and author of many conservative theological works.

George Tomkins Chesney (1830–95), general and member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, wrote, besides *The Battle of Dorking*, *The Private Secretary* and *The Lesters*.

Joseph Parker (1830–1902), preacher at the City Temple in London, was a copious and popular theological writer.

Hamilton Aïdé (b. 1830) has written poems, novels, and plays, among his recent works being *Jane Treachel*, *The Snares of the World*, and *We are Seven* (1902).

John Knox Laughton (b. 1830), Professor of Modern History at University College, London, is an authority on the science of navigation and on naval history, his books on *Nelson*, on *Nelson and his Companions*, and on *Sea Fights and Adventures* being among the most popular; his *Life of Sir Henry Reeve* is his most important work on other than nautical themes.

James Clerk Maxwell (1831–79), Professor of Physics at Cambridge, was one of the most creative thinkers on electricity and magnetism, produced epoch-making books and papers on these and other branches of physical science, and was a brilliant letter-writer.

Edward Spencer Beesly (b. 1831), formerly a professor of University College, London, wrote what he thought a fairer estimate than heretofore of *Catiline, Clodius, and Tiberius*, and a book on Queen Elizabeth, and was one of the translators of Comte's *Positive Polity*.

George Manville Fenn (b. 1831) has produced about a hundred novels and boys' stories, including *The Parson o' Durnford*, *The Silver Salvers*, *The Canker Worm*, *Black Shadows* (1902).

George Alfred Henty (1832–1903), journalist and novelist, was author of eighty books for boys; *Colonel Thorndyke's Secret* being one of his later novels.

Lord Roberts (b. 1832), a distinguished soldier, field-marshal, and commander-in-chief, is a successful author in virtue of his *Rise of Wellington* and *Forty-one Years in India*.

Thomas Fowler (b. 1832), President of Corpus Christi, Oxford, has written manuals of deductive and inductive logic, books on the principles of morals, and works on Locke, on Bacon, on Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, besides two histories of his own college.

Henry Fawcett (1833–84), Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and M.P., is best known for his *Manual of Political Economy*, largely a popular exposition of Mill, and a book on *Protection and Free Trade*.

Richard Watson Dixon (1833–1900), vicar of Warkworth and honorary canon of Carlisle, published seven volumes of poetry, but is remembered as author of a scholarly *History of the Church of England* in the Reformation period.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton (1834–94) wrote *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, *Etchers and Etching*, *The Graphic Arts*, *Landscape*, two Lives of Turner, and books on *The Intellectual Life*, on *Human Intercourse*, and on *French and English*.

George Du Maurier (1834–96), artist and *Punch* illustrator, was author of *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby* (1894), and *The Martian* (1897).

William Westall (1834–1903), originally a business man, then journalist and novelist, published *Larry Lohengrin* in 1879, *The Old Factory* in 1881; *Strange Crimes*, *A New Bridal*, *Her Ladyship's Secret*, *The Sacred Crescents*, are but a few of his many stories.

James Bass Mullinger (b. 1834), University Lecturer on History at Cambridge, is author of the great history of his university and of one of St John's College, of books on the ancient African Church and on *The Schools of Charles the Great*, and, with Dr S. R. Gardiner, of an *Introduction to English History*.

Philip Stanhope Worsley (1835–66) was the author of verse translations of the *Odyssey* and twelve books of the *Iliad*.

George Birkbeck Hill (1835–1903), at one time headmaster of a school at Tottenham, wrote *Dr Johnson, his Friends and his Critics*, and produced the masterly (but over-annotated) Oxford edition of Boswell's *Johnson*; besides editing and writing much in the way of Johnsoniana, as well as editing Hume's and Boswell's letters.

Paul Belloni Du Chaillu (1835–1903) discovered the gorilla, recorded his *Adventures in Equatorial Africa* (1861), wrote several books on African experiences and African subjects, and produced books on Sweden and on the Viking Age.

Sir Archibald Geikie (b. 1835) is not merely a very distinguished geologist, but an accomplished writer on his science, his Lives of J. D. Forbes, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Sir A. C. Ramsay, as well as his book on *The Founders of Geology*, taking a permanent place in biographical literature.

Walter William Skeat (b. 1835), Professor of Anglo-Saxon in Cambridge, has by some sixty works done more than any scholar to the knowledge of Middle English and English philology generally; his edition of Chaucer and his *Etymological English Dictionary* his most famous works.

Sir Norman Lockyer (b. 1836), Director of the Solar Physics Observatory at South Kensington, has written innumerable works on astronomy, solar physics, and spectrum analysis, some of his best-known books being *Star Gazing Past and Present*, *The Chemistry of the Sun*, *Earth Movements*, *The Meteoritic Hypothesis*, *The Dawn of Astronomy*.

John Wesley Hales (b. 1836), Professor of English at King's College, London, has written *Shakespeare Essays* and edited Percy's Folio MS.

Oscar Browning (b. 1837), Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has produced *The Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century*, *A History of England* (4 vols.), *The Flight to Varennes*, books on the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the Condottieri, and Lives of Goethe, Dante, Peter the Great, Charles XII., and George Eliot.

James Augustus Henry Murray (b. 1837) wrote on Scottish dialects, and from 1879 was chief editor of the Philological Society's *New English Dictionary*, by far the most important work that has been done in English lexicography.

Adolphus William Ward (b. 1837), professor and principal at Owens College, wrote a *History of Dramatic Literature*, *Chaucer* and *Dickens* in the 'Men of Letters' series, and *The Electress Sophia* (1903) in the Goupil Series.

James Albery (1838–89), dramatic author, produced his first successful adaptation (*Dr Davy*) in 1866; his best-known plays being *Two Roses*, *Forgiven*, and *Oriana*.

James Dykes Campbell (1838–95), merchant at Glasgow and in Mauritius, is memorable as biographer and editor of Coleridge, and for his accurate and scholarly knowledge of the literary history of Wordsworth's period.

Henry Sidgwick (1838–1900), Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, wrote the *Methods of Ethics*, *Principles of Political Economy*, *Outlines of a History of Ethics*, *Elements of Politics*, *The Development of European Polity*.

Archibald Forbes (1838–1900), special correspondent of the *Daily News*, was especially eminent as a war correspondent.

Robert Flint (b. 1838), for quarter of a century Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh, published the first volume of his great *History of the Philosophy of History* in 1874 (revised in 1894 as *Historical Philosophy in France and Switzerland*), and has also written on theism, anti-theistic theories, and socialism.

Sir William Francis Butler (b. 1838), general and K.C.B., wrote much on British North America—*The Great Lone Land*, *The Wild North Land*—and Lives of Sir Charles Napier, General Gordon, and General Colley.

Andrew Martin Fairbairn (b. 183°), Congregationalist minister and Principal of Mansfield College at Oxford, is author of *Studies in Religion and Philosophy* (1876), *The City of God*, *Christ in Modern Theology*, *The Philosophy of the Christian Religion*.

Sir Spencer Walpole (b 1839), who was Secretary to the General Post-Office, wrote *A History of England from 1815*, Lives of Spencer Perceval and Earl Russell, and more than one volume in the 'English Citizen Series.'

William Samuel Lilly (b. 1840), barrister and secretary to the Catholic Union, has in *The Great Enigma*, *The Claims of Christianity*, and a dozen other works defended orthodoxy from Darwinism and other modern heresies.

Richard Whiteing (b. 1840), journalist and novelist, is best known as author of *No. 5 John Street*, *The Democracy*, *The Island*, *The Yellow Van* (1903).

Sir Robert Stawell Ball (b. 1840), Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, is an eloquent expositor of his science, and in *The Story of the Heavens*, *Starland*, *The Story of the Sun*, and *Great Astronomers* has appealed to a very wide audience.

Edward Whymper (b. 1840), eminent as an artist, is perhaps equally well known as traveller and mountaineer, his *Scrambles among the Alps*, *Travels among the Great Andes*, *Chamonix and Mont Blanc*, and *Zermatt and the Matterhorn* being amongst the classics of climbers.

Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb (b. 1841), Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, besides editions, translations, and commentaries on the classics (notably on Sophocles), has published a monograph on Bentley in the 'Men of Letters' series, and a work on modern Greece.

Sir Henry Morton Stanley (b. 1841), African traveller and member of Parliament, 'found Livingstone' in the service of the *New York Herald*, and recorded his adventures on that expedition; other works being on *The Congo and its Free State*, *Coomassie and Magdala*, *In Darkest Africa*, and *Through the Dark Continent*.

Thomas Kelly Cheyne (b. 1841), Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Scripture at Oxford and Canon of Rochester, is a very eminent Old Testament critic; has written much on Isaiah, Psalms, and other books of the Bible; and was editor-in-chief of the *Encyclopædia Biblica* (4 vols. 1899–1903).

Harry Buxton Forman (b. 1842), assistant-secretary of the General Post-Office, edited Keats and Shelley, and has written about them and other poets, as well as on bibliographical subjects.

Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid (b. 1842), first editor of the *Speaker*, has written, besides novels and a book on contemporary politicians, Lives of Charlotte Brontë, of Mr Forster, of Lord Houghton, of Lord Playfair, of William Black, and of Mr Gladstone.

Evelyn Abbott (1843–1901), tutor of Balliol, wrote a *History of Greece*, and was one of the authors of the Life of Jowett.

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke (b. 1843), M.P., has written *Greater Britain*, *The Problems of Greater Britain*, and books on European politics and the army question.

Frederick William Orde Ward (b. 1843), rector of Nuffield in Oxfordshire till 1897, has as 'F. Harald Williams' published *Women Must Weep* and seven other volumes of verse.

James Ward (b. 1843), Professor of Mental Philosophy at Cambridge, is best known as author of *Naturalism and Agnosticism* (1899).

Frederick Wedmore (b. 1844) is author of *Studies in English Art*, *Pastorals of France*, *Four Masters of Etching*, *Etching in England*, and other works on art, a Life of Balzac, and a book on Méryon.

John A. Doyle (b. 1844), Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has written on *The American Colonies* and *The English in America*, besides a school history of the United States, and edited Miss Ferrier's Letters.

William Kingdon Clifford (1845–79), Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London, was author of *Elements of Dynamics*, *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, *Seeing and Thinking*, besides mathematical papers and lectures and essays on various topics.

James Ashcroft Noble (1845–96), journalist and critic, published poems and a book on *The Sonnet in England and other Essays*.

Sir Frederick Pollock (b. 1845), Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, has written, besides various handbooks on law subjects, *A History of English Law* (with Professor Maitland), *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics*, an introduction to the history of politics, books on Spinoza and on mountaineering, and (with another) *The Etchingham Letters*.

Sir Herbert Maxwell (b. 1845) has written largely for the magazines; produced novels, books on local history, topography, and place names; works on fishing and natural phenomena, as well as a Life of the Duke of Wellington and a history of the House of Douglas.

Archibald Henry Sayce (b. 1846), Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, is distinguished also as an Egyptologist, Hebraist, Old Testament scholar, and philologist, amongst his works being *Comparative Philology*, *The Science of Language*, *The Hittites*, *The Higher Criticism*, and a famous book on *Herodotos*.

William Edward Norris (b. 1846) published *Heaps of Money* (1877), *My Friend Jim*, *The Rogue*, *The Widower*, *The Flower of the Flock*, *The Credit of the Country*, and other novels.

Sir Henry Craik (b. 1846), Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, edited English prose selections and selections from Swift, and besides a book on the State and education, wrote a Life of Swift (1882) and *A Century of Scottish History* (1901).

Ernest Hartley Coleridge (b. 1846), son of S. T. C.'s son Derwent, has edited his grandfather's letters, selections from his note-books called *Anima Poetæ*, and the final edition of Byron's *Poetical Works* (6 vols. 1898–1902); and he contributed the article on Coleridge to the present work.

Francis Herbert Bradley (b. 1846), Fellow of Merton, Oxford, has written on ethics, logic, and metaphysics —his chief book being *Appearance and Reality*.

Arthur S. Way (b. 1847), translator in verse of the *Odyssey*, part of the *Iliad*, of Euripides, and of the *Epodes* of Horace.

The Earl of Rosebery (b. 1847), statesman and orator, has published books on Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, and the later Life of Napoleon.

David Christie Murray (b. 1847), novelist and playwright, has published since *A Life's Atonement* (1880), *Joseph's Coat* (1881), and *Val Strange* (1882), some thirty other novels.

Major Martin Hume (b. 1847), of the Record Office, has edited the Calendar of Spanish Papers and the Chronicle of Henry VIII., produced several longer and shorter histories of Spain and the Spanish people, and written books on *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth* and *The Year after the Armada*, as well as Lives of Raleigh, Lord Burghley, and Philip II. of Spain.

George John Romanes (1848–94), in his later years less and less an agnostic, wrote on *Organic Evolution*, *Mental Evolution in Animals*, *Darwin and after Darwin*, *Thoughts on Religion*.

Arthur James Balfour (b. 1848), Prime Minister, has written on *Philosophic Doubt* and on *The Foundations of Belief*, besides publishing essays and addresses on ethical, political, and financial questions.

George Walter Prothero (b. 1848), editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and formerly Professor of History at Edinburgh, has written *The Life and Times of Simon de Montfort*, a memoir of Henry Bradshaw, a *British History Reader*, and other works.

William Francis Barry (b. 1849), rector of a Roman Catholic church at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, has written *The New Antigone*, *The Place of Dreams*, *The Two Standards*, *Arden Massiter*, *The Wizard's Knot*, *The Dayspring*, and other novels.

Joseph William Comyns Carr (b. 1849), art critic and dramatist, has written many books, essays, and papers on art, and is author of the plays *The United Pair*, *The Naturalist*, *The Friar*, *Forgiveness*, *King Arthur*.

Philip Stewart Robinson (b. 1849), journalist, wrote *In my Indian Garden*, *Under the Punkah*, *The Poets' Birds*, and *The Poets' Beasts*.

Edward Arber, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in Birmingham University, had by 1903 edited in *English Reprints* and elsewhere 25,000 pages of English books.

Andrew Cecil Bradley, since 1901 Professor of Poetry at Oxford, published his lecture on *Poetry for Poetry's Sake* (1901) and a commentary on *In Memoriam* (1901); and he contributed the article on Keats to this work.

Arthur Henry Bullen, son of the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, had, before he became a partner in the publishing house of Lawrence & Bullen, begun the series of scholarly reprints (*Carols and Poems from 15th Century*, 1884; *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*, 1886; *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Age*, 1891) with which his name is identified; he contributed the essay on Restoration Literature to the first volume of this work.

Frederic William Maitland (b. 1850), Professor of English Law at Cambridge, has written, with Sir Frederick Pollock, *A History of English Law*, besides books on canon law in England, on Domesday Book, and on political theories in the Middle Ages.

Silas Kitto Hocking (b. 1850), minister of the Methodist Free Church and novelist, published between 1878 and 1903 some thirty novels, *Alec Greene* the first, and *Gripped* one of the last.

Joseph Hocking, a younger brother, is also minister of religion and novelist, having between *Jabez Easterbrook* in 1891 and *O'er Moor and Fen* produced more than a dozen novels.

Robert Barr (b. 1850), editor of the *Idler* and novelist, has written *The Face and the Mask*, *The Strong Arm*, *The Unchanging East*.

R. C. Carton is the *nom de guerre* of Richard Claude Critchett, who from 1875 was a conspicuous actor, and has since become eminent as a dramatic author, amongst his plays being *Sunlight and Shadow*, *Liberty Hall*, *The Home Secretary*, *Wheels within Wheels*, and *The Under Current*.

John Watson (b. 1850), minister of the Presbyterian Church in England at Sefton Park, Liverpool, is better known by his literary pseudonym of 'Ian Maclaren,' and as author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894), *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* (1895), *Kate Carnegie* (1896), *A Doctor of the Old School* (1897), and *Rabbi Saunderson* (1898).

Augustine Birrell (b. 1850), barrister, member of Parliament, and Professor of Law in University College, London, has written a Life of Charlotte Brontë and a book on Hazlitt, besides *Obiter Dicta*, *Res Judicatæ*, law-books, and essays.

Walter Herries Pollock (b. 1850), barrister and sometime editor of the *Saturday Review*, published *The Modern French Theatre*, *Lectures on the French Poets*, *A Nine Men's Morrice*, *King Zub*, a book on Jane Austen and her contemporaries, a treatise on *Fencing*, and several plays in collaboration with Sir Walter Besant.

John Arthur Blaikie (b. 1850), author and journalist, has written *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets; Love's Victory; A Sextet of Singers;* and has contributed the article on Thackeray to the present work.

Frederick York Powell (b. 1850), Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has written on *Early England up to the Norman Conquest*, on *Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror*, and a *History of England to 1509;* and with Vigfusson he edited the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale.*

Peter Hume Brown (b. 1850), Professor of Ancient Scottish History at Edinburgh, has written Lives of Knox and Buchanan, and a *History of Scotland* (vols. i. and ii. 1898–1902); in 1903 he gave the Rhind Lectures on *Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary;* and to this work he contributed articles on James I., Knox, Buchanan, Froude, and S. R. Gardiner.

Henry Drummond (1851–97), Professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College of Glasgow, saw in his lifetime his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* reach its thirtieth edition; neither *The Ascent of Man* nor his work on Tropical Africa had such exceptional success.

Francis Hindes Groome (1851–1902) wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the *Athenæum;* was sub-editor of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (1887–92); and published *In Gypsy Tents* (1880), *A Short Border History* (1887), *Two Suffolk Friends* (on his father and Edward FitzGerald, 1895), *Kriegspiel* (a novel; 1896), *Gypsy Folk Tales* (1899), and an edition of *Lavengro* (1900). He assisted in editing the first volume of the present work, and amongst the articles contributed by him are those on Crabbe, Peacock, FitzGerald, and Henry Kingsley.

William Robertson Nicoll (b. 1851), for a time a Free Church minister at Kelso, subsequently editor of the *British Weekly*, *Bookman*, and other serials, has published, besides theological works, *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, and has edited the works of Charlotte Brontë; under one of his *noms de guerre*, 'W. E. Wace,' he published a noteworthy book on Tennyson in 1881; and to this work he has contributed the articles on Charlotte Brontë, Mrs Gaskell, and Mr Hardy.

Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge (b. 1851), Principal of the University of Birmingham, has published books on mechanics, electricity, lightning-conductors, and written much on questions of psychical research and the relations of science and religion.

Walter Leaf (b. 1852), banker and Fellow of London University, was, with Messrs Lang and Myers, author of the famous translation of the *Iliad* into English prose; he has edited the *Iliad* with notes, and written a *Companion to the Iliad.*

Louis N. Parker (b. 1852), dramatist and composer, is best known by the plays *The Man in the Street*, *Rosemary*, *The Happy Life*, *The Vagabond King*, *The Cardinal.*

R. B. Cunninghame Graham (b. 1852) has shown his power of vivid observation and caustic criticism in *Mogreb el Acksa*, the record of a journey in Morocco, and in numerous sketches, essays, and articles on South American, Spanish, and Scottish subjects, many of them reprinted in volumes.

Rowland Edmund Prothero (b. 1852), editor of the *Quarterly* from 1894 to 1899, edited the *Life and Correspondence of Dean Stanley*, the *Letters of Gibbon*, and the final edition of the *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron* (6 vols. 1898–1901).

Charles Harold Herford (b. 1853), Professor of English Literature at Owens College, has written on *The Age of Wordsworth* and the *Social History of the English Drama*, done much Shakespearian and other editing, and made verse translations from Ibsen.

Thomas Henry Hall Caine (b. 1853) has written, besides an anthology of sonnets, *Recollections of Rossetti* (1882), a Life of Coleridge, and a book on *The Cobwebs of Criticism*, a number of novels—*The Shadow of a Crime* (1885), *A Son of Hagar* (1886), *The Deemster* (1887; dramatised as *Ben-my-Chree*), *The Bondman* (1890), *The Scapegoat* (1891; a tale of the Jews in Morocco), *The Manxman* (1894), *The Christian* (1897), and *The Eternal City* (1901).

Herbert Woodfield Paul (b. 1853), leader-writer to the *Daily News* and for three years M.P., wrote *Men and Letters*, a Life of Mr Gladstone, and a book on Matthew Arnold.

Henry Spenser Wilkinson (b. 1853), journalist and publicist, has written many books, pamphlets, and articles on strategy, tactics, the army, army reform, and imperial defence, amongst the number being *The Brain of an Army*, *The Brain of the Navy*, *The Great Alternative*, *War and Policy*, besides several Lives of great soldiers.

John Edward Courtenay Bodley (b. 1853) published in 1898 a very important work on France and its institutions, and in 1903 a work on the coronation of Edward VII.

Charles Gore (b. 1853), Bishop of Worcester, was in 1890 editor and principal contributor to *Lux Mundi*, which sought to harmonise the claims of criticism and High Church orthodoxy; he has also written on *The Church and the Ministry*, *Roman Catholic Claims*, *The Creed of the Christian.*

James George Frazer (b. 1854), Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, wrote on *Totemism* in 1887, and made an epoch in the study of comparative religion by his *Golden Bough* (1890; 2nd ed. extended and modified, 1900); he has also written on Pausanias and translated him.

John Holland Rose (b. 1855) wrote *A Century of European History*, *The Rise of Democracy*, and a critical Life of Napoleon I., and annotated Carlyle's *French Revolution.*

Thomas Frederick Tout (b. 1855), Professor of History at Manchester University (Owens College), has written on Edward I., *The Empire and the Papacy*, and on 'Germany and the Empire' in the *Cambridge Modern History.*

Richard Lodge (b. 1855), Professor of History at Edinburgh, has written a short history of modern Europe, a book on Richelieu, and a work on the close of the Middle Ages; and he has contributed to this work the articles on Macaulay, Freeman, J. R. Green, and Bishop Stubbs.

William Paton Ker (b. 1855), Professor of English Literature in University College, London, author of *Epic and Romance* and other works, contributed the articles on Wordsworth and Scott to the present work.

Frank Frankfort Moore (b. 1855) has published books of verse, a number of plays, and *I forbid the Banns*, *The Jessamy Bride*, *A Damsel or Two*, and nearly fifty novels and miscellaneous works.

Arthur Bingham Walkley (b. 1855), dramatic critic, published *Playhouse Impressions* and *Frames of Mind*.

Stanley John Weyman (b. 1855) is known as author of *A Gentleman of France* (1893), *Under the Red Robe* (1894), *The Memoirs of a Minister of France* and *The Red Cockade* (1895); *Shrewsbury* (1897), *The Castle Inn* (1898), *Count Hannibal* (1901), *In King's Byways* (1902), and *The Long Night* (1903) bring up the list of his stories to more than a dozen.

John Mackinnon Robertson (b. 1856), editor of the *National Reformer* and the *Free Review*, wrote *Essays towards a Critical Method*, *Buckle and his Critics*, *A History of Free Thought*, *Christianity and Mythology*, *An Introduction to English Politics*.

Henry Thomas Mackenzie Bell (b. 1856 has published several volumes of poems, and books on Charles Whitehead and Christina Rossetti.

George B. Burgin (b. 1856), journalist and novelist, has written *His Lordship and Others*, *A Son of Mammon*, *The Shutters of Silence*, *The Ladies of the Manor*.

Charles Whibley, critic and reviewer, has published *The Book of Scoundrels*, *Studies in Frankness*, *The Pageantry of Life*, a monograph on Thackeray (1903), and introductions to Rabelais and other books in the Tudor Series; and he contributed the article on Beaconsfield to this work.

Douglas Hyde, President of the Irish National Literary Society, has written *The Story of Early Irish Literature* (1897), *A Literary History of Ireland* (1899), and poems and a play in Irish, besides editing many Irish texts and translating mediæval tales from the Irish.

John Oxenham, novelist, is known as author of *John of Gerisau*, *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, and other novels and stories.

Rudolph Chambers Lehmann (b. 1856), a member of the staff of *Punch*, has published a score of works in prose and verse, including *Harry Fludyer at Cambridge*, *Mr Punch's Prize Novels*, *Anni Fugaces*, *Adventures of Mr Picklock Holes*, and has contributed the articles on Dickens, Kipling, and Bret Harte to the present work.

Thomas Anstey Guthrie (b. 1856), as 'F. Anstey' wrote *Vice Versâ*, *The Giant's Robe*, *The Black Poodle*, *The Tinted Venus*, and nearly a score of other works, mostly humorous and mainly published first in the columns of *Punch*.

William Archer (b. 1856), dramatic critic, edited and translated Ibsen, and wrote *Masks or Faces* and other books.

William Sharp (b. 1856) has published *Earth's Voices*, *Sospiri di Roma*, *Sospiri d'Italia*, and other volumes of verse; half-a-dozen novels; and books on Rossetti, Shelley, Heine, Ste Beuve, Philip Bourke Marston; and many miscellaneous essays and studies in literature and criticism.

J. A. Fuller-Maitland (b. 1856), musical critic of the *Times*, has edited the appendix to Grove's Dictionary and written much on music and musicians; helped to translate Spitta's *Bach*; and produced books of his own on *The Masters of German Music*, a Life of Robert Schumann, and *The Musician's Pilgrimage*.

Sir William Martin Conway (born 1856), Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge, wrote on *Wood Cutters of the Netherlands*, *Early Flemish Artists*, on Dürer, on Reynolds and Gainsborough, before in 1890 he began to enrich the literature of mountaineering; his best-known contributions being on the Karakoram Himalayas, the Alps, Spitsbergen, the Bolivian Andes, and Aconcagua.

Alfred Denis Godley (b. 1856), Fellow and tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, has, besides more serious classical work in editing and translating, shown a brilliant gift of sprightly verse in *Verses to Order*, *Lyra Frivola*, and the like.

Wilfrid Ward (b. 1856), a conspicuous Roman Catholic author, is the son of 'Ideal Ward,' and has written two works on his father, the Oxford Movement, and the Catholic Revival, and a Life of Cardinal Wiseman; some of his many contributions to the reviews appeared in 1903 in a volume on *Problems and Persons*.

Charles Harding Firth (b. 1857), Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has edited and written many works dealing with the great Civil War, including *Scotland and the Protectorate*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Cromwell's Army*.

Karl Pearson (b. 1857), Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics in University College, London, has written, besides mathematical works, *The Ethic of Free Thought*, *The Grammar of Science*, *The Chances of Death and other Studies in Evolution*.

George Gissing (b. 1857) published *The Unclassed* in 1884, *Thyrza* and *New Grub Street* in 1887; and by a series of more than a dozen stories and a critical essay on Dickens (1898), secured a high position amongst the more original and unconventional of the younger writers; inclining always, as in *Our Friend the Charlatan* (1901), to dwell somewhat too exclusively on the darker side of society and life.

Frank Thomas Bullen (b. 1857), till 1883 a sailor, and afterward a clerk in the Meteorological Office, has since 1898 made very notable additions to the literature of the sea—*The Cruise of the Cachalot*, *The Log of a Sea Waif*, *Deep Sea Plunderings*, *A Whaleman's Wife*.

Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston (b. 1858), naturalist, traveller, and British Commissioner in Africa, has written much on Africa—on the Congo, on Kilimanjaro, on the colonisation of Africa, on British Central Africa, on the Uganda Protectorate.

Benjamin Kidd (b. 1858) wrote *Social Evolution*, which in seven years was translated into seven languages; *The Control of the Tropics*; and *The Principles of Western Civilisation*.

Clement King Shorter (b. 1858), editor of *The Sphere* and *The Tatler*, published *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* and *Sixty Years of Victorian Literature*.

Egerton Castle (b. 1858), author of *Saviolo* (with Mr W. H. Pollock), *Desperate Remedies*, and other plays; as also of *The Pride of Jennico*, *Young April*, *The Secret Castle*, romances, and *The Jerningham Letters*.

Henry Seton Merriman (died 1903) was the *nom de guerre* of Hugh Stowell Scott, a novelist who became popular as the author of *The Slave of the Lamp* (1892), *The Sowers* (1896), *In Kedar's Tents* (1897), *Roden's Corner* (1898), *The Isle of Unrest* (1900), *The Velvet Glove* (1901), *The Vultures* (1902), and *Barlasch of the Guard* (1903)—several

of them, like the last-named, admirably conceived and powerfully written historical romances.

Hastings Rashdall (b. 1858), Fellow and tutor of New College, Oxford, wrote the *History of the Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* and (with another) the history of New College.

Claude G. Montefiore (b. 1858), one of the editors of the *Jewish Quarterly*, delivered a course of 'Hibbert Lectures' (1892) on the ancient religion of the Hebrews, edited *The Bible for Home Reading* (2 vols. 1896–97), and was author of *Liberal Judaism* (1903).

Sir James Rennell Rodd (b. 1858), diplomat and envoy, published, besides a book on the folklore of Modern Greece, *Poems in Many Lands*, *The Unknown Madonna*, *The Violet Crown*, *Ballads of the Fleet*, and other collections of verse.

Lord Curzon (b. 1859), Viceroy of India, summed up ably his experiences of Eastern travel in *Russia in Central Asia*, *Persia and the Persian Question*, and *Problems of the Far East*.

Alfred William Pollard (b. 1859), assistant in the Library of the British Museum, has written much on bibliography, including *Books about Books*, *Early Illustrated Books*, and *Italian Book Illustrations*, and is known as author of an excellent *Chaucer Primer*, and editor of the 'Globe' Chaucer and of a collection of English Miracle-Plays; to this work he contributed the section on Middle English Literature.

Jerome Klapka Jerome (b. 1859), editor of the *Idler* and of *To-day*, published *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, *Three Men in a Boat*, *Paul Kelver*, and a score of other books.

Albert Edward Housman (b. 1859), Professor of Latin in University College, London, is author of *A Shropshire Lad* (1896).

Henry Charles Beeching (b. 1859), Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, was one of the authors of *Love in Idleness* and *Love in a Looking Glass*; wrote *In a Garden and other Poems*; has published, besides sermons, *Lectures on Poetry*, *Religio Laici*, and other works; and has edited Milton, Herbert, Vaughan, Daniel, and Drayton, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

John W. Mackail (b. 1859), one of the authors of *Love in Idleness*, has published *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, a history of Latin literature, *Biblia Innocentium*, *The Sayings of the Lord Jesus*, and the Life of William Morris; and has contributed the articles on Ruskin and R. L. Stevenson to this work.

Percy White, journalist and novelist, wrote *Mr Bailey-Martin*, *A Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Millionaire's Daughter*, *The Journal of a Jealous Woman*, *The New Christians*.

William Pett Ridge, author of *Mord Em'ly* (1898), has written also *A Son of the State*, *A Breaker of Laws*, *London Only*, *Lost Property*.

Justin Huntly M'Carthy (b. 1860), son of Mr Justin M'Carthy (page 660), is known as a writer in various kinds—histories, novels, dramas, and poems—*The Candidate*, *My Friend the Prince*, *If I were King* being amongst his plays.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett (b. 1860), from 1886 to 1895 Free Church minister at Penicuik in Midlothian, had already published a volume of verse entitled *Dulce Cor* (1886), *The Sticket Minister* (1893), and *The Raiders* (1894). These two later efforts proved instantly successful, and were followed by more than a score of works of fiction, including *The Men of the Moss Hags* (1895), *Cleg Kelly* (1896), *The Grey Man* (1896), *The Black Douglas* (1899), *Kit Kennedy* (1899), *Little Anna Mark*, *Ivan of the Sword Hand* (1900), and *The Silver Skull* (1901). *The Adventurer in Spain* was a book of travel sketches.

Charles William Chadwick Oman (b. 1860), Deputy Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has published *Warwick the King-maker*, histories of Greece, the Byzantine Empire, Europe from the fifth to the tenth century, and England; *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*; *A History of the Peninsular War* (vols. i. and ii. 1902–3).

Charles Haddon Chambers (b. 1860), novelist and playwright, is author of *Captain Swift*, *The Idler*, *John-a-Dreams*, *The Tyranny of Tears*.

Owen Seaman (b. 1861), assistant-editor of *Punch*, has by his *Horace at Cambridge* (1894), *Tillers of the Sand*, *The Battle of the Bays*, *In Cap and Bells*, and *Borrowed Plumes* (1902) approved himself our cleverest parodist since Calverley.

John B. Bury (b. 1861), Professor of History in Cambridge University, has written on the history of the later Roman Empire, and of Greece to Alexander's death; published an inaugural lecture on history at Cambridge; and edited, besides several classical texts, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (1896-1900), with valuable notes, corrections, and additions, and Freeman's *Historical Geography* (1903).

Maurice Henry Hewlett (b. 1861), Keeper of Land Revenue Records, has published *The Forest Lovers*, *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, *New Canterbury Tales*, and other stories, mainly romantic and poetical pictures of mediæval life, besides a book of verse.

Walter Raleigh (b. 1861), Professor of English Literature at Glasgow, has written on R. L. Stevenson, on Milton, and on Wordsworth, a history of the *English Novel*, and a book on *Style*; and to this work contributed the articles on the two Rossettis.

Eden Phillpotts (b. 1862) has published *The End of a Life*, *Children of the Mist*, *Sons of the Morning*, and other novels and books.

Norman Gale (b. 1862) published in 1892–93 two volumes of dainty rural lyrics called *A Country Muse*, and they were followed by *Orchard Songs*, *A June Romance*, *Cricket Songs*, and *Songs for Little People*; and in prose, *Renunciations* and—a novel—*The Collapse of the Penitent*.

Henry John Newbolt (b. 1862), editor of the *Monthly Review*, published a drama, *Mordred*, in 1895, but secured popularity by the patriotic ring and fervour of his verse in *Admirals All* (1897), *The Island Race*, and *The Sailing of the Long Ships* (1902).

William Henry Hudson (b. 1862), lecturer on English literature, published an introduction to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, a short Life of Sir Walter Scott, poems, and *Rousseau and Naturalism*.

W. H. Hudson, naturalist and traveller, has published *The Naturalist in La Plata*, *British Birds*, *Birds in London*, *Birds and Man*.

Arthur Christopher Benson (b. 1862), master at Eton, published, besides a Life of his father the Archbishop of Canterbury, *The Professor and other Poems*, *The Schoolmaster*, and books on Tennyson and Rossetti.

Francis Thompson (b. 1863), bred a Catholic at Ushaw College, showed in a volume of *Poems* (1893) his admiration of Crashaw and his compeers, and has since published *Sister Songs* (1895) and *New Poems* (1897), besides doing much criticism.

Henry Brereton Marriott Watson (b. 1863), author of *Galloping Dick*, *At the First Corner*, *The House Divided*, *The Skirts of Chance*, assisted Mr Barrie in the play *Richard Savage*.

Max Pemberton (b. 1863), is author of *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, *Pro Patria*, *The House under the Sea*, and a dozen others.

Arthur Morrison (b. 1863), novelist, became known in 1894 by his *Tales of Mean Streets*, followed by the 'Martin Hewitt' series of three stories, by *The Child of the Jago*, and *The Hole in the Wall*.

William Wymark Jacobs (b. 1863) published *Many Cargoes* in 1896, followed by *The Skipper's Wooing*, *The Lady of the Barge*, *Odd Craft*, and other stories, mainly nautical and all humorous.

Robert Marshall (b. 1863), army captain and dramatist, is author of *His Excellency the Governor*, *The Noble Lord*, *There's many a Slip*.

Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch (b. 1863), known to many readers as 'Q,' has since the publication of *Dead Man's Rock* (1887), *Troy Town* (1888), and *The Splendid Spur* (1889) allowed few years to pass without a novel, book of poems, or other work, amongst them *The Delectable Duchy*, *The Golden Pomp*, *The White Wolf*.

Robert Smythe Hichens (b. 1864), journalist and novelist, attracted notice by his *Green Carnation* in 1894, and has since written *An Imaginative Man*, *The Folly of Eustace*, *Flames*, *The Londoners*, and has collaborated in more than one play.

Neil Munro (b. 1864) became known as author of *The Lost Pibroch* (1896), which has been followed by several other Highland romantic fictions on a bigger scale, such as *John Splendid*, *a Highland Romance* (1898); *The Paymaster's Boy* (1899); and *Children of Tempest* (1903).

Israel Gollancz (b. 1864), lecturer on English at Cambridge, has edited *Pearl*, Cynewulf's *Christ*, *The Exeter Book*, and other monuments of our older English literature, the 'Temple Shakespeare,' and Lamb's *Specimens*.

George Gregory Smith (b. 1865), Lecturer on English in the University of Edinburgh, has published books on *The Days of James IV.* and on *The Transition Period* in fifteenth-century European literature, edited a critical edition of *The Spectator*, and contributed to this work the articles on Addison, Jeffrey, and De Quincey.

Alfred Edward Woodley Mason (b. 1865) wrote in 1895 *A Romance of Wastdale*, and followed with *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, *The Philanderers*, *Lawrence Clavering*, *Parson Kelly* (with Mr Andrew Lang), *Ensign Knightley*, *Clementina*.

Arthur Symons (b. 1865), poet and critic, has published several volumes of verse, an introduction to Browning, *Studies in Two Literatures*, *The Symbolist Movement*, and *Cities*.

Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher (b. 1865), Fellow and tutor of New College, Oxford, became through *The Mediæval Empire* (1898) a recognised authority on the history of Germany.

H. G. Wells (b. 1866) struck out an original vein in *The Time Machine*, and had by 1903 written nearly a score of stories or collections of stories somewhat in the vein of Jules Verne—*The War of the Worlds*, *The Invisible Man*, *The Island of Dr Moreau*, *The Sea Lady*. But *Mankind in the Making* (1903) is a serious attempt at an Utopian new republic.

Thomas Seccombe (b. 1866), assistant-editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, initiated his literary career with *Twelve Bad Men* in 1894, and has since produced *The Age of Johnson*, *The Age of Shakespeare* (with another), and edited Smollett's Miscellanies and an edition of *Baron Munchausen*.

Richard Le Gallienne (b. 1866) has published *Volumes in Folio* (1888), *The Book-Bills of Narcissus*, *The Religion of a Literary Man*, two volumes of *Prose Fancies*, and estimates of George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling; two or three volumes of verse; in fiction, *The Quest of the Golden Girl* and *The Romance of Zion Chapel*; besides *If I were God*, *Travels in England*, and *The Life Romantic*.

Ernest William Hornung (b. 1866), novelist and journalist, has written *A Bride from the Bush*, *The Rogue's March*, *Dead Men tell no Tales*, *Peccavi*, *The Black Mask*.

Lionel Johnson (1867–1902) did much reviewing and criticism, published volumes of poems in 1895 and 1897 (*Ireland and other Poems*), and a criticism of *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

Barry Pain (b. 1867), journalist and author, has produced *Playthings and Parodies*, *Scenes and Interludes*, *The Kindness of the Celestial*, *The Octave of Claudius*.

Edward Frederic Benson (b. 1867) published *Dodo* in 1893, *The Babe B.A.*, and half-a-dozen other novels, stories, and plays since.

Laurence Housman (b. 1867), himself an artist, wrote on Blake in 1893, and has since the publication of *Arras* in 1896 had an increasing circle of admirers for his poetry; *Spikenard* is a volume of devotional love-poems, *Gods and their Makers* a prose allegory.

Charles Raymond Beazley (b. 1868), Fellow of Merton, has published books on James of Aragon, Henry the Navigator, and the Cabots, and a history of *The Dawn of Modern Geography* (1897–1901).

Edward Verrall Lucas (b. 1868) wrote a book of verses for children in 1897, published *The Open Road* in 1899, and is now known as editor of the life, works, and letters of Charles and Mary Lamb.

George Douglas Brown (1869–1902) suddenly became famous in 1901 for his *House with the Green Shutters*, but died within twelve months of its publication.

Laurence Binyon (b. 1869), assistant in the British Museum, published *Lyric Poems* in 1894, *Poems* in 1895, *London Visions* in 1895–98, *The Praise of Life* in 1896, *Porphyrion and other Poems* in 1898, *Odes* in 1900, *The Death of Adam* in 1903.

Joseph Conrad, master in the merchant service and novelist, became known in 1895 by *Almayer's Folly*, later stories being *The Outcast of the Islands*, *Tales of Unrest*, *Lord Jim*.

Stephen Gwynn published *Highways and Byways in Donegal* in 1899, a book on Northcote the painter, *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*, and a critical study of Tennyson.

Bernard Capes, novelist, produced in 1898 *The Lake of Wine*, followed by *Our Lady of Darkness*, *Joan Brotherhood*, *Love like a Gipsy*, *Secret on the Hill*.

Albert Frederick Pollard (b. 1869), contributor of many articles to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is author of *The Jesuits in Poland*, *England under Protector Somerset*, and *Henry VIII.* in the Goupil Series.

Basil Hood, army captain and dramatic author, has written *The Emerald Isle*, *Sweet and Twenty*, *My Pretty Maid*.

Henry V. Esmond, actor and dramatist, is author of *Rest*, *One Summer's Day*, *The Wilderness*.

James Douglas (born in Belfast in 1869), critic and assistant-editor of the *Star*, and contributor to the *Athenæum*, *Bookman*, and other journals, has published an *Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII.* and an appreciation of Mr Watts-Dunton (1903); and to this work he has contributed the articles on William Blake, P. J. Bailey, Mr Watts-Dunton, Mr Swinburne, and some other authors.

William Romaine Paterson (b. 1871) has, under the pseudonym of 'Benjamin Swift,' written since 1896 a series of novels, including *The Tormentor*, *The Destroyer*, *Nude Souls*, and an essay, *The Eternal Conflict*.

Ford Madox Hueffer (b. 1873) has written poems, stories, a Life of Madox Brown, a monograph on Rossetti, and, with Joseph Conrad, *Romance*.

Lady John Scott (Alicia Ann Spottiswoode; 1801–90) was author of 'Annie Laurie,' 'Douglas, tender and true,' 'Ettrick,' 'Durisdeer,' and some others of the most esteemed of modern Scotch songs, as well as of the music to which they are sung.

Anna Swanwick (1813–99) wrote *An Utopian Dream* and other prose works, but is remembered as the translator of *Faust* in accomplished verse, as well as a translator from Schiller and Æschylus.

Grace Aguilar (1816–47), an English Jewess, wrote on her ancestral faith, published poems, and was known chiefly as authoress of many unsectarian but strongly religious novels, such as *Home Influence* and *A Mother's Recompense*.

Mrs Mary Anne Everett Green (1818–95) edited *The Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*, *The Diary of John Rous*, *The Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, and calendared important series of State papers.

Maria Charlotte Tucker (1821–93) wrote as 'A.L.O.E.' (A Lady of England) many stories (usually didactic) for children.

Julia Kavanagh (1824–77), a devout Irish Catholic, laid the scenes of most of her stories—*Madeleine*, *Nathalie*, *Adèle*, and many others—in France; she wrote also on French and English women of letters.

Annie Keary (1825–79) was author of the novel *Castle Daly*, and of stories for children, and other works.

Mrs Charles Barnard (1830–69), the 'Claribel' of so many drawing-room songs, published three collections of songs, ballads, and verses.

Amelia Blandford Edwards (1831–92), Egyptologist and novelist, wrote *My Brother's Wife*, *Barbara's History*, *Half a Million of Money*, *Debenham's Vow*, and *Lord Brackenbury*.

Mrs Isabella L. Bishop (born Bird; 1832–1903) travelled extensively, and wrote accounts of her experiences in America, Japan, Indo-China, Persia, and Tibet.

Matilda Barbara Betham-Edwards (b. 1836), cousin of Amelia B. Edwards, has written on French topography and life, and many novels, including *The White House by the Sea*, *Dr Jacob*, *Kitty*, *Dream Charlotte*.

Mrs Mary Louisa Stewart Molesworth (b. 1839) wrote as 'Ennis Graham' half-a-dozen novels, but became eminent for her delightful stories for children—*Carrots*, *Cuckoo Clock*, *Herr Baby*, *The Boys and I*, and many more.

Mrs Julia Horatia Orr Ewing (born Gatty; 1842–85) wrote a series of charming stories for children, including *Mrs Overtheway's Remembrances*, *Jackanapes*, *Jan of the Windmill*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, *The Story of a Short Life*.

Agnes Mary Clerke (b. 1842) wrote *The System of the Stars*, *Problems in Astrophysics*, and other astronomical works.

Mathilde Blind (1847–96), a champion of women's rights, born in Mannheim, translated Strauss's *Old Faith and the New* and Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs, wrote Lives of George Eliot and Madame Roland, and published some remarkable poems, *The Prophecy of St Oran*, *The Heather on Fire*, *The Ascent of Man*.

Mrs Flora Annie Steel (born Webster, 1847) has written *From the Five Rivers*, *Tales from the Punjab*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *Voices in the Night*, *The Hosts of the Lord*.

Mrs Fawcett (Millicent Garrett; b. 1847), widow of Professor Fawcett, and a defender of women's rights, is author of *Political Economy for Beginners* and other works on economics.

Mrs Toulmin Smith has, under her maiden name of L. T. Meade, written a long series of novels and stories, mostly for girls and children, of which *Scamp and I*, *A World of Girls*, *The Girls of St Wode's*, *All Sorts*, *A Princess of the Gutter*, *Drift*, are examples.

Mrs Henry Reeves, writing under her maiden name of Helen Mathers, became known by her novels *Comin' thro' the Rye*, *Cherry Ripe*, *My Lady Greensleeves*; and *Sam's Sweetheart*, *The Story of a Sin*, *A Man of To-day*, *My Jo John*, *Cinders*, and *Honey* are some of her later ones.

Mrs Alice Stopford Greene (b. 1849), besides editing her husband's *Short History*, wrote *Henry II.* and *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*.

Madame de Laszowski-Gerard (born Emily Gerard, 1849) is author of *Reata*, *Beggar my Neighbour*, *The Waters of Hercules* (in collaboration with her sister), and half-a-dozen other books and stories.

Emily Frances Adeline Sergeant (b. 1851) is author of a score of novels, including *The Story of a Penitent Soul*, *Beyond Recall*, *Sibyl Fletcher*, *Miss Betty's Mistake*, *The Common Lot*, *Blake of Oriel*.

Madame Longard de Longgarde (born Dorothea Gerard, 1855) wrote the three above-named novels with her sister, and a score of stories or books of her own.

Mrs Henry Ady (born Julia Cartwright) is especially known for her books on Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, Bastien-Lepage, *The Painters of Florence*, and other artistic subjects, and for her Lives of Isabella d'Este and Beatrice d'Este.

Mrs Desmond Humphreys, as 'Rita,' published *Dame Durden* (1883), *Peg the Rake*, *The Lie Circumspect*, *An Old Rogue's Tragedy*, *The Sin of Jasper Standish*, and other novels.

Mrs Margaret Wolfe Hungerford (c. 1855–97), an Irish novelist writing sometimes anonymously and sometimes as 'The Duchess,' published nearly thirty volumes of short stories and novels, *Phillis* in 1877, and *Molly Bawn*, the most successful, in 1878.

Violet Paget (b. 1856) is in literature 'Vernon Lee,' and author of *The Eighteenth Century in Italy*, *Euphorion* (essays on the Renaissance), *Baldwin* (dialogues), *A Phantom Lover*, *Genius Loci*, *Hortus Vitæ*.

Mrs Annie Besant (born Wood, 1857), for a while anti-Christian and secularist writer and lecturer, became from 1889 onward a conspicuous representative of a pseudo-Brahminical theosophy, among her books being *Reincarnation*, *The Ancient Wisdom*, *Esoteric Christianity*, *The Religious Problem in India*.

Constance Caroline Woodhill Naden (1858–89) wrote brilliant essays on philosophical subjects, and published two volumes of poetry of singular interest.

Hesba Stretton is the pen-name of Sarah Smith, author of *Jessica's First Prayer* and similar stories.

Sarah Grand (born Frances Elizabeth Clarke) is known as author of *The Heavenly Twins* and other problem novels, *The Beth Book* and *Babs the Impossible* being later stories.

Mrs Burnett Smith has, under her maiden name of Annie S. Swan, written *Aldersyde*, *Carlowrie*, *St Veda's*, *Sir Roderick's Will*, *Not Yet*, and many other stories, especially popular with girls.

Edna Lyall is the pen-name of Ada Ellen Bayly (died 1903), author of *Donovan*, *We Two*, *The Autobiography of a Slander*, *To Right the Wrong*.

Mrs Mona Caird (born Alison) is author of *The Wing of Azrael* (1889), *The Daughters of Danaus*, and other novels, and of essays on marriage and on vivisection.

Mrs Arthur Stannard (born Vaughan) wrote, as 'John Strange Winter,' *Bootles' Baby* (1885), *The Truth Tellers*, *A Name to Conjure with*, *A Blaze of Glory*.

Maxwell Gray, the pen-name of Miss M. G. Tuttiett, became known through *The Silence of Dean Maitland* (1886), *An Innocent Impostor*, *A Costly Freak*, *Four-leaved Clover*, and other novels and poems.

Kathleen Mannington Caffyn (born Hunt) attracted notice by *A Yellow Aster*, *Children of Circumstances*, *Anne Mauleverer*, *The Minx*, *The Happiness of Jill*, and other novels.

Mrs W. K. Clifford, widow of Professor Clifford, has written *Anyhow Stories* for children; many novels not for children—*Mrs Keith's Crime*, *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, *A Wild Proxy*; and *A Long Duel* and other plays.

Lady Mary Montgomerie Currie has, under the pen-name of Violet Fane, attained some distinction as author of *From Dawn to Noon* (1872), *Denzil Place*, *The Queen of the Fairies*, *Sophy*, *Thro' Love and War*, *Two Moods of a Man*, as well as the memoirs of the Queen of Navarre, and several collections of verse.

The Hon. Emily Lawless, daughter of Lord Cloncurry, made a name for herself by her Irish story *Hurrish*, followed by *Grania* and *Maelcho*; wrote a history of Ireland and a book on Essex in Ireland; as also *With the Wild Geese* (1892), a volume of poems.

Mrs Katharine Tynan Hinkson (born Tynan, 1861) published a volume of poems in 1885, and since 1887 has written upwards of a score of books in prose and verse, mainly novels, among them *The Dear Irish Girl*, *She Walks in Beauty*, *That Secret Enemy*.

Amy Levy (1861–89), Jewish poetess, wrote, besides *Xantippe* and two other collections of poems, a clever novel, *Reuben Sachs*.

Beatrice Harraden (b. 1864) is author of *Ships that Pass in the Night* (1893), *In Varying Moods*, *Hilda Strafford*, *Katharine Frensham*.

Marie Corelli, born in 1864, and trained in a French convent for a musical career, produced a popular novel, *A Romance of Two Worlds*, in 1886; *Thelma*, *Wormwood*, and *The Sorrows of Lilith* were the work of the next half-dozen years; and more ambitious and more popular were *Barabbas*, *The Sorrows of Satan*, and *The Mighty Atom*. *The Murder of Delicia*, *Ziska*, *The Problem of a Wicked Soul*, *Jane*, and *Boy* attracted less notice than *The Master Christian* (1900) and *Temporal Power* (1902).

Elizabeth Robins, distinguished on the stage for her interpretations of Ibsen, has as 'C. E. Raimond' written *The Open Question* and other notable novels.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (by marriage Mrs Felkin) published poems and the novels *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* (1898), *A Double Thread*, *The Farringdons*, *Love's Argument*, *Place and Power*.

Mary Cholmondeley, author of *The Danvers Jewels*, *Sir Charles Danvers*, *Diana Tempest*, and *A Devotee*, became famous in 1899 through her *Red Pottage*.

Jane Barlow, beginning with *Bogland Studies* and *Irish Idylls* in 1892, has become an authoritative exponent of the kindlier side of Irish life in fact and romance.

Violet Martin, writing as 'Martin Ross,' in conjunction with **Edith Œ. Somerville** has produced a series of stories, tragic and humorous—*An Irish Cousin*, *Through Connemara*, *The Real Charlotte*, *The Silver Fox*, *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.

English Literature in Canada.

THE Dominion of Canada, even without its Arctic islands, occupies more of the surface of the North American continent than the United States, and is in area little less than the whole of Europe. But at the beginning of the twentieth century the energetic population who had already given it its rank amongst the most promising countries and communities of the world numbered less than five and a half millions—a little more numerous than the people of the Netherlands at the same date, larger by a million than the population of Scotland, but less by a million than the population of Greater London. Only since the early years of the seventeenth century has any part of what we now call Canada been the home of men of European blood and speech. The earliest settlers were Frenchmen, whose sparsely peopled settlements on the shores of the St Lawrence and in Acadia were till near the end of the century but little disturbed by the English colonists to the south. From New England the tide of colonisation gradually flowed towards north and west. Collisions between French and English interests, between French and English colonists, became frequent and almost inevitable; and in the middle of the eighteenth century Canada was the stake for which France and England contended in wars fought out partly in Europe and partly in America. The capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759 practically ended the struggle; and by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, what was then called Canada, with the parts of New France between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, was ceded to Great Britain. During the revolution which led to the constitution of the United States as a new nation, Canada remained loyal to the mother-country. And the immigration into Canada at the close of the war of some thirty or forty thousand United Empire Loyalists, sadly shaking off the dust of their feet against the new republican polity, greatly strengthened the still numerically weak English element in the loyal province, and permanently saved British interests in the vast area where till of late settlers of English speech had been greatly outnumbered by those of French blood.

French literature in Canada, beginning with the books of the old explorers and missionaries, and including in modern days the poems of Fréchette, Crémazie, Le May, and Sulte, lies wholly without the scope of this work. And the earliest books in English written in Canada or about Canada—such as the accounts of their explorations by the Londoner Samuel Hearne and the Scotsman Alexander Mackenzie, all dating from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century—need only passing mention. Nor have the Earl of Selkirk's writings, William Smith's *History of Canada* (1815), or David Thompson's *The War of 1812* much to do with the development of Canadian literature; as in the other colonies, a majority of the earlier writers were British born. From 1828 onwards Joseph Howe made his newspaper, the *Nova Scotian*, published in Halifax, an important literary as well as political organ, and secured for it Haliburton's humorous papers. In virtue of his three years' sojourn in Canada, and of his *Lawrie Todd*, *Bogle Corbet*, and other works dealing with Canadian life, John Galt (see pages 296–300) is at least associated with Canadian literature; and whoever it was who wrote it, the 'Canadian Boat Song,' referred to on page 298, is (in contrast to Moore's) a very noteworthy and early poetic outcome of a Scottish exile's life in the Canadian backwoods. Many of R. M. Ballantyne's stories (see page 623) reflect his experiences in the Hudson Bay territories, and have made two generations of British boys familiar with some aspects of life in those regions.

The first considerable verse writer in Canada was Mrs Susannah Moodie, youngest sister of Miss Agnes Strickland. With her husband, a Scottish officer who had seen service in the Low Countries and South Africa, she settled in Ontario in 1832, and before her death in 1885 produced a good deal of verse (including notable poems on the maple and the canoe) and much minor fiction. Charles Heavysege (1816–76), a Liverpool cabinetmaker, published after he settled in Canada, in 1853, sonnets, longer poems, novels, and several tragedies, of which the most important

was *Saul*. Isabella Valancey Crawford (1851–87), born in Dublin, came to Canada as a child, and is gratefully remembered for her lyrics, such as 'The Master Builder' and 'The Axe of the Pioneer.' George Frederick Cameron (1854–85), a Nova Scotian born, deserves to be regarded as the first native poet whose lyrics, intense and passionate, were greeted as admirable by the foremost English critics and poets. Educated at Queen's University, Kingston, Cameron became editor of a Kingston newspaper, and is perhaps best known for his defiant 'What reck we of the creeds of men?' At the end of the nineteenth century an enthusiastic Canadian anthologist was able to commemorate the work of no less than a hundred and thirty-five Canadian poets, of whom C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, W. W. Campbell, and Sir Gilbert Parker may be reckoned amongst the foremost.

In novels, tales, and stories Galt's first successor was Major John Richardson, author of *Wacousta* (1833), who was born in Ontario of Scottish parents. William Kirby, G. M. Adam, Miss Lily Dougall, and Miss M. M. Saunders are but a few amongst recent or living authors of romance and story. Grant Allen, though Canadian born, came to Oxford as a youth, and was reckoned amongst English authors. Sir Gilbert Parker, though serving as English M.P. from 1900, is still accounted a Canadian poet and Canadian novelist, and is the most conspicuous Canadian man of letters.

Amongst historical writers, besides Bourinot and C. G. D. Roberts, Kingsford and Goldwin Smith, should be named Robert Christie, James Hannay, George Bryce, J. C. Dent, and G. M. Adam. Mr Arthur Doughty's six volumes on Wolfe's campaign (1903) constitute a very important contribution to Canadian history. Alpheus Todd produced in his *Parliamentary Government in England* (1867–68) what even in England ranks as an authoritative work. Sir Daniel Wilson had attained eminence in Scotland as an antiquarian and historian ere in 1853, in mid-time of his life, he came to Toronto as Professor of History and English Literature. Sir William Logan, geologist, was the first native man of science who can be reckoned amongst really eminent representatives of his profession: the Dawsons, father and son—Sir J. W. Dawson and Dr G. M. Dawson—worthily maintained the tradition. Sir John Murray 'of the *Challenger*,' a supreme authority on oceanography, was born in Coburg, Ontario, and partly educated in Canada, but has done most of his scientific life-work in Britain. Dr Theal (see page 730) is a New Brunswicker. Dr J. B. Crozier, though settled in London, may be claimed by Canadians as one of their most original and stimulating thinkers and writers. Professor John Watson of Kingston went from Scotland to Canada in 1872, and has since then published a series of works on Kant, Schelling, Comte, Mill, and Spencer, on ethical philosophy and Christian idealism, which rank him amongst our most fruitful writers on philosophy.

On the beginnings of literature in Canada, see the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada* (1883 *et seq.*), especially a paper by J. G. Bourinot in 1893, published also as a separate book, *Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness;* the same author's *Intellectual Development of the Canadian People;* the relevant portions of the histories of Canada, particularly that by Roberts; Lighthall's collection of *Songs of the Great Dominion* (1889), and his anthology of *Canadian Poems and Lays* ('Canterbury Poets,' 1891); Sladen and Roberts, *Younger American Poets* (1891); Stedman's *Victorian Anthology* (1895); Wetherell's *Later Canadian Poems* (1893); Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse* (1900).

Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796–1865) was born at Windsor in Nova Scotia, and educated in his native town. Called to the Bar in 1820, he became a member of the House of Assembly, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas (1828), and Judge of the Supreme Court (1842). In 1856 he retired and settled in England, was made D.C.L. by Oxford, and in 1859–63 was Conservative M.P. for Launceston. He takes rank in British American literature mainly as creator of 'Sam Slick,' Yankee pedlar and clockmaker, whose quaint drollery, unsophisticated wit, simple but trenchant satire, knowledge of human nature, and aptitude in the use of 'soft sawder' have given him a fair chance of immortality. The newspaper sketches (written anonymously) in which this character first appeared were collected in 1837–40 as *The Clockmaker, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, and were continued as *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England* (1843–44), the typical Yankee having been brought to England in this new capacity. Haliburton's other works include *A Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* (1825–29); *Bubbles of Canada* (1839); *The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony; The Letter-bag of the Great Western; Wise Saws and Modern Instances; Nature and Human Nature; Traits of American Humour;* and *Rule and Misrule of the English in America* (1850). The Canadian humourist has had few successors in his own country; but he is recognised as the father of all such as have anywhere in America written humorous work in dialect. There is a Memoir by F. B. Crofton (1889).

Joseph Howe (1804–73) was the son of an emigrant-loyalist who came from Boston to Halifax after the American Revolution. Bred, like his father, a printer, he soon showed exceptional journalistic gifts, and in 1828 became proprietor and editor of the *Nova Scotian*, remarkable not merely as the paper in which Haliburton's 'Sam Slick' made his bow to the world, but for its editor's own brilliant contributions. These comprised sketches of his own experiences, 'Western and Eastern Rambles;' a series of papers, 'The Club,' on the model of *Noctes Ambrosianæ;* and his weightier 'Legislative Reviews.' He became the most conspicuous man in provincial public life, the most eloquent speaker in the Assembly, Secretary of State, and

Governor of Nova Scotia. His *Speeches and Public Letters* were published (1858), and there is a Life of him by Fenety (1896).

William Kingsford (1819–98), author of the standard *History of Canada*, was born in London; at sixteen he enlisted in the Dragoon Guards, and in 1837 went with his regiment to Canada. He had risen to be sergeant when, in 1841, he left the army to do surveying work; and as surveyor or engineer he was till 1879 engaged on canals, railways, and harbours in the United States, Panamá, and Canada. His first publications were on roads, canals, and his own travels. His *History of Canada* (10 vols. 1887–97), the result of seventeen years' patient labour in Canadian archives, is more remarkable for its fairness, fullness, and fidelity to its sources than for its literary style.

Goldwin Smith, born at Reading in 1823, passed from Eton to Oxford, took a first in classics in 1845, and in 1847 was elected a Fellow of University College and called to the Bar. A zealous promoter of university reform, he was assistant-secretary to the first and secretary to the second Oxford University Commission, and served on an Education Commission in 1858. Regius Professor of History at Oxford in 1858–66, he was during the American Civil War a strenuous upholder of the North; in 1864 he lectured in the United States, and in 1868 he was elected to the chair of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University. Four years later he settled in Canada, edited the *Canadian Monthly* 1872–74, and founded and edited *The Week* and *The Bystander;* and forty years' residence and literary work entitle him to rank as a conspicuous Canadian publicist and author. He has written on the study of history, on Irish history, on *Three English Statesmen* (Pym, Hampden, Cromwell), a political history of the United States, and a political history of the United Kingdom, vigorous in style, luminous in exposition, and rich in suggestion. He is the author of books or pamphlets on university reform, the American Civil War, and questions of the day here and in America. Believing profoundly in the mission of the English race, he is anti-imperialist both in British and in American politics, supported the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but opposed Home Rule. He has always insisted (in *The Political Destiny of Canada* and in *Canada and the Canadian Question*) that, geographically and commercially, Canada is bound ultimately to gravitate towards incorporation in the United States. He is an anti-Socialist but a Radical in most respects, an idealist but somewhat of a pessimist, an independent thinker and a very trenchant critic. There are monographs from his pen on Cowper, on Jane Austen, and on Lloyd Garrison. He has produced in *A Trip to England* and *Oxford and her Colleges* glorified guide-books for American tourists. *Bay Leaves* and *Specimens of Greek Tragedy* show his skill in verse. And in *Rational Religion* (1861), *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence* (1897), and a short book on *The Founder of Christendom* (1903), he broke with historical Christianity, insists on free inquiry, and demands a reconstruction of our faith.

Sir John George Bourinot, born in Sydney, Nova Scotia, in 1837, studied at Trinity College, Toronto, and for years edited the *Halifax Reporter*, but in 1880 became Clerk of the Dominion House of Commons. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, of which he has been president and honorary secretary. He has written largely on constitutional history, on parliamentary procedure and parliamentary government in Canada; a book on Cape Breton and one on Canada under British rule; besides the two works noted above on *The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People* (1880) and on *Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness* (1893; originally, like many of his works, printed in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*). He was made K.C.M.G. in 1898, and has received academic honours from Laval University.

Charles Grant Allen (1848–99), born at Kingston in Canada, graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1871. After four years at Queen's College, Jamaica, as Professor of Logic and Principal (1873–77), he returned to England, and, adopting a literary career, published *Physiological Æsthetics* (1877), *Colour Sense*, *Evolutionist at Large*, *Darwin*, *Colin Clout's Calendar*, *Flowers and their Pedigrees*, *The Story of the Plants*, mainly connected with the exposition and popularisation of the evolution theory. Failing to make a livelihood by scientific work, he turned to novel-writing, and showed a marvellous fertility and attained remarkable popularity under the circumstances. *Babylon*, *In All Shades*, *Philistia*, *The Devil's Die*, were written frankly to please the public; in *The Woman who Did* (1895), first of his 'Hill-top Novels,' he sought to expound and promote his views on life and society—in this case unconventional and startling views on marriage and the relation of the sexes. *The Evolution of the Idea of God* (1897) was an anti-Christian philosophy of religion. He wrote also a small book on Anglo-Saxon Britain, and a series of admirable historical guide-books to Paris, Florence, and Belgium.

John Beattie Crozier, born of Scotch parents at Galt, Ontario, in 1849, was educated at the Grammar School in Galt and at Toronto University; and having qualified as M.D. (1872), came to England and settled in practice in London. But he found time to produce as early as 1880 an important work on *The Religion of the Future*, first of a series of original and suggestive contributions to the history of civilisation and culture; *Civilisation and Progress* (1885) being followed in

1897 by the first volume of *The History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution*. *My Inner Life* (1898) he described as 'a chapter on personal evolution and autobiography;' and he wrote a study of Lord Randolph Churchill and English democracy.

W. H. Drummond, born in 1859 in the west of Ireland, came to Quebec province in 1869, and settled as doctor in a typical mixed village, Bord a Plouffe, peopled by French and English-speaking *voyageurs*, Indians, half-breeds, and French-Scotch-Irish Canadians, who ran the rapids and served with Wolseley on the Red River expedition. He handles in a masterly manner the mixed patois of English and French spoken around him, and in his verse the grotesqueness of the combination strikes one less than the poetry and tenderness and fire of the narrative. *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems* made him favourably known in 1898; *Phil-o'-Rum's Canoe* and *Madeleine Vercheres* were his next ventures (1899); *Johnnie Courteau and other Poems* followed in 1901.

Charles George Douglas Roberts, born at Douglas, New Brunswick, in 1860, studied at the University of New Brunswick, and after holding one or two minor educational posts, edited the *Week* at Toronto, was Professor of English Literature and of Economics in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, from 1885 till 1895, and for two years edited a paper in New York. His best-known work in poetry is contained in *Orion and other Poems* (1880), *In Divers Tones* (1887), *Poems of Wild Life* (1888), an ode for the Shelley centenary, *Songs of the Common Day*, and *The Book of the Native*. But he has written largely in prose on a variety of subjects, from guide-books and histories of Canada to *Earth's Enigmas*, *The Raid from Beauséjour*, *The Forge in the Forest*, *Around the Camp-fire*, *By the Marshes of Minas*, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*, and *Barbara Ladd* (1903), a story of Connecticut child-life.

Archibald Lampman (1861–99), descended from a family of German loyalist-emigrants from Pennsylvania, was born at Morpeth in Ontario, studied at Trinity College, Toronto, and made a name for himself as a poet while holding an appointment in the Ottawa Post-Office. *Among the Millet* (1888) and *Lyrics of Earth* (1895) were his chief collections of verse; and a memoir of him was prefixed to a collected edition of his *Poems* by D. C. Scott (1900).

William Bliss Carman, born at Fredericton in New Brunswick in 1861, studied at the university of his native province, at Edinburgh, and at Harvard, and was successively engineer and teacher, but since 1890 has edited or contributed to papers in New York, Chicago, and Boston. When *Low Tide on Grand Pré* appeared in 1893 he was universally acclaimed as a poet of power and originality. *A Sea-mark*, *Behind the Arras*, and *Ballads of Lost Haven* followed. With a friend, Richard Hovey, he has produced three series of *Songs from Vagabondia*. *St Kavin, a Ballad; At Michaelmas; The Girl in the Poster; The Green Book of the Bards;* and *The Vengeance of Noel Brassard* appeared between 1894 and 1899.

William Wilfred Campbell, born at Berlin in western Ontario in 1861, was the son of an Anglican clergyman, and educated in Toronto and in Massachusetts, became rector of a church in St Stephen, New Brunswick. In 1891 he withdrew from clerical work and took a post in the Civil Service at Ottawa. *Lake Lyrics and other Poems*, fresh descriptive verses, won him a hearing as a poet in 1889; *Beyond the Hills of Dreams* (1899) contains vigorous patriotic lyrics, such as 'Victoria,' 'England,' and 'The World Mother.'

Lily Dougall, born in Montreal in 1858, was educated at home and at Edinburgh University, and is L.L.A. of St Andrews. Her novels *Beggars All* (1891) and *What Necessity Knows* dealt effectively with soul problems, and have been followed by *The Zeitgeist*, *A Question of Faith*, *The Madonna of a Day*, *A Dozen Ways of Love*, *The Mormon Prophet* (1898).

Mrs Everard Cotes, born at Brantford, Ontario, in 1861, contributed largely to papers and magazines, and as Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan became famous for *A Social Departure* (1890), based on a tour round the world, and *An American Girl in London* (1891). In 1891 Miss Duncan married Mr Cotes, an Indian journalist, and has written a series of tales of Anglo-Indian life—*His Honour and a Lady* (1896), *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*, *The Pool in the Desert* (1903; four short stories), and others.

Charles William Gordon, born near Glengarry, Ontario, was for some time a teacher, but qualified at Toronto and in Edinburgh for the Presbyterian ministry, and in 1894 became minister of a church in Winnipeg. Under the pen-name of Ralph Connor, he is author of *Beyond the Marshes*, *Black Rock*, *Given's Canyon*, *The Sky Pilot* (1898; a tale of an evangelist on the Rockies), and *Ould Michael*.

Sir Gilbert Parker, born in Canada in 1862, and educated at Trinity College, Toronto, travelled much in Canada and in the Southern Seas, and for a time was on the staff of a Sydney paper. He published two or three plays, a book on Australia (1892), and a volume of poems (1894). But it was with *Pierre and his People* (1892), a fine presentation of Canadian character, that he first tapped the mine that has proved so rich. Other stories of Canadian life in the past or in the present, amongst *habitants*, half-breeds, and the rest, are *The Translation of a Savage*, *The Trail of the*

Sword, *When Valmond came to Pontiac*, *The Seats of the Mighty* (a historical novel, dealing with Wolfe and the siege of Quebec), *The Pomp of the Lavillettes*, *The Lane that had no Turning*, and *The Right of Way*. The scene of *The Battle of the Strong* (1898) is laid in Jersey, and that of *Donovan Pasha* (1902) in Egypt; but neither of these appealed so strongly as his Canadian stories even to non-Canadian readers. In his historical work on *Old Quebec* (1903) he had the help of a collaborator. Sir Gilbert had been settled in England for some years when in 1900 he was elected M.P. for Gravesend, as a Conservative; he was knighted in 1902.

Australasian Literature.

THE great southern island-continent we call Australia begins to take shape on French and German maps in the first half of the sixteenth century. The Portuguese may have seen Australian coasts by the middle of that century. But it is not till the beginning of the seventeenth that we know of Dutch ships actually in these waters; and by their enterprise the Dutch earned in that century the right to bestow their long-current names on New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. And Tasman invented the Dutch-Latin name *Nova Zeelanda* when he discovered the islands in 1642, but slightly (and not quite correctly) Anglicised when in 1840 New Zealand became definitively a British colony. The name Australia, of happy omen, dates only from the *Voyage to Terra Australis* published by Matthew Flinders in 1814. It was Cook's voyages in 1770 and later that made parts of Australia and New Zealand really well known to Europeans; and the first period of European settlement, associated with British penal stations, began in 1788. The interior of Australia was wholly unknown till after 1813. The discovery of gold in 1851 brought a flood of fresh blood and adventurous energy into the settlements; but it was the slower and soberer pastoral and agricultural colonisation that by 1901 had permanently secured wealth and well-being for the five Australian colonies, which, with Tasmania, in that year entered on a new epoch as the Commonwealth of Australia. At the inauguration of the Commonwealth its population (3,775,000, fully two-thirds native born) was less than that of the English county of Lancashire or of London, and was excelled by that of four several States of the American Union at the same date. But it was considerably more than the total white population of the thirteen United States at the first census in 1790 (3,172,000). New Zealand, with its white population of nearly 790,000, has all the elements of another great and prosperous state of English blood and speech.

To all the colonies the settlers, or a proportion of them, brought their love of the home literature, and erelong one and another began to write songs and stories in imitation of the poets of the mother-country and of America; Poe's influence has been traced as well as that of Wordsworth and Byron, of Tennyson and Browning. Among the first were Barron Field, a judge of the Supreme Court in New South Wales, who as early as 1819 published a volume of poems, *The Firstfruits of Australian Poetry*, reviewed by Charles Lamb in the *Examiner*; W. C. Wentworth; and the statesman Sir Henry Parkes. Some of what R. H. Horne wrote was inspired by his Australian experiences (page 413). Alfred Domett's principal poem was the Maori epic named below. Charles Harpur (1812–68) was even called 'the Australian Wordsworth.' Lionel Michael attracted notice in 1857 by his *Songs without Music*. By far the greater part of Australian literature has been the work of men born and bred in Great Britain. Henry Clarence Kendall was the first Australian-born writer to secure a permanent place in the affections of Australians. But even now Adam Lindsay Gordon's verse is oftenest on Australian lips: and Gordon came from the old country. Kendall and Lindsay Gordon began a new and more important stage in Australian literature. J. Brunton Stephens, a Scotsman, became 'the Queensland poet.' But the most characteristically Australian native-born poets are the so-called 'Bulletin School,' whose gifts have been developed in and by the Sydney *Bulletin*—John Farrell, author of *How he Died* (1895); A. B. Paterson, author of *The Man from Snowy River* (1895); Edward Dyson, author of *Rhymes from the Mines* (1896); and Henry Lawson, author of *While the Billy Boils*, in prose, and *In the Days when the World was Wide*, in verse (1896). Mr Lawson, whose rough and swinging verses denounce with vehemence the vices of civilisation and glorify the 'good old days,' has been described as the most representative writer Australia has yet produced.

Of novels dealing with Australian subjects, probably the most important as literature have been written by two great English novelists, one of whom never even saw Australia, while the other was but for a few years a colonist. In *It's Never too Late to Mend*, Charles Reade (see page 482) carefully followed his documents; but Henry Kingsley's descriptions of bush-life and of the pioneer settlers in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *The Hillyars and the Burtons* (see page 513) are singularly vivid and true and attractive. Much of R. L. Stevenson's later work was produced under the Southern Cross, and is racy of the Southern Sea if not of Australasia. Marcus

Clarke is on the whole the most conspicuous prose writer of those who may fairly be called Australians though European born. 'Rolf Boldrewood' has been called the 'national novelist of Australia.' Ada Cambridge and 'Tasma,' both English born, and Mrs Campbell Praed, a colonial, are the most eminent women writers; though Mary Gaunt (Mrs Lindsay Miller) has also done good work in short stories and longer novels. 'George Egerton,' Australian born, is cosmopolitan in his works. Guy Boothby, born in Adelaide in 1867, the son of a member of the South Australian House of Assembly, has produced a score of stories, of which *On the Wallaby* (1894) and *Billy Binks* are sufficiently Australian in subject. But domiciled in England, he is rather identified with his most notable book, *Dr Nikola*, and its continuations. Louis Becke, born in Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848, has stuck more exclusively to Southern subjects, and utilised in his stories his experiences as a supercargo on shipboard amongst the South Sea Islands and as an Australian journalist. Some of his work he has done in collaboration with Walter Jeffery, who, born in Portsmouth in 1861, went to sea, and in 1886 settled in Sydney, where in 1891 he became editor of a paper. Joseph Jacobs, born in Sydney in 1854, was educated partly there and partly at Cambridge, and has become a first-rate authority on the mediæval history of the Jews (his own people) and on fairy tales. James Francis Hogan, author, journalist, and M.P., was born in Tipperary in 1855, and was in infancy taken by his parents to Melbourne, where he was educated, and whence he returned in 1887. William Henry Fitchett, born in 1850, and educated at Melbourne University for the Methodist ministry, has written popular and patriotic books on British heroic history. Charles Haddon Chambers, journalist, story-writer, and dramatic author, was born at Stanmore near Sydney in 1860, and had been stock-rider and Civil servant ere in 1882 he settled in England. Ernest William Hornung, novelist and journalist, born at Middlesbrough in 1866, found two years in Australia enough to provide him with materials for several Australian stories. Equally short was the sojourn in Australia of Hume Nisbet, who, born in Stirling, has given a highly Australian colouring to several of his half-hundred novels and stories. Fergus Hume, on the other hand, though British born, was educated in Dunedin, and had been a barrister in New Zealand before, in 1887, he sprung on English readers *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, *Madam Midas*, and the rest of his stories, whose interest hardly lies in their literary merits. Henry Brereton Marriott Watson, born in 1863 near Melbourne, was educated at Christchurch, and in 1885 came from New Zealand to begin literary work in England.

In the Australian novel the four main aspects of colonial life have been all duly chronicled—the convict period, the pastoral development, the gold exploitation, and the triumphant democracy of industry and labour.

Records of explorations, lives of explorers, and histories of the colonies form another large section of the literary output: of Australasian historians Mr G. W. Rusden is perhaps the most comprehensive and voluminous. A disproportionate amount of talent and energy is absorbed in journalism; and it should be added that many of the daily papers and the magazines of Australia are very ably written. F. W. L. Adams (1862–93) made some stir in Australia both by his verse and prose while on the staff of the Sydney *Bulletin*, wrote novels of Australian life and criticisms of things Australian, but is best known for an autobiographical novel, *Leicester*. Born in Malta, an army doctor's son, he shot himself at Margate, already doomed to death by lung disease. Charles Henry Pearson (1830–94), author of *National Life and Character*, spent twenty years in Australia, sat in the colonial parliament, and in 1886–90 was Victorian Minister of Education. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (page 583) may also here be named. Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* (page 624) seems to have taken shape in New Zealand.

In New Zealand as in Australia, literary impulses have mainly found vent in journalism. There are many books on the country, its geology, ornithology, and history. Probably those which most distinctly deserve to rank as literature are Manning's *Old New Zealand* (1865), a description of Maori life by an Englishman who married a Maori wife and became a naturalised Maori; he has been for his humour called the 'Charles Lever of New Zealand.' And *The Long White Cloud* (1898), so called by its author, Mr W. P. Reeves, a colonial, from the poetical Maori name for the colony, is admirably written throughout.

See Douglas Sladen, *Australian Poets* (1888) and *Australian Ballads and Rhymes* (1888), anthologies; Desmond Byrne, *Australian Writers* (on seven authors; 1896); Turner and Sutherland, *The Development of Australian Literature* (New York, 1898); A. Patchett Martin, *Beginnings of an Australian Literature* (1898); and the relevant chapter in Percy F. Rowland's *The New Nation* (1903).

Adam Lindsay Gordon, born at Fayal in the Azores in 1833, was the son of a retired army-captain of Scottish family, who latterly taught Hindustani at Cheltenham College. Meant also to be a soldier, Adam was sent to school at Cheltenham and to Woolwich, and kept several terms at Merton College, Oxford. But already an inordinate passion for horsemanship and open-air sports overbore all other interests, and led him into various irregularities. At twenty he sailed to Adelaide, and was successively police-trooper, horse-breaker, and livery-stable keeper, becoming withal the best gentleman steeplechase-rider in the colony. He led an adventurous life in the South Australian bush, yet at odd times read the classics and English poets. He wrote a good deal of verse, and even sat for a spell in the provincial legislative assembly. But neither here nor

in Victoria, where he ultimately made his home, was he in any of his various vocations persistent and sedulous enough to make a decent livelihood, and he soon ran through a legacy his father left him. He was sensitive, proud, solitary, and melancholy in temperament. He had married a domestic servant and believed himself to have lost caste—most unreasonably, for there is evidence that he retained to the last the affection and respect of his friends, avoided the grosser excesses not uncommon in the bush, was chivalrous to women, and had no sordid interests in the turf. He was severely disappointed when his hopes of securing the succession to the Scottish estate of Esslemont in Aberdeenshire turned out to be barred by legal obstacles. Financial embarrassment deepened his natural gloom and unhinged his mind, and he shot himself at Brighton, a seaside suburb of Melbourne. He had earned the love of all lovers of poetry amongst his countrymen by *Sea-spray and Smoke-drift* (1867), *Ashtaroth* (1867), and *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* (1870). 'The Sick Stock-rider' is a marvellously vivid transcript from the bush-life he knew; and 'How we beat the Favourite' is perhaps the best ballad of the turf in English. 'From the Wreck' and 'Wolf and Hound' are colonial experiences, so that his subjects are occasionally Australian. But on the whole the spirit and temper are, as in the bulk of Australian verse and prose, those of a typical and representative Briton. Unlike Kendall, he never made Australian scenery the sole subject of any poem; even 'Whispering in the Wattle Boughs' is not the voice of the Australian forest, but, like 'An Exile's Farewell,' 'Early Adieux,' 'Wormwood and Nightshade,' the echo of his own sad memories, not unmixed with sense of failure and remorse. He glorified the horse and his rider in such a way as to secure local enthusiasm; but he owed more to Byron and Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, than to Australia or anything Australian. He was fond of short dramatic romances based on mediæval literature, as in 'The Rhyme of Joyous Garde' and 'The Romance of Britomarte;' *Ashtaroth*, a dramatic lyric, suggests the influence of *Faust* and *Manfred*. It is not the specifically Australian element that commends him to his readers, but the vitally human utterance of manhood, gallantry, energy, and pathos. Marcus Clarke wrote a biographical introduction to Gordon's collected poems (1880; repeatedly reprinted); and under the not too appropriate title of the *Laureate of the Centaurs*, J. Howlett Ross published a memoir in 1889.

Henry Clarence Kendall (1841–82) was born in a poverty-stricken hut at Ulladulla in New South Wales, and was brought up in the solitudes of the bush. His father, the son of a missionary, had fought in Chili under Dundonald; his mother was a granddaughter of Leonard MacNally, Irish playwright and informer. From a lawyer's office in Sydney Henry passed to a clerkship in the government service. From boyhood he had written verses, and he found time to do a good deal of journalistic work. He struggled ineffectually against his dipsomaniac heredity, resigned his post in the Colonial Secretary's office in 1869, did not prosper in business with his brothers, and secured a small appointment as an inspector of forests. Unlike Lindsay Gordon, he had a keen feeling for nature as revealed in Australian scenery and life in the bush, and sang of Australian mountains, streams, and forests with a wistful charm. In virtue of this and of his national odes he has been called the national poet of Australia, and he has earned a permanent place in the esteem of Australians; but he has not come home to their hearts as Lindsay Gordon did, though his verse is more carefully finished and melodious. What glimpses he gives of his own life experiences are sad and depressing; and confessedly he has not Gordon's force or verve. Yet 'September in Australia,' 'The Hut by the Black Swamp,' 'Death in the Bush,' 'The Grave of Leichardt,' and many other of his poems show true poetic gifts. His most sustained effort is 'Orara,' a narrative poem of tragedy and adventure in the bush. His best work is found in his *Leaves from an Australian Forest* (1869), eminently racy of the soil; his earliest in *Songs and Poems;* his last in *Songs from the Mountains*. A collected edition appeared in 1886.

Marcus Clarke (1846–81), the son of a London barrister, after an undisciplined and precocious youth emigrated to Australia when he was eighteen, and failed to interest himself in his work either in a Melbourne bank or on an up-country sheep-station. But from the time that he secured an appointment on the Melbourne *Argus* it was plain he had found his true life-work; and though he remained a Bohemian, improvident, vexatiously erratic, and indisposed to drudgery or patient, persistent labour of any kind, he was recognised as having the makings of a brilliant journalist and man of letters. In *Long Odds*, a pessimistic study of a *mésalliance* and the victimising of an easy-going hero by two or more villains, he had to get friends to help in supplying instalments to keep up the supply of copy for the serial in which the tale was published. He wrote much for magazines; produced pantomimes, burlesques, and controversial pamphlets; and succeeded admirably with some short realistic tales, such as *Pretty Dick* and *Gentleman George's Bride;* but it is mainly as author of *For the Term of his Natural Life* that he has been called the most notable Australian prose writer. His *chef-d'œuvre* is a powerful but painful story expressly meant to bring out the appalling brutalities that—almost inevitably—accompanied and flowed from the hap-hazard system of transportation of criminals and the hiring out of convict labour in the settlements.

The terrible realism hardly goes beyond the facts, and is relieved by a humour only too savage and cynical, and an occasional touch of romance; Lord Rosebery said that it 'has all the ghastliness of truth.' The ingenuity of the plot is perhaps less satisfactory than the dramatic power of the development and the life-like reality with which the characters are endowed; Clarke's keen insight and the accuracy of his observation are more remarkable than his creative power. But his extravagant and improvident ways forced him to write so much and to have so many irons in the fire that he failed to do justice to his powers, and, like Lindsay Gordon and Kendall, he died young—he was but thirty-five at his death.

Alfred Domett (1811–87), Browning's lost 'Waring,' was, like Browning, a Camberwell man, studied at St John's, Cambridge, and after being called to the Bar, migrated to New Zealand in 1842. In swift succession he occupied the principal public posts in the colony, that of Prime Minister amongst the rest. The year after his return to England (1871) he published his famous—but too lengthy—Maori epic *Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Day Dream*. He had contributed verses to *Blackwood* in 1837; his *Flotsam and Jetsam* (1877) was dedicated to Browning.

James Brunton Stephens (1835–1902), born at Borrowstounness in Scotland and educated at Edinburgh University, was for thirty years closely associated with the intellectual life of Australia. His *Convict Once* (1871), an elaborate poem in hexameters on a sad story, was written while he was a tutor in a Queensland squatter's family. He subsequently held a post in the Civil Service, and in virtue as much of his shorter humorous pieces ('The Chinee Cook,' 'Ode to a Black Gin') as of his more serious and finished work ('The Angel of the Doves,' 'Mute Discourse'), was commonly known as the Queensland poet.

Thomas Alexander Browne has, under the pen-name of Rolf Boldrewood, written *Robbery under Arms* (1888), *A Modern Buccaneer* (1894), *The Squatter's Dream* (1895), *A Canvas Town Romance* (1898), *Ghost Camp* (1902), and other Australian tales of adventure. Born in London on the 6th August 1826, he was taken to Australia in 1830 by his father, Captain Sylvester John Browne, a founder of Melbourne; and there, after a good education and a varied experience in stock-farming and other vocations, he became a police-magistrate and goldfields commissioner in New South Wales, till 1895. His *Old Melbourne Memories* contain vivid sketches of up-country life on the cattle-stations in 'the days before the gold.'

Benjamin Leopold Farjeon (1836–1903), born in London, went almost straight from school to try his luck at the Australian gold-diggings, but settled in New Zealand, wrote a story or two, and at Dunedin was manager and part-proprietor of the first daily newspaper published in New Zealand. By 1870 he was in London working as dramatist and novelist. His first success, *Grif*, was followed by *Blade-o'-Grass*, *Joshua Marvel*, *The Mesmerists*, *The Mystery of the Royal Mail* (1902), and a long series of other stories, in some of which his colonial experiences are utilised.

Ada Cambridge, born at St Germains in Norfolk in 1844, sailed in 1870 with her husband, the Rev. G. F. Cross, for Victoria, where they settled—since 1893 in a Melbourne suburb. Under her maiden name Mrs Cross has since 1891 become famous as a novelist—*The Three Miss Kings*, the story of three bush-bred girls, being followed by *A Marked Man*, *A Little Minx*, *Materfamilias*, *Path and Goal*, *The Devastators* (1901), and other novels, besides poems and *Thirty Years in Australia* (1903), reminiscences and views of Victorian life, manners, and problems. In most of her stories the interest centres on the human and English element in the characters, often both strong and tender, and depends but little on 'local colour' even when the scene is wholly or partly laid in Australia. She is strong in pathetic scenes, and her style is simple and natural.

Mrs Campbell Praed, born in 1851 Rosa Caroline Prior, daughter of the Postmaster-General of Queensland, has written some thirty novels dealing largely with the political and social life of well-to-do colonials. In *Policy and Passion* (1881), one of her first stories, she professed that her aim was to depict 'certain phases of Australian life in which the main interests and dominant passions of the personages concerned are identical with those which might readily present themselves upon a European stage, but which directly and indirectly are influenced by striking natural surroundings and conditions of being inseparable from the youth of a vigorous and impulsive nation;' and she has sought to fulfil this aim in most of her Australian novels. Notable amongst her works—in which a pessimistic tone is noticeable—are *Policy and Passion*, *Nadine*, *Miss Jacobsen's Chance*, *The Romance of a Station*, and *The Insane Root* (1902). She married Mr Mackworth Praed in 1872; and in 1902 she published *My Australian Girlhood*, autobiographical reminiscences.

Tasma, born in London about 1860, came with her father, Mr Huybers, to Hobart in infancy, and when little more than a girl was writing stories, sketches, and reviews in colonial journals. In 1879 she went to live in France, where she wrote for the reviews and lectured; and in 1885 she married M. Auguste Couvreur, a Belgian publicist. Her first and best-known novel, *Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill*, published in 1889, deals with types of the Australian plutocracy, and has been compared with the *Silas Lapham* of Mr Howells. *In her Earliest Youth*, *Not Counting the Cost*, and *The Penance of Portia James* deal also with Australian character.

George Egerton is the pen-name of Mrs Golding Bright, bred an artist, but a novelist by profession. Born in Melbourne about 1870 (her maiden name Dunne), she has been thrice married, and has lived in Ireland, the United States, South America, London, and elsewhere; and her works include *Keynotes*, *Discords*, *Symphonies*, *Fantasias*, *The Wheel of God*, *Rosa Amorosa*.

English Literature in South Africa.

CAPE COLONY, destined to be the nucleus of a vaster British South Africa, did not become permanently a British possession till 1814. What has been written by Dutch colonists in Dutch or in the Cape *taal* is not of literary value, and lies outside the scope of the present work. The earlier literature in English connected with South Africa is rather about it than of it, and, as has been already said, consists mainly of books that are no books, such as government reports, or of the experiences of missionaries, hunters, explorers, or shipwrecked sailors, all of them English born and European in culture and outlook. The Rev. John Campbell's *Travels in South Africa* was in 1814 a notable contribution to a series that included Dr Livingstone's first volume of *Missionary Travels* (1857), and later records of exploration, travel, and adventure; and books on South Africa were multiplied prodigiously by the troubles that led to the Boer War of 1899–1901. To another category belong the letters sent from Africa in 1797–1801 by the lady ever dear to Scotsmen as the author of *Auld Robin Gray*, Lady Anne Barnard, who as wife of the governor had exceptional advantages—and perhaps disadvantages—for studying life at the Cape (see Vol. II. p. 804).

Thomas Pringle, also Scottish, was not much longer—hardly six years—in Africa, but in his verses written there struck an actually African note, and by his *African Sketches* awakened interest in the small and troubled colony, which already in vision he saw extending northward to, and even 'peradventure, in after days,' beyond the equator (Vol. II. p. 791). The autobiography (1901) of Sir Harry Smith, the governor commemorated in the names of Harrismith and Ladysmith, gives a vivid picture of colonial conditions in the middle of the nineteenth century. Bishop Colenso's famous book on the Pentateuch was not merely written in South Africa, but originated in problems raised by a Zulu anxious inquirer; as the controversy mainly concerned theology in Britain, Colenso has been treated above (Vol. II. p. 452). Some of Mr Rider Haggard's novels reproduce very successfully the local colour and atmosphere of South Africa, and in so far may distinctly rank as African.

George McCall Theal, born in 1837 at St John, New Brunswick, went in youth to South Africa, was active as a journalist, and by 1877 was recognised as an authority on all that concerns Bantu history, customs, and folklore. On behalf of the Cape Government he successfully carried out a mission to keep a Kaffir tribe from taking part in the war which had just broken out; in the Basuto War of 1867–68 he fulfilled a like mission with singular tact and insight into native character. For fourteen years he was chief clerk in the Department of Native Affairs; and having for a time been Keeper of the Archives of the Colony, he was ultimately made Colonial Historiographer. His *History of South Africa*, which for comprehensiveness and conscientious research takes rank with our greater European histories, has been in progress for over thirty years, and suffers somewhat from the piecemeal publication corresponding with the course of his researches: thus, while *The History of South Africa from 1486 to 1691* appeared in 1888, *The Beginning of South African History*, incorporating much newly discovered matter bearing on parts of the same period, saw the light only in 1902. He has striven to attain impartiality, and only by the hasty has been reproached for Dutch or 'pro-Boer' prepossessions. LL.D. of Queen's University, Kingston, and D.Lit. of the University of the Cape, he has published fifteen volumes of *South African Records* in Portuguese, Dutch, and English; *Genealogical Registers* of colonial families; shorter books on the history of the colony; and a volume on Kaffir folklore.

Mrs Cronwright Schreiner is doubtless the most original author to whom South Africa has given birth. Daughter of a missionary of German family in the service of the London Missionary Society (her mother a Londoner), she was born in Basutoland about 1865; and while yet in her teens startled the conventional English world of letters by her *Story of an African Farm*, a powerful series of imperfectly finished pictures of life on a Boer farm, and of the spiritual problems and struggles that rend an inquiring soul. It was professedly by 'Ralph Iron;' but when it was known to be the first work of Miss Olive Schreiner, a brilliant literary future was prophesied for her. *Dreams* (1890), a group of spiritual allegories, hardly increased her reputation; and when, after her marriage (1894) to Mr S. C. Cronwright, the controversial note became dominant, her work lost in charm and interest as well as in power: *Trooper Peter Halket* (1897) was practically an anti-Rhodesian pamphlet. More explicitly polemical were (jointly with her husband) *The Political Situation* (1895) and *An English South African's View of the Situation* (1899), on the problems that issued in the Boer War, her view being strongly in sympathy with the Cape Dutch.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

THE 'slender beginnings' of American literature (see Vol. I. p. 832), in the main written by authors of English birth and published in the mother-country, yielded little of even antiquarian memory beyond Roger Williams's *The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution*, Anne Bradstreet's poems, and the *Bay Psalm Book*. Life in the colonies was, indeed, further illustrated by sermons, diaries, letters, and other records either then issued or collected since and made accessible by historical societies; but their importance is rather social than literary, and the same is true also of the most popular poem of the New England colonies, Michael Wigglesworth's *The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment* (1662), which for more than a century was in the place of a church classic for the Puritan Commonwealths. There was plenty of scholarly learning of the ecclesiastical sort then flourishing among the English Nonconformists; intellectual activity was vigorous among the leaders; the people at large enjoyed a mental and spiritual life; but nothing of literary permanence was produced.

The writers of the first generations born upon the soil, whose books characterise the scattered communities then conglomerating into groups of colonies along the seaboard in the later seventeenth and earlier eighteenth centuries, departed but slightly from the pattern set by their fathers. The north-eastern colonies, and, in particular, those of New England, were the chief, and, in fact, almost the exclusive sources of such literature as there was. Sermons and writings of a cognate kind made up its bulk; annals and personal narratives of all sorts gave way to books of a more formal historical nature dealing with the colonial past and the relations of the people with the Indians and the home Government; meagre scientific observations were recorded; but of polite literature there was at best only a small product, and that consisted of the most feeble, awkward, and inane imitation of the reigning English schools. Touches of originality have been sought for in the way of looking at things disclosed by observers of manners, but such traces of a rising American spirit are practically imperceptible; or if a subtle analysis seems to find them, they are unimportant in the general mass. Tradition governed the form and substance of all that was written; the matter and method of the Puritan mind constituted the main stream; originality—a new life—stirred only in the secular and political fields, and there did not at once find literary expression. Men rather than books are the landmarks of the time to the eye of memory; titles are but the shadows of personalities, and these are memorable rather as high-water marks of certain Puritan forces in the region of character than for the value of what they bequeathed by their pens.

In the earlier part of the period under review, during which the ecclesiastical mind remained dominant, two names only definitely survive—Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Mather, the third of the name, represents the consummation of the elder conservative Puritan clergy, and his great work, *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702), is the chief monument of the seventeenth-century New England which it records, as well as the most important literary achievement of the New World up to that time. Its author was prepared for this and his other labours by heredity. His grandfather, Richard Mather, was a joint-author, with Thomas Welde and John Eliot, the translator of the Indian Bible, of the *Bay Psalm Book*. His father, Increase Mather, a graduate of Harvard and of Trinity College, Dublin, and President of Harvard, is credited with one hundred and thirty-six titles, of which the major part was, of course, sermons; but he is historically remembered as the forerunner of Franklin in representing the colonies at London, where he secured the new charter, and also as the head, though not without strenuous and successful opposition, of the clerical hierarchy of New England. In succession to him Cotton Mather took the post of the conservator of the old ways, but in his time the power of the clergy was already weakened, and he was less powerful in the State than his father had been, though he was more highly distinguished as a writer and also as an ascetic and visionary saint of his caste. Jonathan Edwards in the next generation shows the onward course of time by the fact that he dealt not at all with affairs, but retiring into the intellectual sphere of dogmatic theology, won lasting fame as a metaphysical schoolman applying the logic of the reason with marvellous efficiency to the matter of Calvinism,

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to "Cotton Mather," page 734.

and carrying that particular theory of God's nature and ways to the final stage of its development. His reputation for intellectual force has never failed to be recognised, and is now widespread; but it is the faculty, and not its fruits in thought, that is admired.

Apart from these two celebrated men, one the example of the contents and the other of the power of the Puritan mind in the colonies, the literary works of the early eighteenth century have no more than parochial value, and they are without interest except for the antiquarian reader. A very human picture of life in the community about Massachusetts Bay is contained in Samuel Sewall's *Diary* (published only in 1878–82), of especial importance for the time of the witchcraft delusion at Salem, in which he bore a prominent part; he is also historically remembered as the author of the first anti-slavery tract, *The Selling of Joseph* (1700). He was Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, and of the highest layman type of character, with curious foibles of human nature about him, and a touch of poetic susceptibility to the beauty of nature rarely to be found in that age. A document hardly inferior to *The Day of Doom* in its revelation of the everyday religious state of mind of the Puritan people is *The New England Primer*, which from about the year 1690 was for a century and a half current in New England households, and for the greater part of that time dominant in the teaching of the young. Its contents varied in successive editions, but its substance remained unimpaired through all changes. It was known among its readers as the 'Little Bible.' The natural democracy of New England, which was so inbred that it was lodged even in the heart of the autocratic clergy, found its most significant expression in the writings of John Wise, a neighbour of Sewall's, the pastor of Chebacco, an opponent of the Mathers. His *Vindication of the Government of New England Churches* (1717), together with other works, contained principles and declarations in which the political thought of the Revolution could be heard labouring up the horizon; he was perhaps the chief precursor of the students of government. History, to which the founders, Bradford and Winthrop, had given just attention, was cultivated for Massachusetts Bay by William Hubbard, and more conspicuously by Thomas Prince, and later by the last of the royal governors, Thomas Hutchinson; and in Virginia by Robert Beverly and William Stith. Virginia also produced a gentleman of broad culture in William Byrd, a Fellow of the Royal Society, whose writings, illustrative of life and affairs in that colony, have been recently collected; but, like Daniel Denton's *Brief Description of New York* (1670) and George Alsop's *Character of the Province of Maryland* (1666), they appeal only to students of colonial life. In New England similar books were produced in plenty. A vein of satire, as thin as that of *belles-lettres*, both so insignificant as to leave neither author nor title worthy of mention, is noticeable; nor, indeed, had satire ever been wholly silent under the theocracy from the time of Morton of Merrymount. These various intellectual activities, in the regions of observation, chronicle, political thought, and illustration of times and manners, exhaust the minor history of the literature of the colonists up to the time when secular interests displaced theology and the religious life as the dominant elements of society, a change coincident with the emergence of the name of Benjamin Franklin as the typical American of the age.

Franklin, the foremost man of his people and the first American to obtain international fame, was born in Boston; but on his early removal to Philadelphia he found an environment better fitted to his own temperament, and also a centre more characteristic of the growing common life of the colonies. The power of the clergy in New England had become relaxed, but it was still strong, and the life for which they stood survived their personal status and privilege. The high moral strain, which, originally planted there, had been sedulously fostered, became a permanent trait of those communities; but in the middle colonies, and in those to the south also, the human characteristics which would naturally flourish most abundantly in response to the opportunities of a vigorous race in a new country had a freer course of development. Commercialism and the worldly spirit, the materialism of a burgher class, the vanities of new riches, were all rampant about Massachusetts Bay, and went to the making of the Tories as a class; but the temper of the things of this world and the lovers of them were much held in check by what in those days were the things of the spirit and their servants. The neighbourhood of Harvard College operated, together with its tradition, as a restraint on the new worldliness, and as a refuge and fostering-place of the older types; the New England communities would be slowly secularised, and would always bear traces of their origin as plantations of God for conscience' sake in the wilderness. The middle colonies were without this past; they had flourished and were prosperous; life in them was more frankly an enjoyment of the present good; and though Quakerism was at the root of Philadelphia, it has never disclosed any incompatibility with commercialism in any of its forms of the acquisition of wealth by prudence. Franklin's world was one well within the limits of the present life; his wisdom was thrift, an eye to the main chance, a yielding to the will of social circumstance and human nature, a compromise with things, an abandonment of those ideal rigours of the spirit which in the earlier New England were esteemed the first necessities. The centre of life for him had definitely swung back into the world that is, with its prizes and pleasures. Common-sense was the law and the prophets; and his intelligence was so enlightened, so broad, so quick in apprehension and catholic in sympathy, so superb in curiosity,

that in him the whole eighteenth-century spirit seemed to come at a birth in a form of marvellous mental freedom and practical material efficiency. Being all this by native genius, he found in his environment just the world in which such qualities would shine with most illumination. He was fed from the beginning on books and printed matter, and his main business was producing more of the same sort and disseminating it. The list of his own imprints is a principle index to the reading of his compatriots, like the catalogue of the library he founded, whose exemplary influence has been so great in providing public reading for a whole nation. He fertilised the community with reading matter and the spirit of reading; he was a vast promoter of book-power, if one may use the phrase, in the new country. The sort of reading that he made prevail, too, was of the prudent, matter-of-fact, scientific, encyclopædic kind: information for the mind, maxims for the conduct. In the two books by which he is remembered in his own right, the *Autobiography* (1817) and *Poor Richard's Almanack* (1733), the character of the man and of his counsel for life are plainly set forth. His position and labours, however, are something more and other than his books. His is one of the illustrious names of the world, and his place in American literature is only a small incident of his fame. The coincidence of such a supreme intelligence with that moment when the worldly interests of a young nation first came to the fore in its own consciousness, and became the goal of its intense effort, makes Franklin's American greatness, and his long life enabled him to foster the play of those consolidating forces of which at their climax of danger he was to be so great a servant in the eye of the world.

The secular spirit of the colonies, of which Franklin was the conspicuous representative, belonged to all of them in a greater or less degree, and was developed out of their material interests, rapidly increasing; it prepared the diverse settlements for the federating impulses preceding the Revolution, and facilitated the imperfect union of the first stage of independence. It left slight traces in literature. Only when the struggle had fairly begun, and principles and policies were necessarily declared and the cause pleaded in the public forum of church and newspaper and pamphlet, did the colonial power of literary expression again become vigorously alive. Sermons on the topics of the Revolution were innumerable everywhere; and the secular press was busily employed by the pens of laymen. Lawyers naturally took a leading part in the discussion. The spring of the Revolution has been found in the maintenance of old English rights, in the absorption of French philosophical generalisations, and in the habit of the transplanted law to resort to broad principles in establishing the new customs of the country. Whether or not these were all co-operating causes, in any aspect of the matter legal thinkers would have the first place in the literature of the Revolution. A brief and distinguished era of political writing resulted. Its most shining name is Thomas Jefferson. The *Declaration of Independence* is its great State-paper. But, just as in Franklin's case, Jefferson's place in literature is an incident only in a much larger career that belonged to him as a man of affairs, whose utilitarian social services were various and important over and above his work as a lifelong statesman. Jefferson's writings, apart from the *Declaration*, have no element of literary greatness. The Constitution gave birth to the one book of power in the same field, *The Federalist* (1788), the work of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, a treatise in which the essentials of free government are memorably handled. It is customary for the American mind, at least, to add to these prized and celebrated documents Washington's *Inaugurals* (1789–93) and *Farewell Address* (1796). The political writings of the period also include speeches and pamphlets of the patriots James Otis, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, John Adams, and Thomas Paine (Vol. II. p. 559). The period was one of great distinction for oratory, rhetoric, and thought, as well as for the remarkable persons who were engaged in the conduct of its affairs.

The titles of polite literature that survive by courtesy from the eighteenth century are certainly more substantial than those that illustrate the sterility of the ecclesiastical era in New England. The first place is held by Philip Freneau, a patriot in whose verse revolutionary sentiment and incident are embalmed in his *British Prison-ship* (1781), and in several brief pieces which, together with poems of a more conventional inspiration, appeared in two volumes (1786–88), forming the most considerable poetic work then done in America. The abundant source of the verse of the period, however, was Yale College, from whose young graduates issued John Trumbull's *M'Fingal* (1782), a revolutionary satire in imitation of *Hudibras;* Timothy Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan* (1785), an artificial epic; and Joel Barlow's *Vision of Columbus* (1787), afterwards elaborated into *The Columbiad.* These aspirants for the large honours of the poetic art are known as the Hartford wits, though the name more properly belongs to the young men of still inferior literary talent who drew about them. These were the beginnings of American verse; in them the presence of the national spirit is plain, whose most striking manifestation, however, was the popular song, 'Hail, Columbia!' (1798), the work of Joseph Hopkinson. In prose, John Woolman's *Journal* (1774) stands alone.

The foregoing sketch of the fortune of literature in the American colonies, though brief, is abundant for its meagre material. Literature in a true sense did not exist in the first two centuries of life there. A few sporadic books cannot assume that title; and the interest of these, the *Magnalia*,

Franklin's *Autobiography*, Woolman's *Journal*, is not literary. The printed word was used as a social instrument with great power, but not for literary ends; it was in the service of theology, history, government, the practical or pious life; it was primarily speculative, religious, legal, employed for discussion and record. There was no literary class, nor any room for one, in the scheme of life; there was no market for their works. Yet the community, especially in the north, was a lettered one: it read much; it had school and college and a learned class; it maintained and continued high respect for the intellectual and scholarly life and the power of the mind. Its leaders had the classics of learning, which they knew thoroughly, and the urban literature of England, and later of France, for their leisure; its people had, in New England especially, the Bible, their one great book. The rise of a literature of high, if not the first, rank in the next century is not surprising; but such a literature was impossible in the preceding conditions of the colonies, north or south. The intellectual history of the colonies, ecclesiastical and governmental, is summed up in a few notable figures.

For the whole period of colonial literature, Stedman's *Library of American Literature* (11 vols. 1888-90) is invaluable because of the variety and fullness of the illustrations there contained, and the excellent judgment shown in the selection. Trent's *Colonial Prose and Poetry* (3 vols. 1901) is a handy small cyclopædia, and in his *American Literature* (1903) the authors and their works are treated with thoroughness and justice. Tyler's *History of American Literature, 1607-1765* (2 vols. 1878), and *Literary History of the American Revolution* (2 vols. 1897) are still the best authorities on the whole subject-matter.

G. E. WOODBERRY.

Cotton Mather (1663–1728), born at Boston, son of Increase Mather and grandson of the celebrated Puritan minister, John Cotton, was the most distinguished clerical writer of his time, and the head of the conservative party in the Church. He was precocious as a child, a graduate of Harvard at the age of fifteen, and co-pastor with his father at the North Church, where he remained through life. He had extraordinary capacity for mental labour, was indefatigably industrious, and acquired immense erudition. He was gifted also with extraordinary curiosity, and is found exerting himself in unusual fields. His range is indicated by the contrasted facts that he was a chief persecutor of the witches and also an early advocate of the practice of inoculation for the smallpox. In private life he was an ascetic, gave himself to fasting and similar exercises of the religious rule, and saw visions. He appears to have spent no inconsiderable fraction of his time prostrated upon the floor of his study. His fruitfulness was prodigious even for those days, and nigh four hundred titles are credited to him. Of these the *Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England from its First Planting, in the Year 1620, unto the Year of our Lord 1698*, is the chief. It is an immense work of many hundred pages, and contains the history of the settlement, the lives of the governors, the lives of sixty famous divines, the history of Harvard College, creeds, disciplines, remarkable providences, wars with the devil in many forms of sectarianism, and much other like multifarious matter. The work, with all its necessary defects, is an invaluable illustration of colonial life and thought. Other important works are *Late Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft and Possession* (1689), *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (1693), *Parentator* (1724), and the *Manuductio ad Ministerium* (1726). The traits of his writing are described by Tyler as 'the expulsion of the beautiful from thought, from sentiment, from language; a lawless and a merciless fury for the odd, the disorderly, the grotesque, the violent; strained analogies, unexpected images, pedantries, indelicacies, freaks of allusion, monstrosities of phrase.' The same authority describes him as in character 'a person whose intellectual endowments were quite remarkable, but inflated and perverted by egotism; himself imposed upon by his own moral affectations; completely surrendered to spiritual artifice; stretched, every instant of his life, on the rack of ostentatious exertion, intellectual and religious, and all this partly for vanity's sake, partly for conscience' sake.' He, nevertheless, filled a great place in the world that knew him; he was in correspondence with many persons of distinction abroad, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society. He failed of the presidency of Harvard College, and the fact showed that he belonged to the dying past which he embodied in both his own spirit and his works.

The Design of the 'Magnalia.'

I write the wonders of the Christian religion, flying from the depravations of Europe to the American strand: and, assisted by the Holy Author of that religion, I do, with all conscience of truth required therein by Him, who is the truth itself, report the wonderful displays of His infinite power, wisdom, goodness, and faithfulness, wherewith His Divine Providence hath irradiated an Indian wilderness.

I relate the considerable matters that produced and attended the first settlement of colonies which have been renowned for the degree of reformation professed and attained by evangelical churches erected in the ends of the earth: and a field being thus prepared, I proceed unto a relation of the considerable matters which have been acted thereupon.

I first introduce the actors that have, in a more exemplary manner, served those colonies; and give remarkable occurrences in the exemplary lives of many magistrates, and of more ministers, who so lived, as to leave unto posterity examples worthy of everlasting remembrance.

I add hereunto the notables of the only Protestant University that ever shone in that hemisphere of the New World; with particular instances of Criolians, in our biography, provoking the whole world with virtuous objects of emulation.

I introduce, then, the actions of a more eminent importance that have signalized those colonies: whether the establishments, directed by their synods, with a rich variety of synodical and ecclesiastical determinations; or,

the disturbances with which they have been from all sorts of temptations and enemies tempestuated, and the methods by which they have still weathered out each horrible tempest.

And into the midst of these actions I interpose an entire book, wherein there is, with all possible veracity, a collection made of memorable occurrences and amazing judgments and mercies befalling many particular persons among the people of New England.

Let my readers expect all that I have promised them in this bill of fare, and it may be that they will find themselves entertained with yet many other passages, above and beyond their expectations, deserving likewise a room in history: in all which there will be nothing but the author's too mean way of preparing so great entertainments, to reproach the invitation.

(From *Magnalia Christi Americana*, 1702.)

His Father's Manner of Life.

The Dr still had many opportunities for special service continued unto him, and he approved himself a prudent and faithful steward of his talents. He grew in the exercises of repentance and of patience, and of all piety and communion with God, and in the painful discharge of his ministry, and watchfully laid hold on all opportunities to bear testimonies for the cause of God, and of his people, as the matter might require. But if I cut the chapter into little sections, it may add something to the relish of it.

His purpose and manner of life is exactly described in a book about holiness which was written by him twenty years before he died. In that book he offers admirable rules for growth towards a perfection of holiness, in the fear of God: Which he introduces with saying, *I shall not set before you directions impossible to be followed, or heavy burdens which I would be loth myself to touch.* No; we saw his rules livelily exemplified. But his daily course may be inquired after. Besides his patient continuance in that stroke of well-doing which lay in his course of setting apart whole days for the religion of the closet, and which he continued until the last year of his life was coming on, his daily course was this: And what a grateful spectacle to angels in it!

In the morning repairing to his study (where his custom was to sit up very late, even until midnight and perhaps after it), he deliberately read a chapter, and made a prayer and then plied what of reading and writing he had before him. At nine o'clock he came down, and read a chapter and made a prayer, with his family. He then returned unto the work of the study. Coming down to dinner, he quickly went up again, and began the afternoon with another prayer. There he went on with the work of the study till the evening. Then with another prayer he again went unto his Father; after which he did more at the work of the study. At nine o'clock he came down to his family sacrifices. Then he went up again to the work of the study, which anon he concluded with another prayer; And so he betook himself unto his repose.

In the prayers of the day, what there fell short of the number in the hundred and sixty fourth verse of the hundred and nineteenth psalm was doubtless made up with numberless ejaculations—Of such ejaculatory prayers, no doubt, is to be understood, what antiquity reports of the apostle Bartholomew, That he prayed one hundred times in a day; and of one Paulus, That he did it three hundred times. I can't say, That this our Eusebius had so many ejaculatory prayers as these come to; But he was the happy man, that had his quiver full of them!

He commonly spent sixteen hours of the four-and-twenty in his laborious hive! Being very much of Thomas à Kempis his mind, *Nusquam requiem invenio nisi in libro et in claustro.* He was there, some thought, even to a fault. More of his pastoral visits were wished for.

(From *Memoirs of Remarkables in the Life and the Death of the ever-memorable Dr Increase Mather*, 1724.)

See Tyler's *History of American Literature* (1878) and A. P. Marvin's *Life and Times of Cotton Mather* (1892). The most sympathetic and able study of him is Barrett Wendell's *Cotton Mather, the Puritan Priest* (1891). The *Magnalia* can be found in modern reprints.

G. E. W.

Jonathan Edwards (1702–58) was born at East Windsor, Connecticut. His boyhood was remarkable for precocity, shown not only in metaphysical interest but in physical research; and the mind which so announced itself has been deemed capable of greatness in any intellectual career he might have chosen. He was a graduate of Yale College, and then a tutor there, but spent his life as pastor of the church at Northampton from 1727 to 1750, and for eight years thereafter as missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge; after which he held for a few weeks the presidency of Princeton, in which office he died of the smallpox. His moral and spiritual character was on a plane equal to his mental endowments; though he was not an orator, he was an impressive speaker, and succeeded by the intensity of his nature perhaps as much as by the terror of his subject. His power of logical thought, however, surpassed his talent for description, minute and imaginative as the latter was; and the works on which his great reputation as the ablest American theologian rests are distinguished by reasoning only. His three important works are *Treatise concerning the Religious Affections* (1746), *On the Freedom of the Will* (1754), *Treatise on Original Sin* (1758). His most famous sermon is *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God* (1741). The first extract illustrates the vivid directness of his sermons, the second his metaphysical style.

The Wrath of the Almighty.

Thus it will be with you that are in an unconverted state, if you continue in it; the infinite might, and majesty, and terriblenes of the Omnipotent God shall be magnified upon you in the ineffable strength of your torments: you shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and when you shall be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the wrath and fierceness of the Almighty is; and when they have seen it, they will fall down and adore that great power and majesty. 'And it shall come to pass, that from one moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of

the men that have transgressed against me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh.'

It is everlasting wrath. It would be dreadful to suffer this fierceness and wrath of Almighty God one moment; but you must suffer it to all eternity: there will be no end to this exquisite, horrible misery: when you look forward you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow up your thoughts and amaze your soul; and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all; you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions and millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengeance; and then, when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains. So that your punishment will indeed be infinite. Oh, who can express what the state of a soul in such circumstances is! All that we can possibly say about it gives but a very feeble, faint representation of it; it is inexpressible and inconceivable: for 'who knows the power of God's anger?'

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of every soul in this congregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious, they may otherwise be. Oh that you would consider it, whether you be young or old! There is reason to think that there are many in this congregation, now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons; promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But alas! Instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell! And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting-house in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning.

From 'The Freedom of the Will.'

The plain and obvious meaning of the words *Freedom* and *Liberty*, in common speech, is *power, opportunity, or advantage that any one has, to do as he pleases*. Or, in other words, his being free from hindrance or impediment in the way of doing, or conducting in any respect, as he wills. (I say not only doing, but conducting; because a voluntary forbearing to do, sitting still, keeping silence, &c., are instances of persons' conduct about which Liberty is exercised; though they are not so properly called doing). And the contrary to Liberty, whatever name we call that by, is a person's being hindered or unable to conduct as he will, or being necessitated to do otherwise.

If this which I have mentioned be the meaning of the word Liberty, in the ordinary use of language; as I trust that none that has ever learned to talk, and is unprejudiced, will deny: then it will follow that in propriety of speech neither Liberty nor its contrary can properly be ascribed to any being or thing but that which has such a faculty, power, or property as is called will. For that which is possessed of no such thing as will cannot have any power or opportunity of doing according to its will, nor be necessitated to act contrary to its will, nor be restrained from acting agreeably to it. And therefore to talk of Liberty, or the contrary, as belonging to the very will itself is not to speak good sense, if we judge of sense and nonsense by the original and proper signification of words. For the will itself is not an agent that has a will: the power of choosing itself has not a power of choosing. That which has the power of volition or choice is the man or the soul, and not the power of volition itself. And he that has the Liberty of doing according to his will is the agent or doer who is possessed of the will, and not the will which he is possessed of. We say with propriety that a bird let loose has power and Liberty to fly, but not that the bird's power of flying has a power and Liberty of flying. To be free is the property of an agent who is possessed of powers and faculties, as much as to be cunning, valiant, bountiful, or zealous. But these qualities are the properties of men or persons and not the properties of properties.

There are two things that are contrary to this which is called Liberty in common speech. One is constraint; the same is otherwise called force, compulsion, and coaction; which is a person's being necessitated to do a thing contrary to his will. The other is restraint; which is his being hindered, and not having power to do according to his will. But that which has no will cannot be the subject of these things. I need say the less on this head, Mr Locke having set the same thing forth with so great clearness in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

But one thing more I would observe concerning what is vulgarly called Liberty; namely, that power and opportunity for one to do and conduct as he will, or according to his choice, is all that is meant by it; without taking into the meaning of the word anything of the cause or original of that choice, or at all considering how the person came to have such a volition; whether it was caused by some external motive or internal habitual bias; whether it was determined by some internal antecedent volition, or whether it happened without a cause; whether it was necessarily connected with something foregoing, or not connected. Let the person come by his volition or choice how he will, yet, if he is able, and there is nothing in the way to hinder his pursuing and executing his will, the man is fully and perfectly free, according to the primary and common notion of freedom.

Edwards's works are found in Bohn's edition. See for his biography A. V. G. Allen's *Jonathan Edwards* (1889), and the admirable paper by Sir Leslie Stephen in *Hours in a Library*, second series.

G. E. W.

Benjamin Franklin (1706–90) was born at Boston, but his life is rather associated with Philadelphia, to which city he early migrated. He followed the printer's trade, and became a publisher of newspapers and books. He had a political

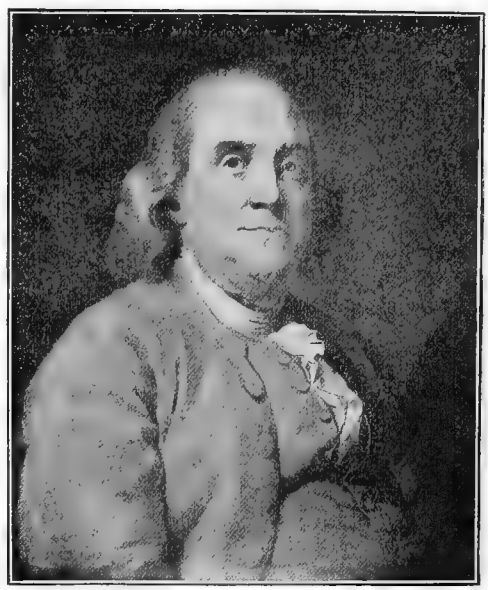
career from 1736, and his public activities grew more diversified and more important till he had become the most useful citizen of the State, and the most profitable servant of the colonies abroad as their agent at London and, during the Revolution, at Paris. He was illustrious in science from the time of his discoveries in electricity. The reputation his name still enjoys is that of one of the great citizens of the world. He was primarily a citizen, not a writer; and the list of his inventions, foundations, and organisations is a long one. In the formative period of American society he was the principal suggester of new methods and ends and the chief organiser of new activities (see above at page 732). Most of his writings have consequently to do with practical affairs, but the *Autobiography* stands apart from the others, and is the work by which he is universally known. The style he used is one of the best of that day of excellent prose.

His Religious Views.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and, though I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that He made the world, and governed it by His providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished and virtue rewarded either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect as I found them more or less mixed with other articles which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations; and I was now and then prevailed on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians: 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;' and I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle: 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath-day. 2. Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things; but, as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery painted by F. Baricolo after a Portrait by J. S. Duplessis.

some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use [in 1728], entitled 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion.' I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it without attempting further to excuse it, my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

The Way to Wealth.

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for, though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanacs) annually, now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that, did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best

judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and, besides, in my rambles where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated with 'As Poor Richard says' at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that, to encourage the practice of remembering and reading those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, 'Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?' Father Abraham stood up and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for A word to the wise is enough, as Poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

'Friends,' said he, 'the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says.

'It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while The used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy; and, He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and, Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says.'

(From *Poor Richard Improved.*)

Franklin's *Works* are edited by John Bigelow in ten volumes (1887–89), the *Autobiography* in three volumes (1868). Excellent Lives of him are J. B. M'Master's (1887) and J. T. Morse's (1889).

G. E. W.

John Woolman (1720–72) was born at Northampton in New Jersey, and after a humble beginning, he began to teach poor children and to preach as an itinerant among the Quakers. For a quarter of a century he travelled extensively in the Atlantic States, and was from the start an abhorrer of slavery. His *Journal* tells the story of his journeys, and in the narrative discloses a pious soul simply and sincerely. It owes something of its vogue to Charles Lamb's love of it, and to Whittier's eulogy. A brief extract shows its quality.

An Angelic Vision.

In a time of sickness with the pleurisy, a little upward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy colour, between the south and the east; and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were: 'John Woolman is dead.' I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman, and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed beyond doubting that it was the voice of an holy angel; but as yet it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for His name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery; and in the morning my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was; and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light-headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery. My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that that language, 'John Woolman is dead,' meant no more than the death of my own will. Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision, and now my natural understanding returned as before.

Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments were often stained with

worldly glory, and that in the present state of things I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels. Soon after my recovery, I, going to our monthly-meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and not in any other; and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel. The like I afterward went through in several Friends' houses in America, and have also in England, since I came here; and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving-kindness of my heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that occasion.

G. E. W.

George Washington (1732–99) has been referred to above (page 713) as a conspicuous representative of the political literature of this period. The writings of Jefferson and Washington were incidental to their public life, and though the style of one is censured as rhetorical and that of the other as cold, the inspiration is felt in the first and dignity in the second with a fire and weight that make their sentences imperishable. The language of the *Declaration* is well known. His *Farewell Address* is a noble example of Washington's power to utter character in words, putting himself into his wisdom; veneration for the man is a part of the impressiveness of what he says.

From Washington's 'Farewell Address.'

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organisation and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honours it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your

affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together ; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

G. E. W.

Lindley Murray (1745–1826), the grammarian, was born of Quaker parentage, the eldest of twelve children, at Swatara, Pennsylvania, and was educated at Philadelphia, New York, and Burlington, having at fourteen run away to school from his father's counting-house. He studied law at New York, and was called to the Bar in 1763. At twenty-two he married, and in 1770–71 first visited England, where from 1785 he made his home at Holgate, York, for the last sixteen years never leaving the house. In 1787 he published his *Power of Religion on the Mind;* and his *English Grammar* (1795), long a standard on both sides of the Atlantic, was followed by *A Compendium of Faith and Practice*, *The Duty of a Daily Perusal of the Scriptures*, and *Memoirs*, written in a series of six letters by himself, and concluded by Elizabeth Frank (1826). Spite of his proverbial credit as an authority, his own style was by no means a model of excellence ; it was not impeccable even on grammatical grounds, the 'misallied participle' being only too frequent.

Joel Barlow (1754–1812), born at Redding in Connecticut, studied at Dartmouth and Yale Colleges, and served as a military chaplain during the war of independence. In 1788 he came to France as agent for a land company ; in 1792 published in London a poem entitled *The Conspiracy of Kings;* spent some years on the Continent in political, literary, and mercantile pursuits, in which he made a fortune ; served as American consul at Algiers ; and was appointed ambassador to France in 1811. He died near Cracow when on his way to a conference with Napoleon. His *Columbiad* (1807) is a historical review of events from the time of Columbus to the French Revolution. Other works are his intemperate *Advice to the Privileged Orders* (1791–95) and the would-be humorous poem, *Hasty Pudding.* See Todd's *Life and Letters of Joel Barlow* (1886).

Charles Brockden Brown (1771–1810) was born of Quaker stock in the Quaker city of Philadelphia, yet, bred for law, deliberately chose literature as a profession, and ranks as the first American to make this choice. The French Revolution and Godwin's influence, political and literary, drew him wholly away from Quaker sympathies, and it was in New York that he wrote *Aleuyn* (1797) on the rights of women. His first novel, *Wieland, or Transformation* (1798), turned on ventriloquism. In the next three years he produced four more novels—*Arthur Mervyn*, *Ormond*, *Edgar Huntley*, and *Clara Howard*—and secured the proud position he maintained for twenty years as first of American novelists, until his star paled before Fenimore Cooper's. Much of his early work consisted of tales of terror and horror, morbid and improbable enough, and showing Godwin's influence all too plainly, but with passages of real intensity and power, and characteristic touches all his own. He anticipated Cooper in exploiting the forest life of the continent, and patriotic critics have discovered in him suggestions of Poe, of Hawthorne, and even of later Americanism. His first magazine ran only a year; his second *Literary Magazine* lived from 1803 till 1805, and the half-yearly *American Register* was thriving at his death, when he was engaged on a system of geography and a treatise on Rome under the Antonine emperors. His last novel, *Jane Talbot*, had appeared in 1801 ; and he had written in defence of the *Justice of Restrictions on Foreign Commerce.* His Life by Dunlop (2 vols. 1815) was reissued with the seven-volume edition of his novels (1827) ; there were reprints of his works in 1857 and 1887 ; and on his life and work, see Prescott's *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies* (1867).

James Kirke Paulding (1779–1860) was born in Dutchess county, New York, and, though strongly drawn to literature, was mainly self-educated. A friend of Washington Irving, he wrote part of the wonderfully popular *Salmagundi.* During the war of 1812 he published the *Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, an effective satire, and in 1814 a more serious work, *The United States and England*, which gained him an appointment on the Board of Naval Commissioners. A continuation of *Salmagundi* by his own pen was a failure. But he produced a very successful romance of old New York, *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831), and a Kentuckian story, *Westward Ho!* (1832)—not to speak of a good deal of poetry, a *Life of Washington* (1835), and a defence of *Slavery in the United States* (1836). In 1837 he became Secretary of the Navy. Even at his best he had been overshadowed by Irving and Cooper, and he is now but little read. See his *Literary Life* by his son (1867), and Grant Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends* (1886).

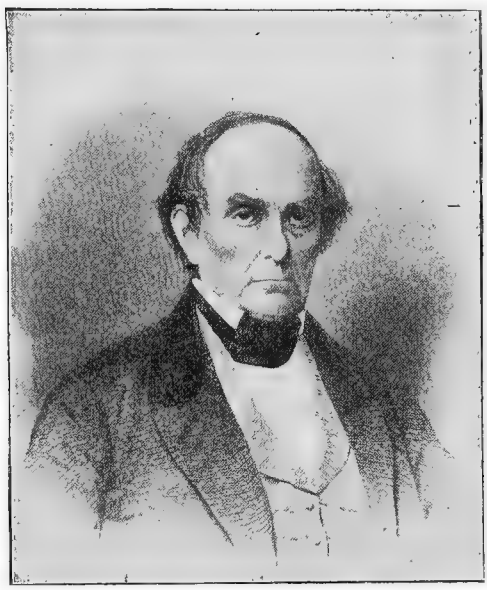
William Ellery Channing (1780–1842), preacher and writer, was born at Newport in Rhode Island, graduated at Harvard in 1798, and in 1803 was ordained minister of a Congregational church in Boston, where his sermons were famous

for their 'fervour, solemnity, and beauty.' He was somewhat of a mystic, held Christ to be more than man, but was ultimately the leader of the Unitarians, though to the end he shrank from dogmatic definitions and one-sided apprehension of Christian truth. In 1821 he was made D.D. of Harvard for his works on the Christian evidences, his address on war, and his sermons; and next year he visited Europe, and made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Among his Works (6 vols. 1841–46) are treatises on national literature, on Milton, on Fénelon, on slavery, and on self-culture. It was of him that Coleridge said, 'He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love.' His character was as attractive as his eloquence, and almost as influential as the vigour, pure taste, and infectious earnestness of his literary work. He laboured zealously in all good causes, social and philanthropic; and pled for peace, charity, temperance, and the cause of the slaves (though never an extreme abolitionist), and a higher tone in political life. In virtue of his personal influence as well as through his published works, he ranks almost along with Emerson as one of the intellectual leaders of New England in the early nineteenth century. There are Lives of him by his nephew, W. H. Channing (3 vols. 1848; new ed. 1880), by Frothingham (1887), and by the Rev. J. White Chadwick (1903).

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was the son of a farmer at Salisbury in New Hampshire; studied at Dartmouth, Salisbury, and Boston; and after eight years at the Bar, was sent to Congress in 1813. From 1816 he was eminent as an advocate in Boston, and as orator became famous by his oration at the Pilgrim Fathers' bicentenary. Massachusetts representative in Congress from 1823, he found few rivals there; in 1827 he was transferred to the Senate. He had favoured free trade, but in 1828 he vigorously defended the new protective tariff. He was called into Harrison's Cabinet as Secretary of State, and under Tyler negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain. In the Senate in 1845 he helped to avert a war with England over the north-west boundary; he opposed the war with Mexico; but though he said that he abhorred slavery, he refused on that score to risk breaking up the Union. Careless in money matters, he accepted pecuniary assistance from political friends, but easily repelled a charge of corruption (1866). Under Fillmore he was called to his former post as Secretary of State to settle differences with England, and he was deeply disappointed at not receiving the Whig nomination for the presidency in 1852, the year of his death. At all times he showed too great deference to established institutions, and on the slavery question his conscience but very imperfectly matched his intellect. And though he thus fell short of the first rank amongst American statesmen, he was unquestionably foremost of American orators. His speeches were published in 1851; his *Private Correspondence* in 1857. There are Lives of him by G. T. Curtis (1869), H. C. Lodge (1884), N. Brooks (1893), N. Hapgood (1899), and S. W. McCall (1900).

The British Drum-Beat.

The question is, therefore, whether, upon the true principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequence be prejudicial or not, if there be an illegal exercise of power, it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention



DANIEL WEBSTER.
After a Portrait by A. H. Ritchie.

of those who are entrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust

power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

(From a Speech in the Senate in May 1834.)

Washington Irving

was born in the city of New York on 3rd April 1783, the son of a Presbyterian Scotsman from Shapinshay in Orkney, who claimed descent from William de Irwyn, armour-bearer of Robert Bruce; his mother, from Falmouth in Cornwall, a woman of a sunny, loving temper, was attached to the Episcopal Church. His education was scanty and desultory. His brothers were sent to college, but he showed no inclination to study, being 'a dreamer and a saunterer'—owing doubtless to a hereditary tendency to pulmonary disease. He was named after the father of the country, from whom as a child he received a personal blessing. Whilst at four schools he versified a bit and wrote a play; at sixteen he entered a law-office, at nineteen contributed humorous articles to a paper as 'Jonathan Oldstyle.' Threatened with consumption, he sailed for Europe, landed at Bordeaux in 1804, and went by Marseilles to Italy, escaping with difficulty from Bonaparte's police, who persisted in regarding him as an English spy. At Rome he was intoxicated by Italian art, and having met Allston the American painter, was tempted to become an artist. He visited Paris and the Netherlands, and at London saw John Kemble and Mrs Siddons. In 1806 he returned to New York in improved health, and was admitted to the Bar. Those were 'Corinthian days,' and he led a rather idle life, much in society, and greatly admired.

His first writing was in the *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly sheet in imitation of the *Spectator*, conducted jointly by himself, his brother William, and J. K. Paulding. It ran for twenty numbers, and then stopped without explanation in the fullness of success. There was considerable merit of a superficial sort in those early attempts, but there was no evidence of serious literary purpose; the papers were apparently written with a view only to social distinction. His first characteristic work, that by which he will be best remembered, was *A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, published in 1809. Everybody knows the little man in knee-breeches and cocked hat as one of the permanent figures in the gallery of literary portraits. The *History* has a substratum of truth, but is openly a good-natured burlesque upon the old Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island. The humour and the gravity which mask it are alike irresistible; it may be doubted if there is in the language a more delightful or more perfectly sustained piece of drollery. Readers of Scott will remember his warm praise of the book, written while 'his sides were sore with laughing.' In the United States it was universally read; and even now it is to the American people as real in its way as the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

For eight years after this Irving was in partnership with his two elder brothers in a business that had relations on both sides of the Atlantic, but in the end was unsuccessful; and when later he had won his place among authors and was receiving a good income, he supported two of his brothers and five nieces with unselfish devotion. In May 1815 he went to Europe for the second time, and did not return for seventeen years; in August 1817 he visited Scott at Abbotsford. It was in 1818 that the misfortunes of his firm culminated in bankruptcy, and thereafter he turned his whole attention to literature. He declined liberal offers for magazine work, and would undertake nothing that was to interfere with his plans. The *Sketch Book*, of which the first number appeared in New York in 1819, and the last in 1820, was received in the United States with universal delight; its early success in Great Britain was largely due to the powerful support of Scott. All the pieces in this miscellany have a certain charm—if for nothing more, for their felicitous touch and purity of style. But the chief interest centres in 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' and 'Westminster Abbey.' The last is one of the most finished descriptive essays of the century, though perhaps a little lacking in simplicity. The two legendary tales are in a way related to the *History of New York*, and have had a currency and an influence difficult to measure. 'Rip Van Winkle' is a distinct creation of genius, and with its fellow has made the lower reach of the Hudson classic ground; for the first time there had been produced in the United States a literary work on the highest level of contemporary excellence. *Bracebridge Hall* (1822) fairly maintained but did not raise the author's reputation—'Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.,' was already at the summit of favour. After a few years passed on the Continent he published (1824) *Tales of a Traveller*, a work he thought his best in regard to style, but which some critics think over-refined.

In 1826 he went to Spain and began the long and arduous studies which were the foundation of his more important serious works. These were *The Life of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus* (1831), *The Alhambra* (1832), *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* (1835), *Mahomet and his Successors* (1850); but the two or three works last named were only sketched or partly written

before his return to the United States in 1832. It was Irving who first revealed to English readers the rich stores of Spanish history and romance; and whatever may have been done to correct or expand his narratives, to him must be given the praise of having produced some of the most fascinating books in existence. He had intended to write the history of the conquest of Mexico, for which he had collected materials, but generously, and to his own loss, relinquished his design to Prescott when he learned that the latter proposed to undertake it. The sums obtained by Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history. Mr Murray gave £200 for the *Sketch Book*, but afterwards doubled the sum; for *Bracebridge Hall* he gave 1000 guineas; for *Columbus*, 3000 guineas; and for the *Conquest of Granada*, £2000. At the end of this sojourn in Spain, Irving was for a short time secretary to the United States Legation in London. On his return to his native city (1832) he was received with great enthusiasm; but he declined political honours, and continued his literary work. After an excursion in the then Far West, he published (1835) *A Tour on the Prairies*. In the same year he issued *Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey;* he was also at work upon the last of the books in the Spanish series. In writing *Astoria* (1836) he was assisted by his nephew, his future biographer. *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (in the Rocky Mountains) appeared in 1837. His biography of Goldsmith was mainly written about this time, though not published until 1849. He remodelled for his home an old Dutch house in Tarrytown, New York, near his 'Sleepy Hollow;' but his intended retirement to 'Sunnyside' was postponed by his appointment in 1842 as United States minister to Spain. He returned in 1846, and once more set himself to work. *Goldsmith* and *Mahomet* appeared as already mentioned; then, in 1855, *Wolfert's Roost*, a miscellany. His last work was the Life of George Washington (5 vols. 1855–1859); he died at Sunnyside, 28th November 1859, and in Sleepy Hollow at Tarrytown he lies buried.

Irving was never married. In his youth he was betrothed to Miss Hoffman, a beautiful girl of eighteen, daughter of the lawyer with whom he pursued his studies; and separated from her by her untimely death, he remained all his life faithful to her memory. In all his works there is chivalrous deference and tenderness towards women; he was exceedingly fond of children, and was always beloved by them. In his youth he was well made and handsome, and then, as afterwards, was courted by the best society. Tender feeling and abundant humour mark his writings; he had a quite exceptional power to seize the attention of cultivated readers by his keen observation, his graphic touches of description, and his limpid and musical style. The early books which first gave him fame and those which came from his studies in Spain are his best claims to permanent remembrance; his later works would not have given him the high rank he deservedly holds. His was a fortunate and honourable life; and, on the whole, though inferior in genius to more than one American author, he must be accounted the most successful writer of the New World.

The American in England.

England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman, and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

But what more especially attracts his notice are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement—there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual, charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay; and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me everything was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child to whom everything is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

(From *Bracebridge Hall.*)

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to

keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! Whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crestfallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttering something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself: everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.



WASHINGTON IRVING.
After the Portrait by Stuart Newton.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle

seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

(From *Bracebridge Hall.*)

Rip Van Winkle's Return.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired 'on which side he voted.' Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, 'whether he was a Federal or Democrat?' Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eye and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, 'what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?' 'Alas! gentlemen,' said Rip, somewhat dismayed, 'I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!'

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—'A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!' It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

'Well, who are they?—name them.'

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, 'Where's Nicholas Vedder?'

There was a silence for a while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, 'Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard, that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too.'

'Where's Brom Dutcher?'

'Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again.'

'Where's Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?'

'He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.'

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world.

Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, 'Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?'

'Oh, Rip Van Winkle!' exclaimed two or three. 'Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.'

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name?

'God knows,' exclaimed he, at his wits' end; 'I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!'

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-headed man.

She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. 'Hush, Rip,' cried she; 'hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you.' The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

'What is your name, my good woman?' asked he.

'Judith Gardenier.'

'And your father's name?'

'Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.'

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

'Where's your mother?'

'Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler.'

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. 'I am your father!' cried he—'young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?'

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, 'Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?'

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it: some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and

the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon;* being permitted in this way to revisit the scene of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

The above article on Irving has been revised from that written for *Chambers's Encyclopædia* in 890 by the late Dr F. H. Underwood. A Life of Irving was published by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving (5 vols. 1862–64); there is also an excellent short biography by Charles Dudley Warner (1881), and a German Life by Laun (1870). Besides the criticisms in the various histories of American literature, see also Bryant's *Discourse* on Irving's life, character, and genius (1860), and Longfellow's *Address before the Massachusetts Historical Society* (1870).

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790–1867), born at Guilford in Connecticut, became a clerk in New York, and in 1832 private secretary to John Jacob Astor; in 1849 he retired to Guilford on an annuity of $200 left him by Astor. With his friend Rodman Drake he was responsible for the verse squibs and local satires called *The Croaker Papers.* His longest poem, *Fanny* (1819), is a pointed and sprightly satire on the literature, fashions, and politics of the time. His best shorter poem is the elegy on his friend Rodman Drake, beginning, 'Green be the turf above thee;' others still remembered are the verses on Marco Bozzaris, on Burns, and on Alnwick Castle. His complete *Poetical Writings* and his *Life and Letters* were edited by J. G. Wilson in 1868–69; his *Orations* by W. C. Bryant in 1873.

George Ticknor (1791–1871), born in Boston the son of a wealthy New Englander, was admitted to the Bar in 1813, but turned his thoughts to study and travel, and, starting for Europe in 1815, remained there for four years—at London, Göttingen, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Madrid, and Lisbon. Everywhere he mixed in the best society; and his journal is full of the best sort of interviewing. He was Professor of French and Spanish and Belles Lettres at Harvard 1819–35, then again spent three years in Europe, collecting materials for his monumental and learned but far from lively *History of Spanish Literature* (1849). He also wrote Lives of Lafayette (1824) and Prescott (1864). His delightful *Life, Letters, and Journals* were published in 1876; and, dealing with European letters as much as with American experiences, are perhaps his most valuable bequest to posterity.

Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806–67) was born at Portland of a long line of Puritan ancestors, his father and grandfather being journalists. By the time he left Yale he was a clever writer in prose and verse, and ready to launch his *Fugitive Poetry* (1829). In New York he established the *American Monthly Magazine;* in 1831 visited Europe, where he was well received; and contributed to the *New York Mirror* his *Pencillings by the Way. The Slingsby Papers*, a collection of clever stories, belong to the same period. Appointed *attaché* to the American legation at Paris, he visited Greece and Turkey, and returned to England in 1837. To the London *New Monthly* he sent his *Inklings of Adventure* (collected 1836), and in 1840 he described a country life in *Letters from under a Bridge.* In 1844, now editor of the *Daily Mirror*, he revisited Europe, and published *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil* (1845). In New York again in 1846, he started the *Home Journal*, to which he contributed most of his later works: in 1850, *People I have Met* and *Life Here and There;* 1851, *Hurrygraphs*, *Life of Jenny Lind;* 1853, *Fun Jottings*, *A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean;* 1854, *A Health-Trip to the Tropics*, *Famous Persons and Places;* 1855, *The Rag-Bag;* 1857, *Paul Fane;* 1859, *The Convalescent.* For a decade about the middle of the century he was about the most conspicuous and best-paid professional writer in America, though most of his work was trivial and gossipy, and is now forgotten. His early lyric 'Unseen Spirits' is admirable, but most of his short poems, scriptural, pathetic, and other, though they seem to have actually moved a generation trained on sentiment and the Bible, fail of their effect. 'Lady Jane' is at most clever; 'Melanie' and 'Lord Ivan and his Daughter' are all but unreadable. There is a Life of him in the 'American Men of Letters' (1885) by Professor H. A. Beers, who edited *Selections* from his prose writings (1885).—His sister, **Sara Payson Willis,** 'Fanny Fern' (1811–72), was a popular writer. See her Life (1873) by her husband, James Parton.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851) was born at Burlington, New Jersey, son of a Federalist member of Congress, of Quaker descent; but in 1790 the family removed to a property near Otsego Lake, on what was afterwards to be known as Cooperstown, New York, then in a wild frontier region of great natural beauty. Cooper was much influenced in his second home by forest surroundings, red men, traders, and Indian traditions, his sense of mystery and his imagination being strongly stimulated. He entered Yale College in 1802, a boy of thirteen; and after remaining there three years, he was dismissed for neglect of his studies and defiance of academic discipline. In 1806 he shipped as a common sailor in the merchant service, and in 1808 entered the navy as a midshipman. He rose to the rank of a lieutenant, but in 1811 resigned his commission, and married a sister of Bishop De Lancey of New York, a high Tory. For ten years he devoted himself to farming and family life, and plunged into authorship somewhat suddenly. His first novel, *Precaution* (1819), was a failure; and the thirty-two tales which followed it were of extremely unequal quality. Among those which had exceptional merit and signal success may be named *The Spy* (1821), *The Pilot* (1823), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Prairie* (1826), *The Red Rover* (1831), *The Bravo* (1831), *The Pathfinder* (1840), *The Deerslayer* (1841), *The Two Admirals* (1842), *Wing-and-Wing* (1842), and *Satanstoe* (1845). His other writings include a meritorious *Naval History of the United States* (1839; abridged edition, 1841), and *Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers* (1846). His novels, upon the whole, and in spite of conspicuous faults, well deserve all the favour they received; the sea-tales and stories of frontier life being out of sight his best. His descriptive talent was as yet unequalled in America; and some of his characters, such as 'Natty Bumppo,' 'Long Tom Coffin,' 'Harvey Birch,' 'Uncas,' 'Chingachgook,' and especially 'Leather-Stocking,' are drawn with extraordinary vigour and vividness. From the beginning of his literary career he was greeted as proving that an American had done work which might almost be compared with that of 'the author of *Waverley*.' The peace of many of the later years of his life was much disturbed by literary and newspaper controversies and actions for libel—usually against Horace Greeley and other Whig editors, for he was often denounced as a Tory and aristocrat; and in nearly all of them he was successful. He conducted his own lawsuits, and usually pleaded his cases with admirable tact and ability. One good result of these suits was to impose upon the newspaper press of America some degree of restraint from the scandalously savage and virulent freedom of speech which had till then prevailed. On either side of the Atlantic Cooper's own severity of language won him no small amount of personal unpopularity; yet no man loved his country better than he; and his high regard for the nobler side of the English character, and his appreciation of the grand achievements of British history, found frequent expression in his writings. These writings, other than the best of his novels, contained much to excite opposition, and they brought upon him, not altogether undeservedly, the reputation of being a proud, contentious, and somewhat wrong-headed man; yet there was in his real character much sweetness, great strength and dignity, and unqualified honesty. He was excessively proud, no doubt, but his pride was without vanity; his faults were those of temper and judgment rather than of character.

When Cooper is treated—as he still often is, even in America—mainly as a writer of boys' books, he has an injustice done him. He wrote too much; many of his men are as conventional as his women usually are; his conversations are stilted; his style is careless; and his prejudices are constantly aired. But he had a very true and very great gift as a story-teller; he was the first to take the virgin forest and the prairie into the domain of fiction, and he wrote the prose epic of the planting of his country. Modern ethnologists do not sneer, as it was once the fashion to do, at his Indians as mere creations of the fancy. Some of his characters are permanent additions to literature; and his power is best felt when he is compared with his predecessor, Brockden Brown. 'He belongs emphatically to the American nation,' as Washington Irving said; and his painting of nature under new aspects gave him a name that will never die.

By Lake Otsego.

On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water.

Death of Long Tom Coffin.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried: 'I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer.' But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the

last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The cockswain [Tom] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander, whom Tom had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
After the Portrait by Madame de Mirbel.

of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cockswain; 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence: 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

''Tis the wind driving by the vessel!'

''Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected cockswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!'

'Why, then, did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God, returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon—'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch!' muttered his companion; 'you must go like the rest of us: when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.'

'I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace!' said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under-tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands: 'Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look

of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins. (From *The Pilot.*)

Lounsbury's Life of Fenimore Cooper (1882) is the standard one, and contains a full bibliography; there is also a book on him by Clymer (1901).

William Gilmore Simms (1806–70), the first notable man of letters in the Southern States, was born at Charleston in South Carolina, and had been both druggist and law-student when in 1828 he became editor of the *City Gazette*. His first poetic venture, *Lyrical and other Poems* (1827), was followed by *The Vision of Cortes* (1829), *The Tricolour* (1830), and *Atalantis* (1832); but his poetry is almost uniformly mediocre, though *Southern Passages and Pictures* (1839) contains some good verse. His essays, dramas, histories, and biographies are unimportant; he was a vigorous and successful journalist. But it is as novelist, the most capable of Fenimore Cooper's successors and imitators, that he has earned his place in literary history. *Martin Faber* (1833), somewhat on Brockden Brown's lines, attracted notice. *Guy Rivers* (1834) was a tale of life in the Georgia goldfields. *The Yemassee* (1835), dealing with Indians in colonial days, is an advance on these, and though it too plainly shows Cooper's influence, is usually accounted Simms's greatest work. *The Partisan* (1835), *The Scout*, *Woodcraft*, and *Eutaw* (1856) are the most notable of a series dealing with adventure and warfare in the South during the revolutionary wars. *Richard Hurdis*, *Border Beagles*, *Helen Halsey*, and *Charlemont* continued the Border series begun by *Guy Rivers*. *Pelayo*, *Count Julian*, *The Damsel of Darien*, *Vasconselos*, are too ambitious historical novels on times and regions to which Simms could not do justice. *Carl Werner*, *Castle Dismal*, and *Marie de Berniere* are domestic novels; *The Wigwam and the Cabin* is a collection of short tales. *The Cassique of Kiawah* (1860) would have been one of his triumphs but for the excitements of the Civil War, on which Simms wrote zealously as a fervid Southerner. During the war he was ruined and his library was burnt; he never retrieved his losses or regained his eminence in the public view—for 'at the North' his vehement partisanship had made him unpopular. In his life he had founded or conducted some half-dozen literary serials, and to them and other periodicals he contributed largely; he did much hack-work on a vast variety of subjects; and he was highly thought of as lecturer and orator. The illustrated edition of his works (1882–86) fills seventeen volumes. See Lives by Cable (1888) and Professor Trent (1892).

Richard Henry Dana (1787–1879) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, educated at Harvard, and admitted to the Bar at Boston in 1811. In 1818 he became associate editor of the *North American Review*, to which he contributed largely. His *Dying Raven* (1821), *The Buccaneer* (1827), and some others of his poems were warmly praised by critics; but his best work was in criticism.

His son, **Richard Henry Dana** (1815–82), graduated at Harvard in 1837; but during a break in his college career, occasioned in part by an affection of the eyes, he had shipped as a common



RICHARD HENRY DANA.
From an Etching by S. A. Schoff.

sailor, and made a voyage round Cape Horn to California and back. This voyage he described in *Two Years before the Mast* (1840), on the whole, perhaps, the best book of its kind; in 1840 he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and was especially distinguished in maritime law. Among his works are *The Seaman's Friend* (1841) and *To Cuba and Back* (1859). He also edited Wheaton's *International Law*, and was a prominent Free-soiler and Republican. There is a Life of him by Adams (2 vols. 1890).

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820), associated with Fitz-Greene Halleck in *The Croaker Papers*, was born in New York city, and bred to medicine, but died of consumption in his twenty-sixth year. His most considerable poem, 'The Culprit Fay,' was written to show that American rivers also had just claims to the glories of fancy and romance. 'The American Flag' is even better known. The volume containing *The Culprit Fay and other Poems* was first published in 1835, and has been repeatedly reprinted.

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), long the patriarch of American poets, was born of good New England stock at Cummington in Massachusetts, his father being a distinguished medical practitioner, who sat in the State legislature; and his name commemorates the doctor's reverence for the great Edinburgh physician, William Cullen, then recently dead. The precocious boy, keenly interested in literature, was trained to admire the poetry of Pope, and early encouraged to imitate him; the most noted fruit of these attempts being a satire, *The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times* (1807)—a singular production for a youth of thirteen. In 1810 he entered Williams College, but, the family finances being straitened, he after two sessions resumed his studies at home, and formed himself by loving study of his favourite poets (amongst them Blair and Kirke White, Cowper and Campbell), while watching with a keen eye the quiet life of nature as he rambled among the woods. His quickened imagination found expression in the sonorous blank verse of *Thanatopsis*, which, published in the *North American Review* for September 1817 (though partly written as early as 1811), was unanimously greeted as having in it more of real poetry than anything hitherto written by an American. It has been described as the culmination of the poetry of the churchyard school. Meantime Bryant had studied law, had been admitted to the Bar, and had settled at Great Barrington. Invited to contribute further to the *Review*, he sent both verse and prose; among the former 'Lines to a Waterfowl,' and among the latter a criticism on American poetry. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard a patriotic poem on 'The Ages' in Spenserian verse. In the same year he was married to Miss Frances Fairchild, who inspired his poem 'O Fairest of the Rural Maids.' In this year, too, he lost his father, to whom he paid a tribute in his 'Hymn to Death.' Other noted poems of this time are 'The Rivulet,' 'The West Wind,' 'Green River,' 'The Forest Hymn,' and 'June,' which were published in Boston periodicals. In 1825 the poet was induced by his friends to remove to New York to become editor of the *New York Review*, and when it failed a year later, he was made assistant-editor of the *Evening Post*. In 1829 he had become editor-in-chief, and by his various gifts of mind and character, by his dignity and high principle, did much to raise the tone of the daily press. A collection of his poems was published in 1832, and, on its republication in England through Washington Irving, and with his warm commendation, received favourable notice from *Blackwood's Magazine*. Bryant was now, however, absorbed in journalism. His paper was democratic in politics, but when the slavery question became prominent it inclined to the anti-slavery side, and in 1856 it assisted in forming the Republican party. He was often called upon to make public addresses, and of these a volume was published in 1873. His visits to Europe, the West Indies, and many parts of the United States gave occasion for several series of letters to his paper (republished in three volumes). Meantime his poems had taken possession of the hearts of his countrymen, and several editions were issued, some of them finely illustrated. In his old age, when editorial duties were less absorbing, he again found time and temper for poetry. His later verse is strikingly similar in tone and manner to that of his youth; sometimes, as in 'Robert of Lincoln' and 'The Planting of an Apple-tree,' he seemed to reach a higher level than of old. At seventy-two he commenced translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in English blank verse, which proved as inadequate as those of many greater men before him. Almost his last poem was *The Flood of Years*, a worthy counterpart to *Thanatopsis*. In May 1878 Bryant delivered an eloquent address at the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini in the Central Park of New York; and as he was afterwards entering a house he fell on the doorstep, receiving injuries of which he died a fortnight later.

Historically the earliest of the true poets of America, Bryant justly ranks amongst the great writers of his country. His poetry, though lacking in fire and power and the essentially lyrical note, has in it a true vein of tenderness and sympathy, and much restrained dignity, reflectiveness, and patriotic love of liberty; upon the whole more closely akin in temper to the work of Gray and Cowper than of contemporary English poets, it too often tends to be commonplace. The secret of its popularity was perhaps more its moral than its poetic attractiveness. Bryant deals kindly with the nobler side of the Red Indian, and he is hardly equalled in his descriptions of the larger aspects of American scenery. Most of his poems are short, and his verse forms are not very varied—he is most at home in blank verse. 'The Death of the Flowers,' 'The Fringed Gentian,' 'The Crowded Street,' 'Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race,' 'Our Country's Call,' and 'The Battlefield' are others of his most memorable poems. He had little more than a nominal share in Bryant and Gay's *Popular History of the United States* (1876–1880); and his books of travel, addresses, and essays are little read.

An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that, toward the eastern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his train, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough!

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Toward the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more:
The springs are silent in the sun;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet!

From 'Thanatopsis.'

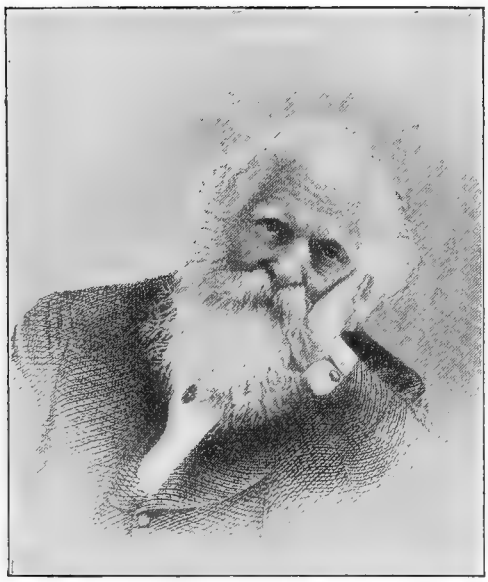
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

From 'The Death of the Flowers.'

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold Novem-
ber rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
From an Engraving in the British Museum.

From 'The Battlefield.'

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life. . . .

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, published Bryant's *Life and Works* in six volumes in 1883–84; the short Life in the 'American Men of Letters Series' (1890) is by John Bigelow; and see also Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends* (1883) and Stedman's *Poets of America*.

George Bancroft (1800–91), born in Worcester, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard with high honours in 1817, and studied for two years at Göttingen in Germany. He lived for a time in Berlin, visited Weimar, and went home tinctured with the new spirit of the world he had moved in—for he had seen and read, talked to or corresponded, with Goethe and Humboldt, Hegel and Schleiermacher, Heeren and Niebuhr. For a year he was Greek tutor in Harvard; and in 1823 he and a fellow-tutor established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, with which he was associated until 1830. During these years he published a volume of poems, and made translations from the German of the minor poems of Goethe, Schiller, and others, and of some of the historico-political works of Heeren. In 1834 appeared the first volume of his *History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent*, followed by the second and third volumes in 1837 and 1840. Between 1852 and 1860 came the five volumes narrating the history of the colonial period to the Declaration of Independence, and in 1866 and 1874 respectively the two concluding volumes, bringing the history to the treaty of peace with the mother-country in 1782. *The History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States* (2 vols. 1882) afterwards formed a constituent part of the revised edition of the complete *History of the United States* (6 vols. 1882–84).

Bancroft in early life was a Democrat. He served as collector of the port of Boston (1838–41), under President Van Buren, and was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts in 1844. He accepted a seat in the Cabinet of President Polk as Secretary of the Navy in 1845, and the following year was appointed minister to the court of St James, a position he filled with credit until 1849. Oxford made him D.C.L., and he was J.U.D. of Bonn. In the Civil War he was heartily in accord with the national Government, and in 1867 he was appointed by President Johnson minister to Berlin, serving with distinguished ability until recalled in 1874 at his own request. In his later years he lived at Washington, contributing occa-

sional articles to magazines. His history, it has been said, is not a history of the United States —it ends just where the history of the States as a nation begins; and it was calculated that to complete the history on the same scale would require seventy or eighty volumes. Besides his *opus magnum*, he had written on the progress of the human race, addresses on Jackson and Lincoln, and a book on Van Buren. The solidity of his work as historian, his acumen, insight, and common-sense, are more remarkable than his method of presentation—his style is laboured and often heavy, his rhetoric crude and tedious, and his generalisations somewhat too 'philosophical' and too discursive. But he faithfully followed a high ideal of the historian's responsibility, and in his day of popularity—now past—did much to cherish in America an ennobling conception of the national destiny.

Boston in 1770.

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists; each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement, self-constituted, self-supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place; the usages of 'papists' were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of 'popery and slavery;' they were Protestants even against Protestantism; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the *Boston Gazette*, it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

Its citizens were inquisitive, seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and



GEORGE BANCROFT.

From the Sketch from Life by C. J. Becker.

his own fortune; and yet individually, and as a body, they were public-spirited.

(From *History of the United States.*)

There are books on Bancroft and his historical work by Rives (1867), Green (1891), Wallis (1896), and West (1900). Professor Trent in his *American Literature* (1903) is perhaps somewhat too severe on his defects as a historical writer.

Amos Bronson Alcott (1799–1888) was the son of a farmer at Wolcott in Connecticut, and began life for himself as a pedlar in the southern states. In 1828 he established a school in Boston on highly reformed methods, which, laudable and psychologically sound as many of them were, provoked so much opposition that erelong the school had to be dropped; and the transcendental (and somewhat nebulous) philosopher sought to propagate his original views on education, theology, social economics, and vegetarianism by lectures, for which his attractive personality secured attention if not much pecuniary success. A scheme to establish a community on an estate bought by a friend of his near Boston failed utterly, and he spent his later years largely as a peripatetic philosopher. He contributed to the Transcendental *Dial*, and published *Tablets* (from his diary), *Concord Days*, a collection of sonnets and canzonets, and an essay on Emerson.

His daughter, **Louisa May Alcott** (1832-88), born at Germantown in Pennsylvania, became a teacher somewhat on her father's lines, but wrote for the magazines, and published in 1855 *Flower Fables*. During the Civil War she served as nurse, and sent to a newspaper what were afterwards made into a book as *Hospital Sketches*. But it was her *Little Women* (1868-69), for children, that made her famous; and this, her *chef d'œuvre*, she never equalled either in her *Old-fashioned Girl*, *Little Men*, and *Jo's Boys* (all 'juveniles'), or in her novels, *Moods* (1863) and *Work* (1873). Yet in all her writings (nearly thirty publications) there is an attractive strain of optimistic hope and faith in human nature and democratic freedom.

See the father's *Life and Philosophy*, by Sanborn and Harris (1893), and Lowell's *Fable for Critics*; and Louisa's *Life, Letters, and Journals*, by Cheney (1889).

Lydia Huntley Sigourney (1791–1865), the daughter of Ezekiel Huntley, a soldier of the revolutionary war, was born at Norwich in Connecticut, was well educated there and at Hartford, and, under her maiden name of Lydia Huntley, for five years taught a class of ladies in Hartford. In 1815 she published a volume of eminently *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse;* and in 1819 she married Charles Sigourney, a Hartford merchant. Her descriptive poem in blank verse on the *Traits of the Aborigines of America* (1822), and her *Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since* (1824), were followed by *Pocahontas and other Poems*, *Lays of the Heart*, *Tales in Prose and Verse*, and *Letters to Young Ladies* and *to Mothers*. In 1840 she visited Europe, and on her return wrote her *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*. A pure-minded and lovable woman, an appallingly copious and oppressively sentimental writer of verse, she was a constant contributor of ballads, descriptive poems, epithalamiums, elegies, and occasional verses to magazines and periodicals. But her English prototype is hardly flattered when Mrs Sigourney is called 'the American Hemans.' See her autobiographical—and not a little significant—*Letters of Life* (New York, 1866).

Lydia Maria Child (1802–80), born in Medford, Massachusetts, published her first novel, *Hobomok*, under her maiden name of Lydia Maria Francis, in 1821, and her second, *The Rebels*, a story of Boston before the Revolution, in 1822. In 1828 she married David Lee Child (1794–1874), a journalist, with whom she edited the *Anti-Slavery Standard* in New York in 1843–44. Her works, nearly thirty in number, include novels, the best of them relating to early New England history, stories for children, a biography or two, and an ambitious but rather inaccurate work on the history of religion (1855). *Philothea* (1836), sometimes described as her masterpiece, is an ambitious tale of the days of Pericles. Her popularity died before her. See her *Letters* (1882) and Higginson's *Contemporaries* (1899).

Sarah Margaret Fuller (1810–50), for the last three years of her life the Marchesa Ossoli, was the daughter of a Massachusetts lawyer and politician living at Cambridgeport, and by her father and other preceptors was injudiciously encouraged so to labour in all the branches of a liberal education that before she was well in her teens her health was permanently injured by the continued strain. After her father's death in 1835 she supported her seven brothers and sisters (she was the eldest child) both by private teaching and by school work in Boston and Providence. Ere this she was familiar with what was best not merely in English but in French, Spanish, and Italian literature, and under the influence of Körner and Novalis, Goethe and Schiller, was one of the pioneers of New England Transcendentalism—that vigorous reaction as well against time-honoured Puritan prejudices and humdrum orthodoxy as against eighteenth-century philistinism and materialistic utilitarianism. Sarah Fuller shared to the full in the vague idealism, pantheism, mysticism, of the new movement, whose most conspicuous representatives were George Ripley and Theodore Parker, as also in its pedantic, paradoxical, and extravagant elements. But though she was a frequent and welcome guest at Brook Farm, she did not cherish its communistic enthusiasms. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Channing were her most intimate friends; and it was she who conducted the Transcendental organ *The Dial* (1840–42). She translated Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* and other notable German books; and she conducted a novel kind of conversation classes for ladies, comprising discussions of social and philosophical problems, in which some have sought the origin of the New England woman's rights movement. She was not prepossessing in face, figure, or manner, was somewhat obviously self-conscious, though perfectly lady-like, but was gifted with a quiet exceptional power of conciliating sympathy, and in her talk and writing was rather clever and eccentric than really original or profound. In 1844 she published her first volume, *Summer on the Lakes*, a record of a season's travel. In the same year she went to New York as literary critic of the *Tribune*, and to that paper contributed a series of miscellaneous articles, republished as *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846). Having gone to Europe in 1846, at Rome she met the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, a friend of Mazzini's, to whom she was married at the end of 1847. In 1849, during the siege of Rome, she, at Mazzini's request, took charge of a hospital, while her husband fought on the walls; and after the capture of the city by the French she and her husband took refuge in the mountains of the Abruzzi, and then in Florence, till in May 1850 they could sail with their infant for America. From the beginning the voyage was tragically disastrous. The captain of the ship died of smallpox; and the Ossolis' child fell ill of the same disease. Finally, when the

miserable voyage was all but over, on the 16th of July the vessel was wrecked on Fire Island near New York; the child's body was washed ashore, but nothing was ever seen of mother or father. Her Autobiography, with additional memoirs by Emerson, Clarke, and Channing, appeared in 1852 (new ed. 1884); there are also Lives by her brother A. B. Fuller (1855), by Julia Ward Howe (1883), who also edited her love-letters in 1903, and by T. W. Higginson (1884).

Ralph Waldo Emerson,*

the most original and influential writer that America has yet produced, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 25th of May 1803. The centennial commemorations which in 1903 were celebrated throughout the United States, and in Great Britain as well, testify to the depth and extent of the influence which has been exerted by this free-thinking idealist and seer. Contemporary with Carlyle, who accepted very much as a matter of course the homage which the distant New Englander paid to his genius, Emerson was from the first not less independent and self-centred than the iconoclastic Scotsman whom, expecting to find a master, he visited at Craigenputtock in 1833, and with whom, from that time, he maintained an affectionate, lifelong friendship. This friendship was never disturbed either by opposition of views or by contrariety of character; for beneath their diversities, great as they were, each undoubtedly recognised in the other a fundamental love of truth, justice, and righteousness.

Emerson came of a family distinguished by a long succession of clergymen and college graduates. His father, the Rev. William Emerson, graduated at Harvard College in 1789, and at the time of Ralph Waldo's birth he was minister of the First Church in Boston. He died in 1811, leaving a widow and six children, all under ten years of age, with but scanty means of support. But Mrs Emerson was courageous and capable, and she eked out her resources by taking boarders, her sons helping her with the house-work. It was the mother's ambition to have her boys educated, and her fond hope to see at least some of them ministers. They were accordingly sent regularly to school, and at home, in the spare time which remained after doing the household chores, they were encouraged to read standard works of poetry, history, and oratory. In this educational work and stimulus the mother was greatly aided by her sister-in-law, Miss Mary Emerson, for whom Ralph Waldo entertained the greatest affection and veneration. 'She must always occupy a saint's place,' he wrote long afterwards, 'in my household; and I have no hour of poetry or philosophy since I knew these things, into which she does not enter as a genius.' This early life of poverty, tempered with the delights of Plato and Plutarch, Shakespeare and Milton, Addison and Pope, Rollin and Robertson, left an ineffaceable impress upon Ralph Waldo Emerson, and some of the descriptive passages of his essay on 'Domestic Life' are a reminiscence and biography of those days, though the form is strictly impersonal and objective.

The boy was at a private school before he was three years of age, and at eleven he entered the Latin School. He was soon turning Virgil into readable English verse; he liked Greek and history, and he developed a considerable facility for rhyming. In 1817 he entered Harvard College, which, considering both the age of the students and the subjects of the curriculum, was then little more than a boys' school. Emerson did not in any way distinguish himself in college, and in mathematics he utterly failed; but to the more serious members of his class he was known as a studious reader and lover of the best literature.

After graduation he taught school for a few years; but that profession was exceedingly irksome to him, and nothing but the compensation it afforded would have kept him at the work. Already, too, he had looked forward to the ministry as the natural field for his life-work, though now with less enthusiasm than when in boyish days he dreamt of drawing men to religion by the spell of his oratory. Yet speculative difficulties (which, indeed, he always quietly shelved) did not bar his way to the pulpit, as happened with his elder brother, William, who turned to law. In 1823 Emerson began studying for the ministry, attending some lectures at the Divinity School at Cambridge, but on account of poor health not enrolling in the regular course. In 1826 he was 'approbated to preach' by the Middlesex Association of Ministers; and, after a winter in the South in search of health, he was in March 1829 ordained as colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, minister of the Second Church in Boston. On the resignation of Mr Ware shortly afterwards, Emerson became sole pastor of this important church. But he was not destined to remain a clergyman. In the summer of 1832 he resigned his pastorate and, as it turned out, terminated his career as a settled minister, though he continued to exercise the function of preaching as late as 1847.

The immediate occasion of this action was the maturing in Emerson's mind of a conviction that the Lord's Supper was never intended to be a perpetual rite, and that its sacramental observance was prejudicial to religion by emphasising forms instead of spirit, and by transferring the worship of God to Christ. Otherwise he had no hostility to the institution. He simply lacked sympathy with it, as indeed he did with public prayers. But his Unitarian brethren had not yet travelled so far from traditional orthodoxy, and with friendly feelings on both sides they parted. In the sermon he preached to them on the Lord's Supper—the only sermon to be found in his published works—Emerson had declared that 'the day of formal religion is past.' This was, indeed, a wider departure from current Unitarianism than a mere difference

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection from "Nature," page 758.

of opinion on the nature and perpetuity of the Lord's Supper. It meant that the source of authority in religion was within, and not without, and that forms were matters of absolute indifference. And to be an official minister of such an inward religion seemed almost a desecration of it. Thus Emerson wrote in his journal, under date of 10th January 1832: 'It is the best part of the man, I sometimes think, that revolts most against his being a minister. His good revolts from official goodness.'

His fair worldly prospects gone, Emerson was struggling under a heavy burden of affliction. His wife—'a bright revelation to me of the best nature of woman'—died of consumption in 1832 at the



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
After the Portrait by S. W. Rowse.

early age of twenty-one. His younger brother Edward, a prodigy of talent and power, whom some of their contemporaries thought the most promising of the family, had broken down, and sought restoration of health in Porto Rico, where he died in 1834. Charles, another younger brother, who had been an inmate of Waldo's house and his friend and companion for many years, was already a victim of disease, from which he died in 1836. Now Waldo's own health gave way, and, sick in body and depressed in spirits, he sought relief in a trip to Europe. He sailed from Boston on Christmas Day 1832, in a little trading-brig bound for the Mediterranean. The sea-voyage, the close quarters, the rations of pork and beans, the complete physical and moral change, proved a most effective tonic to his health and spirits.

A brief account of Emerson's European trip is prefixed to his *English Traits*. He visited Sicily, Italy, France, and Great Britain. He saw Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, and Carlyle—the latter, says Emerson, 'so amiable that I love him.' He observes that all these four are deficient, though in different degrees, 'in insight into religious truth.' Yet to see them had been the prime motive of his trip to Europe. If he had suffered disillusionment from personal intercourse with these great men, of whom his imagination had drawn idealized portraits, he had nevertheless been comforted and confirmed in his convictions, and he would 'judge more justly, less timidly, of wise men forevermore.' And to the friendship then formed with Carlyle we owe the correspondence—since given to the world by Mr Norton—which began with Emerson's first letter in 1834, and closed with Carlyle's last letter in 1872.

On his return from Europe, Emerson began to appear before the public as a lecturer. 'My pulpit is the Lyceum platform,' he once said. And for the rest of his days he was known as a peripatetic lecturer, with Boston as headquarters. He settled near by in 1834, in the quiet village of Concord, the home of his forefathers. The subjects of his lectures took a wide range—biography, literature, history, art, morals, philosophy, politics, were only some of them. But in the choice of subjects Emerson betrayed his affinities. Thus, of the lectures given in 1834, two were afterwards published: one on Michael Angelo, the immortal prophet of beauty in nature—beauty which is one with truth and virtue; and the other on Milton, who stood foremost 'of all men in the power to inspire,' and who 'better than any other has discharged the office of every great man—namely, to raise the idea of man.' Both presentations embodied Emerson's own loftiest aspirations.

But the first clear proof of Emerson's genius was afforded by the publication in 1836 of his little book entitled *Nature*, which may also be regarded as the apocalypse of New England Transcendentalism. It had, however, almost as hard a fate as Hume's Treatise, for it took twelve years to sell five hundred copies. But nothing quite so mystical and incomprehensible had ever been presented to American readers, and why should it fare better than Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* in England? It is an attempt to see God, and nature, and man face to face, and not merely through the eyes of tradition and history. Its themes are nature's ministry to and discipline of man, the world as a divine appearance to a human mind, spirit as the all-inclusive reality, of which man thinking is also participant, and intuition as the receptiveness of the human mind to communications from the Divine. If the book was caviare to the general, it gave 'true satisfaction' to Carlyle, who in a letter to Emerson described it as 'the foundation and ground plan on which you may build whatsoever of great and true has been given you to build.'

In a more exoteric form Emerson's leading ideas

found expression in his noble discourse on 'The American Scholar,' delivered at Cambridge on 31st August 1837. The first part deals with the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action; the last with the scholar's duties, which 'may all be comprised in self-trust.' It is another Fichte on American soil, absolutely original and independent, glorifying the vocation of the scholar as 'the world's eye' and 'the world's heart.' With thought as profound as Aristotle's and as solid as Darwin's, the orator flashes out his central idea: 'The main enterprise of the world for splendour, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.'

Another address, delivered in the following year at the Divinity College, Cambridge, set forth Emerson's religious philosophy. As Dr Holmes truly says, it 'was a plea for the individual consciousness as against all historical creeds, bibles, churches, for the soul as the supreme judge in spiritual matters.' It made a great sensation, occasioning much discussion and controversy, in which, however, Emerson took no part. And it was, indeed, thoroughly revolutionary, even in the high places of Unitarianism. Thus, after declaring that Jesus Christ 'alone in all history estimated the greatness of man' and was 'true to what is in you and me,' Emerson goes on to say that 'churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes,' and that they dwell 'with noxious exaggeration about the *person* of Jesus.' The great reform needed is that men shall become acquainted at first hand, each for himself, with Deity. Faith, indeed, is an intuition, and cannot be received at second hand. The prophets and divine bards are a provocation and stimulus. 'And thus, by his holy thoughts, Jesus serves us, and thus only.'

Emerson was now thirty-five years of age. He had won recognition as a man of letters and as a profound philosophical thinker, with deep moral and religious interests. In lecturing he had found the means of an assured livelihood, in addition to some property left him by his wife. He had bought for thirty-five hundred dollars a house at Concord, which the seller alleged had cost him seventy-eight hundred. To this house in 1835 he had brought his second wife, Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth. And here he passed the rest of his life—a life devoted to meditation, reading, writing, lecturing, conversation with friends and visitors, and occasional public speaking.

It was a life singularly uneventful, of which the best record are the titles of his successive works. But it was a beautiful, peaceful, and happy existence. Children were born, to whose training Emerson gave much attention, and the death of the eldest in 1842 was a heavy sorrow to him. In 1847 Emerson sailed for Europe on his second visit. He spent a week with Carlyle at Chelsea, and then began a series of lectures in England and Scotland, some of which were afterwards published under the title of *Representative Men.* The volume on *English Traits*, published in 1856, is a reminiscence of the same visit. In 1857 *The Atlantic Monthly* was established under the editorship of James Russell Lowell; and Emerson, like many other old contributors to *The Dial* (which from 1840 to 1844 had been the organ of the Transcendental movement), wrote for the new magazine, his contributions including some of his best-known poems. About the same time the 'Saturday Club' was founded in Boston, and to it Emerson went regularly till 1875, meeting for talk at informal dinners such distinguished contemporaries as Longfellow, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Governor Andrew, and others of scarcely less renown. In 1866 Harvard conferred upon her illustrious son the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1874 Emerson was nominated for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and he received five hundred votes against seven hundred for Disraeli, who was elected. 'I count that vote,' he wrote to Dr Hutchison Stirling, 'as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me.'

Such things, with a visit to California in 1871 and a third visit to the Old World in 1872, are the most noticeable external events in the later life of this meditative and home-loving thinker and teacher. But the inward life he lived is reflected in his writings and addresses. The variety of the contents of the dozen volumes that make up his collected works is very inadequately indicated by the general titles. These are: (1) *Nature, Addresses, Lectures;* (2, 3) *Essays;* (4) *Representative Men;* (5) *English Traits;* (6) *Conduct of Life;* (7) *Letters and Social Aims;* (8) *Society and Solitude;* (9) *Poems;* (10) *Lectures, Biographical Sketches;* (11) *Miscellaneous;* (12) *Natural History of Intellect.*

Emerson's working life, according to Dr Holmes, did not extend much beyond the year 1867. There was a long but not unhappy twilight, and on the 27th of April 1882 he passed quietly away. The form of Emerson's writings was determined by his vocation. As Shakespeare the actor wrote dramas, Emerson the lecturer wrote discourses and essays. There is, indeed, a volume of poems; but though short passages of his poetry seem destined to immortality, and such poems as 'Each and All,' 'The Humble-Bee,' 'The Snow-Storm,' 'Wood-Notes,' 'The World-Soul,' and 'The Problem' will long have appreciative readers, Emerson, with all his poetical feeling, insight, imagination, and soaring thought, did not, any more than Carlyle, find in poetry a natural medium of expression. His fame rests on those essays and discourses, covering a wide variety of subject and originating mostly in the lectures out of which he made his living, that constitute the other eleven volumes of his collected works. Emerson's style is as unique as the man. clear, concise, beautiful, not infrequently poetic, abounding in quotation and allusion, and often disconnected like a string of pearls. The

language, however apt and striking, is only a medium of expression, and it is the thought that arrests the reader's attention. Emerson's greatest gift as a writer is the power of inspiration and stimulus. The independence and inviolability of every human soul is for him a cardinal doctrine, from which it follows that even the best teachers can only incite and provoke it to self-development; and his writings possess in an extraordinary degree this stimulative potency. It would be difficult to find a better intellectual or moral tonic. And as they embrace such a variety of range, every reader is likely to find something to meet his peculiar needs. 'Hitch your wagon to a star' was one of his inspired precepts; and his writings tend to lift the soul from earth to heaven.

It is best to think of Emerson as an inspired and inspiring seer. He was not an inductive investigator or a deductive reasoner. His special gift was insight. As early as 1838 he formulated his life's function: 'Seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see.' He never wove the results into a connected system. He never sought to be consistent; indeed, he denounced consistency as the bane of little minds. He believed that God spoke through the mind of every man, and that it was incumbent on each to report what he saw to-day, without regard to what he had reported at any other time. The world begins afresh with each generation and each individual; the present is not the prisoner of the past. And so Emerson looked straight into the deepest things—into the mind of man, nature, and God—and proclaimed what he saw as the everlasting, yet ever new and fresh, gospel of truth. In the best sense, therefore, he is a seer and prophet—inspiring because inspired by the spirit of truth. Emerson had no 'system.' He was, of course, an idealist; but he made no original contributions to philosophy. For him as for others the world of nature is merely a symbol of the Universal Spirit. God is all and all. Nor does Emerson shrink at the conclusion that human personality is a passing phase of the Infinite. This pantheistic view, however, is not consistently presented; and, of course, it does not altogether square with his doctrine of the greatness of man, or harmonise with his strenuous insistence on the ethics of self-realisation. But this is a conflict between the demands of the Speculative and the Practical Reason which, as Kant pointed out, is unavoidable. It may be said that Emerson overcame the speculative difficulty by his life. For this free-thinking American was one of the purest and saintliest of men.

From 'Nature.'

A noble doubt perpetually suggests itself—whether this end be not the Final Cause of the Universe; and whether nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of that Appearance we call the World, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul? The relations of parts and the end of the whole remaining the same, what is the difference whether land and sea interact, and worlds revolve and intermingle without number or end,—deep yawning under deep, and galaxy balancing galaxy, throughout absolute space,—or whether, without relations of time and space, the same appearances are inscribed in the constant faith of man? Whether nature enjoy a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is alike useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses.

From 'The American Scholar.'

The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes for the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself.

From 'Self-Reliance.'

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side.

Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

From 'The Over-Soul.'

Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God; yet for ever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable. It inspires awe and astonishment. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments! When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself—nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight, that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind he is overflowed with a reliance so universal that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood.

From 'Politics.'

Hence the less government we have the better,—the fewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal Government is, the influence of private character, the growth of the Individual; the appearance of the principal to supersede the proxy; the appearance of the wise man; of whom the existing government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imitation. That which all things tend to educe; which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver, is character; that is the end of Nature, to reach unto this coronation of her king. To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the State expires. The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary. The wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort, or navy,—he loves men too well; no bribe, or feast, or palace, to draw friends to him; no vantage-ground, no favourable circumstance. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; no church, for he is a prophet; no statute book, for he has the lawgiver; no money, for he is value; no road, for he is at home where he is; no experience, for the life of the creator shoots through him, and looks from his eyes. He has no personal friends, for he who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him needs not husband and educate a few to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic; his memory is myrrh to them; his presence, frankincense and flowers.

From 'English Traits.'

The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is 'By taste are ye saved.' It keeps the old structures in repair, spends a world of money in music and building, and in buying Pugin and architectural literature. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. It is not in ordinary a persecuting Church; it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone. But its instinct is hostile to all change in politics, literature, or social arts. The Church has not been the founder of the London University, of the Mechanics' Institutes, of the Free School, of whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge. The Platonists of Oxford are as bitter against this heresy as Thomas Taylor.

Plato.

Plato apprehended the cardinal facts. He could prostrate himself on the earth, and cover his eyes, whilst he adored that which cannot be numbered, or gauged, or known, or named: that of which everything can be affirmed and denied: that 'which is entity and nonentity.' He called it super-essential. He even stood ready, as in the Parmenides, to demonstrate that it was so—that this being exceeded the limits of intellect. No man ever more fully acknowledged the Ineffable. Having paid his homage, as for the human race, to the Illimitable, he then stood erect, and for the human race affirmed, 'And yet things are knowable!'—that is, the Asia in his mind was first heartily honoured—the ocean of love and power, before form, before will, before knowledge, the Same, the Good, the One; and now, refreshed and empowered by this worship, the instinct of Europe, namely, culture, returns; and he cries, Yet things are knowable! They are knowable because, being from one, things correspond.

(From *Representative Men.*)

Napoleon.

I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society; of the throng who fill the markets, shops, counting-houses, manufactories, ships, of the modern world, aiming to be rich. He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse. Of course the rich and aristocratic did not like him. England, the centre of capital, and Rome and Austria, centres of tradition and genealogy, opposed him. The consternation of the dull and conservative classes, the terror of the foolish old men and old women of the Roman conclave—who in their despair took hold of anything, and would cling to red-hot iron—the vain attempts of statists to amuse and deceive him, of the Emperor of Austria to bribe him; and the instinct of the young, ardent, and active men, everywhere, which pointed him out as the giant of the middle class, make his history bright and commanding. He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuit of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments, and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means.

(From *Representative Men.*)

From 'Abraham Lincoln.'

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the

problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, labouring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

The Rhodora: on being asked, Whence is the flower?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

[The *Rhodora Canadensis* or *Rhododendron Rhodora*, a low deciduous shrub growing in damp woody places from Pennsylvania northward, produces its delicate rosy flowers before the leaves. The standard edition of Emerson's works, the 'Riverside Edition' (11 vols., Boston, 1883–84), has also been reprinted in England. The authoritative Life is that by J. E. Cabot (1887), and there are others by G. W. Cooke (1881), Alexander Ireland (1882), O. W. Holmes ('American Men of Letters,' 1885), and Dr Garnett (1888). See also his son's *Emerson in Concord* (1888), the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence edited by Professor Norton (1883), Matthew Arnold's *Discourses in America* (1885), Mr John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* (vol. i. 1893), and Mr W. D. Howells in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (1900).]

J. G. SCHURMAN.

George Ripley (180280), born at Greenfield in Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard, and until 1841 was pastor in Boston. In 1836, with Emerson and Alcott, he was one of the founders of the Transcendental Club, which Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller joined in the following year. He was perhaps more closely identified than any of the rest with the Transcendental 'movement;' and it was he who, leaving the pulpit, started the Brook Farm experiment. This came to an end in 1847, and Ripley from 1849 engaged in literary work at New York; to Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune* he contributed a long series of incisive and scholarly reviews which made their mark on contemporary American thought, and helped to raise the literary standard for such work throughout the country. He was joint-editor of Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia;* his own writings are practically forgotten. There is a Life of him by Frothingham (1882).

Theodore Parker (1810–60) was born at Lexington in Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard in 1836, and settled as Unitarian minister at West Roxbury, now in Boston. As a boy and as a student he had been an industrious and omnivorous reader: biblical criticism and German theological speculation specially attracted him; he translated De Wette's 'introduction' to the Old Testament, and was not unaffected by Strauss's *Leben Jesu.* He gradually came to disbelieve in the infallibility of the Bible, the truth of miracles, the exclusive claim of Christianity, the perfection of the revelation in Christ. The permanent element in Christianity was absolute morality, pure religion, the love of God and the love of man; and the fundamental articles in his creed were God, the moral law, and immortality. The rationalistic views which separated him from conservative Unitarians were expounded in *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion* (1841), followed by *Ten Sermons of Religion* (1852), and *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology* (1853). As the orthodox Unitarians cast him off, he was warmly taken up by the educated laity, the most ardent and modern spirits of the time, and was easily able to stand outside of sects. From 1844 he preached to a congregation of three thousand, besides incessantly writing on social and theological questions. He lectured also throughout the States, and took a large and influential share in the anti-slavery cause. His contributions were perhaps the weightiest published in the Transcendental *Dial;* he was an industrious writer of reviews and critical articles. His strenuous labours broke his health prematurely, and he died in Florence. Parker was rather a powerful orator than an accomplished writer, and moved by the wealth of his knowledge, the strength of his conviction, and the warmth of his feeling, rather than by the logic of his system, the consistency or clearness of his views. He had no grace of expression, and was not seldom defective in good taste, but was always vigorous, and often picturesque. The collected English edition of his works was edited by Miss F. P. Cobbe (14 vols. 1863–71). There are Lives by Weiss (1864), Frothingham (1874), Dean (1877), and Frances E. Cooke (3rd ed. 1889); see also Dr Martineau's *Essays* (1890).

William Hickling Prescott,* born in Salem, Massachusetts, 4th May 1796, was sixth in descent from John Prescott, who came to Massachusetts from Lancashire about 1640. Successive generations of Prescotts and of Hicklings, the historian's maternal ancestors, bore effective share in public affairs during the development of the colony into the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At William's birth his father was practising law in Salem, whence he removed to Boston in 1808; and at fifteen Prescott entered the Sophomore or second year class at Harvard University. Possessing exceptional good looks and much personal charm, with a fund of high spirits which stood him in good stead throughout his life, the lad was very popular, but showed no special proficiency in his studies, and was even decidedly backward in mathematics. In the second year of his college experience occurred the painful accident which affected his whole life. As he was leaving the dining-hall, where a group of undergraduates were amusing themselves with rather rough play, he turned suddenly at some sound, and was struck full in the open eye by a piece of hard bread, thrown at random by a careless hand. The immediate effect upon him was like concussion of the brain. He recovered quickly from the general shock, but the injured eye had lost its sight for ever. But after a few weeks he resumed his studies, and did better work with one eye than he had ever done with two.

After leaving college he entered his father's office, and was beginning legal studies when acute rheumatism in his uninjured eye cut short his legal career (1815); and by medical advice he went to the Azores, where his maternal grandfather Hickling was consul for the United States. When next year he came to London the medical experts agreed that one eye was completely paralysed. In the autumn he went south in company with a friend; and the travellers paid their respects to Lafayette, as was then the bounden duty of every American who passed through France. But travel and change were in truth beyond his physical powers, and Prescott was glad to return home in midsummer 1817.

In the following years he learned to listen closely to anything read aloud to him, and to accustom himself to write on a noctograph, a writing-frame for the blind about the size of a large slate, which held a carbonated sheet firmly over a piece of white paper. The writing, done with an ivory or agate stylus on the upper sheet, impressed the black substance upon the white, while brass wires stretched across the frame directed the hand. During these years of fluctuating health and uncertainty as to what he could make of his life, Prescott met Susan Amory, whom he married in 1820; and his singularly happy marriage contributed not a little to Prescott's success. Meanwhile he had determined that authorship was the one career open to him. He set himself to the systematic study of English style, and had been working at French and Italian when the return of his friend George Ticknor from Spain to be Professor of Spanish Literature at Harvard University interested Prescott in the language, literature, and history of the Peninsula; and that interest remained paramount throughout the rest of his life. One author read to him at this period was destined to leave a lasting impression; he found Mably's *Sur l'Etude de l'Histoire* 'full of admirable reflections and hints.' Though for some time he thought of writing on Italian literature, he ultimately resolved to take up the history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; and his first step was to ask his friend Alexander Everett, United States minister to Spain, to procure the books he required and to set on foot necessary researches. Luckily for him, his orders for books, secretary work, and transcripts were unrestricted by any necessity for economy.

On 25th June 1836 the author, then in his fortieth year, finished the concluding note of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the result of ten years' close work. Fears proved groundless; the book was a brilliant and immediate success. Only five hundred copies were printed at first, and they were all gone in five weeks. The reviews were numerous and almost uniformly favourable. One notice in the *Edinburgh Review* by Don Pascual de Gayangos, a learned Spaniard, and another somewhat surprised article in the *Quarterly* by Richard Ford, gave Prescott much satisfaction, as did a series of articles in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* by Count Adolphe de Circourt. One American review alone (the *Massachusetts Quarterly*, 1849), struck a key of disapproval; the article, anonymous, but written by Theodore Parker, asserted that Prescott's work lacked philosophy to a degree exceeding belief—'that he seemed to know nothing of the philosophy of history, and little even of political economy. Having more of the spirit of chivalry than of humanity, it is impossible that he should write in the interests of mankind, or judge men and their deeds by justice, by the immutable law of the universe.' It is true that Prescott was not a philosophic historian. He was essentially a dramatic story-teller—a story-teller, however, who scrutinised the value of the sources whence sprang his narrative. He put together a brilliant mosaic, but it was after he had selected each fragment with care and with all the knowledge to be had at the time. His story of the agglomeration of Castile, Aragon, and Granada into the kingdom of Spain retains its charm and holds the interest from beginning to end. Posterity has learned to read some portions of their history differently, but posterity has never been able to sneer at Prescott for defective or careless work, though he worked at a distance from the Peninsula, and though by force of circumstances he did not search archives in person.

Nearly two years elapsed before he was actually

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embarked on the new book on 'The Conquest of Mexico and the anterior civilisation of the Mexicans, a beautiful prose epic, for which rich, virgin materials teem in Simancas and Madrid, and probably Mexico.' The Spanish historian Navarrete placed at his disposal all his MS. material gathered for his *Coleccion de Viages y Descubrimientos;* but there came at a later date a moment when this choice was almost abandoned, Prescott having heard that Washington Irving had turned his attention to Mexico as a natural sequence to his *Columbus*. Happily, the great courtesy of the elder author encouraged the younger to proceed. Irving had already made a rough draft of his



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.
After a Photograph.

story of the Mexican conquest when he learned accidentally of Prescott's plan; whereupon he immediately relinquished his own project, though, as he confessed later, at a great personal sacrifice. Letters from Sismondi, Thierry, and Patrick Fraser Tytler encouraged Prescott in his new enterprise; and in addition to splendid supplies sent to him from Spain, Don Pascual de Gayangos examined the British Museum and the State Paper Office on his behalf, and had transcripts made of all matter bearing on the subject which could not be purchased.

In August 1843 the *History of the Conquest of Mexico* was completed, and was published in December 1843, six years after 'Ferdinand and Isabella made their bow to the public.' The second work was greeted with a chorus of applause; five thousand copies were sold in about four months. In England the first edition was speedily exhausted; and on the Continent also the book was exceedingly well received. The brilliant story of Hernando Cortes' expedition appealed to the public, and opened up a new field of research to scholars. Prescott gathered his materials from the accounts of Cortes and of his contemporaries, of Spanish historians and of Mexicans like Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and out of them wove a new web. From these all but unknown and inaccessible writings a spirited narrative sprang into life, which reads like a historical romance with Hernando Cortes as hero. In one sense it is a historical romance and nothing more. Descriptions of scenery called up vivid pictures in the writer's mind, which, sketched upon his pages, are often far from accurate. The Aztec civilisation as described by Cortes 'caught the imagination and overcame the critical judgment of Prescott, our most charming writer,' wrote Morgan, the first scientific American ethnologist.

The preparation for the story of the first Spanish inroad into the American continent covered much of the ground of the second, *The Conquest of Peru*. The author's zest in his new work was checked and saddened by the sudden death of his father (8th December 1844), always a close sympathiser in all his work; but Prescott soon roused himself to activity, cheered by an appreciative letter from Alexander von Humboldt about the *Conquest of Mexico*. A few months later he was honoured in Paris and in Berlin by election as corresponding member of the French Institute and of the Royal Society of Berlin. This foreign encouragement was a great refreshment to his spirits; for, in addition to mental depression, he suffered greatly from an access of inflammation in his eye. March 1847 saw the *Conquest of Peru* finished, two years and nine months after the author put pen to paper. Success was great and immediate on both sides of the Atlantic. Reviews were laudatory, and private letters from scholars and friends—Thierry, Gayangos, and others—full of warm appreciation. The adventures of the Pizarros are related with somewhat less dash than those of Cortes. The sources are perhaps less ample. Francesco Pizarro, unable to write his own story, could not vaunt his exploits as did Cortes. As in the *Conquest of Mexico*, here also ethnological and historic research has taught us to read a different interpretation into many of the facts seen by Spanish eyes with sixteenth-century spectacles.

Even while busied with Peru, Prescott began to prepare for his *Philip II.;* and Motley was almost discouraged from his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* by learning that Prescott had gone back from the Spanish colonies to the mother-country. In his turn Prescott encouraged the younger man to go on with his book. But in 1850 Prescott's health moved him to make his second voyage to England, more than thirty years after the first. Most cordial was the welcome extended to him; every door was opened to him; and he greatly enjoyed his social

experiences. His letters to his wife give interesting pictures of English society in 1850, from the Queen, by whom he was graciously received, to minor authors delighted to claim him as a colleague from across the sea.

In October 1850 he returned home and began again to 'Philippize,' as he called it. Two volumes were published in November 1855; and not only were large sales made immediately, but interest was revived in Prescott's earlier books. Work on the third volume was interrupted by Prescott's addition to Robertson's *Charles V.*, published in 1856.

'My poor wife! I am so sorry this has come upon you so soon,' was his first conscious sentence on recovering from a sudden stroke of apoplexy in February 1858; but nearly a year more of comparative health enabled him to publish the third volume of *Philip* (April 1858), leaving his story at 1580. The succeeding months were given to revision of *Mexico*. It was in the midst of this labour that a second attack dealt him his death-blow, from which he died in a few hours, 28th January 1859. A man without enemies, he had commanded the attention and interest of his contemporaries at large, and been the life and soul of every circle, great and small, of which he formed a part. Few writers have lived a life so uniformly happy and serene as that of Prescott, save for the one overwhelming misfortune of half-blindness. He kept wholly apart from the social and political questions agitating America and Europe.

His last work was received with warm commendation, and cannot even now be ignored; but it has a somewhat arid quality, and is distinctly lacking in charm. In its arrangement the material is disproportioned; thus more space is given to the Moors and less to the Netherlands than seems justified. Guizot strongly commended the presentation (*Edinburgh Review*, 1887), but thought the author was too impartial and lacking in passion. Prescott belongs distinctly to the school of literary history, a school for which the new Regius Professor at Cambridge (Inaugural Address, January 1903) thinks there is no place. He is not a philosophical historian, nor scientific in the modern sense. But he vastly surpassed the older school like Robertson in research, and he is much more careful in citing his authorities. He is a masterly narrator; and it may confidently be affirmed that Prescott's sixty years of work won him grateful recognition from a large body of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, for whom scientific history would have remained a sealed volume.

Aguilar.

Soon after landing, a canoe with several Indians was seen making its way from the neighbouring shores of Yucatan. On reaching the island one of the men inquired, in broken Castilian, 'if he were among Christians;' and, being answered in the affirmative, threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to Heaven for his delivery. He was one of the unfortunate captives for whose fate so much interest had been felt. His name was Jerónimo de Aguilar, a native of Ecija, in Old Spain, where he had been regularly educated for the Church. He had been established with the colony at Darien, and on a voyage from that place to Hispaniola eight years previous, was wrecked near the coast of Yucatan. He escaped with several of his companions in the ship's boat, where some perished from hunger and exposure, while others were sacrificed on their reaching land by the cannibal natives of the peninsula. Aguilar was preserved from the same dismal fate by escaping into the interior, where he fell into the hands of a powerful cacique, who, though he spared his life, treated him at first with great rigour. The patience of the captive, however, and his singular humility, touched the better feelings of the chieftain, who would have persuaded Aguilar to take a wife among his people; but the ecclesiastic steadily refused, in obedience to his vows. This admirable constancy excited the distrust of the cacique, who put his virtue to a severe test by various temptations, and much of the same sort as those with which the devil is said to have assailed St Anthony. From all these fiery trials, however, like his ghostly predecessor, he came out unscorched. Continence is too rare and difficult a virtue with barbarians not to challenge their veneration, and the practice of it has made the reputation of more than one saint in the Old as well as the New World. Aguilar was now entrusted with the care of his master's household and his numerous wives. He was a man of discretion, as well as virtue; and his counsels were found so salutary that he was consulted on all important matters. In short, Aguilar became a great man among the Indians.

It was with much regret, therefore, that his master received the proposals for his return to his countrymen, to which nothing but the rich treasure of glass beads, hawk-bells, and other jewels of like value, sent for his ransom, would have induced him to consent. When Aguilar reached the coast there had been so much delay that the brigantines had sailed, and it was owing to the fortunate return of the fleet to Cozumel that he was enabled to join it.

On appearing before Cortes, the poor man saluted him in the Indian style, by touching the earth with his hand and carrying it to his head. The commander, raising him up, affectionately embraced him, covering him at the same time with his own cloak, as Aguilar was simply clad in the habiliments of the country, somewhat too scanty for a European eye. It was long indeed, before the tastes which he had acquired in the freedom of the forest could be reconciled to the constraints either of dress or manners imposed by the artificial forms of civilisation. Aguilar's long residence in the country had familiarised him with the Mayan dialects of Yucatan, and, as he gradually revived his Castilian, he became of essential importance as an interpreter. Cortes saw the advantage of this from the first, but he could not fully estimate all the consequences that were to flow from it.

The repairs of the vessels being at length completed, the Spanish commander once more took leave of the friendly natives of Cozumel, and set sail on the 4th of March. Keeping as near as possible to the coast of Yucatan, he doubled Cape Catoche, and with flowing

sheets swept down the broad bay of Campeachy, fringed with the rich dye-woods which have since furnished so important an article of commerce to Europe. He passed Potonchan, where Cordova had experienced a rough reception from the natives; and soon after reached the mouth of the Rio de Tabasco, or Grijalva, in which that navigator had carried on so lucrative a traffic. Though mindful of the great object of his voyage—the visit to the Aztec territories—he was desirous of acquainting himself with the resources of this country, and determined to ascend the river and visit the great town on its borders.

The water was so shallow, from the accumulation of sand at the mouth of the stream, that the general was obliged to leave the ships at anchor, and to embark in the boats with a part only of his forces. The banks were thickly studded with mangrove trees, that, with their roots shooting up and interlacing one another, formed a kind of impervious screen or network, behind which the dark forms of the natives were seen glancing to and fro with the most menacing looks and gestures. Cortes, much surprised at these unfriendly demonstrations, so unlike what he had had reason to expect, moved cautiously up the stream. When he had reached an open place, where a large number of Indians were assembled, he asked, through his interpreter, leave to land, explaining at the same time his amicable intentions. But the Indians, brandishing their weapons, answered only with gestures of angry defiance. Though much chagrined, Cortes thought it best not to urge the matter further that evening, but withdrew to a neighbouring island, where he disembarked his troops, resolved to effect a landing on the following morning.

When day broke, the Spaniards saw the opposite banks lined with a much more numerous array than on the preceding evening, while the canoes along the shore were filled with bands of armed warriors. Cortes now made his preparations for the attack. He first landed a detachment of a hundred men under Alonso de Avila, at a point somewhat lower down the stream, sheltered by a thick grove of palms, from which a road, as he knew, led to the town of Tabasco, giving orders to his officer to march at once on the place, while he himself advanced to assault it in front.

(From *The Conquest of Mexico.*)

Atahuallpa.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St Peter may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, 'Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza!* It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

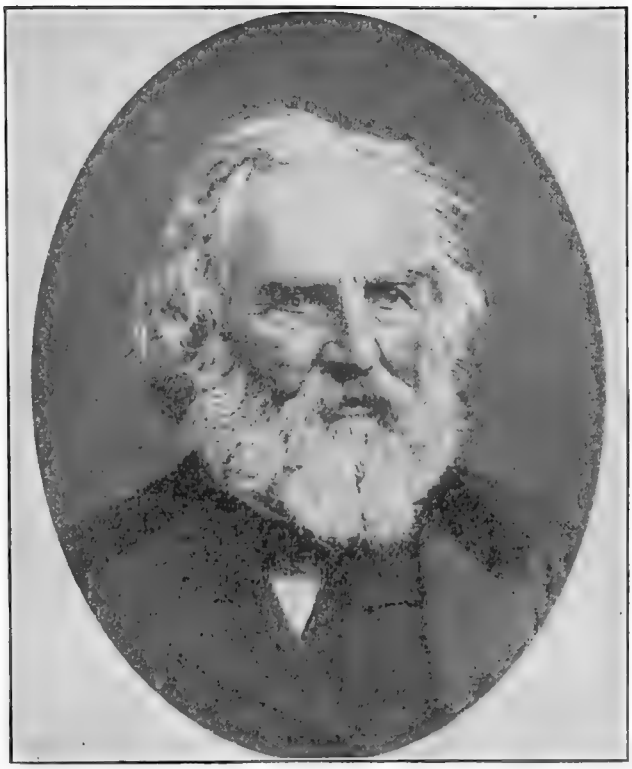
(From *The Conquest of Peru.*)

In addition to the works mentioned, Prescott wrote a Life of Charles Brockden Brown (1834), and a series of reviews in the *North American Review* on literary subjects. A collection of his Biographical and Critical Essays was published in 1845. The standard edition of his works is that edited by J. Foster Kirk, long his secretary (15 vols. 1884; new ed. 1889; republished in London, 1890); and the standard Life of him was written by his friend George Ticknor (1864).

RUTH PUTNAM.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,*

best loved of his country's poets and best known of them abroad, was born in Portland, Maine, 27th February 1807. The English Longfellows were Yorkshire folk. William, the poet's first colonial ancestor, had the contemporary reputation of being 'a little wild' and 'not so much a Puritan as some.' He married a sister of Samuel Sewall, witch-judge and famous diarist. On his mother's side the poet was descended from John Alden, the hero of his *Courtship of Miles Standish*, as was also the poet Bryant. His father was a cultivated gentleman, a Harvard classmate of Dr Channing and Judge Story, but to the mother he was indebted for his poetic temperament. The atmosphere of the home was that of the best English books; the local influences are described to perfection in the poem 'My Lost Youth.' He began early to write poetry, and his first published poem, written in his fourteenth year, was 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond,' the subject an Indian fight of local celebrity. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College, where he had Hawthorne for a classmate, barely making his acquaintance, perhaps because Hawthorne had been in the college a year when Longfellow entered his class. During his college years he wrote many verses if not much poetry, publishing twenty-three pieces in two years, some of them side by side with Bryant's in the *United States Literary Gazette*, as if frankly confessing their imitation, sometimes successful, of the elder poet. Only five of these pieces were tolerated in the collected editions of Longfellow's works. Immediately upon his graduation the college sent him to Europe for three years to fit himself for its new chair of modern languages. The fruits of this travel, beyond its special end, were a series of translations and the book *Outre-Mer*, as imitative of Irving as the early poems had been of Bryant, but with an individual note. It is a remarkable fact that from 1826 until 1837 he did not publish an original poem; and another, that he could so subordinate his natural gift to the work of translation. His proper hand, when he again found it, was obviously subdued to what he had been working in so long. The wonder is it did not take a deeper dye. His talent for translation has not been surpassed for its uniform excellence. His first translations were from the Spanish; later he passed to German and other northern originals. To the habit so definitely formed he frequently recurred, its culmination in his later life being his complete translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, a wonder of fidelity, but strangely lacking in the verve of the original, and even in that of his own early experiments with the same material.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
From a Photograph.

Much had happened to Longfellow in the period during which his originality as a poet had been in complete abeyance. For five years he had been a professor of the modern languages in Bowdoin College. In 1835, having been appointed to a similar chair at Harvard, he went to Europe for a two years' course of study. In 1831 he had married Mary Storer Porter, a lovely and intelligent girl. She died in the first year of his second sojourn in Europe, November 1835, and his spirit was profoundly shaken by the event. It made him a new creature. It reopened the fountain of poetry in his mind. What he had learned in sorrow, he now essayed to teach in song; but not until he had embodied in *Hyperion* the experiences of his second European journey, as he had embodied those of the first in *Outre-Mer*. The manner of the new romance reflected that of Richter as plainly as the former had reflected that of Irving. Its allusions thinly veiled the sorrow of his personal loss, while on its verge arose the shape of a consoler, Frances Elizabeth Appleton, who in 1843 became his second

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem entitled "Resignation," page 768.

wife. *Hyperion* at once achieved a popular success. Lovers were no longer in doubt what book to give to the beloved, and every melancholy Jaques sucked it to his heart's content. Promising a succession of romances, it proved to be the last except *Kavanagh* (1849), which not Emerson's praise, nor even that of Hawthorne, hailing it as 'a true work of genius, if ever there was one,' has saved from deep oblivion. The really significant book of 1839 was not *Hyperion* but *Voices of the Night*, a collection of original poems written in quick succession in the year of publication and the preceding. The first written was 'Flowers,' the second was 'A Psalm of Life,' and there were a few more expressions of personal feeling with a didactic purpose that went far to commend them to the New England mind. So intimate seemed the disclosure of 'The Psalm of Life' to its author that for some time he dared not even show it to a friend. A part of the little book's success was doubtless owing to the success of *Hyperion*, but more to its appeal by its simplicity, its tenderness, and its pathos to the common heart. The *Ballads and Other Poems* of 1842 marked a distinct advance, especially in such poems as 'The Village Blacksmith,' 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' and 'The Skeleton in Armour'—only the first of which preserved the didactic quality of the earlier 'Voices.' But he painted little here, or ever, with his eye upon the object. His birds and flowers are mainly such as sang and grew in books. It was inevitable that he should take over from his long practice of translation a great deal of foreign matter, but his *Spanish Student* of 1843 was a distinct reversion to the mood from which he had just tried to free himself. Aiming to be a play, it was rather a dialogue, the interlocutors but feebly individualised, while nevertheless there were along its course many lines and passages of delicate beauty.

Longfellow's relish for his academic work was slight, but he discharged it faithfully; genial with the students in the class-room, and gravitating slowly but steadily to a right appreciation of his function as that of a sympathetic interpreter of foreign literature to American youth. Passages from *Hyperion* in the making must have been a delightful variation from the habitual college 'recitation.' The year 1842 found him again in Europe, where Dickens's conversation and his *American Notes* quickened in him a sense of the iniquity of negro slavery in America, and on the return voyage he wrote eight *Poems on Slavery*. Of less virile stuff than Whittier's and Lowell's, they committed him to the anti-slavery side. Too much has been made of their omission from a Philadelphia collection of his poems (1845), seeing that the collection did not aim at completeness. Almost simultaneously a New York publisher brought out a complete edition which contained the anti-slavery poems, and thereupon the pro-slavery faction raged and the abolitionists rejoiced. Meantime Longfellow was established in a fine old colonial house in Cambridge, now, with its double fame, a rival of Mount Vernon, Washington having made it his headquarters when he took command of the American forces in 1775. Before the purchase of the house for Longfellow by his wife's father, Longfellow lodged there with Mrs Craigie, a decayed gentlewoman of eccentric character and pathetic history, to which Longfellow was singularly indifferent. Hawthorne would have enjoyed his provocation. On the other hand, Hawthorne was indifferent to the story fundamental to *Evangeline*, and made it over to Longfellow, who was attracted by the same simplicity by which Hawthorne was repelled. *Evangeline* (1850) is the best loved of Longfellow's major poems. The hexameter measure in which it is written had only gradually approved itself to the poet's taste. In his introduction to Tegner's *Children of the Lord's Supper* he had described its movement as 'that of a prisoner dancing in his chains.' That it is not the classic hexameter goes without saying, but that it is not a spontaneous English measure is disproved by the unconscious lapse of the Bible into it in many places, as, 'God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.' It is strange to have Professor Woodberry regretting its 'spondaic flatness' while Poe lamented its lack of spondees, its tendency to dactylic weakness. Surely the story of *Evangeline* is infinitely pathetic, and it is told in a swift, streaming style. It would have had more local colour if Longfellow had been as well-travelled in America as in Europe; he had been neither to Nova Scotia nor to the scene of the story in the Mississippi valley. A contemporary panorama was his best resource after the literature of the Acadian episode, then more favourable to the French settlers than later in the hands of Parkman and others. But there is no lack of the feeling of reality in any part. A poem of heart-broken affection, it has appealed to multitudes of happy lovers, chastening their joy with sympathy and quickening their gratefulness. For young people and those remembering their youth, it has the promise of perennial delight.

The futile *Kavanagh* came next, and then (1850) *The Seaside and the Fireside*, a cluster of minor poems in which Longfellow's art in this kind took on its most engaging form, especially in the narrative pieces. The stroke was swift and sure and various, the measure in each case being apparently chosen *by* the subject and not *for* it. The didactic note, which frequently recurred, was sharpest in 'The Builders.' In 'The Building of the Ship,' where Longfellow was in full possession of his talent, this note was so inevitable and so pure as fully to justify itself. To hear this poem publicly read by Fanny Kemble was an experience that could never be forgotten. 'Resignation' in this series stands at the head of those 'poems of sorrow and comfort' for which many looked to Longfellow as for no other virtue of his craft. In 'The Fire of

Drift-Wood' we have that vein of pleasing sentiment, infused with tenderness, than which no aspect of his work was more characteristic. *Chrysaor* is said to have been the short poem with which he was himself best pleased, sustaining his opinion with that of another poet, Bayard Taylor. It varies the habitual grace and flow of his versification with that more subtle rhythm to which he consciously aspired but to which he infrequently attained. Always melodious, he does not often yield that harmony which is the resolution of parts distinctly individual into a formal unity. In *The Golden Legend*, obedient to a principle of oscillation between home and foreign subjects to which he furnished several illustrations, he swung back to a dramatic poem embodying his conception of Christianity under the stress of Middle Age conditions. His dramatic talents were not five or two, but one, yet he had no disposition to bury that one in the earth. For dialogue we have a capping of poetic phrases and sallies mildly humorous. He pounced on his own in the Middle Ages, the picturesque, the romantic, the grotesque: its actual conditions did not exist for him at all. 'Even his devil and his erring monks are gentle and gracious souls.' Yet his own engagement with this subject was immense. He conceived *The Golden Legend* as part of a trilogy to be called *Christus: a Mystery*. The other parts were *The Divine Tragedy* and *The New England Tragedies*. This conception was not an afterthought, as might naturally be inferred from the disconnection of the three dramatic poems. It was present to him in 1849 'as the sublimer song whose broken melodies have for so many years breathed through [his] soul.' *The Golden Legend* was published without any intimation of its partial character. *The New England Tragedies* appeared in 1868, *The Divine Tragedy* in 1871. The former was first written in prose, and something of that form clung to its singing robes. With passages of undeniable beauty touching the New England Quakers, the average course was almost uniquely flat and tame. *The Divine Tragedy* was a very noble paraphrase of the New Testament narratives, as such attractive even while suffering from the contrast with the Gospels that was not to be escaped.

In 1854 he resigned his Harvard professorship, and the first fruit of his leisure was *Hiawatha*, which was published in 1855. His first poem had celebrated an Indian battle, and he had always been interested in the dying race, some poor remnants of which had survived in Maine until his day. But the Indians of his poem were not those of Parkman's histories, nor even those of Schoolcraft's careful studies, in which he soaked his mind. Their cruelty and squalor were for him objects of a joyous præterition; to 'weave together their beautiful traditions' was his congenial task. His method here was as selective as where it was concerned with mediæval manners and events, and without difficulty he found the pictures, legendary beauty, glamour, that he sought. He had a good model, the Finnish *Kalevala*, the measure of which, trochaic tetrameter, he followed, as well as the manner. The form, abounding in melodious repetitions and reverberations, lent itself to rapid composition, and the five thousand lines, begun late in June, were published early in November. The poem pleased everybody except the dryasdust professorate. To Emerson it seemed 'sweet and wholesome as maize,' and the rising generation read it with such zest as if 'Scott, the delight of glorious boys,' had come again. If it lacks something of veracity as an account of savage life, it overflows with the beauty of Longfellow's own nature, the goodness of his heart, those elements in his poetry which have commended it to the general reader, and will hereafter, more than any of its formal beauties or its store of sweet and fair associations with a world remote from our habitual toil and fret, where, as he has written:

> The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.

The Courtship of Miles Standish ranks with *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* as one of the three crowning heights of Longfellow's range of more ambitious things. It is in the measure of *Evangeline*, but the hexameters are better than those of the earlier poem. That it told a bright and happy story in contrast with the tragic sorrow of *Evangeline* was not an advantage with the main body of Longfellow's public, but it was with some readers. This quality marked his complete escape from the languors of German romanticism which sicklied over the complexion of his early verse and lingered on in its maturer forms. That John Alden and Priscilla, the lovers of his story, were his Plymouth ancestors of the *Mayflower's* company was a circumstance particularly pleasant for the poet and his friends.

Such landmarks as his major poems must not be suffered to obscure the general significance of a multitude of minor poems of which no particular mention can be made. Many of these are included in his complete works under the general titles *Tales of a Wayside Inn* and *Birds of Passage*. In either series there are poems that take rank among his best; such stirring ballads as 'Paul Revere's Ride,' such breezy ones as 'Lady Wentworth,' while, on the other hand, the habit of production seems at times to have supplanted genuine inspiration. In 1861 he suffered in the death of his wife a terrible calamity. Her light summer dress took fire, and she was fatally burned. This tragedy was not transmuted into song, save for a sonnet, 'The Cross of Snow,' which was found among his papers after his death and printed in the *Life* written by his brother Samuel. In the translation of Dante's trilogy he found the absorbing occupation without which he could not sustain his loss. As it was, he grew under the burden in every spiritual grace,

and his old age had a benignity which William Dean Howells has described to perfection in his article, 'The White Mr Longfellow,' in his *Literary Friends and Acquintance*. No one in America had more of love or honour or a larger troop of friends. There was much slackening at the last of his creative energy, but not without occasional bursts of his proper melody. He died March 24, 1882. His last poem was finished on the 15th of the same month, and its concluding lines made a good end to a life that was compact of gentleness and peace.

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

Many will miss in Longfellow the intellectual force which is for them an essential factor in the character of a true poet; many others will conceive it a misfortune that he was so little affected by the religious agitations of his time; but a much greater number will imagine that they cannot be too grateful for so much gentleness and reverence, so much sympathy and kindliness, and for a life which was related to its poetical expression as 'perfect music unto noble words.'

Resignation.

[Written in 1848 after the death of a little daughter.]

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Chrysaor.

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendour,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirhoe,
For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly:
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

Holidays.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on the stream,
These tender memories are;—a Fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

Divina Commedia.

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door,
A labourer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world's retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.

So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins
As scarlet be,' and ends with 'as the snow.'

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendours came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martryred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph and the angelic roundelays,
With splendour upon splendour multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host.

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.

The Cross of Snow.

[Found in Longfellow's portfolio after his death.]

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

The Old Bridge at Florence.

Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not: but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewellery;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

From 'Evangeline.'

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those that are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank Thee!'

From the Prologue to 'Hiawatha.'

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and child-like,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

Longfellow's works are published in various editions. The best is the 'Riverside' in eleven volumes (1886–90), including prose and poetry and the *Life* by Samuel Longfellow. There is an admirable one-volume edition, the 'Cambridge;' and there have been numerous reprints in Britain. There is a Life by Robertson in 'Great Writers Series' (1887); a much better one by T. W. Higginson in 'American Men of Letters' (1902). The best critical article is in E. C. Stedman's *Poets of America;* the best personal article in W. D. Howells' *Literary Friends and Acquaintance.*

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Sylvester Judd (1813–53), born at Westhampton in Massachusetts, was from 1840 Unitarian pastor at Augusta in Maine. He wrote against slavery, intemperance, and war; published a religious poem, *Philo;* and is remembered specially as the author of the transcendental romance *Margaret* (1845), justly claiming to be 'a tale of the real and ideal.' Among the most real elements are charming descriptions of New England scenery and sketches of humble life there, warmly praised by Lowell; and attention is still from time to time drawn to it by American critics, though it is a strangely unequal work. *Richard Edney* was another romance, somewhat less transcendental. *A Rus-Urban Tale* (1850) was a sort of counterpart of *Margaret.* He published also discourses and theological works. There is a book on his *Life and Character* by Hall (1882).

John Greenleaf Whittier,*

the New England Quaker poet, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, 17th December 1807, in a house built by his first colonial ancestor in the seventeenth century. One strain of his blood allied him with Daniel Webster, and both are said to have had 'the Bachiler eyes;' but Webster's were blacker and less piercing than Whittier's. What the homestead and home life were can best be read in *Snow-Bound*, while 'The Barefoot Boy' is Whittier's full-length portrait of himself in his happy childhood, before the farm-work pressed too hard upon his strength and planted in his constitution the seeds of that weakness which made the habit of his life valetudinarian. His education was that of the district school of the period, except for a brief course at a local academy. There were books in the small family library that gave direction to his taste, inclining it to legendary reminiscences and tales. There was an uncle in the family who contributed liberally to his stock of these. It was an eventful day which was marked by his first reading of Burns's poems, lent him by one of his teachers. Later there came a 'wandering Willie' from Scotland who could recite Burns's dialect poems in an entrancing manner. Whittier was much impressed, and was soon writing verses, some of them in the Burns dialect, which he managed very well; while to much in the spirit of Burns—his interest in simple joys and cares—he owed a lasting debt. It is sound criticism that describes his *Snow-Bound* as the New England *Cotter's Saturday Night*. But his first published poem, 'The Exile,' was more in the manner of Moore than of Burns. The paper containing this was thrown over the wall into a field where Whittier was at work one day in June 1826, and his first triumph was enhanced by a laudatory editorial note. The editor was William Lloyd Garrison, the great anti-slavery reformer, then twenty years of age. His admiration for Whittier's early poems, of which he accepted many for his paper, is hard to understand. They were for the most part feeble reflections of debased literary models, but they made up in abundance what they lacked in quality, nearly one hundred appearing in the years 1827–28. In 1832 Whittier was quite justified in his resolve to give up poetry as something for which he had no gift, and settle to a farmer's life. But in that year he made a fresh start with an apostrophe to Garrison. Nothing before this was worth preserving or has been preserved, except in the appendix to his complete works, to show from what weak beginnings he set out. The apostrophe to Garrison marked his definite adhesion to the anti-slavery cause, which for the next twenty years was the principal subject and inspiration of his verse. For these twenty years he describes himself as 'shut out from the favour of booksellers and magazine editors.' 'But I was enabled,' he says, 'by rigid economy to live in spite of them, and to see the end of the infernal institution which proscribed me.' This diversion of 'a dreamer born' 'from the Muses' haunts' to 'the crank of an opinion-mill,'

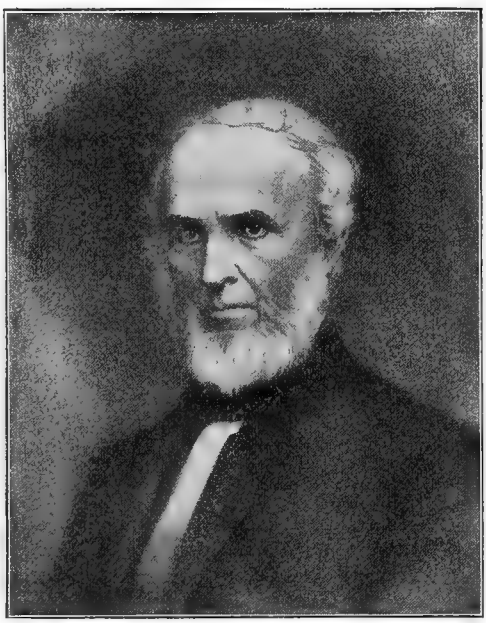
> Making his rustic reed of song
> A weapon in the war with wrong,

has furnished matter for regret to some of Whittier's critics. But there is every reason to believe that this diversion effected at once his moral and political salvation. It saved him from the career of an intriguing politician, to which his proclivity was so marked that, parallel with his anti-slavery course, he for many years ran another in partisan politics which might have been straighter than it was. This made it easier for him to ally himself with those abolitionists who, parting company with Garrison as too exclusively moral in his agitation, instituted the Liberty party, which sought to reach the abolition of slavery by political means. But while on with this new party he was not quite off with the old, and in 1844 was barely shut out from a congressional election, with Whig help, by the serious condition of his health. It is an interesting reflection that but for this accidental circumstance we might never have had that body of personal and religious poetry on which Whittier's permanent reputation as a poet rests.

It was principally as a journalist that he was effective on political and anti-slavery lines. He spent the winter of 1828–29 in Boston editing the *American Manufacturer;* the next year he was editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, and the same year he went to Hartford, Connecticut, to edit the *New England Review*. In 1831 he published his first book, *Legends of New England*, for single copies of which he offered eventually as much as five dollars, that he might burn them up. In 1833 he attended in Philadelphia the first meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the most notable anti-slavery meeting ever held in America, with Garrison for its inspiring soul. Whittier was one of the secretaries of the convention, and a member of the committee which drafted the famous Declaration of Principles. He read to Garrison's face that tribute of admiration which he had written in 1832. His standing in the convention was fixed by his *Justice and Expediency*, a noble echo of Garrison's *Thoughts on African Colonisation*, which, denouncing negro colonisation as friendly to slavery, demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation. Returning to Haverhill in 1832, he again took charge of the *Gazette*. In 1836 the farm was sold and the family removed some eight miles to Amesbury, where, but for summer outings and two years in Philadelphia (1838–40), he henceforth made his home. In Philadelphia he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, an abolitionist paper, his most important editorial charge. The office of the paper was in Pennsylvania Hall, which, just built, was burned by a pro-slavery mob. Whittier, disguising himself,

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection from "Massachusetts to Virginia," page 773.

saved some of his effects, and published his paper the next day with a defiant note. He had had previous experience with mobs in New England, where he went about holding abolition meetings in company with George Thompson, an English agitator who was peculiarly obnoxious to the pro-slavery mind. Some specimens of his journalism are preserved in the three volumes of prose writings included in his complete works. These are probably inferior to his editorials that dealt with the shifting aspects of the anti-slavery struggle, for his prose was always best when he wrote from inward heat, and worst when he was consciously endeavouring to write attractively.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
After a Photograph.

From his apostrophe to Garrison in 1832 to his *Laus Deo!* which hailed the constitutional end of slavery in 1865, he had a poem for every striking incident of the anti-slavery conflict—one here applauding some heroic word or deed, one there denouncing some new recreancy or perfidy. The most famous, at the time, was his 'Ichabod!' which denounced the defection of Webster from the anti-slavery side in 1850, in his 'Seventh of March Speech.' The politician gaining on the reformer in Whittier's double consciousness, he passed by easy stages from the Liberty to the Free Soil, and thence to the Republican party, each new stage less consistently abolitionist than the last. A man of peace in virtue of his Quakerism, he beat his songs into swords and muskets in the time of the great Civil War.

His literary life hardly began in any proper sense until 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched, and he was at once taken on board, having a poem, 'The Gift of Tritemius,' in the first number, and one oftener than not in the succeeding numbers for a score of years. Before this door was opened, the *National Era* had since 1847 furnished him with a semi-literary vehicle for ballads and poems of a religious character, apart from the main anti-slavery stress. As early as 1843 there were enough of these to constitute a little book, *Lays of my Home, and other Poems*, which brought in a few dollars, as did not the anti-slavery collections of 1837 and 1849. Other poems indicative of his widening scope were gathered up in *Songs of Labour* (1850) and in *The Panorama, and other Poems* (1856), notably in this last the popular favourites 'Maud Muller' and 'The Barefoot Boy.' But the *Atlantic* offered more encouragement to his less strenuous disposition than it had before enjoyed; and besides, as the great war drew to its close, the energy generated by the long anti-slavery struggle sought and found new avenues of expression. The most of Whittier's best-remembered things were written in the decade 1857–67, ballads so different as 'Skipper Ireson's Ride' and 'Amy Wentworth,' and poems of the inner life in which the personal note was clear and sweet. Such were 'My Psalm,' 'My Birthday,' 'My Triumph,' 'My Soul and I,' 'The Master,' and 'The Eternal Goodness,' in which this direction of his talent reached its farthest goal. All these were poems of the Quaker's 'inner light,' and made for the softening of the traditional New England creed and for inter-sectarian amenity. *Snow-Bound* appeared in 1866, and took the New England heart by storm. With much that was intimately specialised after the forms of Whittier's personal experience, there was much that was representative of the New England farmer's life, so vividly presented that the dullest could not but respond to the reality of its characters and scenes. Besides, the tenderness that brooded over a little world that was hopelessly passing away was a beguiling note. *The Tent on the Beach* (1867), following, far off, the lead of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, grouped ingeniously some of his most effective ballads with poems of a more subjective character. He never married, but a considerable number of his poems hint the romance of his affections in a fashion that has piqued and baffled much tender curiosity. 'Memories' and 'My Playmate' are among the best of these. With much sensibility to the loveliness of women, he had such appreciation of their spiritual gifts and graces as assured them a preponderance in the order of those friendships which were his life's best satisfactions and delights. Many the tributes paid to these in his too facile verse! Whittier suddenly woke up to find himself famous, and now his anti-slavery record could not too boldly leap to light. What had long retarded now increased his fame, and *The Tent on the Beach* sold at a rate which Whittier could only with difficulty reconcile to his sense of the right relation of the poet's work to his reward. Similar

volumes followed *The Tent on the Beach*, but inferior in distinct degrees, and leaving *Snow-Bound* solitary in its homely charm. For all the delicacy of his health, he lived, an object of increasing reverence and affection, till 7th September 1892, when he was nearly eighty-five years old.

Of contemporary American poets he owed least to culture and formal education. Hence the defects of his poetry—its lack of compression, its contracted metrical range, its faulty rhymes and ungrammatical forms. He was more poet than artist, spontaneous to the verge of improvisation, with no self-restraint, spinning too long a thread. Of verbal felicity he had little, save in his effective use of sonorous proper names. His poetry was eloquence, as if he had caught the accent of the anti-slavery heralds and champions. He was pre-eminently the singer of the anti-slavery crusade, proudly saluting its living heroes and its honoured dead, the most representative of New England's poets, affectionately reminiscent of her lore of superstition and romance, and, most significantly, the poet of religious sympathy and hope and trust. Though he wrote few hymns, many have been detached from his poems and sung in churches of all Protestant denominations, to the great enhancement of his fame. With a less general following than Longfellow, he has had a much more cordial welcome among 'the plain people' and those who subordinate all other interests to those of the religious life.

From 'Massachusetts to Virginia.'

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labour here,—
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St George's bank,—
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell,—
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell,—
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters,—
Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels,—you've hunted for our lives,—
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land!

Ichabod!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonoured brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honoured, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame:
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

In School-Days.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

'I 'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,'—the brown eyes lower fell,—
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

From 'My Birthday.'

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

From 'My Psalm.'

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

From 'Snow-Bound.'

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on its paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,

The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sound is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

The complete works of Whittier are published in seven volumes in the 'Riverside Edition' (1888), and the poems complete in a one-volume edition, the 'Cambridge' (1894). The *Life and Letters*, by S. T. Pickard (1894), is the official biography, an excellent piece of work. Other biographies are Higginson's in 'American Men of Letters' (1892), and Burton's, very brief, in 'Beacon Biographies' (1900). The best critical study is E. C. Stedman's, in the *Poets of America*.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819–81), born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, practised medicine for two or three years, but became assistant-editor and part-proprietor of a paper at Springfield. In 1870 he helped to found *Scribner's Monthly* (afterwards *The Century Magazine*), which he edited; and in it appeared his novels, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, *The Story of Sevenoaks* and *Nicholas Minturn*. Other works were *Timothy Titcomb's Letters* (1858), *Letters to the Joneses* (1863), a history of Western Massachusetts, a Life of Lincoln, and his popular poems, *Bitter Sweet* (1858), *Kathrina* (1867), and *The Mistress of the Manse* (1874). There is a Life of him by Mrs Plunkett (1894)

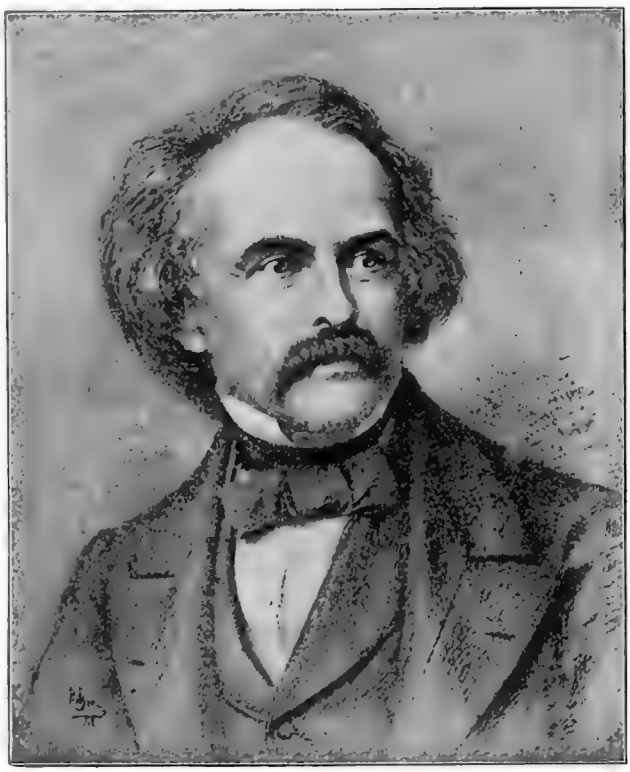
Nathaniel Hawthorne,*

the most distinguished writer of American fiction, was born in Salem, a coast-town of Massachusetts, some dozen miles from Boston, on 4th July 1804. His ancestors were American from the time of the first settlements. Nathaniel, a sea-captain, father of the novelist, died in 1808. For forty years of widowhood his mother secluded herself and seldom left her room. Two sisters were only a little less recluse. Here was an influence that nursed a similar habit in the boy. An accident at play sent him for companionship to books, which ranged from Shakespeare through Bunyan to the Newgate Calendar. In tastes and temperament the boy was father of the man. His first teacher was Worcester, the distinguished lexicographer. In 1813 the family removed to Raymond in Maine, which was then a province of Massachusetts. Hunting and skating on the beautiful Sebago Lake, and fishing in its clear waters, with much desultory reading, went far to constitute his Raymond life. In 1819 he was back in Salem, reading *Waverley*, preparing for college, and issuing the *Spectator*, which ran through four numbers, its circulation limited to a single copy. In 1820 he already contemplated the profession of authorship. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, then recently founded, and better equipped with courage than with a faculty or funds.

On his way to Brunswick, through New Hampshire, he made the acquaintance of a Bowdoin sophomore, Franklin Pierce, one of his best friends thereafter. With Longfellow the poet, a classmate, he had slight acquaintance, but was remembered by him as 'a handsome, bashful youth, with a low, musical voice.' Longfellow was one of the more studious set, Hawthorne one of the less studious. He was indifferent to sports, but mildly convivial, and his gambling was made a subject of correspondence with his mother by the president of the college. The stakes were fifty cents worth of wine. At the conclusion of his college course we have the reflection of his actual feelings in *Fanshawe*, his first novel, where he says that in the inmost heart of his hero there was a dream of undying fame. In spite of his dissuasion, his mother and sisters had returned to Salem, and he joined them there in 1825, and entered at once upon a period of seclusion that dragged its slow length along for a full dozen years. He had no intimacy even with his mother and sisters. Often his meals were left outside the door of his room. Most of his walking, except that of his longer excursions, was done after dark. There was a good local library, in which he burrowed deep; and, had he not disdained them, there were intelligence and culture in the fine old town that might have served him well. The colour of his brooding solitude dyed in the wool the texture of the fancies that he wove assiduously, with little hope of making them attractive to his fellow-men.

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection from "The Great Stone Face," page 779.

His resolve to live by his pen must have seemed madness to his immediate family and other relatives, but something masterful in his nature prevailed over such opposition as was made. It is a natural incident of the dim, half-featured life he led that much doubt attaches to the earliest productions of his pen. *Seven Tales of my Native Land*, written while he was still at college or later, were burned in despair of finding a publisher. That they set the chimney on fire is probably a fanciful suggestion of what they might have done for the popular mind. *Fanshawe* was published anonymously in 1828, and was received so coldly that Hawthorne's own regard for it was chilled, and he endeavoured to call in and destroy the purchased copies. If the *Seven Tales* were actually burned, there soon rose from their ashes birds of like feather, certain *Provincial Tales*, several of which were published in *The Token*, one of the many annuals of which there was a prolific growth in the fore-part of the nineteenth century. But Goodrich, the publisher of *The Token*, better known as 'Peter Parley,' was for ten years so friendly to Hawthorne that he deserved better thanks than Hawthorne gave him when at length they parted company. Yet Hawthorne might well feel himself ill-used when he received $100 for Peter Parley's *Universal History*, and nothing additional when 100,000 copies had been sold. In 1834 he found another vehicle for his stories, the *New England Magazine*, and further on the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, the *Democratic Review*, and other once-flourishing periodicals. If 'he was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America,' as he wrote in 1851, it was partly his own fault. Written under several pseudonyms, his sketches made a slighter impression than if they had all gone to the credit of an acknowledged author. The habit of anonymity was so strong with him that he often lapsed into it after a friendly hand had gently snatched away his mask. The depth of his discouragement at this time was so great that Bridge, his best-loved college mate, made a bold push to publish at his own risk, a volume of his pieces, and the first volume of *Twice-Told Tales* appeared in 1837. The response was not eager, but some of the reviews were favourable, Longfellow's the one most prized. The twenty sketches, selected from a much larger number, represented sufficiently the breadth of Hawthorne's narrow range. More than three times as many were added in subsequent volumes, a second series of *Twice-Told Tales* in 1842. *Mosses from an Old Manse* in 1846, and *The Snow Image and other Tales* in 1851. By this time *The Scarlet Letter* was published, and the minor tales acquired from this a sympathetic vogue.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
After a Drawing by H. Baker.

The short stories reached their term when the first longer one appeared. The whole series is written in a pellucid style which, if not perfect from the start, was, in its most characteristic qualities, the free gift of Heaven. A delicate but sometimes trivial humour played over the surface of those stories or was inherent in their grain. Cheerful they seldom were. But the idea that their pervasive sadness was subjective is easily discredited. The most gloomy flowers of his invention are those which blossomed on the stem of a most happy period, that of his first married years. The problems of sin and evil on which so many of the stories turn were not the fruits of Hawthorne's moral experience, but of his intellectual curiosity. They were the plaything survivals of the Puritan engagement with the dark side of life. The personal aspect was less disclosed in such painful allegories as 'The Birth-Mark' and 'The Bosom Serpent' than in such pleasant pieces as 'The Old Apple-Dealer' and 'Little Annie's Ramble.' The whole series falls into three kinds: those fancifully illuminating some biographical or historical inci-

dent, minute descriptions of things seen and heard, and those of an allegorical character. Many tend to this, and in the best examples, such as 'The Snow Image' and 'The Great Carbuncle,' the story and the moral are perfectly assimilated; in others, such as 'The Bosom Serpent,' the assimilation is less perfect or obviously mechanical. Of the fanciful histories 'The Gray Champion' is a notable example. Hawthorne is nowhere more satisfactory than when he attempts least, as in 'Sights from a Steeple' and 'Footprints on the Sea-Shore.' But he is no realist. Though he was a keen observer, everything observed was subject to the transfiguration of his fancy. It is very instructive to compare a certain walk in the *American Note-Books* with 'Footprints on the Sea-Shore.' The *Note-Books*, American, English, Italian, are eloquent of Hawthorne's objectivity. They were published after his death, in 1868, 1870, 1871, in the above order.

While Hawthorne was musing on these simpler or remoter things, the circumstances of his life had varied much from the monotony of the period preceding his first collective publication. In 1837 he had fallen in love with Sophia Peabody, and they were married in 1842. She was one of three sisters remarkable for their culture and intelligence. She was nothing if not enthusiastic and ecstatic. A hole in her husband's dressing-gown was 'an appalling vacuum,' and her whole life was pitched to the superlative key; but she and Hawthorne loved each other with a great and never-diminishing affection, and enjoyed the best things of literature and art together. She worshipped him, and he laid upon himself the lowliest duties to make her life less arduous. She was a chronic invalid when Hawthorne met her in her Salem home, but she did not even have to wait, like Mrs Browning, for marriage to effect her cure. The prospect of it was enough. In 1839 Hawthorne's political friends found a place for him in the Boston Custom-House. It was a sharp transition from the imponderables he had been weighing to iron and coal, and salt which was not of the Attic kind. His invention wholly failed, and even at Brook Farm, whither he betook himself when turned out of office by the triumphant Whigs, his literary production was singularly 'barren of new pride;' some children's *Biographical Stories* and *The Grandfather's Chair* being the chief gains. Brook Farm was the most idealistic of the American attempts to establish an economic and ethical community. It attracted Hawthorne because his disposition was social despite his isolating temperament He justly described his short stories as 'attempts to open an intercourse with the world.' His Brook Farm experiment was another and not more successful one. Pitching manure or milking a recalcitrating cow was little to his mind. The social conditions pleased him no better, and he left the community in disgust, having in his year's residence sunk about $1000 of his hard-earned money. His marriage followed soon, and he took his wife to Concord, where they made their home in the 'Old Manse' under whose roof Emerson had written *Nature*, and close by the bridge of revolutionary fame. The life here would have been idyllic but for the difficulty of making both ends meet. For companions he had Emerson, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, whom he enjoyed as men while indifferent to their intellectual character. It was easier for Hawthorne to meet people on the plane of his lower tastes than on that of his literary vocation. And so it happened that when he was made surveyor of the Salem Custom-House in 1846 he was more at home with his subordinates and the old salts who hung about the place than he had been with the Concord set. His introduction to *The Scarlet Letter* described the men and manners of the Custom-House in a fashion little relished by the persons indicated and their friends. When he wrote this he had again been turned out of office, nominally for 'offensive partisanship,' a fault of which he was incapable. He was much embittered by the transaction, fancying that, not having been appointed for political reasons, he should not be dropped for such reasons. But his loss proved to be all men's gain. For three years his mind had been as fruitless as during his Boston weighing and gauging. He now wrote *The Scarlet Letter*. That genial publisher, James T. Fields, deserves much credit for its ultimate form. He sought Hawthorne out in his moping solitude and charged him with having a story or stories concealed in a set of drawers which stood in his chamber. Hawthorne at first denied the charge, but as Fields was leaving, hurried after him with a manuscript, which was *The Scarlet Letter* in its original form. It was conceived as a short story, but as the longest one that he had written. Later Fields persuaded him to rewrite it on a larger scale. Published in 1850, it achieved at once a notable success, and soon after Hawthorne, with every expression of contempt, shook off the dust of Salem from his feet for ever.

The Scarlet Letter is one of the most powerful and affecting stories ever written. It is unconscionably dark and sad. The only bright spot in it is the scarlet letter upon Hester's breast. Little Pearl, the offspring of Hester's and Arthur Dimmesdale's sinful passion, sheds but a strange, uncomfortable light upon the scene. The Puritan community is but faintly realised. The few leading characters appear against a background of unnatural dark. Nothing is told us of the rise and progress of the guilty passion. The tragedy, which runs its course less in an outward scene than in the breasts of the three principal *dramatis personæ*, is the tendency of a secret sin to magnify itself by feeding on the better self; and 'the purifying influence of public confession' so much insisted on by George Eliot, is the remedial note. If, as some complain, there is no divine forgiveness in the story, there is human pity for the sinful pair. The heart of the reader is more enlisted on their side

than on that of the Puritan community, and their souls are white compared with that of Roger Chillingworth, the husband of the guilty woman, whose whole being is resolved into a principle of immitigable hatred and revenge.

Public approval renewed Hawthorne's spirit, and the years of 1850–53 were the most productive of his whole career. For a part of this time he lived in Lenox, Massachusetts, amidst the beauty of the Berkshire hills and streams, of which, strangely enough, he soon tired. But there he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables* and, for his children's joy, *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, in which the old Greek myths took on the colour of his fancy for the perennial delight of boys and girls. If *The Scarlet Letter* continued the tradition of the short stories by being a longer one of their kind, *The House of the Seven Gables* continued it in being more an aggregation of parts than an organic whole. Hawthorne loved the book because it was his 'Little Annie's Rambles' and such things writ large. Of all his full-grown romances it is the pleasantest, made so by Phœbe Pyncheon's comfortable sweetness. The final cause, determining the movement of the story, is the decay of a family under the stress of an inherited curse, inherent in the Pyncheon house. Here the house serves that symbolic purpose for which Hawthorne must always have one concrete object or another. The characters are seen more 'in the round' than those of *The Scarlet Letter*. But Judge Pyncheon is less a character than a malicious portrait of the Salem magnate by whom, in the matter of the Custom-House, Hawthorne considered himself wronged.

If Hawthorne's stay at Brook Farm was immediately fruitless, it left seeds in his mind from which sprang *The Blithedale Romance*, a novel generally relegated to the foot of the series, but one that has staunch friends. It took up into itself much of the scenery and some of the people of the farm, but neither with any aim at verisimilitude. That Zenobia was a faithful portrait of Margaret Fuller, a woman of brilliant and wayward genius, was denied by Hawthorne as flatly as by her friends. There was certainly no portrait of Ripley, the noble founder of the community, in the repulsive character of Hollingsworth, who points the moral of the egotistic reformer who has no human heart by which he lives. One effect of this satire was to mark Hawthorne's divergence in reform matters from the other New England men of letters, and it prepares us to find him simultaneously writing a 'campaign life' of Franklin Pierce, then a candidate for the presidency of the United States in the pro-slavery interest. A more sincere 'campaign life' was never written. It was not written with an eye to the lucrative office which Hawthorne could not but know his friend's election would assure him, but as a token of gratitude for Pierce's unfailing kindness. One of the least of presidents, he was one of the best of friends. He was elected, and he made Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, one of the best positions in his gift. This was in 1853, and he left Concord, where he had been living in a house called 'The Wayside' for a year, and his native country, and took ship for England, hoping he might never return, so out of tune was he with his anti-slavery friends. In Liverpool he hated his business as before in the Boston and Salem seats of custom, but discharged it faithfully, doing his best to right the wrongs of sailors in distress. In England, as in America, his distaste for literary society was pronounced, and he met none of its leaders. His *English Note-Books* exhibit him as keenly observant of English scenery and life. The best parts of these he condensed in *Our Old Home*, a book which gave much offence in England, though it had not more than Hawthorne's usual predilection for the seamy side; and more in America, because he dedicated it in a simple, manly fashion to ex-President Pierce. In 1857 he resigned his office and exchanged his 'black and miserable hole' in Liverpool for a residence in Italy of two years' duration. There, at first, he felt more at home than he had ever been, and lived a social life with the Brownings and others. But his daughter fell dangerously sick with Roman fever, and Rome was cursed for him by this experience. 'I bitterly detest it,' he wrote, 'and shall rejoice to bid farewell to it for ever.' Besides, he felt that he must breathe the fogs of England or the east winds of Massachusetts to be again in working trim. Nevertheless he began *The Marble Faun*, and finished it in England, where it was published in 1860, entitled *Transformation*. This title gives the idea of the story, whereas the American title indicates the symbol to which Hawthorne fastened his ingenious fancy as to Hester Prynne's scarlet letter and Zenobia's flower. It is a story of the development of spiritual character through experience, Donatello, the faun, being made a man by his destruction of Miriam's besetting fiend. The passage describing the murder and what followed is not excelled in the whole range of Hawthorne's work. But there is a slackened grip on the characters from this psychological moment to the end. Miriam, the principal character, is realised only less powerfully than Zenobia and Hester Prynne. Here as everywhere we are permitted to see the characters only from the point of view of Hawthorne's intense preoccupation. Many whom the story alarms and repels enjoy it for its discursive treatment of Roman pictures, ruins, &c., a more curious than final aspect of the book. There was no such assimilation here as in the Salem work, but a difference from that as in George Eliot's *Romola* from her *Adam Bede*.

The interval between his return to America in 1860 and his sudden death, 19th May 1864, was an unhappy time. There was the sense of failing health and failing intellectual power. Four

fragmentary studies — *The Ancestral Footstep*, *Septimius Felton*, *Dr Grimshawe's Secret*, and *The Dolliver Romance*—are all painful gropings on the elusive track of a single idea that could not be firmly caught and held. He had no power to 'see it steadily and see it whole.' Another burden was that of the Civil War and his inability to take either side with heartiness. He went to the front and looked upon the scenes transacted there, wrote of them with a singular detachment, and saw President Lincoln with as little penetration as the dullest in those times. He had lived so long with shadows that he had no vital apprehension of the nation's agony in the birth-throes of a new and better time. There is a striking incongruity between the moonlit or twilight scene and atmosphere of his books and the bright glare of our contemporary life; here so much noise and shouting, there low and whispered tones. But even those who are well pleased with the immediate time should certainly be glad sometimes to draw apart with Hawthorne into a scene so different from that of their habitual life as his mysterious world.

From 'The Great Stone Face.'

[This allegory was suggested by the Old Man of Profile Mountain, in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, a remarkable resemblance in the high cliff to a human face.]

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine. As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

'Mother,' said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, 'I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly.'

'If an old prophecy should come to pass,' answered his mother, 'we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that.'

'What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?' eagerly inquired Ernest. 'Pray, tell me all about it!'

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain-streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbours, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

'O mother, dear mother!' cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, 'I do hope that I shall live to see him!'

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy; so she only said to him, 'Perhaps you may.'

[The story describes Mr Gathergold and a great general and statesman for whom a resemblance to the Great Stone Face was claimed, and finally a poet in whom Ernest himself imagined a likeness. But the poet protested that he did not live the poems that he wrote.]

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonised with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace

the world. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, 'Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!'

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by-and-by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

The Minister's Vigil.

Walking in the shadow of a dream, as it were, and perhaps actually under the influence of a species of somnambulism, Mr Dimmesdale reached the spot where, now so long since, Hester Prynne had lived through her first hour of public ignominy. The same platform or scaffold, black and weather-stained with the storm or sunshine of seven long years, and footworn, too, with the tread of many culprits who had since ascended it, remained standing beneath the balcony of the meeting-house. The minister went up the steps.

It was an obscure night of early May. An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye-witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark gray of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night-air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and clog his throat with catarrh and cough; thereby defrauding the expectant audience of to-morrow's prayer and sermon. No eye could see him, save that ever-wakeful one which had seen him in his closet wielding the bloody scourge. Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery, indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced with jeering laughter! He had been driven hither by the impulse of that Remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that Cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous grip, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of a disclosure. Poor, miserable man! what right had infirmity like his to burden itself with crime? Crime is for the iron-nerved, who have their choice either to endure it, or, if it press too hard, to exert their fierce and savage strength for a good purpose, and fling it off at once! This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which intertwined, in the same inextricable knot, the agony of Heaven-defying guilt and vain repentance.

And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud; an outcry that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the background, as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro.

'It is done!' muttered the minister, covering his face with his hands. 'The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!'

But it was not so. The shriek had perhaps sounded with a far greater power to his own startled ears than it actually possessed. The town did not awake; or, if it did, the drowsy slumberers mistook the cry either for something frightful in a dream, or for the noise of witches, whose voices, at that period, were often heard to pass over the settlements or lonely cottages, as they rode with Satan through the air. The clergyman, therefore, hearing no symptoms of disturbance, uncovered his eyes and looked about him. . . .

Shortly afterwards the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break, and find him there. The neighbourhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame, and, half-crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go, knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. . . All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half-frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

'Pearl! Little Pearl!' cried he, after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice—'Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?'

'Yes, it is Hester Prynne!' she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side-walk, along which she had been passing. 'It is I, and my little Pearl.'

'Whence come you, Hester?' asked the minister. 'What sent you hither?'

'I have been watching at a death-bed,' answered Hester Prynne—'at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.'

'Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,' said the Reverend Mr Dimmesdale. 'Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together.'

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the plat-

form, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

(From *The Scarlet Letter.*)

Hawthorne's complete works are published in Boston and New York in several editions: 'Little Classic,' 25 vols.; 'Riverside,' 15 vols.; 'Standard Library,' 15 vols. The second and third of these editions contain the biography, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, by his son Julian. Other biographies are Henry James's in 'English Men of Letters' (1880); George Parsons Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne* (1876); a Life by M. D. Conway, in 'Great Writers' series (1890); *Memories of Hawthorne*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (1897); and, best of all for critical analysis, *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by George E. Woodberry in 'American Men of Letters' (1902).

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Abraham Lincoln (1809–65), President of the United States at the crisis of his country's fortunes, rose nobly to the occasion. His other services to the Republic need no comment in this place; but though he was as far as possible removed from what usually constitutes the man of letters, he has earned to all time a place in the literature of his country by his letters, his State papers, his speeches, and especially by his two inaugural addresses and the address, quoted below, at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery in November 1863.

The Gettysburg Address.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

William Wetmore Story (1819–95), son of an eminent judge, publicist, and law professor, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, and trained for the Bar, but went to Italy (1848) and became a sculptor; and his writings rank him amongst the American litterateurs of the period—several collections of poems, *Roba di Roma* (1862), *The Tragedy of Nero* (1875), *The Castle of St Angelo* (1877), *He and She* (1883), *Fiammetta* (1885), *Conversations in a Studio*, *Excursions* (1891), and *A Poet's Portfolio* (1894). He died at Vallombrosa.

Charles Godfrey Leland (1824–1903), destined to be known to fame as 'Hans Breitmann,' was born of Quaker parentage in Philadelphia, graduated at Princeton, and continued his studies at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. He was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1851, but turned to journalism; and residing chiefly in England and Italy from 1869 on, made a special study of the Gypsies, the fruits of which appeared between 1873 and 1891 in four important and much-discussed works. It was in 1871 that the famous *Hans Breitmann Ballads*, in the grotesque mixture of German and American-English known as Pennsylvania Dutch, first appeared; they were extraordinarily popular in America and Britain, and were constantly quoted, so that scraps of them are permanent parts of conversational English even now. A continuation in 1895, however, fell flat. Other works of Leland's, some of them results of serious research not unmingled with too confident speculation, are *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams* (1855); *Meister Karl's Sketch-Book* (1855); *Legends of Birds* (1864); *Egyptian Sketch-Book* (1873); *Fu-Sang, or the Chinese Discovery of America* (1875); *Algonquin Legends* (1884); *Etruscan-Roman Remains in Tradition* (1892); a translation in prose and verse of Heine's works; a series of art manuals; *Legends of Florence* (1895); and *Flaxius, or Leaves from the Life of an Immortal*, a humorous melange of Italian folk-lore, ancient history, and prophecy; besides his own *Memoirs* (2 vols. 1893).

George William Curtis (1824–92), born in Providence, Rhode Island, had a short experience of Brook Farm, and after four years in Europe (1846–50), joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and was one of the editors of *Putnam's Monthly* from 1852 to 1869. He commenced the 'Editor's Easy-Chair' papers in *Harper's Monthly* in 1853, and became principal leader-writer for *Harper's Weekly* on its establishment in 1857. His famous story of New York life, *Trumps* (1862), and most of his books appeared first in these journals. *Prue and I* (1856) was of sweet domesticity. His *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1851) and *The Howadji in Syria* (1852) were bright—and light—impressions of his travels; *Lotus-Eating* (1852) was a series of letters from fashionable watering-places. More famous in their day were *The Potiphar Papers* (1853), satires on the pretentious life of New York. He was a strong anti-slavery orator and publicist, and a zealous writer in the cause of Civil Service reform. See Lives of him by Winter (1893), Chadwick (1893), and Cary (1894).

Edgar Allan Poe,*

poet, romancer, and critic, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 19th January 1809. His grandfather was General David Poe, a distinguished Maryland soldier of the Revolutionary War. His father and mother were actors of a travelling company which, spending three years in Boston, made possible the accident of his birth in a city which the grown man could not, as his dying mother bade him, love. The mother's talent and character were superior to the father's; poverty and ill-health they shared more evenly. The mother died in 1811; the father soon after, probably. Here for the boy was, apparently, singular good fortune. He was informally adopted by a Mr Allan of Richmond, Virginia, a tobacco merchant who had no children of his own. From 1815 to 1820 the Allans lived in England, and the boy, though injured by their indulgence, had good schooling at the Manor House School at Stoke Newington, and in Richmond from 1820 to 1826, when he entered the University of Virginia. The death in 1824 of a lady who had been particularly kind to him, and to whom he was devotedly attached, was the occasion of his first melancholy brooding upon death, the fixed idea of his life. At the university his habits were at once studious and convivial; he excelled in Latin; also in gambling—so much so that his guardian, refusing to pay his 'debts of honour,' took him home and set him at work in his counting-room. Thereupon he ran away to Boston, where, in 1827, he published *Tamerlane and other Poems*, a tiny book of forty pages in an edition of forty copies, as if prescient of the narrow chances of future bibliophiles. He concealed his name from his twoscore public and also from his publisher, as he had done a little earlier when enlisting in the United States army, where for two years he did himself no discredit. Mrs Allan dying in 1829, his quarrel with Mr Allan was superficially made up, and he was sent to the West Point Military Academy, on his way visiting Baltimore, and while there publishing *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. It contained five poems which, in addition to three in the Boston bibelot, grew at length into something lovely under his pruning hand. At West Point, where he entered 1st July 1830. he did well in mathematics and other studies, but was so recklessly neglectful of his military duties that he was expelled from the Academy in March 1831, 'the contriver of his own dishonour.' While he had been roistering the poetic fire had burned, and a parting subscription of the students enabled him to print, if not publish, a new volume of poems It was not what the students expected—sparks from their burnt-out revelries—but his earlier poems in their first revision, with some new ones, among these the perfect 'Israfel.' This volume, like its two thin-bodied heralds, was long since worth ten times its weight in gold to the collectors of rare books.

The next two years are vaguer for the biographer than Poe's poetical geography. Poe himself filled them with an imaginary journey to Russia. Probably they were spent in Baltimore with his aunt Mrs Clemm, the good angel of his life. In 1833 he entered gaily on that literary career which was to have so many sharp vicissitudes, so much more of disappointment than of encouragement and assured success. Answering an advertisement for a $100 prize story and poem, he won the former with his *MS. found in a Bottle*, and would have won the latter with his *Coliseum* could both prizes have been given to one person. The lucky story has now a place among the best of his stories of matter-of-fact impossible adventure, his lowest rank except the would-be humorous.

Meantime by forging Mr Allan's name he had hardened against himself that gentleman's heart; had later forced his way in a drunken passion into Mrs Allan's chamber (Mr Allan had taken a second wife), and still later upon Mr Allan's dying hours, and was not so much as mentioned in his benefactor's will. Turning to thoughts of love for consolation, in September 1834 he took out a license of marriage with his cousin Virginia Clemm, a lovely child who had just turned thirteen. For some years his pet, she had come to worship him, and he now responded to her worship with an affection that was without any shadow of turning until her melancholy end. It is doubtful whether there was a formal marriage in 1834, seeing that a new license was taken out in 1836 in Richmond, followed by a marriage ceremony. Poe had returned to Richmond in 1835, and there for a time his prospects as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* were bright. Two volumes of his collected works are filled with his two years' work on the *Messenger*, including some of his most memorable things. His industry must have been remarkable, and now, as always, he had an exacting conscience for his work, in singular contrast with the weakness of his tempted will. His employer was soon warning him of the danger of drinking before breakfast, so that the loss of his position in 1837 was not wholly mysterious. After a brief stay in New York, during which he published the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, another of his matter-of-fact impossibilities, he went to Philadelphia, a better literary market, and remained there six years, in the struggle for a living doing such doubtful hack-work as the *Conchologist's First Book*, while still the stream of his creative and critical talent flowed into every channel it could find. Making a good fight with his proclivity to drink, for some four years he lived a more temperate life than ever before or after in his adult years. Of various engagements that with *Graham's Magazine* was the most stable, and did for it what his connection with the Richmond *Messenger* had done for that—bringing it thousands of subscribers and wide popularity. It was mainly as a critic that he made his mark; less but in-

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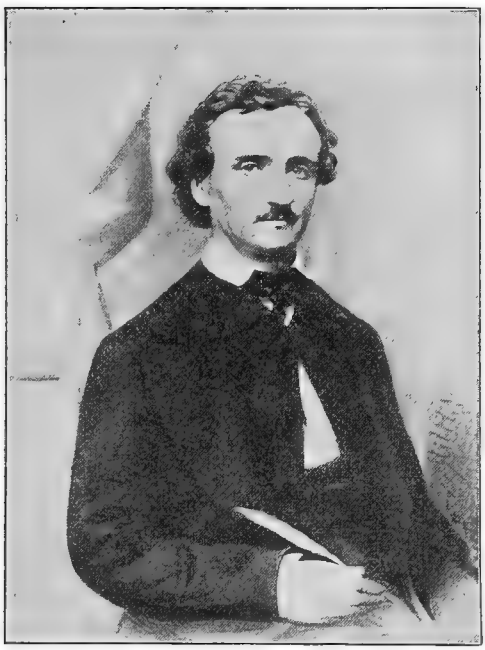
creasingly as a writer of tales; hardly at all as a poet. His early poems, however, were apt to reappear in the tales and to furnish their points of departure, as 'The Haunted Palace' in his most perfect tale, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and 'Ligeia' in the powerful but ghastly tale of the same name. Here was legitimate economy, but no one ever utilised his 'funeral baked meats' more openly. He warmed them over with sublime assurance that, however served, they made a tempting dish. The repetend, his favourite poetical device, was central to the manner of his literary and personal life, which had much that was highly significant and much 'damnable iteration.' In 1840 *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, in two volumes, bound up a full sheaf of his tales, including many of the best but not any of the ratiocinative kind which *The Golden Bug* was soon to usher in. Meantime, proud and ambitious, he fretted in subordination to his inferiors and aspired to have a magazine of his own, the *Penn* or *Stylus*, neither of which ever came to birth. Could he have kept his besetting sin at bay, his success as a journalist, already enviable, would have become one of the proudest of his time; but this he could not do, especially after the beginning, with a broken blood-vessel, of his child-wife's fatal illness in 1842. This filled him with a passionate despair. Though he was never an habitual drunkard, his periods of indulgence now became more frequent, each marked by wild excitement, followed by horrible lassitude and depression. The conflicting accounts of his character and behaviour mark the difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober. The latter was gracious, gentle, and refined; the former bitter, sour, contentious, the victim of degenerate will. To drink he added opium, which, if it sometimes touched his page to more ethereal fancy, exacted fearful penaltles. Rumours of 'other vices' are without foundation. Even his most sensuous imagination was never sensual.

In 1844 he removed to New York, where his principal editorial connection was with the *Broadway Journal*, of which for a short and brilliant period he was the nominal owner. In 1845 he entered with *The Raven* on a second period of poetical production, after a fallow period of fifteen years' duration, except for the refashioning of his early crudities. *The Raven* did more for his reputation than all his reviews and tales. *The Bells* (1847) chimed in, and other poems followed, of less popular character, but of more inwardness and more exquisite beauty From 1846 his health was utterly broken, and his poverty was made a subject of public notice and relief Those who wonder at his chronic impecuniosity and inveterate borrowing should remember the miserable pay he got for his best work. The good aunt kept his home as neat as it was bare, the neatness a necessity of his personal refinement, as was the delicate hand in which he always wrote, as if never putting pen to paper when fallen from his best estate. He always had a genius for attracting friends; too frequently disappointing them and wearing out their kindly disposition. In January 1847 the crowning misery befell, the death of poor little Virginia. He had then two years to live. These he so conducted that the most charitable, and probably the truest, explanation is that drink, opium, and sorrow had shaken sovereign reason from her seat. If the long-drawn futility of his pseudo-scientific *Eureka* does not require this construction, what does is his vain insistence on a first edition of fifty thousand copies and his claim for its worthless and yet powerful lucubrations of a revolutionary importance equal to Newton's theory of gravitation. From his sorrow for his lost Virginia he passed quickly to a series of sentimental consolations, looking here and there to marriage, and a union of sordid convenience had been negotiated in Richmond when a fatal lapse in Baltimore betrayed him into the hands of certain vile politicians who, drugging him for their base uses, induced a brain-fever of which he died, 7th October 1849. In the city of his first literary triumph he was followed to his grave by five persons, one of whom was the officiating clergyman.

His mournful death effected his entrance on a posthumous career which has been marked by stranger vicissitudes than those of his life. The details of that life have been contested in many particulars; its general character no less. A host of petty critics, with others of great competency, have endeavoured to assign his rank, with results ranging through wide degrees of difference. The principal line of cleavage is between those who value most his poems and those who value most his tales, but some have set the highest value on his critical writings. These made his widest reputation in their day, but they have little value now except for the literary historian. If they were not the best of their kind in America when written, they were near to that, while marred by envy, favouritism, and a distorting personal equation. He made himself the measure of things. What he could not do must not be done. Hence (*pace* Homer) a long poem could not be written, nor (*pace* Scott) a long story. Didacticism and plagiarism were the Paynim against whom he tilted with the grimmest joy of battle. Of the former he was wholly innocent; of the latter often guiltier than those whom he assailed, while in his bravery of recondite learning he was frequently the ingenious charlatan.

Passing from his criticism to his tales, we pass from transient reputation to enduring fame. Their style commends them all, while, bettering with time, it is, at its best, far below the level of Hawthorne's more flexible medium. They exhibit the tendency to narrowness of range and iteration, which mark all the products of his mind, far less than the poems. A sentiment of horror is their prevailing trait, engagement with death and ruin

running parallel thereto, the idea worked out with a concentration that subordinates every detail to the desired effect. In each kind there are various degrees, and the kinds have an ascension of their own. The lowest is the humorous, in which Poe comes near to making us laugh at him rather than with him. Let *Duc de Omelette* witness as a forlorn example. Of biting irony he had enough. Higher up we have the psychology of intensive fear and horror in such things as *Berenice*, *Ligeia*, and the *House of Usher*. He is at his best when he comes nearest, as in the last of these, to working in Hawthorne's spirit. In his great conscience stories, with *William Wilson* at their



EDGAR ALLAN POE.
After a Photograph by Whitehurst.

head, his experience of the pains of conscience does not serve him so well as Hawthorne's impersonal imagination. He was more external than Hawthorne, more mechanical, but such a master of the curiously horrible as Hawthorne never was. On the other hand, he descended into details of physical horror from which Hawthorne's finer spirit spontaneously recoiled; and while Hawthorne's taste was inferior to his fancy and imagination, Poe's was so to a more pronounced degree. With a florid sensuousness of decoration, as in *Landor's Cottage* and *The Domain of Arnheim*, compared with which Hawthorne's scenes were gray and cold, there were lapses into prettiness of word and phrase which for Hawthorne were impossible, as if the fumes of that censer which Poe swung for a swarm of feeble poetasters had dulled his sense of their defects.

But, after all, it is as a poet that Poe enjoys the highest fame, and that which has the promise of most permanence. The meagreness of his product and the narrowness of his range may challenge this opinion, but it is that to which the tendency of criticism is clear and strong. Hardly more than a dozen of his poems have survived the winnowing of time, and these, with two or three exceptions, are variations of a single theme, the death of a beautiful and beloved woman. Poe formally announced this subject as the highest subject of the poet's art, seeking, perhaps unconsciously, a justification of his contracted range. That he was more artist than poet is suggested by the carefulness with which, for lack of novel germs, he matured his early fruit. Reverent of his gift, he did not force his mood, however sorely he needed the money that his poorest verses would have brought. His work, then, was at once the product of a sacred spontaneity and an exigent elaboration. The poet gave the impulse and the artist gave the form. *Israfel* stands quite alone among his early poems as from the first so perfect as to require little change. The others in their first crudity gave meagre promise of their ultimate perfection. Even their musical quality, commonly thought inevitable, was carefully wrought out, and it now appears that Poe's ear was defective, and that his lines were made musical only by many revisions. That he was bent on making them so at all hazards is plain. He sacrificed sense to sound, secured by meaningless alliterations. There is little thought in his poems; but there is what he intended, a sentiment, an emotion, to which everything is subordinate—a sentiment of mystery, an emotion of infinite loss and horror and regret. The resurgence of his lyrical gift in 1845, after long silence, was one of the strangest incidents of his unhappy life. Five notable poems were its fruit: *The Raven*, *The Bells*, *Ulalume*, *For Annie*, *Annabel Lee*. They represent fuller if less exquisite moments than the early group. We are not to believe that *The Raven* was written in the wilful and mechanical fashion described in *The Philosophy of Composition* any more than in his actual 'descent into the maelstrom.' Inferior to *Israfel* and others, it stands alone in the quaint persistence of its pressure on the note of irremediable woe. *The Bells* has, perhaps naturally, a metallic ring which contrasts strangely with *Ulalume*, in which we seem to have the very step and moan of long-drawn misery. *To Annie* gives us the recurrent theme of life in death in its most poignant manner, while *Annabel Lee*, published almost simultaneously with his death, sounds his most human note, as if 'the fever called living' were 'over at last,' and he were entering on a saner and a sweeter life. But it is one more regret for the lost delight of peerless womanhood. It was Poe's belief that beauty was a soothing influence. But the beauty of his monodies disturbs and lacerates our minds. Their haunting melodies are not to be escaped; but they sound no note of health or joy. We

admire the brilliant power, the skilful art, but we are never comforted and cheered. Fruits of a sombre genius and a sad experience, his works make their appeal especially to those who can hardly find symbols too melancholy for their mental gloom, and to those who are so overstocked with happiness that they like to play with misery and to consort with ghosts and ghouls.

To appreciate Poe's power and range as a romancer, one should read four of his best stories in four kinds: intensive horror, *Fall of the House of Usher;* outraged and retributive conscience, *William Wilson;* ingenious ratiocination, *Murders in the Rue Morgue* or *Mystery of Marie Roget;* pseudo-scientific adventure, *The Descent into the Maelstrom.* These cannot be effectively abridged; but nothing better renders the habitual spirit of his prose work than the 'Overture' called 'Silence,' quoted below. *The Raven* is Poe's best-known poem, his masterpiece of intensive iteration, but its present use would be exclusive of all other specimens, and consequently it has seemed best to renounce it in order that a more general view may be obtained.

From 'Silence: a Fable.'

'Listen to *me*,' said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head. 'The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaïre. And there is no quiet there, nor silence. . . .

'It was night, and the rain fell; and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head—and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation. And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in colour. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall,—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decipher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters;—and the characters were DESOLATION. And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock; and I hid myself among the water-lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct—but his features were the features of a deity; for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was lofty with thought, and his eye wild with care; and, in the few furrows upon his cheek, I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude. And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out upon the desolation. He looked down into the low unquiet shrubbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson moon. And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude;—but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock. .

'Then I grew angry and cursed, with the curse of *silence*, the river, and the lilies, and the wind, and the forest, and the heaven, and the thunder, and the sighs of the water-lilies. And they became accursed, and *were still.* And the moon ceased to totter up its pathway to heaven—and the thunder died away—and the lightning did not flash—and the clouds hung motionless—and the waters sank to their level and remained—and the trees ceased to rock—and the water-lllies sighed no more—and the murmur was heard no longer from among them, nor any shadow of sound throughout the vast illimitable desert. And I looked upon the characters of the rock, and they were changed;—and the characters were SILENCE. And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror. And, hurriedly, he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened. But there was no voice throughout the vast illimitable desert, and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld no more.'

To Helen.

[Written in Poe's boyhood to the beautiful friend whose death profoundly affected Poe's imagination.]

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
  The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are holy-land!

Israfel.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
  'Whose heart-strings are a lute;'
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
  And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice all mute.

Tottering above
  In her highest noon,
  The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
  While, to listen, the red levin
  (With the rapid Pleiades, even,
  Which were seven),
  Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
  And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre

By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

The Haunted Palace.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

To One in Paradise.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
'No more—no more—no more—'
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

There are three excellent editions of Poe's works; one (10 vols.) edited by G. E. Woodberry and E. C. Stedman; another (10 vols.) by C. F. Richardson; a third, by J. A. Harrison, in seventeen volumes, to which are added a *Life and Letters* in two volumes. The Woodberry-Stedman edition has a good biographical introduction, and special introductions to the poetry, criticism, and tales. Professor Richardson makes large claims for Poe as a 'world-author.' A thoroughly good Life is that of G. E. Woodberry in 'American Men of Letters,' and E. C. Stedman's study in his *Poets of America* is most admirable. An English *Life* by J. H. Ingram is a generous apology and glowing eulogy, disfigured by much inaccuracy in its biographical details. See also 'The Poe-Chivers Papers,' edited by Professor Woodberry in the *Century Magazine* for 1903.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Oliver Wendell Holmes,*

humourist, essayist, novelist, and poet, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 29th August 1809, a year of splendid births. The lines of his descent from Dutch Wendells and Massachusetts governors, Dudley and Bradstreet, and the good Quincy stock ('Dorothy Q' his proudest boast), were a matter of real pride to him, embroidered with some humorous affectation. His father was the minister of the First Parish Church in Cambridge, the seat of Harvard College, and his fine old house was well furnished with historical associations. Here General Ward had made his headquarters before Washington took charge of the Revolutionary army in 1775. Here the defence of Bunker Hill was planned, and here Joseph Warren, pre-eminently the hero of that defence, spent the night before the battle. The boy's favourite reading was Pope's *Homer*, and for Pope's pentameters he had ever a good word. Not even *Pilgrim's Progress* could make Calvinism attractive to his mind: the theology went far to spoil the story. He might, he thought, have been a clergyman but for one who looked and talked like an undertaker. Entering Harvard in 1825, he graduated in 'the famous class of '29,' doing much to justify its fame as time went on, both by his reputation and by the brilliant succession of his poems for the class's annual gatherings. The year of his graduation was marked by one of the best-known of all his poems, *Old Ironsides*, as the frigate *Constitution*, which had made a splendid record in the war of 1812, was popularly called. It was proposed to break her up, and Holmes's stirring lyric averted her impending doom. For a year he studied law, then turned to medicine, and some further narrowing of the *res angusta domi* made it possible for him to go to Paris and study for two years with Louis and other great teachers. Here was a great advantage. Seeing much of Europe, and especially of Paris, he wore down his Puritan angles and his natural vivacity acquired a keener edge. Returning to Cambridge in 1835 with a good stock of knowledge, some experience, and two skeletons, one for himself, 'the more showy one' for a friend, he presently began the practice of medicine in Boston. This was never burdensome, his reputation as humourist and poet standing in the way; and the story goes that, being advised to divide his practice, he replied that he couldn't very well, as he had only one patient. The more welcome, therefore, was a chair of Anatomy in Dartmouth College, the 'little college' of Daniel Webster's love, which Holmes held for two years. He had already published his first volume of poetry (1836), which included the long string of pentameters he had just read to the Φ.B.K. Society of Harvard College, and 'The Last Leaf,' fluttering with tender gaiety in the jocund company of such 'heights of the ridiculous' as 'The Spectre Pig' and 'The September Gale,' absurdities in which generations of schoolboys have had peculiar joy. He soon distinguished himself by a series of medical prize essays, one of which, on the contagiousness of puerperal fever, excited violent opposition, and in 1847 he was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School. He described his chair as a settee, so various were the duties of his professorship until 1871, when anatomy, always his chief delight, was assigned to him exclusively. The poet and the humourist were bound to glide into his lecturing, and to be welcomed by the students with unfeigned delight. His manner as a lecturer was subject to sudden changes from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe.' In the dissecting-room his reverence for the poor body on the table was that of the man who wrote 'The Human Temple,' and who always stood awe-struck upon the threshold of that temple's mystery.

The anti-slavery struggle, which engaged so deeply the sympathies of Whittier, Lowell, and Emerson (Longfellow in a degree less positive), left Holmes only less indifferent than Hawthorne, though his aristocratic temper made him politically a Whig. Over against Whittier's 'Ichabod,'

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the poem entitled "The Chambered Nautilus," page 789.

denouncing Webster's defection from the righteous cause, Holmes set a glowing tribute to the great statesman's worth. His rank as a Lyceum lecturer, for all his promise of more popular qualities, was not with Emerson, and was far below that of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Ward Beecher. But the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, which was so encouraging to all the New England poets and writers, was for Holmes the beginning of a new career, outshining far the course already run. But for that, his purely literary reputation might now be that of a poet of one poem, 'The Last Leaf.' Lowell divined his uncultivated powers, and made it a condition of his own editorship of the *Atlantic* that Holmes should be taken on as a principal contributor. He was, and with *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* for his spring-board, vaulted at once into a reputation which for some years was the most brilliant among those of the Boston galaxy. In 1831 he had attempted something similar, and had published two numbers; and harking back to these across twenty-six years, he now began, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted'—— The *Autocrat* was followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and this by *The Poet*. They were all good, but a descending series, Holmes himself comparing the *Professor* and *Poet* to the squeezing of the grapes after the first spontaneous running of their juice. Holmes in this series has been compared to so many writers that we are permitted to believe that it was as much his own as the work of a well-read man can ever be his own. The essays were as frank in their self-disclosure as Montaigne's *Essays* or the *Confessions* of Rousseau, but, Holmes being what he was, without the slightest taint of their lubricity. The series was as compact of New England sympathies and traditions as the poetry of Whittier and Lowell, while at the same time it had a more intensive local note than Lowell or Whittier ever struck. It was Dr Holmes who gave Boston its most popular name—'the Hub;' and the city had to his table-talk the centrality suggested by that designation. He loved Boston as much as Charles Lamb loved London, its good blood and breeding best of all. The great war of 1861–65 widened his sympathies, but as some old city is widened without the destruction of its original walls. He had not been a good reformer, but the occasionalism of his verse had been good training for the songs required by the stern exigencies of rebellion and national defence. Such were 'A Voice of the Loyal North,' and 'Voyage of the Good Ship Union.' A boy at the front deepened the current of his verse; and when the boy was wounded he hastened to the front to look him up, and then wrote 'My Hunt for the Captain' with all a father's natural pride. But Holmes became more national without becoming less Bostonian, and the future antiquarian will find more of the essence of Boston in the *Autocrat* and its companion volumes than anywhere else. The social Holmes was like a flitting bird, and as the 'Autocrat' he hovered restlessly from theme to theme, his knowledge of medicine, of books, of men, affording him a thousand happy turns and illustrations. Everywhere, or often, there was that infusion of the tear into the smile which makes humour possible and justifies its name, and through all the gaiety there ran a thread of serious purpose. He must be something of a Puritan even in his tilt against the Puritans. There was so much of this in the *Autocrat* and its sequels that not a little umbrage was taken, and it began to look as if Holmes would not prove such a good asset to the *Atlantic* as Lowell had surmised. He liked to run the parallel of his life with Dr Johnson's, who was born a century before him, and like Dr Johnson he was 'a good hater,' hating with a perfect hatred the Calvinistic theology, and more, if possible, the temper which he found associated with it in New England life. Like Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and Lowell, he was connected with 'the unsectarian sect called Unitarians,' but they all sat less tightly to it than he, were all less dogmatic than he in their opposition to the dogmas of the traditional theology.

The *Autocrat*, *Professor*, and *Poet* did not give sufficient scope for the anti-Calvinistic passion of the little doctor's heart. Some of it he expressed directly in an article on Jonathan Edwards, stern in its reprehension of that mighty theologian's words and works, one of three biographical ventures; the second a Life of his friend John Lothrop Motley the historian; the third, *Ralph Waldo Emerson* in the 'American Men of Letters,' wherein the habit of his mind, so foreign to Emerson's, gave piquancy to his delineation. He called Emerson 'an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship.' In 1861 he published a novel, *Elsie Venner*, which his principal biographer has called, 'with the exception of the story of Eve, *par excellence* the snake-story of literature.' His purpose was, under the cover of a suggestion of prenatal poisoning, 'to stir the mighty question of automatic agency in its relation to self-determination.' He wrote to Mrs Stowe that it was 'conceived in the fear of God and the love of man.' But it was not conceived in the spirit of pure literature or pure science, and had, with some attractive aspects, others that were repellent, and these the more dominant. It was in his second novel, *The Guardian Angel* (1867), that his antipathetic relation to Calvinism took on its boldest shape. His father's Calvinism had been liberal for its day, but in 1829 he was yoked with a colleague whose theology was made of sterner stuff. A good son doesn't like to have his father hustled by a Mr Slope without sense or sensibility, and in the *Guardian Angel* he pilloried his father's persecutor for the contempt of a new generation. But the virtue of the book was more in those discursive elements which allied it with the *Autocrat* than in its theological assault.

Those elements were marked by an immense vivacity, a sparkle like the multitudinous laughter of the sea. A third novel, *A Mortal Antipathy*, appeared in 1885, but it added nothing to the author's better things.

Meantime his lyric muse had not disdained his cordial invitation. For many readers the value of the *Autocrat* and the *Professor*, in a less degree the *Poet*, consisted less in the rambling humour of the prose lucubrations than in the poems which were embedded in their fertile soil. Here and there a malignant compared them to precious stones shaming the spangles of a courtly fool. The poems so introduced took a wide range, 'The Chambered Nautilus' their top and crown for high nobility, 'The One-Hoss Shay' for rollicking humour, the 'Old Horse that won the Bet' not far behind. Of 'The Chambered Nautilus' he said, 'When I wrote that, I did better than I could.' It is commonly accounted his best achievement, but its didactic ending would have spoiled it for Edgar Allan Poe, and Holmes's official biographer is disposed to give to 'The Last Leaf,' which Abraham Lincoln loved, the highest place. Not many others approximate to the height of these, but one's heart must be dull indeed not to leap up to such poems as 'Avis,' 'Iris,' 'Under the Violets,' 'Homesick in Heaven,' 'The Crooked Footpath,' 'The Voiceless,' 'The Silent Melody.' Moreover, in the table-talk and elsewhere there are good ringing ballads such as 'Grandmother's Story' and

> Come hither God-be-glorified,
> And sit upon my knee.

And what a picture is that of Captain Miles Standish of the Plymouth colony stirring a noble posset with his sword!—

> He poured the fiery hollands in,—the man that never feared,— [yellow beard;
> He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his
> And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed— [afraid.
> All drank as 'twere their mother's milk and not a man

There was a fine antique flavour about much of Holmes's verse. He loved the Queen Anne men, their metres, their manners, the epigrammatic brilliancy of Pope, Sterne's slow meandering. It would have been pardonable in him if he had fancied himself bringing back not only 'the stretched metre of an antique song,' but much beside, like the good woman who wore her venerable bonnet till its style came in again, and fancied all were copying her mode. Holmes's was her luck without her vanity. He was a survival, not a pioneer. He welcomed the return of 'the knee-buckle men,' but did not dream that he had brought them back. But is it certain that Locker and Dobson and others owed nothing to his inspiration? It is likelier that they owed him much. It is certain that they knew their art before they came, that interpenetration of gaiety with tenderness which is the open secret of all good *vers de société*. In general he was distinctly the artist among the New England poets, at the farthest remove in this respect from Whittier, filing his lines more consciously than Longfellow, and, as compared with Lowell, perhaps more the artist because having so much less of that poetical exuberance which is impatient of the delays of perfect form.

In one field Dr Holmes was chief without a second among American poets—the poetry of festival and compliment. Who could so graciously welcome a coming, speed a parting guest? Who hide so tenderly with laurel the whitening temples of his friends? For poetry of this kind he had a wonderful facility, and what was so largely impromptu might well lack something of abiding charm. It was enough that it touched some memorable occasion with a momentary gleam of tenderness and beauty. It was at the annual meetings of his college class that he exercised this gift with the most daring playfulness. He was ready with a poem every year from 1851 to 1889, when 'After the Curfew' was the last. Sometimes he sang his poem. It might begin with laughter; a sob was audible before it made an end. 'The Boys' is one of the best of these for fun and tenderness; 'The Old Man Dreams' perhaps the best of all. He died 7th October 1894, the last leaf on the tree of Boston's goodly brotherhood of lettered men. In 1890 there was a meeting of the class, three present, but 'no poem—very quiet—something very like tears.' There were two or three more meetings, but no more poems. Three or four of his class survived him. He should have survived them all, and have read his last class poem to his own silent heart. It was a good work that he wrought for New England and America, and for a wider range. With his joyous laughter he shook to its foundation the traditional distrust of the New England conscience in the undisguised enjoyment of life's various good. He heartily believed in human happiness, and he did much to make it more abound.

The Chambered Nautilus.

> This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
> Sails the unshadowed main,—
> The venturous bark that flings
> On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
> In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
> And coral-reefs lie bare,
> Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
>
> Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
> Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
> And every chambered cell,
> Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
> As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
> Before thee lies revealed,—
> Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
>
> Year after year beheld the silent toil
> That spread his lustrous coil;
> Still, as the spiral grew,
> He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
> Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door, [more.
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings, [sings:—
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

The Deacon's Masterpiece; or, The Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay.'

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.
But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an 'I dew vum,' or an 'I tell *yeou*,')
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
—'Fur,' said the Deacon, ''t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;

The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum,'—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt-ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he 'put her through.'
'There!' said the Deacon, 'naow she 'll dew!'

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
'Hahnsum kerridge' they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You 're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
'Huddup!' said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
He had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Long Path.

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favourable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse-steps. I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public. . . .

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it,—but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers.—Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat. But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that,—that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan-pit,—to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill-wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float-boards,—to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing-sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life, too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptised her; the routine of labour and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces

which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

——I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding-house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast-table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet. It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, ——Will you take the long path with me?——Certainly, - said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure.—— Think,—I said,—before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!——The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. ——Pray, sit down,—I said.——No, no,—she answered, softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

——The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—'Good-morning, my dears!' (From *The Autocrat.*)

The 'Riverside' is an excellent edition of Dr Holmes's writings in fifteen volumes (Boston, 1892), including the official biography by J. T. Morse, jun. It does not include his Life of Emerson (1885), which is one of the 'American Men of Letters,' nor his Life of Motley (1878). The 'Standard Library' edition includes these. There are complete single-volume editions of his poems, the 'Cambridge' and 'Household;' and there have been numerous English reprints. Morse's *Biography and Letters* is full of matter and admirable in tone. The best criticism is that of E. C. Stedman in his *Poets of America.*

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Susan Warner (1819–85), born at New York, published under the pen-name of 'Elizabeth Wetherell' *The Wide, Wide World* (1851), in its own day next to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the most successful American story; not in virtue of literary style, originality, romantic interest, or profound insight into character. But its sympathetic presentation of an exemplary heroine and her rather commonplace fortunes, its sentimental piety and didactic emotionalism, charmed for a time a large and admiring public. There followed *Queechy* (1852), *The Hills of the Shatemuc* (1856), *The Old Helmet* (1863), *Melbourne House* (1864), *Daisy* (1868), and *A Story of Small Beginnings* (1872). Her other works were mostly religious.

Henry David Thoreau,*

naturalist, writer in several kinds, and poet, was born in Concord, Massachusetts, 12th July 1817. No other town in the United States is so rich as Concord in literary associations, and to these Thoreau has contributed more than Hawthorne, and only in less degree than Emerson. He took up more of the town than either of these into his mind and work. Its broad meadows, its 'sluggish artery,' the Musketaquid, its swift Assabet, its woods and pastures with their plants and creatures—these were the books and teachers that assured him a more liberal education than the Concord Schools and Harvard College. On his father's side he was descended from Jerseymen of French extraction, but those who found French traits in him were obliged to reckon with the fact that his Saxon mother, Cynthia Dunbar, obviously supplied these traits. She was vivacious, sprightly, talkative; the father stolid and taciturn, if not quite morose—a maker of good lead-pencils. Henry at one time learned his father's art, but soon resolved that there were better things than pencils with which to make his mark. In 1833 he entered Harvard College, and took the four years' course, a severe strain on his parents' means, and disappointing to their hopes, his graduation being without distinction, because he anticipated the elective system long in advance of its formal adoption. In the event he was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, his classical reading far beyond any college requirements, while for knowledge of the older English poets he was not easily matched. As naturalist he found his books mainly in the running brooks and along their banks, but knew well the printed kind. He was, moreover, a diligent Orientalist, an English friend, Lord Cholmondeley, making him the rich possessor of a splendid set of Hindu books, original and translated. The North American Indians had for him a profounder fascination. The literature of their manners and history he read exhaustively, digging deep in the *Jesuit Relations*, when the translator had not made access to them the easy thing it is now.

No profession or form of business life attracting him, for ten years after leaving college he made himself an idler, to men's view, that he might better nurse his secret growth. 'Never idle or indulgent,' says Emerson, 'he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labour agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world.' Meantime he was carrying on a business that had no lack of continuity or serious purpose—the business of his literary life. It is likely that he was inspired by Emerson's example to make the production of good literature his secondary purpose; the first,

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like Emerson's, the living of a simple, natural life after a fashion of his own. In 1837 he began that series of diaries which covered six hundred pages in three years, and in the course of ten years (1850–60) filled thirty manuscript volumes. Here were no mere jottings of his observations, but the deliberate attempt to say what he had seen as exactly and as felicitously as possible. His inclination to verse was also strong, but (the pity of it!) discouraged by Emerson; so that, when thirty, he destroyed much, and afterward wrote little. In 1839 he made that excursion which is reported in his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, to write which was the main purpose of his retirement to a hut upon the shores of Walden Pond. His brother John was the companion of his voyage, but he is not mentioned in the book. The silent organ chants his requiem. John died a tragic death (from lock-jaw) in 1842, and Henry, passionately attached to him, was deeply affected by his loss and by the horror of his death. Loving a girl whom he found John also loved, he had silently sacrificed his own upon the altar of his brother's hope. He wrote nothing more exquisitely beautiful than his poem of fraternal loss. In 1841 he became an inmate of Emerson's household, remaining for two years. Thoreau's originality was much threatened by this intimacy, and that it triumphed over it is proof how deep it was ingrained. But for a time he took on so much of Emerson that some noted an Emersonian note in his voice, while the less genial declared that he was 'growing an Emerson nose.' He had traits which Emerson disliked, while his own more sensitive nature was wounded by Emerson's occasional retirement into his deeper self. During his stay with Emerson he was writing for the *Dial* and helping Emerson to edit that organ of the Transcendentalists, which counted many sun-bright and some moonshine hours. Other Concord friends were Alcott, Hawthorne, and Ellery Channing, a poet of real but uncertain power, and personally the most difficult of the Concord set—his *Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist* is a standing proof of his unique appreciation. Hardly less was that of F. B. Sanborn, another of Thoreau's numerous biographers. Much less was that of Margaret Fuller, one of the brilliant Concord women; but Elizabeth Hoar, who went near to realise Emerson's ideal of womanhood, said that Concord was Thoreau's monument, covered all over with inscriptions of his genius and his work.

In 1843 Thoreau did some teaching in New York, and in the second year after his return to Concord he engaged (1845) in that enterprise which has excited more vulgar curiosity than any other action of his life—his retirement (for two years and two months) to the solitude of Walden Pond. Its character has been misconceived, but its importance has not been exaggerated. It enabled him to write the *Week* in peace and quietness, and to gather material for his more popular, but hardly more precious, *Walden*. It was a successful experiment in plain living, and a manly protest against the general opinion that a man's life *does* consist in the abundance of *things* that he possesses. The motive was not anti-social, much less misanthropic. At Walden, Thoreau kept in close connection with his Concord friends, much visiting and visited. There was no attempt to demonstrate the independence of the individual. He began by borrowing an axe, and he took with him much of 'the seasoned life of men' which is compacted in good books.

After leaving Walden, his next business was to publish the book which he had written there. One thousand copies of the *Week* were published, and in 1853 seven hundred of these were returned to him as unsalable, an experience on which his humour battened and which he seriously accounted valuable. Long since every copy of that edition was a collector's prize. In 1846 he had been to the Maine woods, and in 1853 and 1857 he went to them again; and his accounts of these excursions, partly published in his lifetime, made a posthumous volume, *The Maine Woods*, in 1864. In 1849 he made an excursion to Cape Cod, that sandy peninsula which, like a curled finger, beckoned the Pilgrim Fathers to their first landing-place on the New England coast. This excursion also flowered into a series of articles, brought to completion in the posthumous *Cape Cod* of 1865. *A Yankee in Canada* had a similar history. *Walden* appeared in 1854, and met with more favour than the *Week*, a small edition selling before Thoreau's death. An occasional lecture added something to his income, if little to his reputation. Emerson wrote of his lecturing manner that his appearance of contempt for his audience only varied to express a more absolute scorn. In 1841 he refused to pay taxes in support of a Government implicated in war and slavery, and was put in jail for a few hours. Emerson came to see him, and asked, 'Henry, why are you here?' 'Why are you *not* here?' said the prisoner. The theory of this practice was expanded in 1849 in 'Resistance to Civil Government.' His whole heart and soul were in the anti-slavery reform. When Emerson gave his first anti-slavery address in Concord, Thoreau rang the church-bell to summon the villagers as to a new Concord fight. His Walden hut is rumoured to have been 'a station on the underground railroad'—a hiding-place for fugitive slaves. In 1854 he made a vigorous and rigorous address to an abolitionist convention. Meeting John Brown the revolutionist, he was fascinated by his character and spirit; and a fortnight after Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry, when the old hero had a month to live, Thoreau summoned his fellow-townsmen to hear his 'Plea for John Brown,' two days later giving the same address in Boston; and not even Emerson's good word for Brown was so entirely frank and bold. The

Atlantic Monthly, which made so many new openings for New England writers, was promising some enlargement for Thoreau with the rest, when some rash exposure brought on a sickness which was to have no favourable turn. Besides, he was, as he said, 'sick for his country,' protesting that he should not be better while the war went on. It had yet three years to lengthen out its misery when he died, 6th May 1862.

Thoreau was never better named than by his friend and biographer Channing, who called him the Poet-Naturalist. Even his methods of observation were poetic rather than scientific. He thought a bird in the bush worth two in the hand. He liked to study living things as undisturbed as possible by knife or glass. It is probably true that he made few fresh discoveries. But he saw things with his own eyes; discovered for himself what others read and heard; and 'he was yet in some sort,' says Grant Allen, 'a vague and mystical anticipatory precursor of the modern school of functional biologists.' 'His power of observation,' says Emerson, 'seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard.' It was when he came to tell what he had seen and heard that the poet side of the naturalist was most plainly visible. Few are his descriptions that do not flower into some metaphor or simile, confounding to the merely scientific. Paley was not more teleological. 'What is man,' he says, 'is all in all; nature nothing but as she draws him out and reflects him.' He thought the most important part of a description of any creature 'to tell what it is to man.' He held a mirror up to human nature in animal and vegetable forms—in the strutting turkey and the malodorous skunk fancying familiar aspects of humanity.

This humanity of his nature-worship ill agrees with the opinion that he was misanthropic and lacked interest in men. 'What is nature,' he said, 'if there be not an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights in which she shows most beautiful.' He conceived himself as passionately devoted to the welfare of his fellow-men. He could not imagine any possible service that he would not cheerfully render them, only stipulating that it should appeal to him as real. His instincts were literary through and through. Good books for him were nature's fairest flowers and birds of sweetest song. To write one or more was the thing nearest to his heart, so to say what he had seen, so to help other men to live. To talk of his indifference to style is gross absurdity. He would build sentences, he said, as durable as a Roman aqueduct. And Lowell, one of his harshest critics, testifies that 'there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallised.' It is true, that with the beauty, there was much disfigurement. Hyperbole and paradox were the rhetorical forms into which his humour ran too easily. 'I trust that you realise,' he said, 'what an exaggerator I am—pile Pelion upon Ossa to reach heaven so.' But sometimes he got a fall. His fondness for resemblances led him too far afield, as where in low-roofed houses he saw low-browed monkeys; and his conceits were often madly fanciful, as where the June morning was for him 'the bursting bead on the surface of the uncorked day.' On the other hand, there is often a marvellous felicity of phrase, and there are extended passages of unfaltering charm. With much roughness in his verses, he was often master of an exquisite music. It was for other qualities that Emerson declared his 'Smoke' to be better than any poem of Simonides. His influence has been great and wide. He has raised up a host of literary naturalists, and a much greater one of people for whom all natural things are different and better since he passed this way; while still his best service is that which has made for the simplification of life. If here his followers have been too few, there is promise of a multitude in the conditions of a society whose intolerable noise and hurry must bring some sane reaction before long.

Building the Chimney.

When I came to build my chimney I studied masonry. My bricks, being second-hand ones, required to be cleaned with a trowel, so that I learned more than usual of the qualities of bricks and trowels. The mortar on them was fifty years old, and was said to be still growing harder; but this is one of those sayings which men love to repeat whether they are true or not. Such sayings themselves grow harder and adhere more firmly with age, and it would take many blows with a trowel to clean an old wiseacre of them. Many of the villages of Mesopotamia are built of second-hand bricks of a very good quality, obtained from the ruins of Babylon, and the cement on them is older and probably harder still. However that may be, I was struck by the peculiar toughness of the steel which bore so many violent blows without being worn out. As my bricks had been in a chimney before, though I did not read the name of Nebuchadnezzar on them, I picked out as many fireplace bricks as I could find, to save work and waste, and I filled the spaces between the bricks about the fireplace with stones from the pond shore, and also made my mortar with the white sand from the same place. I lingered most about the fireplace, as the most vital part of the house. Indeed, I worked so deliberately that though I commenced at the ground in the morning, a course of bricks raised a few inches above the floor served for my pillow at night; yet I did not get a stiff neck for it that I remember; my stiff neck is of older date. I took a poet to board for a fortnight about those times, which caused me to be put to it for room. He brought his own knife, though I had two, and we used to scour them by thrusting them into the earth. He shared with me the labours of cooking. I was pleased to see my work rising so square and solid by degrees, and reflected that, if it proceeded slowly, it was calculated to endure a long time. The chimney is to some extent an independent structure, standing on the

ground and rising through the house to the heavens; even after the house is burned it still stands sometimes, and its importance and independence are apparent. This was towards the end of summer. It was now November.

(From *Walden.*)

What he Lived for.

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to 'glorify God and enjoy Him forever.'

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half-a-dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilised life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. . . .

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire, —or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half-hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, 'What's the news?' as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half-hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. 'Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe,'—and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

(From *Walden.*)

Rumours from an Æolian Harp.

There is a vale which none hath seen,
Where foot of man has never been,
Such as here lives with toil and strife,
An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,
Ere it descends upon the earth,
And thither every deed returns,
Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,
And poetry is yet unsung,
For Virtue still adventures there,
And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well,
You still may hear its vesper bell,
And tread of high-souled men go by,
Their thoughts conversing with the sky.

Haze.

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
Last conquest of the eye;
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
Breakers of air, billows of heat,
Fine summer spray on inland seas;
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
From heath or stubble rising without song,—
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

My Prayer.

Great God, I ask Thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which Thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how Thou 'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show, nor my relenting lines,
That I Thy purpose did not know, or overrated Thy designs.

Nature.

O Nature! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy quire,—
To be a meteor in the sky,
Or comet that may range on high;
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low;
Give me thy most privy place
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
Let me sigh upon a reed,
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in:
Some still work give me to do,—
Only—be near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,
Than be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care:
To have one moment of thy dawn,
Than share the city's year forlorn.

The Fisher's Boy.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

There is a complete 'Riverside Edition' of Thoreau's writings in eleven volumes (1893). His letters, edited by Emerson, were better edited, with additions, by F. B. Sanborn (1894), giving a less stoical impression. For the *Poems*, see Sanborn's collection. A great body of literature, biographical and critical, has grown up about Thoreau's name, and is augmenting steadily. Channing's *Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist* (1873) is the best quarry. Sanborn's *Henry D. Thoreau*, in 'American Men of Letters' (1883), gives the Concord setting, and his *Personality of Thoreau* is an admirable study and recollection. There are good English Lives by H. A. Page (1877) and H. S. Salt (1890 and 1896). There are many side-lights in Lives of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, and in E. W. Emerson's *Emerson in Concord*, which best shows Thoreau as the children's friend. The critical essays are innumerable: Lowell's, in *My Study Windows*, the best known and least just; John Burroughs, *In Literary Values* and elsewhere, sounds a truer note.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

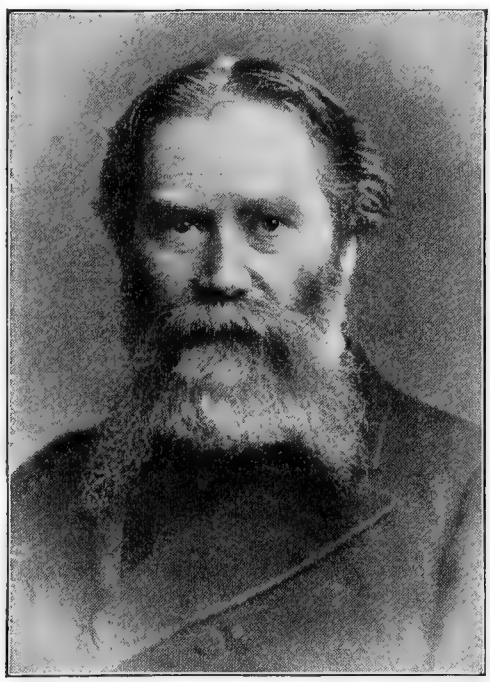
James Russell Lowell,*

poet, essayist, publicist, humourist, scholar, and diplomatist, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 22nd February 1819, fated, as it were, by his birthday (Washington's) to that lofty patriotism which was the most distinguishing feature of his life. Elmwood, his birthplace, was one of several spacious houses built before the Revolutionary War, and together constituting 'Tory Room.' The builder and occupant in the troublous times before the Revolution was Thomas Oliver, lieutenant-governor of the colony and President of the Council, who was forced to resign his office by a visitation of four thousand citizens. Oliver joined the loyalists that swarmed to Halifax, and his house being seized and sold, it was bought and occupied by Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, for two years Governor of Massachusetts, and at the time of his death (1814) Vice-President of the United States. Thus the house had a variety of political associations to please the fancy of the growing boy and the grown man, and something better in the noble woods surrounding it, with their leafy 'choirs in which the sweet birds sang,' never when Lowell was at home to inattentive ears. Harvard College was a little way off across the open fields, and, just as Lowell was entering on his studies there, Longfellow came to live in the Cragie house, a few rods from Elmwood, his early laurels no doubt disturbing Lowell's sleep. His father, Rev. Charles Lowell, was a Unitarian clergyman, minister of the West Church in Boston, a man so sweet and gracious, and of so much simplicity, that his likeness to the Vicar of Wakefield did not escape the filial eye, so quick to mark resemblances and differences of any kind. Dr Lowell's theological education was carried on in Edinburgh under Sir David Brewster and Dugald Stewart, but the son had forebears on his mother's side that gave him a much closer Scotch alliance. The blood of Orkney Trails and Highland (or north-country) Spences flowed in his veins, and it pleased him to imagine that Sir Patrick Spens and Minna Troil contributed some of its ruddier drops. It is certain that his mother had an hereditary passion for the Scotch ballad poetry, and her recitation of 'Annie of Lochroyan' and other pieces was one of the influences that mixed his clay with heavenly fire. A local school fitted him for Harvard College, which he entered in 1834. He profited less by the regular course of study than by his miscellaneous reading, which tended, at first fitfully and then steadily, to the

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best English literature. A tendency to waywardness was aggravated by his parents' departure for a long European journey. The father's pecuniary bribes, nicely proportioned to degrees of possible distinction, seemed base compared with the allurements of frolicsome escapades which subjected him to private and public admonition. The worst offence was on the event of his election by his class to be its poet, when for his excessive gaiety he was banished from Cambridge to Concord for some weeks on the eve of his graduation. In Concord he made Emerson's acquaintance, and was invited to walk with him ; but he was not prevented by so much graciousness from lashing out at him in his Class-Day Poem, debarred from reading which, he printed it with additions. Emerson suffered in good company, that of Carlyle and Garrison and the advocates of total abstinence and Women's Rights. As touching Emerson and the abolitionists, and in general, the satire was an inverted prophecy of the enthusiasms of the full-grown man.

The last year of Lowell's college life and that succeeding had much deeper troubles than those following on neglected recitations and undue hilarity. They coincided with a period of eager and joyous and then hopeless passion, its object a girl possessing every intellectual and personal attraction. When he was separated from her by some untoward chance, there was no measure to the bitterness of Lowell's grief and rage. We have his miserable confession that he put a loaded pistol to his head, but was too cowardly to fire. The fate that seemed so cruel was the friendliest possible, for without his love for and marriage with Maria White, the comfortress who helped him forget the past and set a happy future in his eyes, it is conceivable that he would have achieved no honourable fame. She was the good genius of his life, leading him to quick repentance of his reactionary tendencies, enlisting him among the Transcendentalists and in the anti-slavery cause, making Lowell the reformer possible. Lowell met her in 1839, and they were married on Christmas Eve, 1844. In the meantime he had chosen a profession, law, and abandoned it after taking his degree and entering a lawyer's office in Boston. The turmoil of his affections added to the perturbation of his mind. In 1841 he published *A Year's Life*, a small collection of poems ; its motto, *Ich habe gelebt und geliebet*, a frank confession of its autobiographical character. Here, equally plain, was the inspiration of his new-found happiness and of Keats and Tennyson. Of its sixty-eight poems and sonnets, his 'after-approbation' admitted nine to his collective works, where a less exigent taste would have spared more of the innocents. If not so wide and deep as it might have been, it was enough to commit him to literature as the profession of his final choice, and the next step was the projection and publication of the *Pioneer*, of which three numbers were published. It was the best American magazine of the period, a prophecy fulfilled in the *Atlantic Monthly*. But Lowell's eyes gave out ; so did the credit of the publishers, leaving them deep in debt for printing and contributions. Besides, at this time Lowell's mind was too intent on poetry for him to think or care for anything beside. All his life long the making of poems was his supreme delight. Scratch the publicist or diplomatist and you came at once upon the poet. In 1843 he published a second volume, which marked a sure advance in his powers of poetical conception and expression. It had, too, intimations of the coming



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

humourist, and it gave bonds of that allegiance to the anti-slavery cause which had its most distinct expression in the years from 1845 to 1849. Even those poems whose subject and treatment were remotest from the reformer's zeal could not escape it altogether. Lowell's official biographer, H. E. Scudder, presses on us his opinion that Lowell's engagement with the anti-slavery reform was a misfortune to him as poet, distracting him from the main haunt of his peculiar power. That he was poet in the first, reformer only in the second degree, there is no doubt. But for his high-souled wife he might not have been the reformer in any manner or degree. Failing of her pure chrism he might have carried far the type of poetry of which his 'Legend of Brittany' (as sweet as Keats's *Endymion*, but far less exquisitely sweet) was typical, but in missing the anti-slavery

poems we should have missed much of his best work, not only the splendid tributes to Wendell Phillips and Garrison, the 'Vision of Miles Standish,' and the ringing stanzas of 'The Present Crisis,' but the *Biglow Papers*, the first series and the second; for if Lowell had not played the part he did as opposing the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War (a sequence of pro-slavery turpitude), he never could have risen to the height of his great argument in 1861–64, either in verse or prose. His contributions to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* were neither first-rate literary nor anti-slavery work, but they helped to train the 'prentice hand which later worked so efficiently in his political articles in the *Atlantic* and *North American Review*, and in such crowning glories of his prose as his 'Democracy' of 1884 and his 'Independent in Politics' of 1888. But it is not at all as if Lowell's literary energy was exhausted by his work on anti-slavery lines. Studying the bibliography of his writings for the years 1845–50, we discover that these years were remarkably prolific of poetry of the less strenuous kind. The waters troubled by the reform-spirit did more than strengthen him for his anti-slavery work. They touched his poetic genius in its most ethereal part to finer issues. The slackening of the anti-slavery impulse (1850–60) coincided with the minimum of his poetical production.

To one reading Lowell's *Biography*, or *Letters*, or his *Writings* in the order of their production, the period 1845–49 is the most engaging which his life presents. Then he was poor; then he was happy; then he was tingling with the consciousness of various power. Sorrow came to him (the death of his first child, 1847), but it could not depress him long. The *Broadway Journal* might offer him a dollar a page for his best thoughts, and refuse them as smacking too much of reform; Edgar A. Poe and Margaret Fuller might touch sore spots; but none of these things could move him (if at all, for long) from the jocund temper of his habitual life. Never again is he so interesting, so lovable. His letters of this period lend themselves to the contention that letter-writing was his rarest gift; but only those can be convinced of this who did not know the boundless affluence and effervescence of his talk. These years, all vivid and abundant, had their degrees, and 1848 was Lowell's *annus mirabilis*. The bibliography furnishes abundant proof of this. From the multitude of the year's publications there stand out *Poems*, a third collection, bettering the second but not shaming it; *A Fable for Critics; The Biglow Papers;* and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. The *Fable*, on one side witty and excellent criticism of Lowell's literary contemporaries, the caricatures better than poor likenesses, on the other side fell away into execrable puns and fantastic tricks in rhyming that would make the most perverse of Browning's weep, finding themselves outdone. In the *Vision* he was the reformer, wearing a disguise as thin as Vivien's samite robe, 'which more exprest than hid her.' Its best parts were the introductions to the first and second sections of the poem, one a winter piece, the other a rhapsody of June. Of Lowell's many variants of this theme, the best is the prelusive part of *Under the Willows*. Great was his joy in the world out-of-doors, and excellent his gift for noting and for naming every suggestive aspect of the earth and sky. His beloved Keats was not more sensitive to the touch of natural beauty. The *Biglow Papers*, now collected, had for two years been adding wit to wit, satire to satire, scorn to scorn. Nowhere else did Lowell strike a note at once so powerful and unique. They painted the Mexican War just as it was, a sordid crime. Poetry was the best vehicle of his politics. The Yankee dialect of the *Papers* was not an invention nor an acquisition, but a reminiscence of that 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' of which he wrote so well. Fears have been expressed that the aptness of the *Papers* to their time would be fatal to their persistency. But the most recent history has found them quotable to a remarkable degree, and, so long as history repeats the folly and the meanness of mankind, here are bodkins to impale the one and swords to strike the other down. ('The Courtin',' first published with the *Biglow Papers* as 'an extract from a supposed ballad by Mr Biglow,' was originally written to fill a blank page, but was ultimately rounded off so as to make a connected and charming idyl or pastoral in twenty-four verses.)

Coincident with the mid-century there was a great divide in Lowell's life: where it had been eager, joyous, and productive, it became weary, sorrowful; spontaneity and enthusiasm vanished and invention failed. He had good reason to be sad. The 'reaper whose name is death' had been very busy in his field. Within a few years he had lost three children and his mother, and in 1853 the gentle wife, impassioned and impassioning, died also. A little property had come to them, and they had gone abroad; but their son Walter died in Rome, and after that the wife's decline went on with swifter pace. Bordering on her death there was for Lowell a region of thick darkness, a boding horror of intellectual ruin, in part excited by the spectacle of his father's miserable decay. Fortunately a plodding task made his life more endurable. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Smith Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College. A course of *Lowell Lectures* on English Poetry marked him infallibly as the right man for this succession. It also marked the gain that he had made upon his early *Conversations with some of the Old Poets* (1845). Lowell's confession of indolence meant that he had his 'drowsy days,' alternating with seasons of furious activity. But with all the loss of the first Lowell, there was with the second a gain of steady effort. With less force—to use his own distinction—there was more power.

To say that Lowell the scholar was born of those mid-century pains would be no gross mistake. The strength of his professorial work went pre-eminently into studies of Dante and Shakespeare. Much of it enjoyed a second birth in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, and is preserved in *Among my Books*, first series 1870, and second series 1876. The year 1857 was marked for Lowell by two notable events—his second marriage and his engagement as editor of the newly established *Atlantic*. From the completeness of his second marriage there was one serious deduction: his wife did not like his humour and detested his *Biglow Papers*. A new series of these was a dangerous venture, the first had set the mark so high; but the poet proved himself equal to it. With less spontaneity than the first series, they have more intellectual substance. Lowell's temperament was not more sensitive to private sorrow than to public spirit, and the Civil War drew from him not only the lightning of the new *Biglow Papers*, shattering every fallacy and blasting every baseness of the time, but also a series of great political essays, the earlier in the *Atlantic*, the later in the *North American Review*, of which he became joint-editor with Professor C. E. Norton in 1863. The war inspired poems besides those of the *Papers*, and, at its close, the Harvard *Commemoration Ode* (1865), the most significant product of his poetic faculty from a national point of view. The joy of its swift shaping (523 lines in six hours) made him feel young again. A great ode, it is not one of the most perfect in its form, having the defects of its improvisation. The splendid characterisation of Lincoln was not originally a part of it. Its reputation selected Lowell as the writer of three other odes, celebrating great national anniversaries in 1875, 1876; but while *Under the Great Elm* contained a tribute to Washington which was only less splendid than the earlier tribute to Lincoln, in general these were far below the height of the *Ode* of 1865. The years following the war were as prodigal of poems as a battlefield of flowers, and these, with earlier ones, were gathered up in *Under the Willows* (1869). In 1870 appeared *The Cathedral*, Lowell's brilliant poetic comment on the interrelations of science and religion, marred here and there by spurts of irrepressible jocosity. A final volume, *Hearts-ease and Rue* (1888), was variously rich, not least in poems that were stern reflections on the political turpitude into which the country fell away too soon from the impassioned ardours of its most fearful hour. Giving great offence to the political Bourbons, these poems endeared him to reformers and independents in politics, and because of them, or in spite of them, he was made minister to Spain by President Hayes (1877), and to England in 1880, remaining in this position till 1885. The diplomatic situation was not exigent, but his social opportunities were great, and his success with them did much to commend his country to the British mind. For one who had so long skirted the coasts of Bohemia, his skill in steering along those of Philistia was certainly immense. His Birmingham address, 'Democracy,' was distinctly a bearding of the British lion in his den; but its noble frankness won him the respect which he would have forfeited by a less manly course. The address was as impromptu as the Harvard ode; but by this time Lowell's prose was pruned of all its earlier excess, if with some loss for things in lighter vein, with distinct gain for such addresses as the 'Democracy,' and the later (1888) 'Independent in Politics.' In the former he had glorified American principles abroad; in the latter the defects of American practice at home invited the genial satire of his ripest power. His increasing sense that 'there is something magnificent in having a country to love' was on the reverse side a growing scorn of those who did political iniquity. His own conception of patriotism was never better indicated than in his 'Epistle' to his high-minded friend George William Curtis, where he wrote:

> I loved my country so as only they
> Who love a mother fit to die for may;
> I loved her old renown, her stainless fame,—
> What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

Lowell wished that he might die at Elmwood, and he had his wish, after much suffering, on the 12th of August 1891. He was a brilliant wit and a delightful humourist; a discursive essayist of unfailing charm; the best American critic of his time; a scholar of wide learning, deep also where his interest was most engaged; a powerful writer on great public questions; a patriot 'passionately pure;' but first, last, and always he was a poet, never so happy as when he was looking at the world from the poet's mount of vision and seeking for fit words and musical to tell what he had seen. But his emotion was not sufficiently 'recollected in tranquillity.' Had he been more an artist he would have been a better poet, for he would then have challenged the invasions of his literary memory, his humour, his animal spirits, within limits where they had no right of way. If his humour was his rarest, it was his most dangerous gift; so often did it tempt him to laugh out in some holy place. Accused of literary inspiration, for first-hand acquaintance with Nature he had no superior; nor did Thoreau rejoice in her companionship with more unaffected joy. What is most subjective in his verse, its keenest notes of joy and sorrow, draws us by a yet stronger cord. Less charming than Longfellow, less homely than Whittier, less artistic than Holmes, less grave than Bryant, less vivid than Emerson, less unique than Poe, his qualities, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic, in their assemblage and co-ordination assign him to a place among American men of letters which is only a little lower than that which is Emerson's, and his alone.

From 'A Fable for Critics.'

'There 's Lowell, who 's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he 'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he 's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.'

Massachusetts.

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
  She 's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
  In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
  Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
  To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamen?
  Haint they made your env'ys wiz?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?
  Wut 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
  Is our dooty in this fix,
They 'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
  In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
  Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
  The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
  Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
  In the ears of all the South:—

'I 'll return ye good fer evil
  Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
  Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
  Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
  An' the friend o' God an' Peace!'

Ef I 'd *my* way I hed ruther
  We should go to work an' part,—
They take one way, we take t' other,—
  Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Man had ough' to put asunder
  Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
  Ef there 's thousands o' my mind.

(From *Biglow Papers*, 1st Series, No. i.)

The Pious Editor's Creed.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
  Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
  In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It 's wal enough agin a king
  To dror resolves an' triggers—
But libbaty 's a kind o' thing
  Thet don't agree with niggers. . .

I du believe thet I should give
  Wut 's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it 's by him I move an' live,
  Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
  Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
  An' things o' thet description. . . .

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
  Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
  To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
  I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I 'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
  Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
  'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
  Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
  Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
  Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it 's a thing thet I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pasturs sweet heth led me.
An' this 'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.

(From *Biglow Papers*, 1st Series, No. vii.)

Jonathan to John.

It don't seem hardly right, John,
  When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
  Your cousin, tu, John Bull.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
    We know it now,' sez he,
    'The lion's paw is all the law,
    Accordin' to J. B.,
    Thet 's fit for you an' me!' . . .

We own the ocean, tu, John:
  You mus'n't take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
  It 's just your own back-yard.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
    Ef *thet 's* his claim,' sez he,
    'The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
    To bust up friend J. B.,
    Ez wal ez you an' me!' . . .

We know we 've gut a cause, John,
  Thet 's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 't would win applause, John,
  Ef nowheres else, from you.
    Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
    His love of right,' sez he,
    'Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
    There 's natur' in J. B.,
    Ez wal ez you an' me!'

The South says, '*Poor folks down!*' John,
An' '*All men up!*' say we—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
John preaches wal,' sez he;
'But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there 's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!'

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It 's you thet 's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
Wise men forgive,' sez he,
'But not forget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
God's price is high,' sez he;
'But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May learn like you an' me!'

(From *Biglow Papers*, 2nd Series, No. ii.)

From 'The Vision of Sir Launfal.'

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Under the Willows.

Frank-hearted hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come;
But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the West
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June.*

Abraham Lincoln.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
From him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapours blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,

Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

(From the *Commemoration Ode.*)

From 'Books and Libraries.'

To wash down the drier morsels that every library must necessarily offer at its board, let there be plenty of imaginative literature, and let its range be not too narrow to stretch from Dante to the elder Dumas. The world of the imagination is not the world of abstraction and nonentity, as some conceive, but a world formed out of chaos by a sense of the beauty that is in man and the earth on which he dwells. It is the realm of Might-be, our haven of refuge from the shortcomings and disillusions of life. It is, to quote Spenser, who knew it well—

'The world's sweet inn from care and wearisome turmoil.'

Do we believe, then, that God gave us in mockery this splendid faculty of sympathy with things that are a joy forever? For my part, I believe that the love and study of works of imagination is of practical utility in a country so profoundly material (or, as we like to call it, practical) in its leading tendencies as ours. The hunger after purely intellectual delights, the content with ideal possessions, cannot but be good for us in maintaining a wholesome balance of the character and of the faculties. I for one shall never be persuaded that Shakespeare left a less useful legacy to his countrymen than Watt. We hold all the deepest, all the highest transactions of life as tenants of imagination. Nature will keep up the supply of what are called hard-headed people without our help, and, if it come to that, there are other as good uses for heads as at the end of battering-rams.

I know that there are many excellent people who object to the reading of novels as a waste of time, if not as otherwise harmful. But I think they are trying to outwit nature, who is sure to prove cunninger than they. Look at children. One boy shall want a chest of tools, and one a book, and of those who want books one shall ask for a botany, another for a romance. They will be sure to get what they want, and we are doing a grave wrong to their morals by driving them to do things on the sly, to steal that food which their constitution craves and which is wholesome for them, instead of having it freely and frankly given them as the wisest possible diet. If we cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, so neither can we hope to succeed with the opposite experiment. But we may spoil the silk for its legitimate uses. I can conceive of no healthier reading for a boy, or girl either, than Scott's novels, or Cooper's, to speak only of the dead. I have found them very good reading at least for one young man, for one middle-aged man, and for one who is growing old. No, no—banish the Antiquary, banish Leather Stocking, and banish all the world! Let us not go about to make life duller than it is.

From 'Our Literature.'

Literature has been put somewhat low on the list of toasts, doubtless in deference to necessity of arrangement, but perhaps the place assigned to it here may be taken as roughly indicating that which it occupies in the general estimation. And yet I venture to claim for it an influence, whether for good or evil, more durable and more widely operative than that exerted by any other form in which human genius has found expression. As the special distinction of man is speech, it should seem that there can be no higher achievement of civilised men, no proof more conclusive that they are civilised men, than the power of moulding words into such fair and noble forms as shall people the human mind forever with images that refine, console, and inspire. It is no vain superstition that has made the name of Homer sacred to all who love a bewitchingly simple and yet ideal picture of our human life in its doing and its suffering. And there are books which have kept alive and transmitted the spark of soul that has resuscitated nations. It is an old wives' tale that Virgil was a great magician, yet in that tale survives a witness of the influence which made him, through Dante, a main factor in the revival of Italy after the one had been eighteen and the other five centuries in their graves.

I am not insensible to the wonder and exhilaration of a material growth without example in rapidity and expansion, but I am also not insensible to the grave perils latent in any civilisation which allows its chief energies and interests to be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of a mundane prosperity. 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'

I admire our energy, our enterprise, our inventiveness, our multiplicity of resource, no man more; but it is by less visibly remunerative virtues, I persist in thinking, that nations chiefly live and feel the higher meaning of their lives. Prosperous we may be in other ways, contented with more specious successes, but that nation is a mere horde supplying figures to the census which does not acknowledge a truer prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind. Railways and telegraphs reckoned by the thousand miles are excellent things in their way, but I doubt whether it be of their poles and sleepers that the rounds are made of that ladder by which men or nations scale the cliffs whose inspiring obstacle interposes itself between them and the fulfilment of their highest purpose and function.

The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul. We cannot say that our own as yet suffices us, but I believe that he who stands, a hundred years hence, where I am standing now, conscious that he speaks to the most

powerful and prosperous community ever devised or developed by man, will speak of our literature with the assurance of one who beholds what we hope for and aspire after become a reality and a possession forever.

There is an excellent biography of Lowell in two volumes by H. E. Scudder (Boston, 1901); another by F. H. Underwood (1893); a third (very slight) by E. E. Hale, jun., in *Beacon Biographies*; and *James Russell Lowell and his Friends*, by Dr E. E. Hale (1899). The best critical study is E. C. Stedman's in *Poets of America*. Lowell's complete works are publishedin eleven volumes ('Riverside Edition,' Boston, 1890–91; issued in London by Messrs Macmillan); his *Letters* in two volumes 8vo, edited by C. E. Norton (New York, 1899). There are complete one-volume editions of the *Poems*, 'Household' and 'Cambridge;' and a six-volume edition with an introduction by Thomas Hughes (London, 1891-92).

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

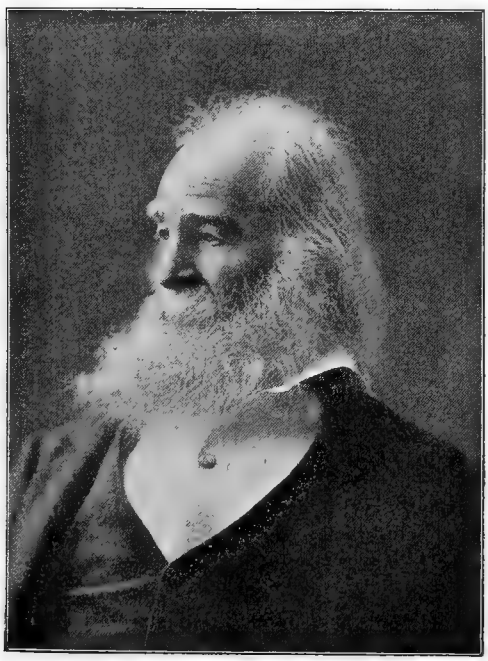
Walter Whitman,*

better known as 'Walt Whitman' or 'The Good Gray Poet,' was born at West Hills, in the township of Huntington, Long Island, New York, 31st May 1819. The farm on which he was born had been in the Whitman family since the early settlement. His mother, a Van Velsor, was of Dutch descent. For two centuries the Whitmans and Van Velsors were neighbours on Long Island, which strikes eastward from the harbour of New York City for a hundred miles. This island, the 'Paumanok' of his poems, with its rude spaciousness and interminable sandy beaches, was just the place to nourish Whitman's expansiveness naturewards; while, only a few miles off, the cities of New York and Brooklyn nourished his equal passion for a swarming and tumultuous human life. Both parents heralded his big body, but he fancied his the features of his mother's mind, which the thick veil of her illiteracy hid from others, but could not hide from him. While Walt was still in petticoats the family, a large one, moved to Brooklyn, where he got an elementary education in the public schools, passing from them at thirteen into a printing-office, three and four years later doing a little school-teaching in the Long Island towns, already writing for the newspapers, and soon (1839–40) publishing and editing one of his own at Huntington. His first book (1842) was *Franklin Evans*, a temperance novel of the intemperate kind, and without one prophetic gleam of the coming man. But he was now entering on the period of his 'liberal education,' the soil of which after fifteen years of preparation would produce *Leaves of Grass*. These were years of strenuous idleness and insatiable curiosity. He did some work as printer and writer, but not more than he could help. His main business was to 'loaf and invite his soul.' Born into a political family (three of his brothers were named for Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson), he took kindly to political meetings, and had some success as a stump-orator. Meantime he was getting together the raw material for his ultimate creations, some of it very raw indeed. His official eulogists assure us that he now 'sounded all experiences of life, with all their passions, pleasures, and abandonments.' The lonely shores and downs of his native island frequently enticed him, but oftener the city's boundless provocation, its busy streets, its libraries, museums, slums, music and dance halls, and places of all kinds where human nature was on exhibition, 'naked and not ashamed.' Best of all he loved the top of a Broadway omnibus, unrolling for him an endless panorama with moving figures, and the Brooklyn ferry-boats, on which for hours of the day or night he went back and forth, often sharing his house with the pilot, sometimes taking a hand at the wheel. Nothing found him indifferent; least of all the human comedy. In music, especially in the great singers of the time, he took a passionate delight, which lived a second life in many of his poems, if it did not distinctly mark their rhythmic form. A fertile incident was a long visit to New Orleans in 1848. It excited his sense of American bigness and inclusiveness, and gave a doubtful colour to his poetical phraseology.

Middle-age was reached and past without one memorable stroke of literary work, when in 1855 appeared *Leaves of Grass*, a startling apparition. Now it was clear enough what he had been doing with himself, to what purpose he had mingled with all sorts and conditions of men, making himself 'a motley to men's view,' the intimate 'Old Walt' of many questionable shapes, in Shakespeare's and another sense. The first edition of the *Leaves* contained but twelve poems. For frontispiece it had Whitman's picture in shirt-sleeves, with a slouched hat, tipped to one side, his arms akimbo. Here was a hint of Whitman the *poseur*, an aspect confessed by so warm an admirer as John Burroughs; by less friendly critics found everywhere obvious and aggressive, and fundamental to the spirit of Whitman's poetry and life. For friends he has not lacked at any time, such as John Burroughs and John Addington Symonds bringing him well-considered praise, while every mean attack has raised up for him some loyal defender and a new body of adherents. *Putnam's Magazine*, the dignified precursor of the *Atlantic*, reviewed the *Leaves* on its first coming in a generous and sympathetic manner. It was a matter of much more significance that Emerson hailed it as 'the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed,' finding in it 'incomparable things said incomparably well.' He did not like the frankness of the sexual celebration, nor the endless catalogues of incongruous articles, but he never drew back from his first general admiration. With the wider public the book excited little interest, some ridicule and disgust. In a second edition (1856) the number of poems was increased to thirty-two, and the original preface, a very noble piece of writing, was withheld. A third edition (1860) kept intact the 'Children of Adam,' after a long talk with Emerson, who insisted on 'the impolicy, the utter inadvisability' of that part of the book, which left

* Copyright 1903 by J. B. Lippincott Company to the selection entitled "Hours for the Soul," page 806.

Whitman with 'a clear and unmistaken conviction to disobey all and go his own way.' This edition had some sale. In 1862 Whitman went to Washington, and for two years did patient and efficient service as a volunteer nurse in the soldiers' hospitals. Of these years there is ample and affecting record in his *Drum-Taps* and in *The Wound-Dresser* (a series of letters to his mother) and the prose *Specimen Days*. Appointed to a clerkship in the national Department of the Interior, he was dismissed by the Secretary as 'the author of an indecent book.' From this incident came W. D. O'Connor's splendid vindication, 'The Good Gray Poet,' and Whitman got another



WALTER WHITMAN.
From a Photograph by Notman.

government appointment, which he held till he was stricken with paralysis in 1873. Apparently the emotional strain of the hospital service had sapped the foundations of his health. The remainder of his life was spent in Camden, New Jersey, an unlovely extension of Philadelphia, where he had noble visitors and faithful friends, with some whose flatteries would have sickened him had his appetite for such meat been less robust. New editions of his poems appeared from time to time, seed for the collector's harvest further on, a significant one in 1876, so broad the stamp on it of his individuality; and one in 1882, nearly complete, which his Boston publishers abandoned when threatened with prosecution by the Massachusetts Attorney-General. They begged Whitman to make some concessions to the official censor, but he stubbornly refused. Luther at Worms was not more intractable. Here he stood. he could no otherwise.

For some years of his homefaring his engagement with the thought of death was steady and profound, and embodied itself in much beautiful expression. He died as he had sung, with quiet confidence, 26th March 1892.

Carlyle found his earliest clear response in America; contrariwise Whitman, another 'hairy man,' his in England. But it is too often forgotten or concealed that it was an expurgated edition that made for Whitman his first English friends. Yet it is perhaps true that, like Poe, he has his most enthusiastic following abroad. Again, like Poe, his theories of versification seem afterthoughts. We may as easily doubt that his irregular dithyrambs were deliberately adopted as the form best suited to his thought as that 'The Raven' was as mechanically set up and stuffed as Poe averred. Whitman wrote as he did because he could write in this way and could not write in the more formal rhythms. The method was not a defect. It was the inevitable expression of his character, which he described as 'disorderly, fleshly, and sensual.' It fitted him much better than his clothes—never a strong point with him. It was not, by any means, mere formlessness. With less melody than some other forms, it had more of harmony. Such poems as 'The Mystic Trumpeter,' 'Out of the Cradle,' 'Passage to India,' have the genesis and exodus of great musical compositions. It was not mere fancy on Whitman's part that he and Wagner made one music. There are, too, if not 'countless' particular felicities, as J. A. Symonds wrote, more than few. Many of the titles are short poems; many initial lines as musical as the conventional Apollo's lute. Many phrases are as picture-making as Carlyle's, as vivid as Emerson's, while others are particularly bad, as where the grass is called 'the uncut hair of graves' and God's perfumed handkerchief which he has dropped with his name in the corner. Both of these phrases have been admired, but the first would be as bad as possible were it not for the second. There are other defects which qualify but do not neutralise the better parts. The diction is often prosaic, but a worse fault is its inventions of mongrel French and Spanish words, the monstrous phrenological terminology, the paste-jewels of Whitman's own manufacture, and the lapses into mere prettiness. With many noble cadences, he has cacophonies that he might easily have smoothed away. His catalogues of things innumerable, pitchforked together without order or congruity, have grieved his more judicious friends and inspired amusing parodies; but without them the total impression would be less powerful than it is now. He carries us away as with a flood, and they are the scouring of its banks, swirled on its tossing breast. A splendid anthology could be culled from Whitman's poems, but it would give us no idea of his prairial 'leagues of sun-illumined corn,' bowed by a rushing wind. The multitude of his particulars is necessary to his main effect. He prevails in virtue of the volume and momentum of

his stream. At his best he gives us a sense of elevation and expansion which is to the spirit what the height and air of mountains is to the bodily sense.

The audacity of Whitman's treatment of sex relations has given pause not only to his detractors *à outrance*, but to his admirers here and there. It is permitted us to doubt his taste and wisdom, but not his brave sincerity. Despising the 'snickering pruriency' and innuendo which are the warp and woof of men's habitual regard for sexual things, he would redeem them by an absolute frankness. But, pleading for their sacredness, he makes them so repulsive that his poems are discouragements of the normal relationships of sex, and he raises the question whether certain instinctive silences are not as sacred as the functions of the sexual man. Moreover, there is no recognition of romantic love in his poems. The procreative aspect swallows up every other.

The section of the *Leaves* called 'Calamus' has troubled some of Whitman's friends for whom his blessing on things sexual in 'Children of Adam' is not too frank and bold. It celebrates the mutual friendship of man with man in terms that are too sweet and soft for the more manly sort. A manly man likes not to be caressed by one of his own sex. Such a prophecy as this ought not to be of any private interpretation, yet J. A. Symonds had to wait for Whitman's private assurance of his intention before he could read without misunderstanding. It is at this point that we feel that Whitman, whose virility is so much vaunted by himself and others, has an invirile strain, a predilection for certain mushy words and sentiments and traits. His feeling for nature is involved in this, and there is in his natural descriptions a surplusage of such words as 'luscious,' 'voluptuous,' 'delicious.' It should, however, be said of 'Calamus' that it is highly representative of that passion for comradeship which was ever one of the master-passions of Whitman's mind.

If Whitman were an 'art for art's sake' decadent, these considerations would be irrelevant, but his friends claim for him, as he for himself, that his work was one of moral elevation. Hence a difficulty, much greater than that inherent in 'Children of Adam,' obtruded by such poems as 'Native Moments,' and passages of similar import which seem to teach a doctrine of moral indifference.

> What blurt is this about virtue and vice?
> Evil propels me and reform of evil propels me—
> I stand indifferent.

And when he cries:

> O to be relieved of distinctions! to make as much of vices as virtues,

we wonder at his dissatisfaction with his achieved success. Here, we are told, is the high-water mark of Whitman's sympathy: he is Terence's man to whom nothing human is foreign. But even though, 'if all were known, all would be forgiven,' it does not follow that it would be cordially assumed and re-enacted, as Whitman seems to say.

Before the face of Whitman's message, as this appeals to those who know him best and love him most, every defect of his manner, every exaggeration of his doctrine, hides a diminished head. Let the character of his admirers plead for him, barring some foolishness, and in the court of fame he will be gloriously crowned. No admiration did him more honour than that of Anne Gilchrist; and it was typical of a wide range. It fed upon his confidence in God and man, the universe and the immortal life. This confidence is not so much Whitman's as Whitman. It might be written of the *Leaves* as of the *Koran*, 'There is no doubt in this book.' This dauntless optimism attracts as does nothing else in Whitman's range. But that range is wide, and several points are salient in majestic rivalry. One that emerges conspicuously is the importance of the individual, the worth of every individual soul. Not Edwards nor Channing was more sure of this, and Emerson's 'First soul, and second soul, and evermore soul' might be a leaf of Whitman's grass. It is as the soul's organ and minister that the body is so much to him. It is as nourishing the soul that the universe is most wonderful, while still the soul is ever more than it.

> Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
> At Nature and its Wonders, Time and Space and Death,
> But that I, turning, call to thee, O Soul, thou actual Me,
> And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
> Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
> And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

It is as the arena of individuality, as the soul's opportunity, that Democracy is so important and its 'vistas' so encouraging. (It should be said, however, that in his prose *Democratic Vistas* (1871) there was much less brag than in the earlier poems, and a sure finger on some ailing spots.) It is because every individual is so precious that Whitman in his representative capacity—which qualifies at many points his towering egotism, or what appears to be such—disdains companionship with no fellow-being, even the most vile. The note of universal sympathy continually recurs, and it is so eloquently written because it is so genuinely felt. And, finally, it is because the individual soul is so great a being, the pride and darling of the universe, all things subordinate to it, that it is secure of endless life. God is not surer, and of Him the meanest thing in nature is a proof that 'sextillions of infidels' cannot confute.

The tragedy of Whitman's life and art is that, while he was so proudly and joyously the poet of the people in every aspect of their swarming life, they did not care for him. They preferred the cultivated Longfellow, the 'snow-bound' Whittier. And Whitman is still the poet of a literary class, and there is little sign of his approaching recognition and adoption by the Democracy with which he identified himself so heartily. So heartily, and

yet not perfectly, so indifferent was he to those attractions of material wealth which are so powerful for his countrymen. Here, possibly, we have the secret of his failure to engage their interest.

Hours for the Soul.

July 22nd, 1878.—Living down in the country again. A wonderful conjunction of all that goes to make those sometime miracle-hours after sunset—so near and yet so far. Perfect, or nearly perfect days, I notice, are not so very uncommon; but the combinations that make perfect nights are few, even in a lifetime. We have one of those perfections to-night. Sunset left things pretty clear; the larger stars were visible soon as the shades allow'd. A while after eight, three or four great black clouds suddenly rose, seemingly from different points, and sweeping with broad swirls of wind but no thunder, underspread the orbs from view everywhere, and indicated a violent heat-storm. But without storm, clouds, blackness and all, sped and vanish'd as suddenly as they had risen; and from a little after nine till eleven the atmosphere and the whole show above were in that state of exceptional clearness and glory just alluded to. In the north-west turned the Great Dipper with its pointers round the Cynosure. A little south of east the constellation of the Scorpion was fully up, with red Antares glowing in its neck; while dominating, majestic Jupiter swam, an hour and a half risen, in the east—(no moon till after eleven). A large part of the sky seem'd just laid in great splashes of phosphorus. You could look deeper in, farther through, than usual; the orbs thick as heads of wheat in a field. Not that there was any special brilliancy either—nothing near as sharp as I have seen of keen winter nights, but a curious general luminousness throughout to sight, sense, and soul. The latter had much to do with it. (I am convinced there are hours of Nature, especially of the atmosphere, mornings and evenings, address'd to the soul. Night transcends, for that purpose, what the proudest day can do.) Now, indeed, if never before, the heavens declared the glory of God. It was to the full the sky of the Bible, of Arabia, of the prophets, and of the oldest poems. Thus, in abstraction and stillness (I had gone off by myself to absorb the scene, to have the spell unbroken), the copiousness, the removedness, vitality, loose-clear-crowdedness, of that stellar concave spreading overhead, softly absorb'd into me, rising so free, interminably high, stretching east, west, north, south—and I, though but a point in the centre below, embodying all.

As if for the first time, indeed, creation noiselessly sank into and through me its placid and untellable lesson, beyond—O, so infinitely beyond!—anything from art, books, sermons, or from science, old or new. The spirit's hour—religion's hour—the visible suggestion of God in space and time—now once definitely indicated, if never again. The untold pointed at—the heavens all paved with it. The Milky Way, as if some superhuman symphony, some ode of universal vagueness, disdaining syllable and sound—a flashing glance of Deity, address'd to the soul. All silently—the indescribable night and stars—far off and silently.

(From *Specimen Days.*)

Boston Common—More of Emerson.

Oct. 10–13.—I spend a good deal of time on the Common, these delicious days and nights—every midday from 11.30 to about 1—and almost every sunset another hour. I know all the big trees, especially the old elms along Tremont and Beacon Streets, and have come to a sociable-silent understanding with most of them in the sunlit air (yet crispy-cool enough), as I saunter along the wide unpaved walks. Up and down this breadth by Beacon Street, between these same old elms, I walk'd for two hours, of a bright sharp February midday twenty-one years ago, with Emerson, then in his prime, keen, physically and morally magnetic, arm'd at every point, and when he chose, wielding the emotional just as well as the intellectual. During those two hours he was the talker and I the listener. It was an argument-statement, reconnoitring, review, attack, and pressing home (like an army corps in order, artillery, cavalry, infantry), of all that could be said against that part (and a main part) in the construction of my poems, 'Children of Adam.' More precious than gold to me that dissertation—it afforded me, ever after, this strange and paradoxical lesson; each point of E.'s statement was unanswerable, no judge's charge ever more complete or convincing, I could never hear the points better put—and then I felt down in my soul the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own way. 'What have you to say then to such things?' said E., pausing in conclusion. 'Only that, while I can't answer them at all, I feel more settled than ever to adhere to my own theory, and exemplify it,' was my candid response. Whereupon we went and had a good dinner at the American House. And thenceforward I never waver'd or was touch'd with qualms (as I confess I had been two or three times before).

(From *Specimen Days.*)

From 'Leaves of Grass.'

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels. . . .

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.

The City Dead-House.

By the city dead-house by the gate,
As idly sauntering wending my way from the clangour,
I curious pause, for lo, an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought,
Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the damp brick pavement,
The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not,
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odours morbific impress me,
But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate fair house—that ruin!
That immortal house more than all the rows of dwellings ever built!
Or white-domed capitol with majestic figure surmounted, or all the old high-spired cathedrals,
That little house alone more than them all—poor, desperate house!
Fair, fearful wreck—tenement of a soul—itself a soul,
Unclaim'd, avoided house—take one breath from my tremulous lips,
Take one tear dropt aside as I go for thought of you,
Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crumbled, crush'd,
House of life, erewhile talking and laughing—but ah, poor house, dead even then,
Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead.

To the Man-of-War-Bird.

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

Prayer of Columbus.

A batter'd, wreck'd old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee. . . .

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou O God my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work past or present,
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

The Death of Lincoln.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

From 'Passage to India.'

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding O soul thou journeyest forth;
What love than thine and ours could wider amplify?
What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours O soul?
What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength?
What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all?
For others' sake to suffer all? . .

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

From 'Song of the Universal.'

The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me O God to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it a dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

The official edition of Whitman's writings, verse, prose, and letters, is in twelve volumes 8vo, carefully edited without any retractions or reserves. The biography introductory to this edition is as good as any, but a good critical biography is still a desideratum. Of critical estimates the best are Stedman's on *Poets of America*; Burroughs's *Whitman: a Study*; Symonds's *Walt Whitman: a Study*; Clarke's *Walt Whitman*, and Salter's *Walt Whitman: Two Addresses*. The editions of *Leaves of Grass* published during Whitman's lifetime are the delight of bibliophiles and bibliographers.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

William Lloyd Garrison (1805–79), born at Newburyport in Massachusetts, was apprenticed to the printer of a local paper, at seventeen began to write for it, and in 1824 became editor. In 1829 he was joint-editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore; and when the vigorous expression of his anti-slavery views led to his imprisonment for libel, friends paid his fine. He delivered emancipation lectures in New York and elsewhere, and returning to Boston, in 1831 started the *Liberator*, a paper which he carried on until slavery was abolished, though at first he suffered personal violence and was constantly threatened with assassination and prosecution. It was he who organised the Anti-Slavery Society. His *Sonnets and other Poems* (1847) were not his chief claim to remembrance. See Lives by his sons (4 vols. 1885–89; new ed. 1893) and Goldwin Smith (1892).

Horace Greeley (1811–72) was born a small farmer's son at Amherst in New Hampshire, entered a printing-office, assisted in editorial work, and in 1834 started the weekly *New Yorker*, for which he wrote essays, poetry, and miscellaneous articles. In 1841 he founded the *New York Tribune*—successively Whig, anti-slavery Whig, and extreme Republican—of which he was leading editor till his death. In 1848 he was elected to Congress by a New York district. Before the Civil War he upheld the right of the Southern states to secede; when the war began he strenuously supported it; and after Lee's surrender he warmly advocated a universal amnesty. In 1872 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency. His works include *The American Conflict* (1864–66), *Recollections of a Busy Life* (1868), *Essays on Political Economy* (1870), and *What I know of Farming* (1871). There are Lives of him by Parton (new ed. 1882), Ingersoll (1873), and Zabriskie (1890).

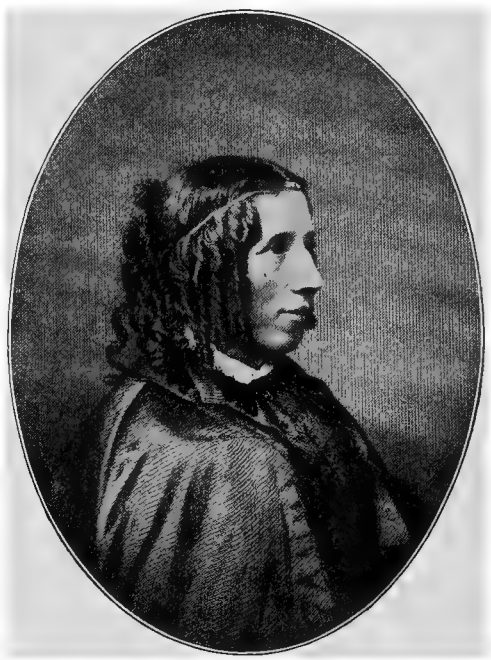
Wendell Phillips (1811–84), born at Boston, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard in 1831, and was called to the Bar in 1834; but he found himself irresistibly drawn to the real work of his life, and by 1837 was the principal orator of the anti-slavery party. He also championed the causes of temperance and women, and advocated the rights of the Indians. His speeches and letters were collected in 1863 (new ed. 1884). There is a Life by Austin (1888).

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, born at Cambridge in Massachusetts in 1823, was ordained to the ministry, from which he retired in 1858. Meanwhile he had been active in the anti-slavery agitation, and, with others, had been indicted for the murder of a man killed during an attempt to rescue a fugitive slave, but had escaped through a flaw in the indictment. In the Civil War he commanded the first regiment raised from among former slaves; in 1880–81 was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Besides larger and smaller histories of the United States and of England for Americans, some poems, Lives of Margaret Fuller Ossoli and Longfellow, and books about Massachusetts and old Cambridge, his books include *Outdoor Papers* (1863), *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (1870), *Oldport Days* (1873), *Common-Sense about Women* (1881), *Hints on Writing and Speechmaking* (1887), and *Concerning All of Us* (1892). *Cheerful Yesterdays* (1898) was autobiographical; and there was also a book on *Contemporaries* (1899). His collected works were reprinted in seven volumes in 1900. See Bentzon's *Un Américain Représentatif* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1901 (translated as a book in 1903).

Harriet Beecher Stowe,*

the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was born in Litchfield. Connecticut, 14th June 1811. Her father was Lyman Beecher, a powerful preacher of New England orthodoxy with some personal variations, who in 1826 was called to Boston to check the rising flood of Unitarianism there, and met with some success. Harriet was the sixth of eight children by Roxanna Foote, after whose death Dr Beecher went on marrying and increasing his family. The seventh child of the first marriage was Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular preacher America has produced, mingling much poetry and humour with a profound spirituality, and carrying much farther his father's tentative reforms of the traditional theology. It was a remarkable family, not only for its ultimate size, but for the ability of its members. Harriet and Henry were its most shining lights, and their two hearts had but one beat as children and lifelong, especially in the anti-slavery struggle. The mother, a bright and beautiful spirit, contributed their finer parts. The father found her reading *Sir Charles Grandison* when he went to woo, and *Evelina* was another of her early joys. She died when Harriet was hardly four years old. When twelve the poor child wrote an essay on Immortality, and about the same time was as deeply affected by Lord Byron's death as young Tennyson by the same event; but his was grief for the dead poet, hers for the lost soul. During her father's Boston ministry he became aware of her as an individual and not merely one of his many children; and when in 1832 he removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, she joined his caravan. His object was to found the Lane Theological Seminary, hers to assist her sister Catherine in a female academy. She remained in Cincinnati eighteen years, a period of chronic illness and low spirits, poverty, anxiety, and domestic drudgery. Marrying Calvin E. Stowe, a teacher in her father's school, in 1836, she bore six children in swift succession; her husband, meantime, less the supporting oak than the dependent vine. His most brilliant moment was in 1842, when he advised his wife to drop her original middle name (Elizabeth) and go in for literary fame. The next year a volume of her stories was published, but they were not much. For her tract of this period, *Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline*, she had but to look into her own heart and write.

The year 1850 was signalised by her removal to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Hawthorne and Longfellow had been classmates at an earlier date, and where now her husband was to occupy a professor's chair. The labour of moving and getting settled fell largely to her share; so that she was 'really glad of an excuse to lie in bed'—the birth of her seventh child, with whom in arms, and full of household care, she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 1851–52, publishing it in the *National Era*, a semi-literary and anti-slavery paper issuing from Washington, District of Columbia. She had no clear idea at the start how she was going on or coming out. She expected to finish it in twelve numbers, and it ran through forty-three. The first part written was 'The Death of Uncle Tom,' which came to her as a kind of vision while she was in church. In the course of its appearance in the *Era* it excited little attention. Nevertheless, a Boston publisher thought there was something in it, and offered to publish it, giving her a half share of the profits. She declined the offer because her husband was 'altogether too poor to assume the risk.' The



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
After a Photograph.

publisher assumed this and gave her 10 per cent. royalty, which brought her $20,000 in the course of six months. The *Era* had given her $300. The wonderful fortunes of the book are related by Mrs Stowe in the 'Illustrated Edition' of 1879, when there were forty-three English editions in the British Museum and nineteen translations. A literature of imitation, criticism, and counterblast sprang up around the book, above which it easily towered. A little later a circulation of 1,500,000 was reckoned in Great Britain alone, and still it multiplies its readers and editions. More than two hundred copies are (1903) in constant demand in the New York Public Library.

Even more remarkable than the external fortunes of the book is the author's lack of intellectual and moral preparation for it and pre-engagement with it. Her first knowledge of slavery on its own ground was in 1833, when she visited a Kentucky

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plantation, which became Colonel Shelby's in the book. She saw something of pro-slavery riots in Cincinnati, and something of runaway slaves, only the Ohio's width intervening between Cincinnati and slave territory. Once she had a slave-girl as a servant in her house, and when the man-hounds were on the girl's track Mrs Stowe's husband and brother spirited her away towards Canada, so furnishing Mrs Stowe with one of her strong incidents. Had her own scent upon the trail of slavery been keen, her opportunities for intimate knowledge of it would have been adequate to her demands. But living for eighteen years next door to slavery, and, as it were, in the first station of the 'underground railroad,' she does not appear to have had any deep interest in the matter during those years. She probably sympathised with her father when, at the dictation of the slaveholding interests, he silenced the discussion of slavery in his school and forced the withdrawal of the anti-slavery students. She disliked the abolitionists and was still a 'colonisationist' when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Apparently she waited, as did many others, for the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law (1850) to wake her sleeping heart, and it was first through another's eyes that she saw the horror of the situation. Her brother Edward's wife in Boston had a close view of the slave captures and renditions, and she wrote to Mrs Stowe commanding her to 'write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is.' Mrs Stowe read the letter in her little Brunswick parlour, and then crushing it in her hand, as if it were the monster, said, erecting her tired body, 'I *will* write something. I *will*, if I live.' No vow was ever kept more sacredly. Once launched upon the tide of her story, she was swept along with passionate sympathy. Much of it was written in the small hours of the night, after the baking, mending, child-nursing, house-painting, and other drudgery of the day. The book written in this fashion had the defects of its qualities. The plot was loose and rambling; the style had ailing spots; the knowledge of Southern life and character and situation had its defective side. But the author had the divine gift of imagination, and her book was all alive. Every character had reality; so had the scenery of the book; so had its main effect. It did not exaggerate the horrors of slavery. It confessed the better side. But that its general truth was not too harsh the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published in 1853, furnished irrefragable proof. It is difficult to estimate the effect of the book on the anti-slavery cause. It has generally been accounted its most powerful instrument. Lincoln said to Mrs Stowe in 1862, 'Are you the little woman that made this great war?' On the other hand, we have to reckon with the fact that the anti-slavery vote fell off nearly one-half in the presidential election of 1852. Shortly the book had 'great allies'—the repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 and the Kansas conflict following. But, however modified or enhanced, its effect on the great struggle, now rapidly approaching its climax, must have been deep and wide.

It helped to liberate the slave; it entirely liberated Mrs Stowe's own genius and in part her spirit. After 1852 she seemed a different woman. In her letters the dignity of great events supplanted her domestic miseries. Her book made her an abolitionist. The grind of poverty was over, while still she must somehow be always scraping her brains for money as if there were still a wolf at the door. In England she was the object of an ovation which would have spoiled a nature less entirely simple than her own. In *Dred* (1856), a second anti-slavery novel, and in *The Minister's Wooing*, and especially in *Old Town Folks*, she attained an artistic excellence denied to her great improvisation. Had *Uncle Tom's Cabin* rendered Southern life as perfectly as *Old Town Folks* rendered New England life and character, without loss of lyrical passion, it would have been a greater book. In *Dred* there was some waking to the perception of the ex-slaveholder, James G. Birney, that the American churches were 'the bulwark of slavery.' In the *Minister's Wooing* Mrs Stowe's moral nature was more deeply engaged than in *Uncle Tom*, for slavery never shook her soul with its enormity as did the doctrine of endless future punishment. *Agnes of Sorrento* and *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, agreeable stories, suffered from the exigencies of simultaneous production. To drive her spontaneous soul in publisher's harness was always difficult. She anticipated no permanent reputation for her writings subsequent to *Old Town Folks.* The closing period of her life crowned her with great reverence and affection, while burdening her with domestic sorrow, a fierce attack upon her brother's character, the painful episode of her own attack upon Lord Byron's, and the slow but sure breaking down of her mind some years before her death, which occurred 1st July 1896.

Mrs Stowe's works, as published in the 'Riverside Edition' in seventeen volumes, include a Life written by her friend Annie Fields in one volume. This, an excellent book, is also published separately (1898). There is another Life, 'compiled from her journal and letters,' by her son Charles Edward Stowe (1890). It is not well done, but is fuller than Mrs Fields's.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Henry Ward Beecher (1813–87), Mrs Beecher Stowe's brother (see page 809), graduated at Amherst College, preached for eight years at Indianapolis, and in 1847 became pastor of Plymouth (Congregational) Church in Brooklyn, where, practically ignoring formal creeds, he preached what he held to be the gospel of Christ, contended for temperance, and denounced slavery to an immense congregation. He was a strenuous politician; at the close of the war in 1865 he became an earnest advocate of recon-

ciliation. He long wrote for the *Independent*, and after 1870 edited the *Christian Union*. A charge of adultery (1874) was not proved. Of his writings, many of them first published in journals, the principal are *Star Papers* (1855), *Summer in the Soul* (1858), *Eyes and Ears* (1864), *Lectures to Young Men* (1844; revised ed. 1850), *Aids to Prayer* (1864), *Norwood* (1867), *Lecture-Room Talks* (1870), *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (1872–1874), *Evolution and Religion* (1885), and a Life of Christ (1891). Many collections of his sermons, lectures, and speeches were published; two volumes of sermons selected by Lyman Abbot in 1868 are of his best. Other volumes were called *Life Thoughts* and *Comforting Thoughts*. He was a most eloquent and effective orator in pulpit and on platform, and wrote largely for journals; his sermons and prayers were phonographically reported. Besides his *Autobiographical Reminiscences* (1898), there are more than half-a-dozen independent Lives of him; that by Scoville and others (1888) is the most authoritative.

John Lothrop Motley,*

New Englander to the backbone though he was, did not trace his paternal line of ancestry to the Puritan settlers. His great-grandfather, John Motley, who emigrated from Ireland to Maine in the early eighteenth century, may have contributed a new element to the original Massachusetts stock. Still, the typical blood of the American Boston also ran in the historian's veins; his mother was descended from John Lothrop, a Noncomformist minister, who fled to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century to escape imprisonment in England. It was Anna Lothrop who gave his distinguished appearance to her son (one of her eight children), who was born 15th April 1814, at Dorchester, now part of the city of Boston. From a preliminary school, Lothrop went to a school where George Bancroft, one of the head-masters, moved him to acquire German. In 1831 he graduated at Harvard University, where one of his college friends was Oliver Wendell Holmes, later his biographer. From Harvard the eighteen-year-old student passed to Göttingen, where he began an intimacy with Bismarck which continued unbroken to his death; at Berlin the two were fellow-lodgers. Two years of German university life were followed by law studies in Boston. During this period Motley met and married (1837) Mary Benjamin, who for thirty-seven years was an inspiration to him. Two years later (1839) was launched anonymously his first literary venture, a crude and youthful romance called *Morton's Hope*, into which were worked in modified form many of the author's experiences.

At the age of twenty-seven Motley was sent to St Petersburg as Secretary of Legation; but he disliked the place, and resigned after a very brief experience. By the summer of 1842 he was again in America, and took part in the unsuccessful presidential campaign of Henry Clay (1844). For the *North American Review* he wrote in 1845 and 1847 two papers, one on Peter the Great, the other on the Puritans, which surprised the critics. In 1849 he served one term in the Massachusetts legislature; and in the same year he published his second novel, *Merry-Mount*, artistically an improvement on *Morton's Hope;* in Holmes's opinion it is less suggestive of *Pelham* and *Vivian Gray*, and has more in common with *Woodstock* and *Kenilworth*. By the time *Merry-Mount* saw the light Motley was well embarked on his preliminary exploration of the sources of Dutch history. When Motley heard that Prescott was preparing to follow up his *Conquest of Peru* with his *Philip II.*, he went to him at once to tell him of his own plan, which covered so much of the same ground; and Prescott not only assured the young man that there was room for both enterprises, but offered him all the printed matter he had at so much pains and cost collected. Erelong Motley felt he could not do justice to his subject in America, and in 1851 he went to Europe with his family to continue his preparations.

Over four years were spent in researches at Dresden, the Hague, and at Brussels; and in 1856 *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, the fruit of ten years' work, appeared. In the *Westminster Review* Froude wrote: 'A history as complete as industry and genius can make it now lies before me of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces. . . . It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labour, and unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticising which we have here undertaken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any language. . . . All essentials of a great writer Mr Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct.' Prescott wrote with warm appreciation, his only criticism being, 'You have laid it on Philip rather hard. Indeed, you have whittled him down to such an imperceptible point that there is hardly enough of him left to hang a newspaper paragraph on, much less five or six volumes of solid history, as I propose to do. But then you make it up with your own hero, William of Orange, and I comfort myself that you are looking through a pair of Dutch spectacles often.' The criticism was doubtless just. Orange was seen by Motley through a rose-coloured medium, and was the hero of the story as truly as if he had been created for a more successful novel than the two early efforts. Dutch and French versions of the book were made by Bakhuizen van den Brink, archivist of Holland, and by M. Guizot. Bakhuizen commended Motley's work as an excellent basis for the history of the rise of the republic; and other scholars in the

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Netherlands bore testimony to the thoroughness with which the American had examined the sources of their national history.

In London, in Rome, and in Boston Motley continued his researches and wrote industriously; and the second harvest of his labours appeared in 1860 in the form of the first two volumes of *The United Netherlands*. The period treated was only five years (1584–89), but the area dealt with was vast. So closely did the new state come into touch with France and England, its poise as a balance of power was so delicate, that in discussing its history an understanding of conditions in adjacent lands was essential. And even at the time



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.
By permission of Mr John Murray.

it was fully recognised that Motley had availed himself of many sources of information not used by any earlier writer.

In 1860–61 Motley was busied in the State Paper Office and the British Museum, and lived with his family in London. His letters give delightful pictures of the social recognition his reputation had won for him; Oxford honoured him with an honorary degree. Meanwhile he was watching events in his own country closely. Absentee though he was, he was keenly and intelligently patriotic, a firm believer in Republican government; and in order to correct the misconceptions of American affairs which he heard constantly expressed, he wrote two long letters to the *Times*, reprinted later under the title of *The Causes of the Civil War*.

In the spring of 1861 he returned to America, intending to remain there, but he accepted Lincoln's appointment to represent the United States at the Court of Austria; and the autumn found him established in Vienna at a time when complications in Europe raised many difficult problems, irrespective of events at home, from the early stages of the war to the assassination of Lincoln. While Motley was straining every nerve to maintain the honour of the Union, a Southern writer (John B. Adger in the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, July 1862) used his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* as a text to urge the righteousness of the Confederate cause, drawing a close parallel between the condition of the seceding states and the revolting Netherlands. Motley's comments on European affairs in his personal letters are spirited and charming, though sometimes oddly colloquial in phrase. The correspondence between him and Bismarck often sounds as if the grave statesman and the scholarly diplomat were still undergraduates without responsibilities to the world. Motley's long and pleasant official residence in Vienna came to an abrupt close in 1866. The malicious attacks of an unknown person, noticed by Secretary Seward, caused Motley to resign the post that he had filled with dignity and honour, and President Johnson accepted his resignation.

Fortunately for him, his historical work demanded continuous attention. He went on steadily with the concluding volumes of the *United Netherlands*, published in 1868, in which the narrative is brought down to 1609. As a whole the second work is less interesting than the story of the revolt against Spain—it is looser in construction, and has not the special advantage of presenting two contrasting characters like Philip II. and William of Orange. Furthermore, the author was too much affected by the Civil War in America, and drew his parallels between the situations in the United Netherlands and the United States more closely than was warrantable. During a brief residence in America that same year he delivered two noteworthy addresses, one at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on 'Four Questions for the People at the Presidential Election,' and the other before the New York Historical Society on 'Historic Progress and American Democracy.'

One of the first acts of the administration of President Grant was Motley's appointment as minister to the Court of St James's (1869). His unexpected recall in the summer of 1870 was a painful experience to the man whose disinterested devotion to his country was patent in every word he thought and uttered. The question as to whether, in his preliminary conversation with Lord Clarendon on the question of the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, Motley overstepped his definite instructions is beyond the scope of a brief summary of his historical work. The sympathy of his contemporaries was with the minister; but in more recent treatment of the history of Grant's administration there is some tendency to hold that, from a diplomatic point of view, Motley was possibly indiscreet.

The remaining seven years of the historian's life were devoted to the continuance of his Netherland

history, which he hoped to bring through the Thirty Years' War. From the central figure he called his next two volumes *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld.* They covered the period of the Truce in the Netherlands (1609–21), were published in 1874, and proved the conclusion of their author's life-work. If *Morton's Hope* is autobiographical in suggesting some of Motley's youthful aspirations, if the *United Netherlands* reflects the crisis through which the writer lived as he wrote, his last work must also be regarded as coloured by his personal experience; President Grant, like Maurice, was a military man in civil affairs. Motley's sympathy with Barneveld is pronounced. More than his other works this aroused Dutch writers to dissent; they hastened to defend Maurice, whom they think the American failed to understand; too obviously he had no liking for him.

The last seven years of Motley's life were passed between England and the Hague, with one visit to America. His stay in Holland was peculiarly pleasant. His services to Dutch history were recognised by the King and Queen of Holland as well as by the people. But his hopes of carrying his work through the Thirty Years' War were frustrated by ill-health. Mrs Motley's death in 1874 gave her husband a shock from which he never recovered, and he followed her in 1877. He died (29th May) at Kingston Russell in Dorsetshire, in the house of his daughter, Lady Vernon Harcourt, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery near his wife.

Motley's character is plainly to be traced in his work. His laborious researches and his vivifying imagination enabled him to make the past live again; and, within certain limits, he was wonderfully true to his materials. But his keen and eager temperament made it impossible for him to attain to the historian's virtue of judicial impartiality; he hardly conceals the fact that he is a partisan. His picturesque and eloquent style sometimes attains real splendour, but is apt to fatigue; perhaps his work is best where it is least adorned with rhetorical ornament.

The Beggars.

The board glittered with silver and gold. The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble Bacchanals, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and Egmont. It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excitement to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the 'Society of Concord,' the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honour, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Duchess upon the presentation of the request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively. Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the indignation of all, that the state-councillor should have dared to stigmatise as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humour that nothing could be more fortunate. 'They call us beggars!' said he; 'let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack.'

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. 'Long live the beggars!' he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. '*Vivent les gueulx.*' Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field.

(From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.*)

The Siege of Antwerp.

With Sainte Aldegonde came the unlucky Koppen Loppen, and all that could be spared of the English and Scotch troops in Antwerp, under Balfour and Morgan. With Hohenlo and Justinus de Nassau came Reinier Kant, who had just succeeded Paul Buys as Advocate of Holland. Besides these came two other men, side by side, perhaps in the same boat, of whom the world was like to hear much from that time forward, and whose names are to be most solemnly linked together so long as Netherland history shall endure; one a fair-faced, flaxen-haired boy of eighteen, the other a square-visaged, heavy-browed man of forty—Prince Maurice and John of Olden-Barneveldt. The statesman had been foremost to urge the claim of William the Silent's son upon the stadholderate of Holland and Zeeland, and had been, as it were, the youth's political guardian. He had himself borne arms more than once before, having shouldered his matchlock under Batenburg, and marched on that officer's spirited but disastrous expedition for the relief of Haarlem. But this was the life of those Dutch rebels. Quill-driving, law-expounding, speech-making, diplomatic missions, were intermingled with very practical business in besieged towns or open fields, with Italian musketeers and Spanish pikemen. And here, too, young Maurice was taking his first solid lesson in the art of which he was one day to be so distinguished a professor. It was a sharp beginning. Upon this ribband of earth, scarce six paces in breadth, with miles of deep water on both sides—a position recently fortified by the first general of the age, and held by the famous infantry of Spain and Italy—there was likely to be no prentice-work. To assault such a position was in truth, as

Alexander had declared it to be, a most daring and desperate resolution on the part of the States. 'Soldiers, citizens, and all,' said Parma, 'they are obstinate as dogs to try their fortune.'

With wool-sacks, sand-bags hurdles, planks, and other materials brought with them, the patriots now rapidly entrenched themselves in the position so brilliantly gained; while, without deferring for an instant the great purpose which they had come to effect, the sappers and miners fastened upon the iron-bound soil of the dyke, tearing it with pick, mattock, and shovel, digging, delving, and throwing up the earth around them, busy as human beavers, instinctively engaged in a most congenial task.

But the beavers did not toil unmolested. The large and determined force of Antwerpers and English, Hollanders and Zeelanders, guarded the fortifications as they were rapidly rising, and the pioneers as they were so manfully delving; but the enemy was not idle. From Fort Saint James, next beyond Saint George, Camillo del Monte led a strong party to the rescue. There was a tremendous action, foot to foot, breast to breast, with pike and pistol, sword and dagger. Never since the beginning of the war had there been harder fighting than now upon that narrow isthmus. ''Twas an affair of most brave obstinacy on both sides,' said Parma, who rarely used strong language. 'Soldiers, citizens, and all—they were like mad bulldogs.' Hollanders, Italians, Scotchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, fell thick and fast. The contest was about the entrenchments before they were completed, and especially around the sappers and miners, in whose picks and shovels lay the whole fate of Antwerp. Many of the dyke-breakers were digging their own graves, and rolled, one after another, into the breach which they were so obstinately creating. Upon that slender thread of land the hopes of many thousands were hanging. To tear it asunder, to roll the ocean-waves up to Antwerp, and thus to snatch the great city triumphantly from the grasp of Philip—to accomplish this the three thousand had come forth that May morning. To prevent it, to hold firmly the great treasure entrusted to them, was the determination of the Spaniards. And so, closely pent and packed, discharging their carbines into each other's faces, rolling, coiled together, down the slimy sides of the dyke into the black waters, struggling to and fro, while the cannon from the rebel fleet and from the royal forts mingled their roar with the sharp crack of the musketry, Catholics and patriots contended for an hour, while still, through all the confusion and uproar, the miners dug and delved.

At last the patriots were victorious. They made good their entrenchments, drove the Spaniards, after much slaughter, back to the fort of Saint George on the one side, and of the Palisade on the other, and cleared the whole space between the two points. The centre of the dyke was theirs; the great Kowenstyn, the only key by which the gates of Antwerp could be unlocked, was in the deliverers' hands. They pursued their victory, and attacked the Palisade Fort. Gamboa, its commandant, was severely wounded, many other officers dead or dying; the outworks were in the hands of the Hollanders; the slender piles on which the fortress rested in the water were rudely shaken; the victory was almost complete. (From *The United Netherlands.*)

The library edition of Motley's works in seventeen volumes (1900) does not include the novels, but it contains the *Correspondence*, originally edited in two volumes by G. W. Curtis in 1889 (and translated into German the same year). Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a *Memoir* of him in 1879 (new ed. 1889). There is also a short Life of him by Professor Jameson (1897); and to an edition of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* in 1896 Mr Moncure Conway prefixed a biographical introduction. See also E. P. Whipple's paper on Motley in *Recollections of Eminent Men* (1878).

RUTH PUTNAM.

Francis Parkman*

belongs to the 'picturesque school' of American writers of history, of which Prescott and Motley, and, in so far as he was a historian, Irving also, are conspicuous representatives. He was born 16th September 1823, the eldest son of the Rev. Francis Parkman, minister of the New North Church (Unitarian) in Boston, and died there on the 8th of November 1893. Frail in youth, he was allowed by his parents to roam at will in the splendid woods of the Middlesex Fells, then standing near his maternal grandfather's home at Medford, and there he learned to love the forest. In 1844 he graduated from Harvard College. To gratify his father, who disapproved of his literary and historical projects, he proceeded to a degree in the Harvard Law School, but without intending to practise at the Bar. While a student he had notably increased his physical strength by systematic exercise in the open air; and it was partly for the purpose of further improving his uncertain health that he joined a young kinsman in an adventurous trip beyond the Rocky Mountains. As a tonic the expedition proved a failure. The hardships to which Parkman recklessly exposed himself in hope of building up his constitution in fact broke it down, putting an end for ever to his 'boyish fancy of a life of action and a death in battle.' But the account of his adventures, first printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847, and published two years later in the book now known as *The Oregon Trail*, shows that the journey had also another purpose. It was, in part, a conscious preparation for historical work already planned. In an autobiographical sketch, written in 1886, he says: 'Before the end of the sophomore [second undergraduate] year my various schemes had been crystallised into a plan of writing a story of what was then known as the "Old French War"—that is, the war that ended in the conquest of Canada—for here, as it seemed to me, the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged with appropriate actors than in any other passage of our history. It was not till some years later that I enlarged the plan to include the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or, in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night.' The precise degree in which the formation of these plans may be traced to the influence of Cooper's tales and of Irving's *Astoria*, or their development to the appearance,

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in 1843 and 1847, of Prescott's histories of the Spanish conquest of America, is still a matter of doubt. But there can be no doubt that Parkman's fitness to execute them was vastly increased by his summer on the prairies. The frontier changes its longitude far more readily than its life. For the young historian, the trip to the Medicine Bow was also a journey backward in time. The St Louis of 1846 revealed to him much that was not unlike the Montreal of a century before. Fort Laramie was in some respects the counterpart of Etherington's Michillimackinac. The Oregon pioneers helped him to understand the Scotch-Irish backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies ; the fur-trader and the French half-breed trapper were still the same ; and, above all, life in a Sioux village gave him insight into the character of the American Indian. His experience was unique. No student can now repeat it. It has impressed upon Parkman's histories certain characteristics which give them, in some measure, the quality of sources.

The first of Parkman's historical works, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851), is in reality an appendix to the main story which he was to tell. He chose the period (1763–69) 'as affording better opportunities than any other for portraying the forest life and the Indian character,' and he never saw reason to change that opinion. *Pontiac* was written under conditions which would have discouraged a less resolute man. In the preface Parkman says —and none of the latter histories makes such explicit allusion to his lifelong infirmities—that 'for about three years the light of day was unsupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. Under these circumstances the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. The process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages ; and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances.' Although he burned to continue work, ten of the next fourteen years were passed in absolute separation from his historical labours, and there were long periods when even the slightest intellectual effort was possible only at the risk of most serious mental disturbance. During his stronger hours he produced a romantic novel, *Vassal Morton* (1856), now forgotten, and devoted himself with much success to gardening. The experience thus gained he afterwards embodied in his *Book of Roses* (1866). Meanwhile, his health having slightly improved, he was able to issue in 1865 *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, which announced the matured design of a history of 'France and England in America.' The first part of the *Pioneers* narrated the history of the Huguenot settlement in Florida and its destruction by the Spanish ; the second described the beginnings of the French dominion in the north : the settlement of Acadia and the labours of Champlain and his companions. In 1867 came *The Jesuits in North America*, carrying the narrative on from 1635 to 1652. Two years later appeared *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, treating an episode which had promised consequences of vast importance to New France. In *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874) the history of the transitional period from 1652 to 1672 was told, and there followed an elaborate survey of the political, social, and ecclesiastical organisation of the colony. *Count Frontenac and New France* (1877) continued the narrative to 1701 ; and then, turning to the dream of his youth, Parkman told in *Montcalm and Wolfe* (2 vols. 1884) the dramatic story of the great contest (1748–63) which brought French power in America to a close. The confused period from 1700 to 1748 remained. In 1892 that gap was bridged by *A Half-Century of Conflict* (2 vols.), and Parkman's work was done.

Parkman was fortunate in choosing a subject at once fresh and congenial. Famous historians had, indeed, touched incidentally upon it ; but their accounts, generally fragmentary, were invariably lifeless. They felt perhaps that happenings in the American forest must be somehow beneath the dignity of history. In any event, the types of man and the sorts of conflict which the forest knew lay outside the range of their experience and needed still to be made real to the world. To that task Parkman devoted his life. He performed it with ever-increasing thoroughness. From the outset he had studied with care the more accessible sources. He soon began to search diligently, and with much success, for unpublished materials which might illustrate his theme. A faint clue to the whereabouts of Montcalm's confidential letters to Bourlamaque was pursued for fifteen years before they were unearthed. In the case of the La Salle papers, improperly withheld from use by a jealous archivist, obstacles even more serious were at length overcome. Fortunately Parkman's means were ample to procure copies of all needed papers, and the Massachusetts Historical Society now possesses nearly two hundred folio volumes of the manuscripts from which he drew the details that crowd his pages. Still, his was by no means 'that pallid and emasculate scholarship of which New England has had too many examples.' For him life out-of-doors was a necessary condition of work within. From Louisburg to Sault Ste Marie he examined the scene of every important event. He knew the Indian and the frontiersman at first hand. By the synthesis of a sympathetic imagination he fused the results of his studies, his observations, and his experience into a narrative of such realism as procceds more frequently from the novelist and the historian.

Parkman's style of writing changed with the ripening of the man. From the outset his observa-

tion was fresh and vivid. But otherwise his early style, influenced perhaps by the prevailing standards of the time, was often florid, the images formal, and the illustrations commonplace. His power of more spontaneous expression developed slowly, in part, it may be, because of his illness. He was seldom able to read more than five minutes without rest, or to listen to reading more than twenty; and the limitations of safety which his nervous condition placed upon his efforts at composition were not less cramping. Still, there is no sign of physical weakness in his manner of writing, not even the tenseness which intermittent dictation might be expected to produce. His style seems rather to reflect the increasing moral strength with which he adhered to the purpose of his youth. Losing nothing of its vividness, it becomes fluent and direct, an adequate medium for the expression of his strong narrative impulse.

But Parkman was more than a mere narrative historian, a picturesque teller of romantic tales. The boy, it may be, had conceived the obscure struggles of the wilderness as presenting matter of romantic interest only. The man soon realised that, unlike merely romantic events, they were the product of potent historical forces determining the destiny of a continent: European civilisation implacably overpowering aboriginal barbarism, the rooted liberty of the common law unconsciously supplanting the absolutism of the Bourbons. The evidence of this realisation is not to be sought in elaborate reflective passages. Parkman did not preach. He had the skill to make his narrative carry its own moral. From the superficial reader that moral may be concealed by profusion of incident. But the more thoughtful will find implicit in his pages a political philosophy not unworthy of his theme.

He was, moreover, a lover of truth for whom no pains were too great that might establish a fact. But he made no parade of his efforts. In the introduction to the *Pioneers of France in the New World* he describes his ideal method; and his work reached in fact a close approximation to his ideal. 'In this, and still more must it be the case in succeeding volumes, the amount of reading applied to their composition is far greater than the citations represent, much of it being of a collateral and illustrative nature. This was essential to a plan whose aim it was, while scrupulously and rigorously adhering to the truth of facts, to animate them with the life of the past, and, so far as might be, clothe the skeleton with flesh. If at times it may seem that range has been allowed to fancy, it is so in appearance only; since the minutest details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation. Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings near and remote; in the character, habits, and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes.'

Not only was he ever on the watch against the temptations offered by the picturesqueness of his theme and by his own love of striking effects; his sincerity rose above this primary need of accuracy, and reached, in spite of his strong prejudices in contemporary affairs, to a high degree of historical impartiality. Dealing at large, as he did, with a subject into whose recesses many antiquarians and not a few zealots, Canadian and American, had peered, a subject embittered by a century of American conflict, and involving at almost every turn the imported prejudices of English and French, and the inherited animosities of Puritan and Catholic, it was inevitable that his work should be assailed by extremists in both camps. But these attacks have only served, in general, to reveal the thoroughness of his research and the sincerity of his judgments. He has gained appreciation, both at home and abroad, more slowly than some of his contemporaries. But his present reputation as a writer of history is, probably, not inferior to that of any other American. Professor Bourne, of Yale, suggestively says: 'In his conception of the great drama of two rival and diverse civilisations contending for the mastery of the New World, in his nearness to the action and his personal exploration of the scene, and not least in the varied charm of his story, Parkman is the Herodotus of our Western World.'

The Heights of Abraham.

Meanwhile a deep cloud fell on the English. Since the siege began, Wolfe had passed with ceaseless energy from camp to camp, animating the troops, observing everything and directing everything; but now the pale face and tall lean form were seen no more, and the rumour spread that the General was dangerously ill. He had in fact been siezed by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time past; and fever had followed. . . . His illness, which began before the twentieth of August, had so far subsided on the twenty-fifth that Knox wrote in his Diary of that day: 'His Excellency General Wolfe is on the recovery, to the inconceivable joy of the whole army.' On the twenty-ninth he was able to write or dictate a letter to the three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray: 'That the public service may not suffer by the General's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will meet and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and consider of the best method to attack the enemy.' The letter then proposes three plans, all bold to audacity. . . .

The brigadiers met in consultation, rejected the three plans proposed in the letter, and advised that an attempt should be made to gain a footing on the north shore above the town, place the army between Montcalm and his base of supply, and so force him to fight or surrender. The scheme seemed desperate, but so did all the rest; and if by chance it should succeed, the gain was far

greater than could follow any success below the town. Wolfe embraced it at once. . . .

Admiral Saunders lay with the main fleet in the Basin of Quebec. This excellent officer, whatever may have been his views as to the necessity of a speedy departure, aided Wolfe to the last with unfailing energy and zeal. It was agreed between them that while the General made the real attack, the Admiral should engage Montcalm's attention by a pretended one. As night approached, the fleet ranged itself along the Beauport shore; the boats were lowered and filled with sailors, marines, and the few troops that had been left behind; while ship signalled to ship, cannon flashed and thundered, and shot ploughed the beach, as if to clear a way for assailants to land. In the gloom of the evening the effect was imposing. Montcalm, who thought that the movements of the English above the town were only a feint, that their main force was still below it, and that their real attack would be made there, was completely deceived, and massed his troops in front of Beauport to repel the expected landing. But while in the fleet of Saunders all was uproar and ostentatious menace, the danger was ten miles away, where the squadron of Holmes lay tranquil and silent at its anchorage off Cap-Rouge.

The day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville with intelligence that, at ebb-tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. The necessities of the camp at Beauport, and the difficulties of transportation by land, had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies; and their boats, drifting in darkness under the shadows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence to good account.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised in the maintop shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the appointed signal; the boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

'Gentlemen,' he said as his recital ended, 'I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec.' None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp '*Qui vive!*' of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. '*France!*' answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

'*À quel régiment?*'

'*De la Reine,*' replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions the same officer replied, in French: 'Provision-boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us.' In fact, the sloop-of-war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. . . .

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance. . . .

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods, then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the

bushes and corn-fields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers; one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company; and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. 'There's no need,' he answered; 'it's all over with me.' A moment after, one of them cried out, 'They run; see how they run!' 'Who run?' Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. 'The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!' 'Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton,' returned the dying man; 'tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge.' Then, turning on his side, he murmured, 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!' and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognised him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, '*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!*' 'It's nothing, it's nothing,' replied the death-stricken man; 'don't be troubled for me, my good friends.' ('*Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.*')

(From *Montcalm and Wolfe.*)

All Parkman's historical books appeared in numerous editions during his life. Since his death collected editions have been published in twelve, in thirteen, in seventeen, and in twenty volumes. *The Pioneers* and *The Jesuits* and *The Ancient Régime* have been translated into German, *The Pioneers* and *The Jesuits* translated (much garbled) into French. See *A Life of Francis Parkman* by C. H. Farnham (1901), with bibliography of Parkman and of his works; also J. F. Jameson's *History of Historical Writing in America* (1891) and E. G. Bourne's *Essays in Historical Criticism* (1901).

CHARLES H. HULL.

Herman Melville (1819–91) was born in New York city, and, irresistibly drawn to a sailor's life, shipped at eighteen as cabin-boy on a ship bound for Liverpool. He took a spell at home as a teacher, but went to sea again in 1842, this time on a South-Sea whaler. At Nukahiva in the Marquesas he and a comrade, the 'Toby' of his story, deserted the ship, owing to the captain's harsh treatment. On the island he was kept four months as the prisoner of the not unkindly cannibals of the Typee Valley, whence he was rescued by an Australian whaler, in which he took service. Returning to the United States in 1846, he published *Typee*, a spirited account of his residence in the Marquesas, and in 1847 *Omoo*, a continuation of his adventures in Oceania. *Mardi* (1848), in another manner, was a much less happy effort. *White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War* (1850), was in his better vein; and *Moby Dick, or the White Whale* (1852), though not without flaws of style and construction, is a really great sea-story, full of power and the incommunicable charm of the ocean. Melville was a most unequal writer, and many of his stories, especially his later ones, were odd, chaotic, and unworthy of his earlier reputation, though *Israel Potter* (1855) was commended by Hawthorne for its portraits of Franklin and Paul Jones. His poetry, such as that of the volume *Battle Pieces and Aspects of War* (1866), is wholly forgotten. For a time he held a post in the Custom-House, but for many years lived in seclusion, his mental faculties having given way. R. L. Stevenson's praise revived the vogue of *Typee* and *Omoo*.

Donald Grant Mitchell, who became known under the pen-name of 'Ik Marvel,' was born in Norwich, Connecticut, 12th April 1822, graduated at Yale, studied law, and was in 1853 appointed U.S. consul at Venice. He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* 1868–69, and from 1855 lived on his farm of Edgewood near New Haven, with which several of his books deal (*Wet Days at Edgewood*, &c.). Best known of his works, combining humour and a graceful element of sentiment and domesticity, were his *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* (1850–51; new eds. 1889). Among the rest are a novel, *Dr Johns* (1866); *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* (2 vols. 1889–95); *American Lands and Letters* (1897).

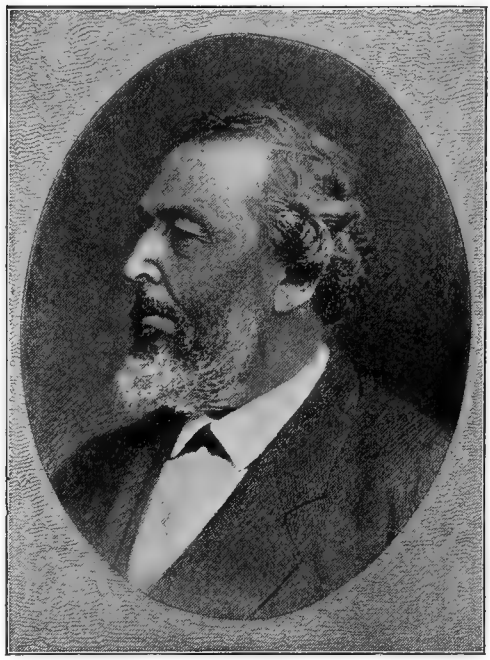
Bayard Taylor (1825–78) was born of Quaker and German ancestry at Kennett Square in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and was educated at a common school, and for five years at a high school. He acquired a familiar knowledge of Latin, French, Spanish, and, later, German; and from his twelfth year he wrote essays, stories, and poems; and two years after he had become an apprentice in a printing-office he published *Ximena*, a volume of poems, sold by subscription. Disliking his trade, he bought himself off from his apprenticeship, arranged with the editors of several papers to write a series of letters from abroad, and with a hundred and forty dollars paid in advance for these contributions, he sailed for Liverpool on a pedestrian tour of Europe in 1844, and carried his knapsack through Scotland, England, Belgium, the Rhine countries, Austria, and Italy. His letters, for which he received in all five hundred dollars, were his sole means of support, and were in 1846 published as *Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff.* After his return he edited a country newspaper, then went to New York, and obtained a post on the *Tribune.* As its correspondent he made extensive travels in California and Mexico, recorded in *El Dorado* (1850), and up the Nile, and in Asia Minor, Syria, across Asia to India, China, and Japan—recorded in his *Journey to Central Africa, The Land of the Saracen* (1854), and *A Visit to India, China, and Japan* (1855). Later explorations are recorded in

Northern Travel (1858) and *Travels in Greece and Russia* (1859). He was a very successful lecturer on his travelling experiences, and on the outbreak of the Civil War warmly advocated the national cause. This led to his being sent in 1862–63 as secretary of legation to St Petersburg. Much of his time after 1863 was spent in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1870 he lectured on German literature at Cornell University. In 1876 he was again at work on the *Tribune* (of which he was a part-proprietor); in 1877 he was nominated United States ambassador in Berlin, but entering on his duties in May 1878, only lived to fulfil them till towards the end of the same year. Over and above his own books of travel, he edited a library of travels, and with Ripley a handbook of literature and fine arts; and he did much miscellaneous literary work, editing and translating from German and other tongues. His ambitions were to be remembered as a poet, and he ranks well to the front in the second rank of American poets. His early models were Byron and Shelley; Tennyson's influence is obvious in some of his work, and Goethe's is still more marked. His *Oriental Poems* are perhaps his most spontaneous and characteristic work; but some of his Pennsylvanian ballads also show him at his best, tender and simple rather than sonorous and rhetorical as much of his work is. His *Faust* is the book by which he is best known in England, and is one of the most successful of all the attempts yet made to approach an adequate English rendering of Goethe's masterpiece. His poetic works included *Rhymes of Travel* (1848); *Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs* (1851); *Poems of the Orient* (1854); *Poems of Home and Travel* (1855); *The Poet's Journal* (1862); *Poems* (1865); *The Masque of the Gods* (1872); *Lars* (1873), a Tennysonian narrative poem; *The Prophet, a Tragedy* (1874); *Home Pastorals* (1875); *The National Ode*, which he was chosen to deliver at the Centennial Exhibition (1876); *Prince Deukalion*, a lyrical drama (1878), perhaps too directly modelled after *Faust;* and his exceptionally admirable translation of *Faust* (1870–71). He also wrote several novels, the best *Hannah Thurston* (1863) and *The Story of Kennett* (1866). His *Life and Letters* were edited by his (second) wife, daughter of an Erfurt astronomer, and Horace E. Scudder.

A Bedouin Love-Song.

From the desert I come to thee
  On a stallion shod with fire:
And the winds are left behind
  In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
  And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
  With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
    Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
  My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
  And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
  With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
  Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
    Book unfold!



BAYARD TAYLOR.

My steps are nightly driven,
  By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
  The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
  And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
  The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
    Book unfold!

From 'The Pines.'

Ancient Pines,
Ye bear no record of the years of man.
Spring is your sole historian,—Spring that paints
These savage shores with hues of Paradise;
That decks your branches with a fresher green,
And through your lonely far cañadas pours
Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye
That wander down to lakes and widening seas
Of blossom and of fragrance,—laughing Spring,
That with her wanton blood refills her veins,

And weds ye to your juicy youth again
With a new ring, the while your rifted bark
Drops odorous tears. Your knotty fibres yield
To the light touch of her unfailing pen,
As freely as the lupin's violet cup.
Ye keep, close-locked, the memories of her stay,
As in their shells the avelonès keep
Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow.
The wild north-west that from Alaska sweeps
To drown Point Lobos with the icy scud
And white sea-foam, may rend your boughs and leave
Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale:
Your steadfast hearts are mailed against the shock,
And on their annual tablets naught inscribe
Of such rude visitation. Ye are still
The simple children of a guiltless soil,
And in your natures show the sturdy grain
That passion cannot jar, nor force relax,
Nor aught but sweet and kindly airs compel
To gentler mood. No disappointed heart
Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade,
No angry spirit ever came to make
Your silence its confessional; no voice,
Grown harsh in Crime's great market-place, the world,
Tainted with blasphemy your evening hush,
And aromatic air. The deer alone,—
The ambushed hunter that brings down the deer,
The fisher wandering on the misty shore
To watch sea-lions wallow in the flood,—
The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly,
When swift vaqueros, dashing through the herds,
Ride down the angry bull,—perchance, the song
Some Indian heired of long-forgotten sires,—
Disturb your solemn chorus.

Stephen Collins Foster (1826–64), author of many of the most popular American songs, was born in Pittsburgh, and was for some time a merchant's clerk or shop assistant in Cincinnati. He had a natural but untrained gift for writing ditties and composing tunes, found time for systematic musical study, and in 1842 published 'Open thy lattice, love,' which was at once taken up by negro minstrels. The popularity of his next ventures encouraged him to give up business and devote himself to music and song. He lived mostly in New York and Pittsburgh, and in New York he died. He is credited with no less than a hundred and twenty-five pieces, words and airs being alike of his own composition; of these nearly a fourth are negro melodies. Among the best-known are 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Nelly Bly,' 'Uncle Ned,' 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Gentle Annie,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Willie, we have missed you,' 'Camptown Races' (which Mr Gladstone used to intone with such powerful effect), 'Massa's in de cold, cold ground,' 'Poor Old Joe,' and 'Come where my Love lies dreaming.' It may safely be said that no other eleven songs by any one poet or composer are equally familiar in all English-speaking countries. How far the success of the songs depends on the taking tunes it might be hard to say: 'The Old Folks at Home,' otherwise 'Way down upon the Swanee River,' is perhaps as acceptable to some when performed on a street-piano or barrel-organ as when sung. Some of the songs are mere doggerel; others are only sentimental jingles; the best of them hardly satisfy the usual poetic standards. But if to secure world-wide popularity and to touch the heart of the people in two continents be proof of poetic power, S. C. Foster has safely passed the test. Musically, 'Come where my Love lies dreaming' is his highest effort.

Theodore Winthrop (1828–61) was the representative of a family that had been very distinguished in New England since colonial days, having produced governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, a Harvard professor of physics, and a senator, orator, and publicist. Born at New Haven, Theodore studied at Yale, travelled in Europe and the Far West, did surveying for the railway across the Isthmus of Panamá, was admitted to the Bar (1855), and had prepared a large mass of—mostly unpublished—literary materials, when, having volunteered in the Civil War, he fell in battle at Great Bethel. His novels—for which he had failed to find a publisher—were issued posthumously, and include *Cecil Dreeme* (1861), a (somewhat crude) romance of New York; *John Brent* (1861), instinct with the spirit of the Wild West; and *Edwin Brothertoft* (1862), a story of the Revolution. His tales were somewhat too spasmodic and unconventional in style. *The Canoe and Saddle* and *Life in the Open Air* were sketches still later published; and in the eighties his *Life and Poems* appeared under his sister's supervision.

Lewis Wallace, born in 1827 at Brookville, Indiana, served in the Mexican War, gained distinction in the Civil War, and was governor of Utah (1878–81) and minister to Turkey (1881). General Lew Wallace became famous in popular literature by his remarkably successful religious novel *Ben Hur* (1880); and this was followed by *The Fair God*, *The Prince of India*, and *The Wooing of Malkatoon*, his next best-known stories; as well as by a book on *The Boyhood of Christ* and a Life of Benjamin Harrison.

Richard Henry Stoddard (1825–1903) was born at Hingham in Massachusetts, the son of a ship's-captain who was lost at sea; and the boy, after an education at the public schools in New York, worked in an iron-foundry for some years, meanwhile reading widely in English literature, but especially in poetry. In 1849 he produced a small volume of poems, only to suppress it afterwards; but 1852 saw the birth of a sturdier collection. From 1853 to 1870 he served in the New York custom-house, in 1870–73 was clerk to General McClellan, and for a year city librarian; and he did much reviewing and writing for the booksellers. He wrote Lives of Washington Irving and Shelley; produced *A Century After*, picturesque glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania; and edited the 'Bric-à-Brac Series' and the 'Sans

Souci Series.' But it is as a poet that he claims special remembrance. His poems include *Songs in Summer* (1857); *The King's Bell; The Book of the East; Abraham Lincoln, a Horatian Ode;* and *The Lion's Cub and other Verse* (1891). Some of his lyrics are bright and tender; his most characteristic work is rather reflective than original and spontaneous.

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in 1833, the son of a merchant at Hartford in Connecticut. He studied at Yale and early took to journalism, was for a time on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, was war-correspondent of the *New York World* during the war, held a post under the Attorney-General of the United States, but from 1869 until 1900 was a stockbroker at New York. He contributed actively to the more important magazines, and published his first volume of verse, *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, in 1860. Later poems or collections of verse have been *Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War; The Blameless Prince; Hawthorne and other Poems; Lyrics and Idyls;* and a collected edition of his poems appeared in 1884. His critical work on the *Victorian Poets*, a handbook to the poetic literature of England for two generations, appeared in 1875, is recognised as a work of standard value, and has gone through many editions. The *Poets of America*, published in 1886, hardly took the same rank even in America. He wrote on *The Nature and Elements of Poetry*, and has edited, with or without collaboration, W. S. Landor, Austin Dobson, and Poe, besides *A Victorian Anthology* and *An American Anthology*. The *Library of American Literature*, edited by him in conjunction with Miss E. M. Hutchinson, completed in 1890, fills eleven volumes. Some of his lyrics are very fresh and admirable, and most of his poetic work shows careful and artistic finish. As a critic he is less remarkable for profound insight and discrimination than for breadth and sympathy.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in 1836 at Portsmouth in New Hampshire. His father's death prevented his going to Harvard; but while engaged in his uncle's New York banking-house he began to contribute verse to the newspapers, and soon after the publication of *The Bells, a Collection of Chimes* (1855), adopted literature as a profession. He was associated with N. P. Willis's *Home Journal*, *Every Saturday*, and other magazines; and from 1881 to 1890 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Amongst his poems are *The Ballad of Babie Bell*, *Pampinea*, *Cloth of Gold*, *Flower and Thorn*, *Mercedes;* a complete collection appeared in 1882. He has written also stories, romances, and sketches, including *Daisy's Necklace*, *The Course of True Love*, *The Story of a Bad Boy*, *Marjorie Daw*, *Prudence Palfrey*. He is an accomplished lyrist, and his more ambitious poems are at least graceful and well worded. In some of his stories and sketches he shows himself a brilliant humourist.

Francis Richard Stockton (1834–1902), born at Philadelphia, was trained as engraver and journalist, and became assistant-editor of *St Nicholas*. He attracted notice by his fantastic stories for children, which fill several volumes; but he is best known as author of *Rudder Grange* (1879), the droll and humorous story of a holiday on a house-boat, with much human nature and a good deal of burlesque. *The Lady or the Tiger*, a short problem story, made also a great impression. Other humorous or whimsical stories, notably unequal in interest, were *The Late Mrs Null*, *The Casting Away of Mrs Lecks and Mrs Aleshine*, and *The Dusantes*, *The Hundredth Man*, *The Schooner Merry Chanter*, *The Squirrel Inn*, *Pomona's Travels*, *The Shadrach*, *Captain Chap*, *The Story Teller's Pack*, *The Associate Hermits*, and *A Bicycle of Cathay*. To a different category belonged *The Buccaneers and Pirates of our Coasts* (1898). *The Captain's Toll-gate*, finished just before his death, was published with a memorial sketch of him by his wife in 1903.

Edward Eggleston (1837–1902), born at Vevay, Indiana, became a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, and had held various pastoral and editorial posts when, about 1880, he withdrew from the ministry and devoted himself to literary work. He wrote many popular books on American history, but is best known for his stories of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *The Hoosier Schoolboy*, *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, *The Circuit Rider*, *Roxy*, *The Graysons*, and *The Faith Doctor*.

John Burroughs, born at Roxbury in New York State on the 3rd April 1837, was brought up on a farm, and after some years of teaching, journalism, clerking in the Treasury department at Washington, and of periodic duties as a bank-examiner, settled down in 1874 on a farm in New York, to divide his time between literature and fruit-culture. His books mostly deal with natural history or country life, and include *Wake Robin* (1871), *Birds and Poets*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Pepacton*, *Signs and Seasons*, and *Riverly*, *Essays on Birds*, *Trees*, *Flowers*. *Winter Sunshine* and *Fresh Fields* are European travel-sketches; *Squirrels and other Fur-bearers* is more specifically zoological; and he published in 1866 a study of Whitman. He is in some respects a continuator of Thoreau's work, but writes for the most part in a lighter vein.

William Dwight Whitney (1827–94), a younger brother of the geologist Josiah Dwight Whitney, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts; studied at Williams College, at Yale, and in Germany; and was professor at Yale of Sanskrit and of Comparative Philology. He waged war with Max-Müller, and wrote *Darwinism and Language*, *The Life and Growth of Language*, and other philological works. He was editor-in-chief of the *Century Dictionary*.

Charles Eliot Norton, born the son of a Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1827, studied at Harvard, was for a while engaged in commerce, but erelong devoted himself to literature and æsthetics, becoming known as a Dante scholar and an authority on art. From 1875 to 1898 he was Professor of the History of Art at Harvard. His prose translation of Dante is classical; he has written on church building in the Middle Ages and on recent social theories; but he is perhaps most widely known as an accomplished editor, having edited the letters of Lowell and G. W. Curtis, the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle, as well as the standard edition of Carlyle's letters.

Silas Weir Mitchell, born in Philadelphia in 1830, studied at the Jefferson Medical College and Edinburgh University, and settling as a practitioner in his native city, became distinguished especially in the treatment of nervous diseases. Besides books on physiology and neurology and serpent poisons, he wrote articles in prose and verse for the magazines; and *Hephzibah Guinness* and other stories in 1880 gave him rank as a capable novelist. *In War Time* and *Hugh Wynne*, *Free Quaker*, are amongst his best-known works. Five several collections of poems (*A Masque and other Poems*, *The Wager*, &c.) have been issued in one volume.

John William Draper (1811–82) was born at St Helens near Liverpool, and in 1833 emigrated to Virginia. Having studied physics and chemistry in England and the United States, he taught these two subjects in a Virginian college, but from 1839 was associated with the University of the City of New York, first as Professor of Chemistry, and, after 1850, of Physiology. He wrote handbooks of chemistry, natural philosophy, and physiology, and a series of memoirs on radiant energy; but is chiefly remembered for his *History of the American Civil War* (3 vols. 1867–70), for his *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (2 vols. 1863), and, most of all, for his *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* (1874), in which his attitude was frankly rationalistic.

Andrew Dickson White, born at Homer, New York, in 1832, studied at Yale, Paris, and Berlin, and has been Professor of History in the University of Michigan and President of Cornell, United States Minister to Germany and to Russia, and from 1897 ambassador in Germany. His best-known book is *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* (1876); but he has written studies in general, mediæval, and modern history, on European schools of history, on comets, on currency questions, and on *The New Germany*.

Horace Howard Furness, the son of a Unitarian minister in Philadelphia, was born in 1833, studied at Harvard, and was admitted to the Bar, but was early attracted to the studies in virtue of which he was to become America's greatest Shakespearian scholar. In 1871 he began his great life-work, the Variorum edition of Shakespeare's works, of which in thirty years he had issued thirteen volumes. Latterly his wife and his son were associated with him in his labours.

Phillips Brooks (1835–93), born at Boston, Massachusetts, studied at Harvard and elsewhere, and in his cures at Philadelphia and Boston became known as one of the most eloquent and powerful preachers in America. In 1891 he was made Bishop of Massachusetts in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Several volumes of his sermons and lectures show his independence of judgment and catholicity of spirit. There is a Life of him by A. V. G. Allen (1901).

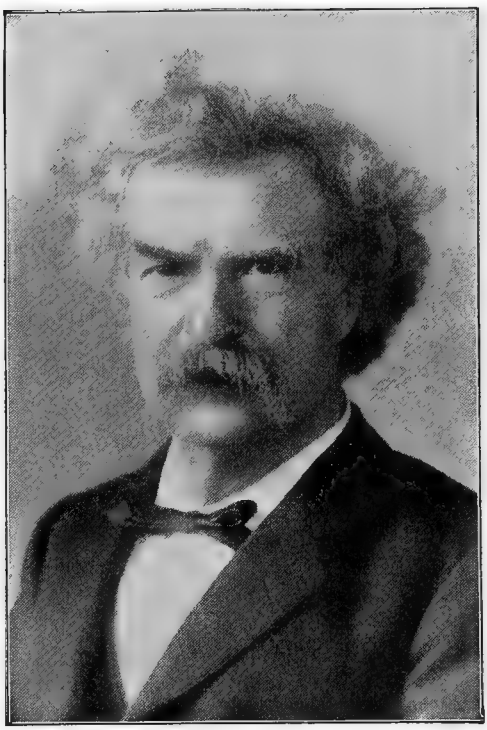
John Hay, born of Scottish ancestry at Salem in Indiana, 8th October 1838, educated at Brown University, and admitted to the Illinois Bar in 1861, was assistant private secretary to President Lincoln till his death, and during the war served for some months, attaining the rank of colonel. In 1865–70 he was secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid, and *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna (1867–68); in 1870–75 he worked as a journalist on the staff of the *New York Tribune;* and in 1879–81 he was first Assistant-Secretary of State. Thereafter he was for a time mainly engaged in literary work, till in 1897 he was sent by President McKinley as ambassador to Great Britain, where both as man and as diplomat he won golden opinions. As Secretary of State at home from 1898, he showed in a critical time exceptional foresight, strength, and tact. As an author he is known for his command of peculiarly American humour and pathos in pithy, simple verse. His *Pike County Ballads* (1871) include 'Little Breeches' and 'Jim Bludso;' he has also published *Castilian Days* (1871), and, with Nicolay, a Life of Lincoln (1891). He is responsible for another volume of poems issued in 1890, and for an address on Sir Walter Scott. The popular anonymous novel *The Bread-Winners* (1883) was attributed to him, but not acknowledged by him as his.

Edward Payson Roe (1838–88), born in New Windsor, New York, was chaplain in the volunteer service during the war, and afterwards pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls. The great success of his first novel, *Barriers Burned Away* (1872), encouraged him to make literature his profession; and his fifteen novels include *From Jest to Earnest* (1875), *Near to Nature's Heart* (1876), *Nature's Serial Story* (1884), and *He Fell in Love with his Wife* (1886). He also wrote on gardening and fruit culture.

Charles Heber Clark, a Philadelphia journalist, born in 1841 in Berlin, Maryland, is better known by his pen-name of 'Max Adeler,' and as author of the somewhat boisterously humorous *Out of the Hurly Burly* (1874), *Elbow-room*, *Random Shots*, and *Fortunate Island* (1881).

Charles Farrar Browne (1834–67), not so well known by his own name as by that of his creation, 'Artemus Ward,' was born at Waterford in Maine, worked at Boston and elsewhere as a compositor, became a reporter, and in 1858, under the style of 'Artemus Ward, showman,' wrote for the *Cleveland Plaindealer* a description of an imaginary travelling menagerie. This was followed by letters in which the original, characteristic, whimsical humour was enhanced by grotesque spelling and naïve moralising, and was brought to bear on business puffery with keenly satirical and highly entertaining effect. In 1861 'Artemus Ward' entered the lecture field, and started a panorama, whose artistic wretchedness furnished occasion for countless jokes; the success of his humorous lecture, 'The Babes in the Wood,' decided him to abide by lecturing. It satirised the dull twaddle often foisted on the public by pompous bores. When a Californian manager telegraphed to him, 'What will you take for forty nights in California?' his instant reply, 'Brandy and water,' secured him a welcome among the miners. In 1862 he was in California and Utah, gathering materials for comic lectures on the Mormons, 'whose religion is singular but their wives are plural.' In 1864 he was disabled by pulmonary consumption; but in 1866, having rallied somewhat, he went to London, where he contributed to *Punch*, and was very popular as 'the genial showman,' exhibiting his panorama at the Egyptian Hall. After a short sojourn in Jersey, he returned to England, only to die at Southampton. His publications were *Artemus Ward, His Book* (1862); *Artemus Ward, His Panorama* (1865); *Artemus Ward among the Mormons* (1866); *Artemus Ward in England* (1867). M. D. Landon prefixed a *Life* to an edition of the *Works* (1875). He was the first American humourist to make a European reputation; for a decade or two he was the most outstanding representative of American humour. His 'goaks' and his 'morril wax-works' had even greater vogue in Britain than at home; and though his books are little read now, some of his jests and phrases have become part of the Anglo-Saxon store of proverbial sayings.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, best known to his readers by his pen-name of Mark Twain, was born at Florida, Missouri, on 30th November 1835. After learning the trade of a printer and working as a pilot on the Mississippi, he eventually became a journalist in San Francisco. His *Innocents Abroad* (1869), the result of a foreign tour, had an enormous success, and thenceforward his reputation as a humourist was established. His subsequent books include *Roughing It* (1872), *Tom Sawyer*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *The American Claimant*, *The £1,000,000 Bank-Note*, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, and *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story* (1902). His share in an unfortunate publishing house drove him to a lecturing tour round the world (1895–96), which enabled him fully to re-establish his fortunes. Mark Twain's humour has secured him a large audience not only in America and this country, but also in Germany and other Continental countries. It is the dry, incisive humour of a shrewd man of the world who, having gone through life with his eyes wide open, has cheered himself by laughing not merely at the foibles of his fellow-men, but, by implication, at his own as well. He is not very reverent in his attitude towards what he considers worn-out survivals of old



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

beliefs and superstitions, and sometimes pokes fun without much discrimination, as in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc;* but when his humour is, as it generally is, at its best and freshest the result to his readers is delightful. In *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, perhaps, Mark Twain showed his power at its highest point, his humour and pathos developed with consummate ease and force in a succession of vividly adventurous episodes.

Julia Ward Howe, born in 1819 in New York, was the daughter of Samuel Ward, and in 1843 she married Samuel Gridley Howe, reformer and philanthropist, best known as the teacher of the famous deaf-mute Laura Bridgman. Mrs Howe shared many of her husband's labours, not only assisting him in editing an anti-slavery paper,

but lecturing with him on social subjects, and even on occasion preaching in Unitarian pulpits. By far her best-known achievement, however, was her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' inspired in 1861 by the sight of Northern troops marching to the tune of 'John Brown's body;' but she had before that published two collections of poems, as later, in 1866, she published *Later Lyrics*. Mrs Howe was a conspicuous advocate of prison reform and of woman's suffrage. She published books on sex and society and on education, a Life of Margaret Fuller, a collection of Margaret Fuller's love-letters to a Mr Nathan (1903), and a volume of her own *Reminiscences* (1899). *From Sunset Ridge* (1898) was a collection of her poems, new and old.

Alice Cary (1820–71) and **Phœbe Cary** (1824 71), daughters of a farmer near Cincinnati, published poems jointly in 1851, attained great literary and social success through their gifts, secured the patronage and friendship of Horace Greeley and Whittier, and in their deaths were divided by only three months. Alice was the author of the *Clovernook Papers* and *Clovernook Children*, tales of Western life. Besides more than one collection of poems, she published several domestic novels, including *Hagar*, *Married not Mated*, and *The Bishop's Son*. Phœbe's principal books were *Poems and Parodies* and *Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love*, besides some excellent hymns and occasional pieces. Her best-known hymns are 'Nearer Home' and 'One sweetly solemn thought.' There is a *Memorial* of the two sisters by Mrs Mary C. Ames (1873).

Maria Susanna Cummins (1827–66), born at Salem, Massachusetts, began to write in 1850 for the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines. Her *The Lamplighter* (1854)—a rather sentimental and lachrymose tale of the fortunes of an orphan girl—had an amazing success; 40,000 copies sold in two months; and it was read and reprinted almost as zealously in Britain as at home. It is still read on both sides of the Atlantic, spite of its old-fashioned air. Miss Cummins's later novels, *Mabel Vaughan* (1857), *El Fureidis* (1860), and *Haunted Hearts* (1864) did not meet with any such success or add at all to her reputation.

Alfred Thayer Mahan, born in 1840 at West Point, the son of one of the professors there, studied at the United States Naval Academy, and from 1856 till 1896 served in the navy, as captain from 1885 on. His writings on naval science and history are luminous and authoritative, and include *The Gulf and Inland Waters* (1883), *The Influence of Sea Power on History* (1890), *The Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution and the Empire*, *The Interest of the United States in Sea Power*, *The Problem of Asia*, and *Types of Naval Officers* (1902), besides Lives of Admiral Farragut and of Nelson, and books on the war in Cuba and the South African War of 1899-1902.

Francis Bret Harte

was born in Albany, New York, on 25th August 1839. As a boy of fifteen he went with his mother to California, and became in turn a schoolmaster, a miner, and a compositor, eventually in 1857 obtaining an engagement on the *Golden Era* of San Francisco, to which he contributed his first sketches (*Mliss* amongst others) dealing with mining life. From 1864 to 1870 he was Secretary of the United States Mint in San Francisco. In the former year he wrote for the newly founded literary magazine *The Californian*, which also numbered among its contributors C. W. Stoddard



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

and S. L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'). The *Condensed Novels*, parodies of celebrated novelists, which he began in the *Golden Era*, were continued in the *Californian*. In 1868 he had founded the *Overland Monthly*, and to this magazine he contributed many of the stories that made him famous, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Miggles*, *Tennessee's Partner*, and *The Idyll of Red Gulch*, as well as *Plain Language from Truthful James* (better known as *The Heathen Chinee*), a humorous poem that achieved a remarkable popularity throughout the English-speaking world. Later he became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and spent much time in lecturing tours. In 1870 and 1871 he published three volumes of his collected poems. In 1878 he was sent to Crefeld as United States Consul, and two years later in the same capacity to Glasgow. In

1885 he gave up official work and came to London, where he resided until his death.

Bret Harte did many things in literature, and did nearly all of them well. He was a poet, often humorous, sometimes tender, and again nobly patriotic; his *Condensed Novels* show a power of parody unequalled in pungency and aptness by any writer since Thackeray; he could write romances distinguished by gentle and refined feeling. It is, perhaps, as the delineator of the life of Californian miners in the early days that he will chiefly be remembered. His characters are rough and lawless men, and the language they speak suits their nature. But Bret Harte's magic touch shows the soul of goodness in things evil. In his sketches the gambler, the outcast, the lost woman, even the ruffian with the guilt of blood on his conscience, are capable of noble acts of self-sacrifice and devotion. We are not allowed to forget that they are uncouth human beings, but their essential humanity rather than their uncouthness is insisted on. In Bret Harte's method there is no mawkishness. From this defect he was saved by his abundant humour. This quality of his, rooted as it was in his deeper feelings, cannot be specially defined as American. It is the humour of the great masters of literature all the world over. Bret Harte was a most prolific writer up to the day of his death, but his later work, admirable as much of it is, lacks the freshness of those earlier efforts of which it is, indeed, often a mere repetition. He died on 5th May 1902, and was buried at Frimley in Surrey. His Life has been written by Mr T. Edgar Pemberton (1903, with bibliography).

Joaquin Miller is the pen-name of CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, an American poet, born in Wabash district, Indiana, in 1841. Removing with his parents to Oregon in 1854, he became a miner in California, was with Walker in Nicaragua, and afterwards lived with the Indians till 1860. He then studied law in Oregon, and set up in practice in 1863, after a Democratic paper that he edited had been suppressed for disloyalty. He was a county judge from 1866 to 1870, and then visited Europe; in England his first volume of verse was published. He afterwards settled as a journalist in Washington, and in 1887 in California, ultimately making his home in Oakland. In 1890 he revisited England; and in 1897–98 was correspondent in Klondyke for a New York journal. His pen-name he adopted on the publication of his first volume of poetry from the baptismal name of a Mexican brigand in whose defence he had written a pamphlet. His poems include *Songs of the Sierras* (1871), *of the Sunlands* (1873), *of the Desert* (1875), *of Italy* (1878), and *of the Mexican Seas* (1887), and *Chants for the Boer* (1900); his prose works, *The Danites in the Sierras* (1881), *Shadows of Shasta* (1881), and *'49, or the Gold-seekers of the Sierras* (1884). He also wrote *The Danites*, *The Silent Man*, *'49* (dramatised from his story by himself), *Tally Ho*, and one or two other plays and melodramas, a Life of Christ, and *My Life among the Modocs* (1873). A collected edition of his poems first appeared in 1882; and in a long poem called *As it was in the Beginning* (1903) he claims to 'call aloud from his mountain-top as a seer.'

Sidney Lanier (1842–81) was born at Macon in Georgia, of Huguenot stock, and graduated at Oglethorpe College before he entered the Confederate army. His health suffered much in hardships endured as a blockade-runner; after the war he was a shopman, a teacher, and a lawyer in succession; and next, an accomplished musician, he earned his livelihood as first flute in the orchestras of Baltimore and New York. A romance, *Tiger Lilies* (1867), had proved a failure; but his literary ability was so manifest that he was asked to write the ode for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and in 1879 he was installed as lecturer on English literature in the Johns Hopkins University. A course of lectures on *The Science of English Verse*, original and suggestive, was published as a book (1881); another course on *The English Novel* (1883) was unfinished at his death. *Shakespeare and his Forerunners* was not published till 1902. In spite of his ill-health and the distractions of his laborious life, he wrote poems in virtue of which he is by many regarded as the most important American poet of his time, 'Corn,' 'The Song of the Chattahoochee,' 'The Marshes of Glynn,' and the Centennial cantata being amongst the best known. His adaptations of Froissart and of the *Mabinogion* have made him known to several generations of youthful readers; his *Letters* reveal the poet and the musician; and there is a memoir of him by W. H. Ward prefixed to his collected poems as edited by his widow in 1881 (new ed. 1884).

John Fiske (1842–1901) was originally called Edmund Fiske Green, but at thirteen adopted the name of his maternal grandfather. Born at Hartford, Connecticut, he studied at Harvard, where afterwards he was lecturer, librarian, and member of the board of overseers. He was admitted to the Bar, but never practised; he wrote much on philosophy and history, contributed to the development of the evolution doctrine, and was well known throughout the Union as a lecturer. His first publication (on tobacco and alcohol) in 1868 was followed in 1872 by his work on *Myths and Myth-makers*. His *Cosmic Philosophy* was mainly an exposition of Herbert Spencer; his *Darwinism and other Essays* was eminently suggestive; he applied the evolution theory to historical problems; and in *Man's Destiny*, *The Idea of God*, *The Origin of Evil*, and *Through Nature to God* (1899) he defended spiritual religion. His *Discovery of America* (1892) was but one of a long series of important works on American history, which

included *Old Virginia and her Neighbours*, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*, *New France and New England*, *A Critical Period*, *The American Revolution*, and *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War* (1900). He wrote a work on Theodore Parker, *A Century of Science*, a history of the United States for schools, and with James Grant Wilson edited Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, Belmont County, in the state of Ohio, on 1st March 1837. His father, William Cooper Howells, a busy but not always prosperous printer and journalist, was of Welsh Quaker descent, and



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
From a Photograph by Notman.

a Swedenborgian in creed, so that in that form of quasi-theological belief the future novelist was brought up. According to his own statement he was 'self-taught,' which must mean simply that in boyhood he had no regular schooling, since he appears to have been afterwards a student at Harvard and Yale, and at one or other of these colleges took the M.A. degree. From the age of eleven he had worked under his father as a compositor, and ten years later he developed into a journalist, and wrote in the Cincinnati *Gazette* and the Columbus *State Journal*. A Life of Abraham Lincoln, written as part of the 'literature' of the momentous presidential election of 1860, won him the post of consul at Venice, where he lived from 1861 to 1865, acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language and literature, and receiving impressions which were reproduced for the public in 1866 in two volumes on *Venetian Life*, and were to mould some of his future work. Returning to America after the expiry of his term of office, he worked as a contributor to the New York *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Nation*, and wrote articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was editor from 1872 to 1881. The year before this appointment he had appeared as a novelist, at the age of thirty-four. *Their Wedding Journey*, his first venture, had an immediate popularity, well deserved by its brightness and cleverness, and was followed by many other novels, most of them equally successful. *A Chance Acquaintance* (1873) embodies a dexterous handling of a trivial incident in a Canadian excursion. *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874) is a pathetic tale of an impossible attachment, with its scene in Venice. In succession to *A Counterfeit Presentment* (1877) came *The Lady of the Aroostook*, an amusing variant on the fertile theme of the American girl abroad, which is not quite felicitously sustained throughout. *The Undiscovered Country* (1880), *Dr Breen's Practice* (1883), and *A Woman's Reason* (1884) were followed in 1885 by *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, which in its description of the prosperity and fall of a parvenu family in Boston shows some of its author's most effective work. His later novels include *An Indian Summer* (1886), *Annie Kilburn* (1888), *The World of Chance* (1893), *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy* (1898), *The Ragged Lady*, *Their Silver Wedding Journey*, and *The Kentons* (1902). Though not without his faults as an artist in fiction, and chargeable with dwelling on trivial details, Mr Howells has had a wide and well-deserved popularity both in his own country and Great Britain, through his picturesque and amusing stories of New England life. He has written more than seventy books in all, including travels, farces or plays, and many clever essays and criticisms. Notable books were *Tuscan Cities* (1885), *Modern Italian Poets*, *Criticism and Fiction*, *Impressions and Experiences*, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* (1900), and *Letters Home* (1903).

George Washington Cable was born in New Orleans in 1844 of Virginian and New England stock, and as a slenderly educated clerk at nineteen volunteered into the Confederate service. After the war he earned for some time a precarious living, and, laid up with malarial fever caught at survey work on the Atchafalaya River, became an accountant in a cotton agency, and began to write for the New Orleans papers. His Creole sketches in *Scribner* made his reputation, revealing as they did an interesting and as yet unexploited phase of American social life. *Old Creole Days* (1879) was followed by *The Grandissimes* (1880), perhaps his best book, a tender and sympathetic rendering of the American-French life of Louisiana; as also, in the same key, by *Madame Delphine* (1881), *Dr Sevier*, *Bonaventure*, and *Strange True Stories of Louisiana* (1889). *The Creoles of Louisiana* (1884), *The Silent South* (1885), *The Negro Question* (1890) are political, social-economic disquisitions. Later novels are *John March*, *Southerner* (1895), *The*

Cavalier (1901), and *Bylow Hill* (1902). In 1885 he settled in New England—ultimately at Northampton in Massachusetts.

Henry James,

at once an American and an English novelist, was born in New York on 15th April 1843. His father was Henry James (1811–82), a well-known original and theological writer and lecturer, whose doctrine is described by the latest historian of American literature as 'a sort of Ishmaelitish Swedenborgianism,' which only his two sons—'inheritors of his style'—the novelist and William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, and Gifford Lecturer in 1901 at Edinburgh, are 'capable of analysing.' Yet he has expounded his views in a long series of works (*Christianity the Logic of Creation* one of them) which are admittedly acute, profound, suggestive, and sometimes entertaining.

Henry, who until his father's death in 1882 was known as Henry James, junior, was educated under the paternal eye in a cosmopolitan fashion at New York, Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne. In 1862 he became a student at the Harvard Law-School, but his bent was not to jurisprudence, and after the usual preparation of magazine work, he won public notice as a novelist with his *Roderick Hudson* in 1875. Six years earlier he had gone for good to Europe, where his life has since been spent in England (in the Isle of Wight), with regular periods of sojourn in Italy. His earlier novels dealt mainly with American life and character at home and abroad, and were produced with great fertility and rapidity. In 1878 appeared *The American*, *The Europeans*, and *Daisy Miller*, the last a delightful sketch of the naïveté of the American girl. Even more keen and delicate are some of the shorter stories—*The Pension Beaurepas*, for example, with its contrasted vignettes of the Ruck family and the Churches mother and daughter, and *A Bundle of Letters* (1879), describing the experiences of some American maidens in France. *Washington Square* (1880) has its scene in New York, and its theme in a painful strife between father and daughter over the latter's love affair, the treatment of which shows the author at a higher and more serious mood than ordinary, handling a strong situation and treating it with relentless and even painful rigour. In the following years appeared *The Portrait of a Lady* (1880), rather spoiled by its prolixity; *The Bostonians* (1886); *The Princess of Casamassima* (1886), a study of English society; *A London Life* (1889); and *The Tragic Muse* (1890).

In his analytical treatment of character and incident, Mr James seems to have been strongly influenced by the examples of Flaubert and his disciples, and of late he has carried that method to a degree of refinement which sometimes approaches to morbidity. This manner was developed in *Terminations* (1896), and even more strikingly in *What Maisie Knew* (1897), a perfectly pitiless analysis of the thoughts and feelings of an unfortunate child. A dexterous handling of the semi-supernatural gives a greater distinction and a stronger interest to the first story in the volume entitled *Two Magics* (1898). *In the Cage*, published in the same year, carries the art of abstraction to the farthest limit in the withholding of the heroine's name. In his most recent works, *The Turn of the Screw* (1898), *The Soft Side* (1900), *The Sacred Fount* (1901), *The Wing of the Dove* (1902), *The Better Sort* (1903), a volume of short sketches, and *The Ambassadors* (1903), the method has become superlatively subtle, so that, while



HENRY JAMES.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

admiring the extreme cleverness of the performance, one is perplexed and irritated by the studious allusiveness of the narrative and the incessant rapier-play of the elliptical dialogue, in which each interlocutor seems to be bent on anticipating the *riposte* of the other.

Mr James has also distinguished himself as a critic, although in a less degree than as a novelist. His best achievement in this line is the volume of studies on *French Poets and Novelists* (1878), which displays an exceptional acquaintance and sympathy with modern French literature. *Partial Portraits* (1888) errs by too amply justifying its title, and the monograph on *Hawthorne* (1879) in the 'English Men of Letters' series is a dainty piece of work, though perhaps hardly weighty enough for its theme. America has produced many more powerful writers than Henry James, but none perhaps that has attained a greater delicacy of touch or a

more perfect literary finish. In 1903 he published a delightful book on *William Wedmore Story and his Friends*, 'from letters, diaries, and recollections.'

William James, son of Henry James, senior, was born in New York in 1843, and, educated at home and in Europe, took the Harvard M.D.; and from 1872 he lectured at Harvard on anatomy, physiology, psychology, and philosophy in succession. He became a professor in 1881. He is a keen and pregnant thinker, a luminous and attractive writer, defends what have been thought theological paradoxes on non-theological grounds, maintains orthodox positions in an unorthodox and original manner, and combines empirical method with a strongly idealistic body of thought. As an analytical psychologist he has exercised even more influence in America and in Europe than as a metaphysician. His works comprise *Principles of Psychology* (1900), and a smaller manual (1902); *The Will to Believe; Human Immortality; The Varieties of Religious Experience* —the last-named work being lectures delivered as Gifford lecturer at Edinburgh University in 1899–1901. In 1884 he had with filial piety edited his father's *Literary Remains*.

Richard Watson Gilder, born at Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1844, studied law, served in the army, and did journalistic work on various papers in New Jersey before he became editor of *Scribner's Monthly* and then of *The Century Magazine*. He has founded or promoted numerous literary and artistic clubs, leagues, and associations; and he ranks high amongst contemporary American poets in virtue of *The New Day* (1875), *The Celestial Passion*, *The Great Remembrance*, *Five Books of Song* (1894), *In Palestine* (1898), *Poems and Inscriptions* (1901), and other volumes or series of songs and poems.

Edward Noyes Westcott (1846–98), born in Syracuse, New York, was a banker in his native town, and died before his first novel was published—*David Harum*, a story in which the interest turned on the shrewd, humorous, eccentric character of a country banker; probably no work of American fiction has had such instantaneous success. An unfinished work by him, *The Teller*, was published in 1901 with a short memoir.

Julian Hawthorne, biographer of his famous father (see page 755), was born at Boston in 1846, studied at Harvard and Dresden, and has done much journalistic work; and in addition to his *Saxon Studies*, his 'Confessions and Criticisms,' has written a history of the United States and a book on American literature. He has also published a score of novels and stories, longer and shorter, of which *Garth* (1877), *Sebastian Strome*, *Dust*, *Beatrix Randolph*, *Fortune's Fool*, *Mrs Gainsborough's Diamonds*, *Prince Saroni's Wife*, *Archibald Malmaison*, *A Fool of Nature*, *One of those Coincidences* (1899), have been notable.

Joel Chandler Harris, born in Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848, was in turn printer, lawyer, and journalist. His *Uncle Remus* (1880), with its thoughts and sayings and doings of 'Brer Rabbit,' as conceived by the negroes of the South, opened a new field in literature, and quickly carried his name to the Old World, at once to children and to students of folklore. Later works are *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883), *Mingo*, *Daddy Jake*, *The Story of Aaron*, *Tales of the Home Folks*, *Plantation Pageants*, *The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann* (1899).

James Lane Allen, born in Kentucky in 1849, taught in Kentucky University and elsewhere, but since 1891 has been famous for his novels, tales, and sketches illustrating various aspects of his native Blue Grass region—*Flute and Violin*, *A Kentucky Cardinal* (the cardinal bird), *Aftermath*, *A Summer in Arcady*, *The Choir Invisible*, *The Reign of Law* (1900).

Eugene Field (1850–95), born at St Louis, Missouri, was a journalist at twenty-three, and gave much of his best work to the columns of a Chicago paper, his column of 'Sharps and Flats' being for years a characteristic feature. His work in prose and verse varies from tender pathos and delicate humour to the broadly farcical; he is best known as humourist and as poet of childhood. His best verses for children are those in *With Trumpet and Drum* (1892); *A Little Book of Western Verse* may fairly represent another type of work; and his humour is perhaps best illustrated in *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*.

Edward Bellamy (1850–98), born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, studied at home and in Germany, and was admitted to the Bar; but most of his life was devoted to journalism and authorship. *Looking Backward* (1888), an imaginative *tour de force*, had a prodigious success at home and abroad, and was followed by a less brilliant sequel, *Equality* (1897). Other novels were *Dr Heidenhoff's Process* (1879), *Miss Ludington's Sister* (1884), and *The Duke of Stockbridge* (1898); and he wrote on sociological subjects.

James Whitcomb Riley, born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853, painted signboards, cobbled plays for a theatrical troupe, and in 1875 began contributing verses to the papers—the verses in the local dialect that secured for him the sobriquet of 'the Hoosier poet.' He is equally well known for his poems for and of children. To the first category belong *The Old Swimmin' Hole* and various other collections; to another, *Old-Fashioned Roses*, *Rhymes of Childhood*, and *A Child World*.

Francis Marion Crawford, son of a famous American sculptor (Thomas Crawford, 1814–57) long resident in Rome, was born at Bagni di Lucca in North Italy in 1854, and studied at Concord in New Hampshire, at Trinity College, Cambridge, at Karlsruhe, and at Heidelberg. At Rome he de-

voted himself to the study of Sanskrit, and during 1879–80 was engaged in press work at Allahabad, where he was admitted to the Catholic Church. Of late years his home has been at Sorrento in Italy, though he often spends some part of the year in America. His first novel, *Mr Isaacs* (1882), a story of Indian life, was succeeded by a long series of tales, including *Dr Claudius*, *A Roman Singer*, *Zoroaster*, *Saracinesca*, *Paul Patoff*, *Greifenstein*, *Sant' Ilario*, *Marzio's Crucifix*, *A Cigar-maker's Romance*, *The Witch of Prague*, *Don Orsino*, *Pietro Ghisleri*, *The Ralstons*, *Casa Braccio*, *Corleone*, *Via Crucis*, *In the Palace of the King*, *Cecilia*, *The Heart of Rome* (1903). Descriptive or historical works are *Constantinople*, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, and *The Rulers of the South* (a history of Sicily); and in *The Novel—What it Is*, a brochure, he expounded the view he cherishes of his art. His earlier novels had more mystery or adventure, his later ones more careful character-drawing; and in both series he moves easily to and fro between the sphere of fact and the occult world. His American novels have proved on the whole the least popular; the Italian *Saracinesca* series comprises his most accomplished and artistic work.

Harold Frederic (1856–98), born in Utica, New York, was bred a journalist, but before his premature death had proved himself a novelist of exceptional gifts and powers, keen insight, rich humour, satirical strength, and constructive skill. Most of his novels, dealing largely with country life in New York State, were written after he settled in England. *Seth's Brother's Wife* (1887) was his first important story; *The Copperhead* (1894) was a tale of the Civil War; and in *Marsena* (1895) were collected admirably humorous sketches of character. *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (in England called *Illumination;* 1896) was a trenchant analysis of religious life; *Gloria Mundi* (1898), strangely unlike, was equally a human document; *In the Market-place* and *The New Exodus*, the latter a realistic study of Russian anti-Semitism, were posthumously published.

Owen Wister, born at Philadelphia in 1860, graduated at Harvard, and had been three years at the Philadelphia Bar when *The Dragon of Wantley: his Tail* (1892), attracted notice to his literary gifts. *Red Men and White*, *Jim McLean*, *The Jimmy John Boss* succeeded; and *The Virginian* made his name known in Britain. He wrote a Life of President Grant, besides many contributions to the magazines in prose and verse.

Richard Harding Davis, born at Philadelphia in 1864, had made a name for himself as a correspondent of the New York papers ere he became known to another world of readers as an original and vigorous novelist by such stories or collections of stories as *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Gallegher*, *Van Bibber*, *The Princess Aline*, *In the Fog*, *Captain Macklin* (1902). He has also published books on his experiences in Cuba, Venezuela, South Africa, and elsewhere.

Paul Leicester Ford (1865–1902), born in Brooklyn, edited the works of Jefferson, and wrote on Washington, Franklin, and other subjects in American history. But his fiction was even better known—*The Honorable Peter Sterling* (1894), *The Great K. and A. Train Robbery*, *The Story of an Untold Love*, *Janice Meredith*, *Wanted a Matchmaker*, *Wanted a Chaperon*. He was editor of *The Bibliographer* (which he founded) at the time of his death—by his own hand.

Robert William Chambers, born at Brooklyn in 1865, became a painter, and after studies in Julian's studio in Paris, exhibited in the Salon. His first considerable literary venture, *In the Quarter*, appeared in 1893; *The Red Republic*, a tale of the Commune, in 1894; *Lorraine* (1898) was a romance of the Franco-German War; *Cardigan* (1901) sought its subject in colonial experiences before the War of Independence; besides a play, *Ellangowan*, he has written a dozen other stories or collections of stories in various styles; and *The Maids of Paradise* was the work of 1903.

Stephen Crane (1870–1900), born at Newark, New Jersey, and educated at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, became an active journalist, and showed special gifts as correspondent for a New York paper in the war between Turkey and Greece (1897) and in Cuba. His first essay in fiction was *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets* (1891); but it was *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895), an episode of the Civil War and a marvellously life-like study of the mind and thought of a soldier in action, that made him known to the English-speaking world. Neither in *The Third Violet*, a story in dialogue and dialect, nor in collections such as *The Minster* and *The Little Regiment*, did he attain the same level; and his Irish story, *The O'Ruddy*, was completed by Mr Robert Barr. *Bowery Tales*, *Wounds in the Rain*, and *Whilomville Stories* were published from his manuscripts after his death.

Winston Churchill, born at St Louis in 1871, was educated at the United States Naval Academy. In 1898 he made a success as an author with *The Celebrity;* even more popular was *Richard Carvel* (1899), a stirring story of American revolutionary times.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, born at Andover in 1844, was the daughter of a professor, and began to write for the press at thirteen. Besides lecturing and working for social reforms, she became famous by *The Gates Ajar* (1868), and continued in somewhat the same vein with *Beyond the Gates* (1883) and *The Gates Between* (1887). Others of some thirty works are *Hedged In* and *The Silent Partner* (1870), *The Story of Avis* (1877), *Doctor Zay* (1884). In conjunction with her husband, Rev. Herbert D. Ward, she wrote *Come Forth* (which to some

appeared a travesty of the story of Lazarus) and *The Master of the Magicians*. Other works by her are *Chapters from a Life*, *Austin Phelps*, *The Story of Jesus Christ*, and, in 1903, *Avery*, a slight sketch of married life, with admirable character-drawing.

Sarah Orne Jewett, born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1849, became known for her tales and sketches of New England life and Puritan character on its kindlier side, and was credited with something of Hawthorne's power of interpreting temperaments. Some of her books, like *Deephaven*, are rather a series of sketches than a story; *The Country Doctor* is a regular novel. Other titles are *Old Friends and New*, *A Marsh Island*, *A White Heron*, *The King of Folly Island and other People*, *Betty Leicester*, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*.

Frances Hodgson Burnett, born Frances Eliza Hodgson at Manchester in 1849, went with her family to Tennessee in 1865, and had been writing for the magazines for years when in 1873 she married Dr Burnett, whom in 1898 she divorced. In 1900, long since settled in England (though she still counts as in other regards an American author), she married Mr Stephen Townsend. Her reputation was made by *That Lass o' Lowrie's* (1877), and confirmed by *Haworth's*, *A Fair Barbarian*, *A Lady of Quality* (also dramatised), *Through One Administration*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886; afterwards dramatised), *The Making of a Marchioness* (1901), and other stories.

Mary Noailles Murfree, born at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1850, granddaughter of a revolutionary soldier, became a successful novelist under the pen-name of Charles Egbert Craddock. Of a score of novels and stories, the first notable one was *In the Tennessee Mountains* (1884); *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* (1885) more fully revealed her power; *The Despot of Bromsedge Cove* (1889) was equally popular; *His Vanished Star*, *The Mystery of Witchface Mountain*, *The Young Mountaineers*, *The Bushwhackers* showed unabated invention. Even to her own countrymen she revealed strange depths in the lives of the mountain backwoodsmen of Tennessee, Kentucky, Carolina, and Georgia.

Margaret Deland, whose maiden name was Margaret Wade Campbell, was born at Alleghany, Pennsylvania, in 1857, and in 1880 married Mr L. F. Deland of Boston. In 1886 she published *The Old Garden and other Verses*. It was her *John Ward, Preacher* (1888), with its keen analysis of the struggle between a husband's Calvinism and a wife's agnosticism, that made her name generally known. Later works have been *Sidney*, *Philip and his Wife*, *Mr Tommy Dove*, *The Wisdom of Fools*, and *Old Chester Tales* (1898).

Kate Douglas Wiggin, born at Philadelphia in 1857, married Mr G. C. Riggs in 1895, but still writes under the name associated with her first triumphs, *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, *The Story of Patsy*, *A Summer in a Cañon*, *Timothy's Quest* (1889–90). *A Cathedral Courtship*, and *Penelope's Experiences* in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, are amusing tourist fiction. *Polly Oliver's Problem* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1903) are more serious works. Mrs Riggs has promoted education for poor children, and has written on Froebel and on the Kindergarten.

Mary Eleanor Wilkins, born at Randolph, Massachusetts, in 1862, early began to write poems and stories for the magazines, and became specially well known for her convincing pictures of New England life and character, as in the stories collected under the titles *A Humble Romance* (1887) and *A New England Nun*. *Pembroke* is a fuller study of a New England village; *Jane Field* and *Madelon* are tragedies with the same Puritan background. Other stories are *Jerome*, *Silence*, *The Jamesons*, *The Love of Parson Lord*. By marriage Miss Wilkins became Mrs C. M. Freeman.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton, daughter of Mr T. L. Horn and a grand-niece of Benjamin Franklin, was born in San Francisco, and married Mr G. H. B. Atherton. In 1892 she published *The Doomswoman*, a tale of old California. Other of her books are *Patience Sparhawk and her Times*, *American Wives and English Husbands*, *The Californians*, and in 1902 *The Conqueror*, a detailed and elaborate romance claiming to give an essentially true account of the personal and public life of Alexander Hamilton.

John Oliver Hobbes is the pen-name of PEARL MARY TERESA RICHARDS, born in 1867 in Boston, U.S.A., who from 1887 bore the name of Craigie; but in 1895 she secured a divorce from an unworthy husband. In 1892 she had entered the Catholic Church, having already made her pen-name known by *Some Emotions and a Moral* and *The Sinner's Comedy*. *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* (1895) confirmed her repute for invention, vivacity, and epigrammatic strength as an author, as did *The Herb Moon* and *The School for Saints* (1897). *Robert Orange* (1900) turned on problems of the soul, and showed power in dealing with questions of creed and faith and religious aspiration. *Love and the Soul Hunters* (1902) is a lighter production. She has also been successful as author, whole or in part, of several plays, mostly short. Resident in England, she is duly named in the literary year-books both of Britain and of America.

Mary Johnston, born at Buchanan in Virginia in 1870, published a spirited historical romance of Virginian plantation life before the Revolution, *Prisoners of Hope* (in England called *The Old Dominion;* 1898); *To Have and to Hold* (in England, *By Order of the Company;* 1900) turned on Virginian life in the time of James; *Audrey* (1901) was a third tale of old Virginia, this time in the early eighteenth century.

COMPLEMENTARY LIST OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Washington Allston (1779–1843), called 'the American Titian' for his eminence as painter and colourist, wrote the poem *The Sylphs of the Seasons* and an art-novel, *Monaldi*, as well as lectures on painting.

John Pierpont (1785–1866), Unitarian pastor and poet, was author of *Airs of Palestine and other Poems*, and is remembered for 'Warren's Address at Bunker's Hill' and his 'Yankee Boy.'

John Howard Payne (1792–1852), actor, dramatist, and American Consul at Tunis, produced many plays and adaptations, but is chiefly remembered for the song 'Home, Sweet Home,' from *Clari*, set to music by Sir H. Bishop.

Henry Charles Carey (1793–1879), bookseller at Philadelphia and political economist, developed his views in *Principles of Political Economy* (3 vols. 1837–40) and *Principles of Social Science* (1858–59).

James Gates Percival (1795–1856), chemist and geologist, made a name for himself as a poet by *Prometheus*, *Clio*, and *The Dream of a Day*.

John Pendleton Kennedy (1795–1870), an ante-bellum Southern novelist (who during the war defended the Union), wrote *Swallow Barn*, *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, and *Rob of the Bowl*, besides political satire and biography.

John Gorham Palfrey (1796–1881), Unitarian pastor and professor at Harvard, wrote on Lord Mahon's *History of England*, and published a *History of New England*.

Robert Montgomery Bird (1803–54), bred a physician, wrote three tragedies, *The Gladiator*, *Oraloosa*, and *The Broker of Bogota;* the historical novels *Calavar* and *The Infidel; The Hawks of Hawk Hollow*, *Sheppard Lee*, *Peter Pilgrim*, and *Robin Day;* but is best remembered for *Nick of the Woods*, the story of a Kentucky backwoodsman in the Revolutionary War.

Richard Hildreth (1807–65) wrote on morals, on politics, on despotism in America, and on banking; a history of the United States (6 vols.); and an anti-slavery novel, *The White Slave*.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman (1813–71) wrote records of Italian and Sicilian sojourns, books on art and artists in America, *Rambles and Reveries*, *Thoughts on the Poets*, *The Diary of a Dreamer*, and several volumes of poetry, including *A Sheaf of Verse*.

Jones Very (1813–80) was in his day highly esteemed as poet and essayist; a complete edition of his prose and verse was published in 1886.

Christopher Pearse Cranch (1813–92), Unitarian minister, painter, and poet, wrote for the Transcendental *Dial*, and published books for the young (*The Last of the Huggermuggers* and *Kobboltzo*), a blank-verse translation of the *Æneid*, *The Bird and the Bell*, and *Ariel and Caliban*.

Henry Norman Hudson (1814–86), Shakespearian scholar, published his *Lectures on Shakespeare* and an edition of the works in 1856–58, and in 1884 a volume of *Wordsworth Studies*.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold (1815–57) edited Poe's works, with a much-criticised memoir, and published a long series of works on the poets and poetry of America and of England, and a Life of Napoleon.

John Godfrey Saxe (1816–87) made his name known by his humorous or satirical poems; 'The Rhyme of the Rail,' 'The Briefless Barrister,' and 'The Proud Miss McBride' being famous amongst the humorous series, and 'Jerry the Miller,' 'I'm Growing Old,' 'The Old Church Bell,' and 'Treasures in Heaven' amongst serious poems.

Edward Percy Whipple (1819–86) wrote *Essays and Reviews*, *Literature and Life*, *Wit and Humour*, and *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*.

Richard Grant White (1821–85) became known from 1852 on as one of the most learned and acute Shakespearians, his publications including the 'Riverside' and other editions of the works, *Memoirs of Shakespeare*, as well as *Mansfield Humfrey*, a novel.

Thomas Buchanan Read (1822–72), portrait-painter and poet, published a prose romance, *The Pilgrims of the Great St Bernard*, and some half-dozen volumes of poetry, including *The New Pastoral*, *The House by the Sea*, *Sylvia*, and *A Summer Story*—the latter containing 'Sheridan's Ride.'

Edward Everett Hale (b. 1822) did much to maintain loyalty to the Union by *The Man without a Country* in 1863; has written over fifty books, mostly stories; and in 1902 published *Memories of a Hundred Years*.

George Henry Boker (1823–90), diplomatist, dramatist, and poet, wrote the tragedies *Calaynos*, *Anne Boleyn*, *Leonora de Guzman*, *The Betrothed*, *The Widow's Marriage*, and *Francesca da Rimini*—the best and most frequently revived. Of his later books of poems, *Street Lyrics*, *Königsmark*, and *The Book of the Dead* were the most notable.

Henry Timrod (1829–67), a Southern poet of German extraction, secured a wide audience by a volume of poems in 1860, and wrote for the South many very popular war-songs, but was reduced to destitution by the war.

Paul Hamilton Hayne (1831–86), a Southern poet, served and suffered in the Civil War; his *Legends and Lyrics* and *The Mountain of the Lovers* are included in his *Poetical Works* (1882).

Moncure Daniel Conway (b. 1832), Unitarian minister, journalist, and author, wrote *Idols and Ideals*, *Demonology and Devil Lore*, *The Wandering Jew*, books on *Republican Superstitions*, *Solomon and Solomonic Literature*, and Lives of Washington, Paine, Carlyle, and Hawthorne.

James McNeill Whistler (1834–1903), a great and original painter and etcher, scored some brilliant literary successes against Ruskin and his other critics, collected in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* (1890; enlarged 1892).

Moses Coit Tyler (1835–1900), professor successively in Michigan University and at Cornell, published, besides *The Brawnsville Papers*, a Life of Patrick Henry, and a manual of English literature, the standard *History of American Literature* down to

1765 (2 vols. 1878), and the *Literary History of the American Revolution* (2 vols. 1897).

John White Chadwick (b. 1840), pastor of a Unitarian church in Brooklyn, has published, besides sermons and theological works, Lives of Theodore Parker (1900) and W. E. Channing (1903), and, between 1876 and 1900, four volumes of poetry; and to the present work he has contributed a series of signed articles.

John Habberton (b. 1842), soldier and journalist, scored in 1876 a great success by his witty and kindly *Helen's Babies*, followed by *Other People's Children*, *The Barton Experiment*, *Brueton's Bayou*, *The Chautauquans*, and many other amusing things, besides a successful play, *Deacon Crankett*.

John Banister Tabb (b. 1845), a Roman Catholic priest, is author since 1889 of five collections of songs, lyrics, and poems, many of which have become extremely popular.

James Ford Rhodes (b. 1848) is author of a great *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, to be completed in eight volumes.

William Milligan Sloane (b. 1850), Professor of History in Columbia College, is known for his history of *The French War and the Revolution* and his *Napoleon Bonaparte*.

William Crary Brownell (b. 1851) has written on *French Traits*, on *French Art*, and on *Victorian Prose Masters*.

Henry Van Dyke (b. 1852), Congregational minister and Professor of English Literature at Princeton, has published, besides theological works, one or two volumes of verse and a well-known treatise on *The Poetry of Tennyson* (1889).

James Brander Matthews (b. 1852), Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, has written plays, a book on *Americanisms and Britticisms*, *French Dramatists of To-day*, *An Introduction to American Literature*.

Jacob Gould Schurman (b. 1854), President of Cornell University, has written on Kantian and evolution ethics, on the ethics of Darwinism, on belief in God, on agnosticism and religion, and to the present work has contributed the article on Emerson.

Roland Alexander Wood-Seys, born in Kent in 1854, settled in California as olive-grower, and as 'Paul Cushing' made a name by the novels *A Woman with a Secret*, *The Blacksmith of Voe*, *Bull i' the Thorn*, *God's Lad*.

Alfred Henry Lewis, editor of *The Verdict*, a New York humorous weekly, attained eminence as a humourist by his *Wolfville*, *Episodes of Cowboy Life*, and *Sandburrs*.

Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855–96), journalist in New York, was also a poet and novelist, his most charming verses being collected in *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen*. *The Midge* and *The Story of a New York House* were novels; there were numerous collections of short stories; and *Made in France* was a series of most skilful adaptations from Maupassant.

Poultney Bigelow (b. 1855), lecturer on modern history at Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and Chicago, has written on *The German Emperor and his Neighbours*, *The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser*, *The German Struggle for Liberty*, *White Man's Africa*, and *Children of the Nations*.

George Edward Woodberry (b. 1855), Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia College, New York, has written on wood-engraving; Lives of Poe and Hawthorne; *Studies in Letters and Life*, *Makers of Literature*, and other critical works; *The North Shore Watch and other Poems* (1890). He has also edited Shelley, Poe, Lamb, and Aubrey de Vere; and he has contributed to the present work.

Finley Peter Dunne (b. 1857), journalist in Chicago, developed a new vein of humour, American rather than Irish, in *Mr Dooley in Peace and War*, *Mr Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen*, and *Mr Dooley's Philosophy* (1898–1900).

Hamlin Garland (b. 1860), dramatist and novelist, produced *Main-Traveled Roads*, a realistic story, in 1890, followed by *A Spoil of Office*, *Prairie Folks*, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, *Wayside Courtships*, *Her Mountain Lover*, and has written criticism (*Crumbling Idols*), *Prairie Songs*, and a Life of President Grant.

Ernest Seton-Thompson (born in England in 1860), artist and book illustrator, struck a new literary vein in *Wild Animals I have Known*, *The Biography of a Grizzly*, and *Wild Animal Play for Children*.

Irving Bacheller, one of the editors of the *New York World*, attracted notice by his stories *The Master of Silence* and *The Still House of Darrow* (1890–94); with *Eben Holden* he made a great success in 1900; *Darrel of the Blessed Isles* (1903) was largely a portraiture of a still more eccentric character.

Richard Hovey (1864–1900) was author of the dramatic series *Launcelot and Guenevere*, of *Taliesin, a Masque*, and of a volume of verse, *Along the Trail*.

Newton Booth Tarkington (b. 1869) wrote in 1899 *The Gentleman from Indiana*, and in 1900 the novelette *Monsieur Beaucaire*, subsequently dramatised by himself and Mr Sutherland.

Jack London (b. 1876 in San Francisco) made himself known as author of Alaska scenes and stories, and, in 1903, of *The People of the Abyss*, on East End life in London.

Lucy Larcom (1826–93) published *Ships in the Mist and other Stories* in 1859, and two or three volumes of poems (one of them *Childhood Songs*).

Louise Chandler Moulton (born Chandler in 1835) has since 1854 published several volumes of poems: *Juno Clifford*, *Bed-Time Stories*, *More Bed-Time Stories*.

Celia Thaxter (born Laighton; 1836–94) published *Among the Islands of Shoals*, *Driftweed*, and other collections of poems, one of them for children.

Edna Dean Proctor (b. 1838) has published *Poems*, *A Russian Journey*, *A Mountain Maid and other Poems of New Hampshire*.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey (b. 1845) has as 'Susan Coolidge' written *The New Year's Bargain*, *What Katy Did*, *A Guernsey Lily*, *Verses*, *The Barberry Bush and other Stories*, besides a history of the city of Philadelphia.

Constance Cary Harrison (born Cary, 1846; by marriage Mrs Burton Harrison) published *Golden Rod* in 1880, *Folk and Fairy Tales* in 1885, and *The Anglomaniacs* in 1887; and more recently, *A Daughter of the South*, *Good Americans*, *A Triple Entanglement*, *A Princess of the Hills*, besides a play.

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